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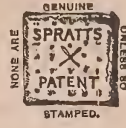
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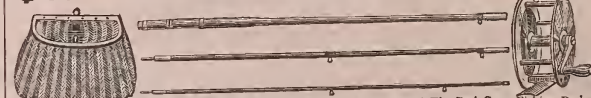


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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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guided by the single purpose to advance the interests of its constituents by contending for that which is in accord with genuine sportsmanship. The paper is honest, independent and fearless. It claims and will always exercise the right of exposing the pretension of a dangerous fraud when it becomes cognizant of it; and if in the pursuit of such a policy bitter opposition is provoked, there is yet the satisfaction which ever attends the discharge of duty and the knowledge that by a manly course we have gained the increased respect of our patrons.

The paper has no secondary interests to serve. It will not permit its columns to be used for bolstering up the sale of injurious articles, nor is it paid to advance any one strain of dogs to the front.

We make here a kindly acknowledgment of the innumerable and courteous expressions of good will and esteem which come to us in our mails. We try to deserve such expressions, and to have the good will of all men. We strive to treat all alike and all well. We may sometimes, in attacking a principle, be unable to separate it from the individual who represents it, but we have always endeavored to keep the personal element out of our columns.

In providing these increased facilities the expenses of publishing the FOREST AND STREAM have been largely augmented. The change is our earnest that we mean to keep abreast of the times. Whether or not the publishers are justified in assuming this expense will depend altogether upon how the change is appreciated and substantially indorsed by the fraternity of American sportsmen.

REVISION OF THE PACIFIC COAST SALMONIDÆ.

WE recently had the pleasure of meeting Prof. D. S. Jordan in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution where he was arranging and labeling his recent valuable collection of Pacific coast fishes, and the conversation naturally turned to the vexed question of the number of species of the numerous salmon family of that region. Many of our readers are aware that some thirty or more species were described by the earlier workers in this field who gave distinct names to the different sexes and ages, to say nothing of naming skins and specimens which could not readily be placed anywhere in their already full list. Later workers have had the advantage of a great number of specimens, and it is a fact worthy of note that in this last revision Prof. Jordan and Dr. Bean working from different points have arrived at the same conclusions.

There are five salmons, four trouts and one red-spotted trout on the Pacific coast. Suckley's name *Oncorhynchus* (hook-jaw) will stand as the generic name of all the salmons. The name *Salmo*, of Linnæus, will be the generic name of the four black-spotted trouts, and *Salvelinus*, Richardson, the generic name of the red-spotted one.

The salmons are: The "King salmon," *Oncorhynchus chouyeha* (a Russian name pronounced chow-e-cha), formerly *O. quinacut*, it having been found that the fish to which the Indian name *quinacut* was applied is identical with the *chouyeha* formerly described by some Russian naturalist under this name.

"Silver salmon," *O. kisutch*.
The "Dog salmon," *O. keta*.
The "Hump-backed salmon," *O. gorbuscha*.
The "Red salmon," *O. kennerlyi*. This latter fish is now known to be identical with the famous "Red fish of Idaho," as specimens were received by Prof. Jordan directly from our correspondent, Capt. Bendire, whose articles on the red fish attracted so much attention from our readers. It is also the "red fish" of Alaska, and identical with the *O. nerka* of Walbann, which is merely the grise form of it. The vastly different appearance of the not uncommon female from her slab-sided, hideous mate is certainly an excuse for the mistake of former investigators in making two species of them, the female being fat and fair, while none but a dog or a starved Indian would touch the famished, fiendish looking males. The male grise of this species bears little resemblance to his respected parent, and so he was given a distinct cognomen.

The black-spotted trouts are: "Mountain trout," *Salmo purpuratus*; "Steel head," *S. gairdneri*; the "Rio Grande trout," *S. spilargus*; and the "Rainbow," or "California

trout" *S. iridens*. The single red-spotted trout is the "Dolly Varden," *Salvelinus malma*.

It will come hard to write *chouyeha* instead of *quinacut*, to which our fishculturists have so long been accustomed, but if science says that the fishes are the same and that the Russian name was first given, of course *quinacut* must be relegated to a synonym and we must sneeze out *chow-e-cha—achew!*

THE REFRIGERATOR AGAIN.

AT the meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association to-morrow night, the proposed amendments of the New York game law will be brought before the members for their indorsement.

Among the amendments talked of by the committee, having the revision in charge, is one which will allow game killed in season and stored in refrigerators to be sold out of season.

We have already pointed out the pernicious working of such a law. It is not necessary to rehearse the arguments now. The views expressed by this journal have been indorsed by individual sportsmen and game clubs throughout the State. The opposition aroused is serious, active and determined. Out of deference to this decided and unequivocal disapproval of the vast majority of clubs composing the State Association, and for the sake of reasonable game protection, it is to be hoped that this amendment may not even be brought before the association to-morrow night.

If it is presented the Long Island Sportsmen's Association will gain for itself credit throughout the State and country by refusing to sanction it.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.—With the January number the *American Journal of Science* begins the twenty-first volume of its third series. As for many years in the past, so now it is the first authority on matters of science in this country, and yields to no periodical in the world in importance and value in its own field.

The *Journal* was founded in 1818, by Professor Silliman, and as the scope of scientific research has since that time been growing wider and wider, the influence wielded by this monthly has been constantly increasing. It ended its first series of fifty volumes as a quarterly in 1845, and its second series of fifty volumes as a two-monthly in 1870, since which it has been issued as a monthly. The twelve numbers of the year make up two volumes of 480 pages each. Among its contributors are numbered all the leading workers in science in this country and many of the best minds among European investigators.

The January *Journal* contains an important article by Professor Loomis, entitled Contributions to Meteorology, illustrated by three plates; an account of the Albany Granite of New Hampshire and its Contact Phenomena, by G. W. Hawes; Theory of the Constitution of the Sun, by Charles S. Hastings; Review of Professor Hall's Devonian fossils of New York, by Charles Barrois; Earthquake at the Philippine Islands of July, 1880, and other papers. The miscellany contains as usual a great amount of new and interesting matter.

WESTERN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—It is proposed for the encouragement of long-range shooting in the West to organize a Western Rifle Association, with headquarters either at Chicago or Milwaukee. By all means let us have such that our shooters at Creedmoor may be able at last to find out and meet the long-talked, but rather mythical marksman of the prairies. Nothing would please the Eastern riflemen more than a real East vs. West contest, and even in the Milwaukee Rifle Club there are a sufficient number of long-range experts to make up a good team; but all the time let it be borne in mind that we have a "National Rifle Association of America."

MODESTY WOULD BE BECOMING in a young and inexperienced editor, but we do not always look for it in older men. "Virginianus," who writes of pipes and smoking, is a veteran editor and should therefore have no hesitation about seeing his name in print; but he forbids our publishing it, even in acknowledgment of the box of curiously carved and

FOREST AND STREAM.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1881.

A GROWING INTEREST.

THE present number of this journal, which is the first of our sixteenth volume, contains more matter than any of the 390 issues which have preceded it. A more compact type has been adopted in several of the departments, whereby an additional amount of reading, equivalent to two pages, is furnished every week.

This is substantially an enlargement of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Such a step has been made imperative because of the broadening of our field and consequent greatly increased demand upon our space. It has been found impossible to compress into the space at our command the contributions sent to us each week by our friends, and we have therefore determined to increase the amount of matter furnished to our readers.

In the initial announcement of this journal, seven years ago, it was stated as the aim of its projectors to make it "a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other." That purpose has been accomplished. The columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are to day the recognized repository of all that pertains to legitimate field sports. Its correspondents represent every State and Territory in the Union and every Province of Canada. The FOREST AND STREAM has gathered its riches from the uttermost parts of the earth. During the past year we have published letters from Alaska and from South Africa, from Russia and Australasia.

The diversity of professions and occupations represented by those who read the paper and contribute to its columns affords a suggestive commentary upon the very general interest taken in the pursuits of the rod and gun. Men of all classes and of all occupations read the paper and contribute, each one his mite, to add to the general fund of good things which we offer to the great constituency which it reaches.

The departments of the FOREST AND STREAM are now confined strictly to the specialties represented in the table of contents. It is the only paper in the world devoted exclusively to these subjects, and presents more reading of a sterling character on each one of these topics than has ever been attempted by any other journal of field sports.

The editorial policy of the FOREST AND STREAM is

fantastic brain-wood pipes, which he gathered, whittled out with his own jack-knife and sent to the editorial corps of the **FOREST AND STREAM**. The essay, in another column, will be appreciated by all who have shared the calm pleasures of a smoke about the camp-fire at night.

UNSENT CONTRIBUTIONS.—Some of our correspondents are notified that they are only wasting time, postage and stationery by forwarding to this office anonymous or pseudonymous contributions. We have not the slightest wish to print the names of those who, when writing to us, desire to conceal their identity, but we must have those names if their letters are to appear.

This statement may well explain to a number of correspondents why their unsigned letters have not appeared, and to a number of seekers after knowledge why their questions have not been answered.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME COMMISSIONERS.—In our notice of the Maine system of game protection, we might have mentioned the fact which is familiar to our readers, that this was the first State to adopt the plan of adding the protection of game to the other duties of her fish commissioners. Messrs. Welber, Hayes and Powers, are the members of the present very efficient commission.

The flight of a rifle ball is a subject concerning which we have had of late many inquiries. The excellent paper by Maj. H. W. Merrill on another page is a revision of an article on the same topic, contributed by him to this paper some years ago. In its present shape it embodies the results of recent studies by the author, and is a most valuable exposition of the principles involved.

THE PISTOL TOURNAMENT.—To lovers of pistol shooting the tournament now in progress at Conlin's gallery, 1,223 Broadway, will prove an immensely interesting exhibition. Every variety of shooting with the petty arm may be seen, and the man who comes out victor in the several tests would prove a very uncomfortable antagonist under the code.

OUR KENNEL NOTES are a good index of how the **FOREST AND STREAM** stands among dog men. We publish to-day a column and a half of them, set in the smallest type and sold. The weekly average is greater than that ever attempted by any other paper in the world. Owners and breeders of dogs are invited to register their notes in our columns.

OUR CAPE TOWN CORRESPONDENT, Mr. E. B. Biggar, concludes this week his graphic picture of ostrich farming in South Africa. We hope that at some future time he may supplement these papers with a further description of life in that far off land.

We publish elsewhere a report of the second day's proceedings of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and have made arrangements to print the full minutes of the meeting as early as Secretary Riney can furnish them to us.

WE HAVE RECEIVED the circular of the Petersburg Fish and Game Protective Association, of whose admirable method of work we shall speak further.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Theo. Morford, of Newton, N. J., has gone to Florida where he will spend several weeks.

AMONG the callers at this office the past week was Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, Ill.

The Sportsman Tourist.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.

OUR old stand-bys, Dash and Cora, were comfortably coiled up sleeping on the rug in front of a roaring old-fashioned wood fire, only giving signs of life occasionally by a nervous twitching of the muscles, and hysterical little yelps as they dreamed, perhaps, of "ole hars" jumping from under their very noses, then suddenly remembering the rawhide whip, which in their younger days, before they had learned discretion, so often impressed upon their minds that "Mlle Cotontails" were game for hounds but not for bird dogs. The lesson had been well learned, and now, except maybe in their dreams, both dogs treat such temptations with, at least, pretended contempt. My friend Tom and myself sat smoking our cigars, with our legs stretched over the dogs, toasting our feet by the fire in his cosy bachelor quarters, discussing the prospect of fall shooting and kindred subjects so dear to the heart of sportsmen.

After a meditative silence of several minutes, Tom broke the spell with "What say you, Charlie, to going out to Brown's to-morrow and trying the quail?"

This struck right home, and I replied, "I'm with you, old fellow," as the terrier said to my pointer pup when it caught him by the paw.

At once there began an examination of necessary outfit; hunting-shoes, leggins, dog-whips, spurs, riding-whips, powder-cans, shot-bags etc., were soon scattered in endless confusion about the room. The dogs, roused from their slumbers, were frisking about smelling-game-bags, guns, etc., knowing it all meant fun for them as well as us. "Down, Dash, you rascal, if you don't stop chawing up that whip I'll break every bone in your body. You, Cora, charge. Tom, you must put these dogs out, or I shall be slobbered all over, and the only clothes I have with me fit for civilized society will be ruined. By the way, have you a needle and thread with which I can sew up this rip in my corduroy pants?" After putting the dogs out, we succeeded in getting everything ready for an early start.

Next morning we were up at 5 o'clock; breakfast was waiting. After a hotcup of coffee and some nice buckwheat cakes and sausage, we found our horses awaiting us at the door. We mounted and whistled for the dogs, who answered our call with a series of yelps and barks, plainly telling their distress at finding an eight-foot board fence between them and us. Dash, however, did succeed in getting over the top of it, just as old "Aunt Roxy" opened the gate, and was knocked flat by the rush of insupportable from within. The old woman picked herself up, exclaiming: "Lor, Mrs. Tom, dat ole fool dog Dan done nose to my cloes off; and dat ole mean musk-rat puppy done step his ole foot in my eye, and kicked my mouf full ob rocks." I had to dismount to assist "Aunt Roxy," and get the dogs we did not want to "carry" with us, back into the yard. We decided to take Dash, Cora and a ten-month puppy, "Bang" with us. Bang had been hunted several times, was of good stock and pretty well broken, but very hard-headed. On several previous occasions he had shown promise of making a remarkably fine dog.

Just after light, as the ruddy glow in the East proclaimed sunrise near at hand, and a clear day, we started at a brisk pace, with a cold, north-west wind, across the fields, and our cheeks with color that art would find it hard to imitate. The ardor of our dogs made it hard for them "to heel," every piece of stubble and every inviting "branch" we passed were temptations hard for them to resist. After riding about four miles we came to a fine stubble field of about two acres. The road at this point being sufficiently elevated to command a view of nearly all the field, we did not dismount but put the dogs in. Dash and Cora started around the field in opposite directions. Bang ranging out finely in the middle, when suddenly he came to a stiff point. Being afraid he would not stand very long, we dismounted, but before we got over the fence up went a lark just in front of him, and he started after it as if heaven and earth depended on his catching that bird. However, at a sharp command from me, he came driving up, and I told him what to expect. Two or three sharp baps with the whip, and the command "Take care, sir," loned him down. He soon saw Dash and Cora both working slowly up a little hollow and started for them as if he had a whole fourth of July celebration tied to his tail. No command would he heed. No vision of raw-hide was before his eyes, only his uncontrollable ambition that his nostrils might sniff and his feet tread the birds' scents, and he cared the result. But my fears were vain; just as he got half way to the other dogs he suddenly wheeled to the right, going with head up, cautiously, yet fast, to the head of the hollow, where he "froze" stiff and rigid as a statue out of stone. We hastened to him, the two old dogs following at our heels, "back standing" all the way. When we got to the puppy Dash made a detour and pointed on the other side. This excited Bang and he started, but at command "charged" close. Whirr, whirr; up went the birds, and away went Bang after them full till. Both old dogs charged at shot where they were. We killed four birds. Tom one with each barrel, and I two with my first, but missing my second through my annoyance at Bang. He came back, after having his run, and took his thrashing with philosophical resignation. The conveyer took to a desperate flight. We followed them in, and Bang stay close to my heels. I killed one bird in the bushes, over Cora's point, and missed three, two of which Tom killed. We then remounted and rode until we came to a pea patch and small oat stubble, in the edge of which we found a small covey, only killing two on the rise, though I feathered my second bird so badly that I concluded to follow it. Some 300 yards in the woods Cora pointed a Dash in, got the first bird and Tom shot it. We were unable to mark the others, so left them. On our way back to the horses, Bang pointed a rabbit in his bed, and when it started he started to chase it, but timely remembrance of consequences stopped him at my first command. In a little piece of springy ground through which we passed Cora pointed a woodcock which I shot.

Our next stop was at Capt. Brown's, where we were met by a little boy-legged "yellow nigger," with a head big enough for two Daniel Websters. After he had "carried" our horses to the stable, I asked, "What is your name, my worthy son of Ham?" "Lor' goodness! Mrs. Charlie, has you done forgot Washington Clay Brown, what tote the dinner, an one ole de hars las time you an Mrs. Joe was heal?" "Well well well!" I declare, Washington Clay Brown, get you; you an done grown so handsome, where is Capt. Brown?" "Mrs. Brown done gone to mill wid a turn of corn; I reckon he be back bout a hour, an be mighty glad to see you gemmen."

Just then we heard some one pulling down the draw-bars, and looked around; there was the captain in all his glory of six feet two, and 398 pounds avoirdupois. "Dag, I'll be my hutions, but that is a powerful good looking par," said the captain, and continued, "Well, I am mighty glad, for certain, to see you all. Go into the house by the fire." We needed no second invitation, and were soon seated in the sitting room with a plate of apples and decanter of blackberry brandy by us on the table; the children beginning to climb all over us, and Mrs. Brown telling us how many fine chickens she had looted by the hawks, when, followed by his own water, walked the captain, carrying his old mangle, and a large dog on behind the old-fashioned clock and proceeded to wipe on his gun. In less than half an hour we were again in the field. The captain knowing the location of every covey, we found plenty of birds, starting seventeen coveys during the day, all of them except one going to thick cover at first light. One covey, however, scattered nicely in an open field of broom straw, and I really believe we got the last one of them. We worked fast and splendidly on single birds, in spite of old age. The puppy got some good points, and after his whipping in the morning worked well. But Cora, with her years of experience, was too quick for all the other dogs to get many points. All three of our dogstives pointed separate single birds, the captain's dog back-landing. Washington Clay B. accompanied us all day. When the sun was about "half an dinner and the game was over, we were instructed by a short cut, and have our horses and things ready for an immediate start when we came. Old Cora was pretty well broken down and limping badly, so we started home. As we were crossing a log over a "branch," Tom being nearly across, and I just with one foot on the log, looked down, and there was Bang right in the branch under the log, and I was tangled in blackberry briars, so I called to Tom to look out, when up came him from sight under our feet, and flew over my head back of me. Tom wheeled where he stood on the log, and fired both barrels. He missed the bird, but fell flat on his back, full length in the water. As it was almost freezing

we did not waste much time into getting the house. There we found a nice warm supper of the best the country afforded prepared for us.

After allowing Tom time to change his wet suit for a dry one of the captain's, the sleeves and ankles having to be turned up some three inches, we fell to and demolished our share of the eatables. Upon counting up we found our bag to contain forty-seven quail, one woodcock and seven rabbits, shot by Tom and myself. We took an after-supper smoke, and hid our genial captain and his wife good-bye, mounted our horses, and were soon galloping toward home. Poor old Cora was so tired that I had to let her ride in my lap to town, where we arrived in good bedtime. On the way we made up another hunt for the following week, at a place where we knew we could get some fine turkey shooting as well as plenty of quail. Benford.

TROUTING IN THE VALE OF ARNO.

BOSTON, JAN. 8, 1881.

EDITOR **FOREST AND STREAM**:

THE following incident apropos of snakes eating fish may seem to you worth putting on record. In the summer of 1863, I made a pedestrian tour with three friends through the Tuscan Apennines, and for three or four days enjoyed the hospitality of the Monks of Camaldoli. This celebrated monastery is situated on the western slope of the main ridge of the Apennines, and at that time was one of the richest and most prosperous of the religious foundations. The convent owned two farms on the slopes, and in the fertile bottom lands of the Val d'Arno, which literally overflowed with corn, wine and oil. The upper regions of their land was kept as forest and was celebrated for the size and quality of its pines, on the judicious cutting of which by no means a small part of the Monks large revenues depended. I remember being shown the stumps of forest trees that had been cut and shipped to the Bois de Vincennes for some purpose or other. I should be afraid to state my recollection of what the diameter of the largest was, but we were told, and readily believed, that a party of travelers who were visiting the monastery danced a quadrille on the flat stump of one of them.

By-the-by a most striking proof of the benefit of wise protection of forest lands is to be seen there. The tract that is owned by the monastery has been kept in woods, especially on the steep heights, and the openings and clearing that have been made are probably as fertile pastures, grain-growing fields and vineyard, as are to be found. All around their domain are to be seen bare sterile hills, washed down to rock by the heavy showers, which, until the short-sighted cupidity of the ignorant farmers had cut off every stick, were as productive as what belonged to the convent.

On mounting the ridge behind the monastery one of the highest points of the back-bone of the Apennines is reached, and on climbing into the branches of a tree, on a clear day the Adriatic sea can be seen to the eastward, and the Ligurian sea, or Mediterranean, to the West. On the western slope of this chain of hills there are many brooks, which, in the upper part of their course, are rough the water, and as the ground is very steep, they form a series of small cascades, with little pools below each fall which were full of trout. These small brooks all run together, and by the time they reach the tableland on which the monastery stands, they have united to form a good sized stream, which, for a half mile or so, runs alongside of the road, and after passing the convent pitches down the declivity to join the Arno. Along this comparatively shallow point the brook widened up into several sandy shallows and rocky pools, all of which were swarming with trout.

The Abbot having paid us the compliment of coming in to see us after our dinner (they had a set of most elegant apartments which were kept for lodging tourists, travelers, etc.), on my mentioning having seen trout in his streams, he turned out to be a most enthusiastic admirer of the trout species. The streams were very strictly preserved, and the Abbot afterward told me that this was an unheard-of thing to have the Abbot do what he did, that is, tell me that I might catch some. This was a prerogative of his office which he had always kept to himself. Unfortunately there was not a fishhook to be had in the whole neighborhood. The Abbot himself always caught as many as were needed on their fast days, and his method was very simple and easy to be practiced in any streams of a small village in Austria, where, as the boy I had passed a spring and summer. He would take off his sandals, roll up his gown, and wade into the clear stream, and working up against the current would see the trout darting under a stone for shelter, and then going up to it very quietly, would put his hands down on the side on which the trout ran under, and as the trout came within reach, would firmly grip on the fish and throw him to the bank. As I said before, I had seen the same thing done in Austria, and a few years ago a young Scotchman whom I met on the Umbagog waters not only told me that that was a very favorite and successful method of poaching in Scotland, but actually proved to me that it could be done. This process is known in Great Britain as "tickling a trout."

Not having any more time to devote to this sport, I naturally devoted one of the few days we spent at Camaldoli in trying to rig up a rod, and if Seth Green had at that time written as much as he has since about the beauties of needle-pointed hooks, I should have managed to bend a needle, and from the populous bar-yard got hickies to make some apology for a fly. But I was in those days in such a state of ignorance as to suppose that, in order to catch a trout *scientifically*, you must have a fly, and that a needle was not to be had. Every angler will appreciate the aggravation of my position, being surrounded by beautiful brooks, actually teeming with fine trout, on which a fly had never been cast, and not only not being able to avail myself of the chance of a couple of days' splendid fishing, but losing the opportunity of initiating the Abbot, who was a splendid fellow, into any sort of sport, or into a world with which his "tickling" would have multiplied to nothing.

The gist of the matter, however, is the fact that one morning while walking along the bank of the brook, and having my mouth water at the sight of the noble fellows that were darting here and there in the pools, I saw a snake in the water, about three feet long. He was on a shallow sand-bar, and with a stick I was carrying, I soon straightened him out. He was, as I remember, very much like the snake on a gentleman's head his body was swollen to over three times its natural dimensions for the space of eight or nine inches further. The blade of my penknife having been put into the service of ripping him up, a fine fresh trout of nearly a half pound was found to be the cause of the deformity in his symmetry. Not knowing as much as I do at present about serpentine nat-

omy, I remember wondering how this good-sized fish could have ever passed through the snake's jaws.

Besides his trout streams, the Abbot had several large and rather shallow ponds, that were filled with huge carp and tench in whose fattening and growth he took much interest. In those religious exercises that are Indian, and far from all real connection with the coast, the supply of fish is a matter of importance, as many days of the year they are not allowed to eat any animal food—the word "fast day" is not at all an equivalent of the Italian term "giorno di magro," as it is not of necessity a day of fasting at all, but simply one on which no animal food can be eaten. We were lucky enough on this same excursion to arrive at the convent of Vallombrosa on the day of the patron saint of that order of monks. This day is "giorno di magro," and they cannot have any strangers over night in the convent (which, by-the-by, was the cause of our doing nearly twenty-five miles up the mountains after dinner), but so far from being a fast day, it is the day of all the year when the brothers who have charge of the pots and kettles strive to give a great variety of dishes. I do not think that I ever took a better dinner, although there was no meat, butter, eggs or milk used in the cooking. But there was olive oil, and the place of butter, with trout, carp and eels, salt fish cooked in the Spanish way, i. e., with olive oil, tomato-s, anchovies and a trifle of garlic, crisp lettuce and celery, preserved fruits and fresh grapes, figs and pomegranates, fresh olives, and last, but not least, a flask of wine from the vineyard on the southern slope that had been ripening in the cellar since the comet year, we did anything but fast. It may be that the excellence of this last item of the bill of fare had something to do with the fact that the French gentleman who was with us, and who, on the strength of having been over the ground before, acted as guide, lost his way, and it was not until after three o'clock the next morning that we arrived at the old town of Fraze just able to crawl.

There is one fact with regard to this matter of diet on fast days, which I do not think is generally known—at least I never heard of it until I camep out in Canada with French habits, and rather interesting, as a matter of natural history. That is, that the sea fowl, or what they call "gibier de mer," are not considered as game but as fish. The distinction is that they do not go to fresh water to drink. Thus the black duck, the wild goose, the teal, mallard, etc., have to get to fresh water every day at least, and therefore they are "fish," and on fast days cannot be eaten; but the white-winged quail, oldsquaw, and snipe, and ducks, etc., do not go to fresh water at least so they say in Canada, are considered as fish. The above list is not an appetizing one, but the brant belongs to the same class, and surely one could fast very satisfactorily on a well-roasted brant.

I have, I fear, taken up more space than you will be inclined to give to me in order to say that I had seen a snake that had swallowed a trout; but that is really all I meant to write. Mio Maco.

THE LOG OF THE FAVORITE, NO. 4.

SWANSON'S HAMBER, CROSS SOUND, AUGUST 22, 1880.

A FRESH northwest wind, with its usual accompaniment of a bright clear weather, subdued the southeaster about the change of tide, and enabled as this morning to make so early a start that by breakfast time we had crossed the sound, and ran to the eastward, nearly to its junction with Chatham Straits, where sheltered almost completely by a great and wide breaker, the north wind made the narrow and shallow channel, which just to the eastward of "Converden" Island, leads into this magnificent harbor. Just to the westward of the island there was apparently a wider and easier entrance, but the assurance of our pilot that it was shoal and full of dangers was subsequently confirmed—when at low tide, the bottom was exposed.

Our object here is to interview the Indians, who have here and who are occupied in companies at Chateaus, Hoonahs and Sitkas and others; for it constitutes a sort of half-yearly house for nearly all the tribes on their trading voyages.

Sitka Jack makes here his summer home; in winter he prefers Sitka, where he varies the monotony by alternate spells of drunkenness and Christianity, for Jack is a shrewd Indian, and fully appreciates the getting he receives at each such successive conversion, and has among his "papers" several extracts from the Bible, which he reads and talks, in which his turning from his sinful life is recorded as among the first of the successes of newly-arrived missionaries.

Although as "low down" a Sitwah as Sitka produces, Jack is very useful. As an awful example, when after a set-to with Hoo-chee-noo, his naturally big head is swollen so big that he cannot wear his little gold-laced cap, and rheumy tears run down his peck-marked face, as he describes to the other Indians the evils of intemperance.

And then when thus afflicted he seeks consolation by becoming again a Christian. The example is doubtless valuable. Jack is rich though, or rather his wife is, and through her he is connected with several powerful tribes, to whom, on his spring visits, he dispenses much hoo-chee-noo, and from whom, when under its influences, he procures at a cheap rate their skins and oil.

Jack has made a record for himself in more ways than one. It was he who first recorded the description of all the shells in Old Sitka, except one as I afterwards learned—that one his own, and whose habilitum cut, used on that occasion, is pictured in your paper of July 30, 1870. And it is to his credit that on the occasion of the completion of his house he gave the most magnificent potlatch Sitka had ever been favored with, at which hoo-chee-noo, and subsequently blood flowed like water, and five hundred blankets were given away to the guests.

Since then Jack has been poor, and spends his substance about as fast as he earns it, in paying for damages to various swivates which took place at this feast. Jack was absent, but we got together several other Tyhees, and gave them the usual talking to. While the pow-wow progressed, Captain Vanderbilt made good use of the time by setting a gang of Indians at work wood chopping, for on the shores of this bay there is no end of excellent firewood growing close to the water.

This the Indians cut and deliver for two dollars (trade) per cord. It was pleasant to see the confidence which the Indians placed in the honesty of the whites; for instead of taking their pay in goods, those who brought the wood received in preference tickets for the amounts due, which were good at either of the stores of the "Northwestern Company," and served as cash in their trade with each other. Captain Vanderbilt has, on a previous trip, taken a wide and wise departure from custom prevalent among the Sitka

traders in dealing with the natives. With them an Indian pound is about fifteen ounces, and thirty-five inches make a yard, differences which they pretend to make good by complying with the always-expressing wish of the Indian to get a new coat of cloth thrown in. "The "Northwestern Company" follow up the custom of throwing in, but they give full measure as well.

At low tide there was exposed in this bay flats of many square miles in area, through which creeks made their way. The Doctor and I, after the pow-wow was over, took a long tramp over these flats, but got no birds, although we were assured that in spring and fall all kind were in great numbers. Two miles from where we landed there was a grove, and in a little deep in mud a good long mile in hopes of a shot at them. But we were not alone on the flats. Indians were hunting also, and they did some shooting; for birds that were foul to us were fair foul to them; and coots and gulls rewarded their shots, which made the geese very shy and wary, and before we were within rifle range an enormous flock got up and made its way through an opening to the sea, leaving us to stand out-of-bound and wish ourselves back to our boat.

Quite a number of canoes came alongside for trading purposes. They brought seal oil, bear seal pelts, and baskets woven from grasses. All, however, ruled at higher prices than at Sitka.

WILLIAM HENRY BAY, LYNN CASAR—P. M.—22.

Our longing for glaciers has been fully satisfied to-day, and to-morrow we have many more in store for us. We left Swanson's Harbor at 5 A. M., passed "Hanus Rock," which was projecting above the surface, and turned around Point Courverden for a straight run up Lynn Canal to Chilatee, but the fresh northwest wind, while it has cleared the air and revealed to us some of the grandest scenery that I have ever gazed at, has also kicked up a head sea sufficiently strong to seriously retard our progress, which will take us not over three hours.

As we can't reach Chilatee till late this evening, we have concluded to hold on here until early to-morrow, when the tide will be with us.

The entrance to this pretty little bay is on the north side, marked by one of the highest and steepest hills we have encountered. As our little boat ran up the shore, we were naturally struck by our rocks trying to look at the summit, which, although fully four thousand feet distant vertically, was not, I believe, four hundred horizontally. It was like examining the frescoes on the ceiling of St. Paul's. This hill was densely wooded to the summit, and somewhere in the woods we could hear the axes of the Indians cutting firewood for the company. One cut but wonder how the trees, growing as they do in a thin soil, manage to keep their positions and grow upward. In places it seems as though they grew on top of each other.

It is probable that the six or eight-inch deep carpet of perpetually wet moss which covers the soil gives to the roots, by constant moisture, great size and strength; so that by interlacing and seeking crevices they are able to support the trunks. Not always though, for here and there we have passed great landslides, where a broad glistening rollway of bare rock marked the course of hundreds of large trees, which in a confused heap of roots and branches lay at its base.

The southern point of this bay is evidently the terminal moraine of an extinct glacier. Our journey to-day has been one of unqualified enjoyment; warm, clear weather, bright sunshine, and not a bit of fog or cloud to obscure the scenery, which was grand.

From Point Courverden to Chilatee, Chatham Strait, is called Lynn Canal. Why so called, I do not know, for its average width, six miles, is as great as that of the southern portion of the straits. The head of the canal is, as shown on chart, eight or nine miles wide, but split into two inlets by a peninsula. As far as we have come the banks on both sides consist of high hills, covered to their summits with dense forests of spruce and hemlock, through which at short intervals streams of water come dashing down such impetuous that every drop seems turned to silvery foam. The range of hills is not continuous, and they are divided by great canyons into groups, and each of these canyons is fed by a great river of ice, and between each couple of peaks which form the group a brook of ice converges to the river.

Until to day I had not in my mind a clear conception of a glacier; the name conveyed to me simply the impression of a frozen, ice-bound river. Such there are, broad and smooth, their surface but slightly inclined, winding their way around each other, and meeting in a common stream. They are of a pearly white; but there are also Niagaras of ice and mud-stones! The river comes plunging down steep inclines, shattering into chasms as it leaps precipices, and rearing up into great corrugated battlements, crowned with gigantic spires of crystal, where it has encountered obstacles; the surface marred with streaks, like muddly wagon roads, of earth, and sprinkled with huge boulders which have been wrenched from the mountainsides. One of the most beautiful colors which I had imagined characterized these rivers—black earth and white snow predominated, but now and then the sun's rays reflected from a fractured surface all the hues of the rainbow. We could not see the lower end of those which came down gentle slopes, for these were hidden by the thick bushes and high grass, which flourished on the flat moraines which the glacier had pushed in advance or left as its lower end melted.

At 1 P. M. we saw our first glacier, and it was a good one to begin with. After it we passed so many that there was hardly a five minutes in which at least five were not visible at once. Our first was on the eastern shore and opened out as we passed the north point of Admiralty Island. It was surmounted by a rocky crag which resembled our national bird so much more than does the figure on the new dollar that we christened it "Eagle Glacier," and as such it will remain in our note-books and memories. Our enjoyment of nature has been uninterrupted, except by a remark made by the punster of the party, in contra-dicting this day with the foggy, rainy ones preceding, he asked us in what respect they differed, and we gave sensible answers, but he said this was a scenery and they are nary days, and was immediately suppressed.

At one place on the route we had, in addition to the peaks, canyons and glaciers, a disking of snow in the distance. The stream was a narrow, shallow bed of fairweather, Porouse and Criffoun, all over fifteen thousand feet in height, and of their eight-thousand-foot-high foot-hills. Such a day is worth

many of ordinary life, and I wonder how long it will be before our summer tourists will find it out and take one for themselves.

Thinking, as I think over the day's experience, I am prepared to not only accept as true the theory of Professor Muir, that the island and channels of Southeast Alaska are produced by glacial action, but, undeterred by fear of forfeiting reputation for scientific accuracy, and dealing with facts alone, go easily way beyond his conclusions. I think—but am not prepared to prove it—that on the occasion of that famous shower which in forty days succeeded in depositing an amount of water, which, compared with the usual Alaska result, for the period, as set by rain gauges, was indeed a deluge, the effect of such a surplus must have been to fill up pretty well the basin of what was then, I believe, a land-locked sea—the Arctic Ocean—and that the enormous pressure was increased by the melting of the icebergs, floes, peaks and banks through the higher temperature of the rain, and that one windy day a leak started in some low place between East Cape of Siberia and Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, which rapidly increased, and through it, drawn by the current, came huge icebergs and glaciers, which cut out Behring's Strait and, rushing southward, cut the long ridge which in those days probably connected Asia and America and over which the native Alaskans found their way from the Orient, into the chain of islands known as the Aleutians.

Laurence Island, then possibly a high mountain, stood directly in the wake of this advancing flood and deflected it to the eastward, when, with a whirl and eddy, it dug out Norton Sound and then the Gulf of Alaska, sweeping down the coast perhaps to the lower end of Puget Sound.

Behring's Sea is everywhere shallow and a muddy bottom is found at from forty to one hundred fathoms. The only fact to support my theory is given in the veracious narrative of Sue, in which he relates the wanderings of a Jew, who at one time stood on the East Cape of Asia talking to a wandering female on the western bank of America. As this was a very long time ago, and the invention of the telephone this strait could have been little more than a trout brook then.

But I may be wandering a little from the legitimate track of a Forest and Stream letter, so will drop speculating and come down to facts and a subject better adapted to your columns, viz., salmon. For several miles of the latter part of to-day's journey we steamed through a pea-green sea, which was dotted here and there with the backs of salmon, which were in the most advanced stage of spawning out on the surface, from which their backs, their being nearly all garbushes or lump-backed, protruded. The peculiar color of the water was due to a surface layer of glacier water which flows into William Henry Bay through a very large creek, and into many smaller creeks through smaller ones; and these sick salmon were such as had survived the process of spawning and found their way again to salt water to perpetuate their species. I saw so many that I thought that a very large percentage of this became saved, but when I landed on the moraine and skirted the brook, at times wading, I could readily believe that if in the salt water, within five miles, there was a hundred thousand of these "fittest" which had survived, they did not amount to a fraction of one per cent. of those which had perished.

The moraine was covered with timothy and wild barley five or six feet in height. Much of this had been pressed down by high water. From the creek, and in all directions there were large heaps of mud, and decomposed salmon. Thousands of gulls were cackling and laughing as they feasted upon the eyes of these fish, and the soft mud was pitted in all directions with bear tracks, and ledges heads of salmon indicated where they had breakfasted. I had my gun with me and was hoping for birds of some kind, but except a few pipers none presented themselves for inspection. The banks of the creek were lined with dense alders and high grasses, and I thought it likely that by taking my course and wading up I might start a mallard or two. This I did not do, but that was one to be remembered. In advance of me pushed through the shoal water, struggling and splashing it into foam, an almost solid mass of salmon; and at times, when by a short turn I intercepted the rushing host, it was like trying to wade through a flock of sheep while carrying a plate of salt. They were under me, twisting through my legs, and one I think likely owed me, as I fell by slipping and falling, most of the salmon. I had my head up stream, except such as made frightened rushes past me; but many, although so headed up, were slowly drifting down, tail first, to swell the sick and helpless flotilla in the bay, or to die upon some bar, and furnish food to gulls and bears.

In some places, in fact in all where deep and still enough, the bottom of gravel was hollowed out into great wallows, from which, as I approached, crowds of salmon would dart, and, once out, they would be upon their backs, and I should see, though bushes of dried peas had been scattered. Approaching one of these pools quietly, I succeeded in getting a good view of the operation of spawning, and I did not observe any use of the curved jaw in the connection. At first I thought that there were two varieties of salmon in the creek—one the garbusha and the other a black straight-backed fish. None of either kind were over thirty inches in length, most were less than twenty.

Very few of the fish were of the usual style which I caught in my hands, I found, by stripping, that as far as could be judged, they being all spout fish, those with the hump back were males and the other females. By shooting several which were more lively and could not be caught, this view was confirmed, they being gravid fish.

In most of the pools immense trout (*Salmo spectabilis*) were either feeding upon the eggs, or lying quietly gorged. I shot one weighing four or five pounds, but although a beautiful to look at, the surroundings in which it was here such as to deprive him of a place on our breakfast-table.

I saw one female salmon just as she finished spawning. She lay quiet for a couple of minutes and then began to tope over on her side, recovered herself and, as though startled from a sleep, darted forward and went half her length upon a gravel bar and continued forcing herself further up, until she was entirely out of the water, and there she left her lot. Most of these fish were very, or less, discolored and many bruised, and upon all there extended over the bellies a substance which looked like rough yellow blotting-paper, probably some fungoid growth.

After seeing, as I have to-day, such myriads of dead salmon, I do not wonder that with those who do not stop to think of the result, the impression should prevail that "all Pacific coast salmon die immediately after spawning."

This is a very common error, and one which, while it does not, for bear tracks were too large and numerous to make it inadvisable to do so, armed with one shot-gun alone.

REPEATERS VERSUS SINGLE-SHOOTERS.

in science, and the corresponding range is the true point blank range. This being well understood, I will now answer the inquiry by giving the following facts.

First.—By POINT BLANK is meant the second point where the trajectory or curve of the ball in its slight intersects, or cuts the line of sight.

Second.—By POINT BLANK RANGE is meant the straight line blank range or shortest distance from the piece to the second point blank (or in practice to the target whose center is struck at this point). The French and Americans use the same point blank, but in the British service it is different; their point blank distance is the distance at which the projectile (ball) strikes the level ground on which the carriage stands, the axis of the piece being horizontal." (Col. Scott's Mil. Dic.)

General Remarks.—Long ranges are generally made on the horizontal basis, and are so recorded for use in works on practical gunnery. But the above two definitions hold good in elevated or depressed firing also. It is theory I have presented.

Practice.—While in both theory and fact point blank is limited to a single point, yet in practice it is allowed a wider scope. It is here by common consent applied to the whole bulleye. If this be struck it is called a point blank shot, and the straight line from the piece to the target is called the point blank range. Neither is strictly correct, as I hope the reader will now be able to see, unless the bullet strikes the centre or its level for a range. In practice point blank in English, and "point blanc" (white point) in French correspond, they refer to the same thing—white spot, bulleye, target. Some understand rifle shooting in practice; but to the great majority who use it the science of rifle shooting is all in the dark. They cannot explain it correctly, nor is this a wonder.

The moment the beginner with the rifle will discard the false idea, which nearly all most naturally have, that "the rifle carries straight," at that moment is he in a condition to begin to understand a little of rifle shooting. Many persons and some of life-long experience still cling to this erroneous notion, especially for short ranges. It is as mathematically certain that the rifle does not carry straight for ten yards, as that it does not for 1,000 yards. The path of the bullet must, and always is, a curve, and the curve is the point blank range. Gravity is always pulling the bullet down; its effect commences at the muzzle of the gun, and no velocity of the ball can cancel it. This curve, however, is very flat within short distances, at long ranges it becomes high and much curved. Thus at 100 yards point blank the ball rises nearly three inches; falls about two inches to the line of sight with a gravity drop from the line of fire of about seven to ten inches, while at 1,000 yards, as at Greenwood, the ball rises about thirty-four and a half feet, then falls the same to the line of sight with a gravity drop from the line of fire of about 121 feet.

The highest point of the trajectory varies a little with the range, but for ranges less than 1,200 yards they do not vary much from fifty-five one-hundredths of the range measuring from the piece. Firing at 100 yards the ball passes above the line of sight generally about two inches from the muzzle. At another "first cut," at 100 yards, the ball rises about two inches above the line of sight. Firing at 1,000 yards the "first cut" will be within two yards of the muzzle. Remember that point blank or centre shooting is never made along the line of fire or the direction of the barrel points, but that it is always made along the line of sight. The mark is aimed at, and the ball fly the eye of the sight is made to hit on the line of sight while the barrel is pointing above the mark, we do not know where at the muzzle, while the barrel points the bulleye is aimed at, while the barrel points at 121 feet above it. The same principles obtain in firing say at 10 and 200 yards, etc.

I will now, as a further illustration, practically trace the curve made by the ball along the line of sight in the 150 yards range, and notice its variations from it at a few points in the range. The ball, starting from about three-fourths of an inch below the line of sight at the muzzle, will rise a little below the centre, within about seven yards; at this distance, having arrived at its "first cut," it will centre (an intercepted target); at about 82 yards, the highest point of the trajectory, it will strike nearly five inches above the centre. Here it commences to fall, and at about 130 yards it will strike nearly three inches above the centre, and still falling it will again centre the target at the "second cut," or true point blank. Strictly speaking, the rifle, when sighted in point blank or true point blank, but when sighted in other points the centre or sweep of the ball will cut out the centre of the target, and thus appear to shoot straight. Rifles having fixed sights may be said to have but one point blank and one point blank range. Yet if differently loaded others will be produced. It will be seen from what has been written that point-blank ranges differ with every change of distance and charge. This fact, combined with others, makes all long range shooting a game a very uncertain thing. I discountenance it always, if there is any reasonable chance of crawling upon the game so as to get a dead shot. For deer and the like, I prefer for my rifle a point blank of not over 140 yards, and if in the timber 100 yards; but for small game generally I prefer 80 yards, and for squirrels 40 yards; then I am not habitually shooting over my game. In going on a tramp, camping out and roughing it, as all real sportsmen who go out to hunt do, I have never found the only reliable open sights. From long experience upon the prairies of Texas and the West, as well as elsewhere, I find they are the only reliable standbys, and give me more game than any other sights. As fixtures, however, to have along, I have always carried the peep and globe sights. They sometimes come in good play in open grounds. I always train my sights to suit myself when getting the rifle from the maker. As purchasers, I have never found them sighted for close shooting. I prefer a silver sight in front to all others. They are durable, and neither dead nor brilliant, and contrast the best in all seasons with the most objects.

But I am reminded that I must close this communication, already to long I fear. My purpose was to answer the two questions put by the inquirer. I hope my answer will be satisfactory, and that a rather perplexing subject will become better understood. Heroin will be my greatest reward.

MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

DEER AND CARIBOU.—*Sherbrooke, P. Q., Jan. 25.*—I have just returned from the Mégantic and Spiller lakes district. Game (deer and caribou) plenty, but it is impossible to hunt on account of light snow. The snowshoes go in eight to ten inches every step. As the close season commences, probably I there will be little if any leading sport, and the means have been taken to prevent killing out of season. Still a few will succeed in "running the blockade." D. T.

WHY is it that all the regiments of cavalry in this country and, in fact, over the entire civilized globe, are armed with revolvers, instead of the old-fashioned single-barrel pistol in vogue some years ago? Why are policemen and, in fact, all bodies of armed men who carry pistols, provided with revolvers instead of double or single-barrel pistols? Simply because six shots are better than two or one; because one revolver is more convenient to handle and carry than six single-barrels or three double-barrels. Any unprejudiced person can see that the only mystery is that any one should argue to the contrary, when the various savings has discernment enough to recognize the relative merits of the two styles.

Here is the *beau voir* and stumbling-block: Revolvers and repeaters are so constructed that the mechanism has to be more complicated than that of single shooters, be they pistols or rifles, because they perform most of the work automatically, consequently they have more parts, they are made of delicate mould, and if not made of good material will soon wear out, break or blow to pieces. Here, then, is the bugbear, and the one that causes the hue and cry against repeaters in some cases and in some arms—justly, I must admit, but not in the repeater of which I am about to write.

Why, then, are not revolvers condemned and cast aside on the same grounds? Surely they are far more complicated than single-shooters. They have many more parts; they are much more easily rendered unserviceable; in fact, they possess all the faults of which repeaters are accused, and still every one uses them—and, mark you, not for sporting purposes, but in actual hand-to-hand conflicts, when human life often depends upon the speedy and correct action of this most valuable weapon—not for killing the timid deer, that is afraid of his own shadow, but for manly men stand anywhere and against a time of needful odds, being well armed and thoroughly convinced that their good qualities more than compensate for what are termed by some their "drawbacks."

Several of the most competent military authorities in the United States strongly advocate repeaters, and go so far as to say that cavalry should be armed with them and that it is only a matter of time when they will be issued to the whole army of the country. Surely they do not mind these gentlemen the repeaters can stand cavalry use and the great and tear of Indian campaigning they are strong enough for any purpose whatever, as a man who pays for a rifle of his own takes far more care of it than a soldier to whom it is supplied gratis.

The hope that repeaters would be used by the line has brought out valuable improvements in these guns, as such a reputation, when it does come, will put money into the hands of the rifle manufacturer—hence better experiments are constantly being made in the direction of turning out a rifle that will stand rough usage and exposure, such as soldiers and plain men's guns are compelled to be subjected to at times.

I have spoken with several army officers (I mean officers who have been stationed on the frontier and fighting Indians for the last ten years) and other gentlemen conversant on this subject regarding the Winchester repeater, and nearly all bring up the following objections:

1. Too complicated and easily rendered unserviceable.
2. Men in action would waste too much ammunition and could not be kept supplied.
3. Are more expensive than the guns now used by the troops.
4. Have not sufficient range.
5. The mechanism, which renders the gun extremely heavy and alters the balance when empty.

Are dangerous in the hands of raw recruits, especially cavalry, as they are self-cockers.

So far as I can remember, that is all that can be said against the Winchester, and I will endeavor to show that these so-called "defects" do not affect a sportsman, leaving the armament of troops to wiser heads and men of more experience than I can by any claim to, as I deal only with what is best for game-killing purposes, regardless of all else, although, as I have hunted when hostile Indians were prowling around and no gun can compare with a Winchester for self-defense, I may perhaps be allowed here an opinion on that subject also, even if I never used one in this manner. Still I have known and seen those who have, and have heard nothing but in their praise.

Objection No. 1. I have seen in the hands of Indians and pleasure hunters of Winchester rifles and carbines that, judging from the battered condition of the stock, lock and barrel, must have seen the hardest kind of service, as the wood and metal used in these guns is no more apt to show ill usage than that of any other rifle, being as a general thing of the same kind, and still these rifles were just as good as any other that had weathered as many storms, shot as accurately as any rusty hand gun could be, and were as true to work as well as any jammed and bruised bearings could reasonably do, and, all in all, was just what it represented—a good gun originally, but rather the worse for wear; as any gun would be after passing through the same ordeal. Young War Eagle, an Indian scout belonging to the Seventh United States Cavalry, used a Winchester for I don't know how long that had only one link, sent on and got him another, but I don't know if he ever used it. This Indian was in presence of part of the command, cleaned out a team of five in about as many seconds with this gun, which never failed to work, and was as accurate (although terribly scratched and dented) as need be, yet to a casual observer, and one who did not know its merits, and judging merely from appearances this rifle would worth over \$5. Six or seven years ago I saw a fine single-barrel gun made by the Nez Indians behind rocks and in ravines, and made them dodge too. He was shot through the hand, and was proud of his wound. That Indian was brave as a lion, and would no more think of giving up his Winchester than his life.

I came pretty near breaking my Winchester to pieces, and it is a wonder I didn't. My horse fell with me, and consequently some bad lands, and came down squarely across the gun, nearly wrenching the stock from the frame and badly bending the upper and lower tangs and screws that held them together. Captain French, Seventh United States Cavalry, with the aid of a hammer, straightened out the injured pieces and screws, and my gun was good as ever, when many another would have been smashed to smithereens. Of course, I have seen badly broken-up Winchester barrels, but these could be attached to a rifle or another. When a wagon wheel is broken, and one of the spokes is broken, it is likely to fall or dent it. When a horse comes down when on the full run and hurls a rifle to the ground the chances are that it will be found a wreck. It is unreasonable to suppose

otherwise, and all the rider has to do is to pick himself up, and thank his stars that his neck isn't broken.

Objection No. 2 does not concern a sportsman at all, and if he is foolish enough to show away his cartridges just because they are easily fired off, he deserves to run short, and is not entitled to sympathy any more than an engineer would be who killed himself while running his engine one hundred miles an hour—just because it could not run a horse.

Objection No. 3.—A Winchester model '76 costs from \$27 up—which is less than any first-class length shooter can be bought for. It is not talking of humped up, remodeled, or overhauled rifles, but of new ones, and any well-known and reliable gun, say Sharps, Remington or Hall.

Objection No. 4.—Game is generally killed between seventy-five and three hundred yards, and any Winchester of the '76 model, be it Express, Centennial, or the one that shoots the sixty-grain straight shell, will certainly carry this far with great accuracy and force—and much further if needed. I have shot the Express bullet through eight one-inch pipe boards, placed one inch apart, and the holes through the last ones went on increasing until they became larger than a silver dollar.

Objection No. 5 is not worth talking about, being imaginary.

Objection No. 6.—A man should learn to use his piece so that he will not endanger his life nor that of others.

The tendency nowadays is toward hammerless, self-cocking guns, provided with a safety catch. The Winchester is about the only rifle in the world that has many single shooters. So this cannot, in justice, be brought against it.

I don't advocate a Winchester because Dr. Carver does such wonderful shooting with one, as a man who is such an expert would show off any gun to advantage. Still it shows what he can do. But I do brag on a rifle that gives a man confidence in himself; a gun that is always ready to bid death at a moment's notice, in the dark or in a hurry; no fumbling about for the breech, no popping cartridges, no cold fingers to fumble with, no slipping, no sticking of shells (the extractor prevents that)—nothing in fact but to pump and pull, and when empty can be used as a single loader, with as good effect as any, and when full is a regular arsenal.

It has been my good fortune to carry the first Winchester to the villages in Minnesota and two settlements in Dakota, and when requested to show my "what you called" rifle, this is the way I did it, and I am proud to say I never failed to enthrall my audience.

I placed a board, say twelve inches square at 100 yards, and fired at it say ten shots in rapid succession, taking care to hit it every time. I then invited competition. I to use my Winchester and two other men to use single shooters of any make (two of the cockers in these days, 7 and 7 1/2) and to shoot five shots each against my ten, and the quickest time and greatest number of hits to count.

This generally proved the superiority of my arm, as most of the men I shot against were distanced. It also convinced me, and that's why I say buy and use a Winchester; if for heavy game use the Express for short range work, say deer, turkeys and an occasional bear, use the cal. 45, 60 grain model for all other game, and for double barrels use exclusively used by English sportsmen ranging from cal. 10 to 16, shot-gun gauges, now the Express is superseded there entirely, having been found more accurate and destructive. When you have gun barrels with spare guns it is all very well to use single or double barrels; but as these fellows are expensive luxuries, probably stamped at the slightest approach of danger, frequently without provocation, I prefer to hold in my own hands a Winchester, which will do any "walk fast" (it is not nice to contemplate) thing, why, I still have my gun, and an always ready to shoot buck, which is a pleasant reflection when connected with a grizzly, heap big Injun, or even sometimes in the case of a wounded elk or black bull fought.

The well founded objections that existed in the old models, especially as to the light load of the powder and lead, have all passed away, and now a Winchester stands out as a first-class gun, and this is why some rifles are made to resemble it so closely that the cut on paper is almost identical, which is, as a gentleman wisely remarked some time ago in this paper, "a distinction without a difference." "Otto" is not doing the Winchester justice when he hints at its imperfections and does not commend them. Fortunately the reputation of a Winchester has not yet been so high that it has become the *deus ex machina* of the American sportsman, so soon convince himself of the merits of any gun being intuitively endowed with a knack for recognizing a fine piece of mechanism, and preferring his own judgment to that of others.

It would never strike me to buy a Winchester for long range target shooting, as I consider the Sharps far superior for many reasons. It has more weight of barrel for same weight of gun; it has a cleaner bore than any other rifle after each shot; has a stronger breech action to withstand heavy charges, and as a single loader is, in my opinion, what the Winchester is among repeaters, the very best of all.

There is still at least one improvement that I can see should be made in the Winchester, which is worthy of consideration. I now refer to the hind sight. A rifle which has to be carried for months hung on to a saddle bow must be well put together to stand the racket, and to sliding sights, especially ear ones, are of any use. The forearm does not often come in contact with anything, so it is not of so much importance that it should be firmly and immovably fixed, but the hind sight is just where the pound steel bears on the gun, and no matter how securely dove-tailed it will slip out of place after awhile, and that is extremely annoying. There are two ways of remedying this: make the stud on which the sight will rest a little over an inch long, and have the Springfield rifle and screw down to barrel; or have the leaf sights fastened to a steel bed, this bed to be sunken or dove-tailed into the barrel and well screwed in at each end. The sight projection of the leaves across the barrel, for the purpose of raising them, can be obtained by cutting into the barrel instead, the barrels being quite thick enough to stand this without sustaining any injury. The Sharps have a rear leaf sight with platinum lines, which is a little over an inch long, and the other people will soon have a similar one, as there can be no doubt that the Eng. Sh. style is far the best for sporting purposes, say one stationary sight for 100 yards with fine lead, and 150 with coarse; one leaf for 200, and another for 300 yards, and that is all that is needed. It is much easier to raise a leaf than to adjust a scale, although beyond 150 yards one is generally not in much of a hurry. My favorite front sight is of steel, set about for game shooting, for target, every, both low on to the barrel. I dislike a rifle sight over a high front sight, as these guns are generally never to be shot with a fine sight, an over running shot I find overshoot with them by taking too much of it in, besides a high front sight is apt to get broken and catches in every thing.

A good feature and one greatly in favor of the Winchester is that quantities are shipped to England. As it is well known that no one in England or better posted than an English sportsman, accustomed to the very finest rifle, regardless of cost, this speaks volumes in praise of this excellent gun.

THOROUGH.

P. S.—"Ovachita's" letter has just come in. I admire his style, and concur in his views; the most exciting mornal could hardly expect "Maud S." to make a good going horse or circus performer. It is the same with guns and rifles. You have one have a Winchester if you, a Sharps and Winchester: the former for practice and the latter for all kinds of shooting in timber, and wherever several shots can do more good than one, for hunting in cold weather, killing dangerous game, shooting on the run and self-defence.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

New York, Jan. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the Long Island Sportsmen's Association and its action on the game laws have been misrepresented in the **FOREST AND STREAM** is beyond question; and I sincerely believe this was not your intention. It is unfortunate, because a spirit of animosity to the association has been aroused, and in turn has excited many of our members, and without firm and conciliatory advice I believe great injury will result to the friendly relations recently increasing between this and other sections of the State.

I claim to know as well as any other human being what is being done in that association, because every document, including the minutes, is in my possession. We challenge and courteous criticism, and have repeatedly invited by letter and through your columns, suggestions. We have been attended by men of all classes, the market hunter, the dealer and the sportsman who hunts for pastime. Our committee has met frequently and expended much time and labor to ascertain the facts and the wishes of these several classes. Their meetings have been public and thoroughly advertised. We have avoided all "star chamber" work.

An argument was made that game of certain kinds could be advantageously preserved by placing it in refrigerators, and that if it were judiciously distributed it would last most of the year. It was urged that no more game would be killed, but that it would be used here in lieu of abroad, as now is the fact, and would afford a delicacy to the citizens of our own State. The time asked by the dealer (particularly for venison) was until March 1; and this was based upon the facts that the main supply of venison comes from Minnesota and lawfully may be killed until December 15, and may not reach New York until after January 1. This argument has been presented as the decision of the association to allow the sale of game the year round, provided it has been refrigerated. No such action has been taken or contemplated.

During the past year I have technically examined on game laws and am convinced that they are and will be violated with impunity. I know the results of an ill-directed attempt to enforce the old excise law, when the dealers combined and so closed the machinery of the law as to make it ineffectual. I believe that the true theory of protection is by the mutual conservation of the several interests. We have tried to find that plane upon which all can stand. Some appreciate our efforts. In New York City one association, neglecting to avail itself of the tendered opportunity to confer with us, has deemed it wise and proper to condemn. We gain no assistance or encouragement from the sportsmen.

When I was elected to become the Secretary of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association and the President of the State Association, it was with an expressed determination to attempt a reconciliation of the diverse interests apparently affected by our inconsistent and ineffectual game laws. You have had opportunities afforded to become familiar with the steps taken to carry that determination to a final result.

I have neither time nor inclination to pursue a fruitless task. Whether such shall be its termination is to depend largely upon our sportsmen throughout the State and the tone of the press.

The full text of a proposed bill will be presented by the committee to the Long Island Sportsmen's Association at its annual meeting of February 4, 1881. The action of that association cannot be foreshadowed, but from its composition of representative members of each class, a fair, honest, conservative measure may be expected. I submit, as a reasonable proposition, that any advice based upon the wide experience of such men is far more valuable than a theory or scarce reputation of any one class, no matter how eminently respectable. Please advise me interested to patiently wait until some tangible spectre appears to create a panic.

ABRI. CROOK.

If any misrepresentation has occurred, it has been in ascribing to the association itself the adoption of the amendment proposed by its committee. We shall take pleasure in correcting the mistake by publishing next week the reputation of the clause by the society to-morrow night.

THE GUN TAX ON LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have in your issue of the 25th inst. that the Long Island Sportsmen's Association contemplate applying to the Legislature for the passage of an act confined to Long Island for a tax for a license to shoot.

The Legislature will never pass any such obnoxious and absurd law.

When it is necessary for the State to increase its taxation, and a tax of this nature is approved by the Legislature and passed, to be levied upon the law, and parts of the State Long Islanders, with the view of excluding a great number of persons enjoying the sport of shooting, would be such an outrageous partiality that no Legislature, however strong, would date to pass such a law.

As Judge Lott remarked, "what was wanted was less law, and more enforcement." This to a very great extent is true. Nevertheless, the law ought to be so clear that there ought not to be any trouble to enforce it, which, as it now stands, there is the hitch. It cannot be enforced against trespassers with any certainty or without enormous expenditure. However, we will let this pass and go to what is called the close season, wherein the law should be altered. I would suggest that woodcock shooting should commence within the first week of July and end the 1st of August, recommending again at the same time the law shall be off for shooting generally. I would also suggest that the shooting for quail,

partridge, rabbits and English snipe should commence on or before the 10th of October and end the 20th of December. As the law now stands parties are supposed to go shooting for woodcock and partridge, but for the ostensible purpose of killing quail or anything else. By fixing the time for shooting to come in for all kinds of game at the same time will prevent "Pot-hunter" killing game out of season. By closing the season on the 20th of December it would be the means of protecting the game from wholesale slaughter in the snow. More game has been killed since the snow than through the whole season. The weather generally is very unpropitious for the sportsman after the 20th Dec. If at once this respectable, rich and influential body of gentlemen would buy say from 250 to 500 bushels of buckwheat, and so organize that the birds would in some localities be sure to be fed, a great many birds would be saved which, if this weather continues much longer, there will be no birds left alive to breed, and no one would be able to shoot for the next two years. In 1859 you could walk for days and not find a bird. Nearly all the birds were destroyed by the hard weather. Gentlemen, feed the birds and keep them alive, and then go to the Legislature for such laws as may be required to protect them.

To-day my man and team have been gone all day to feed the birds. I saw ten different lots of birds and fed them with enough wheat to last for a week, but it is snowing again and they will require to be fed again at once. I name this to you so you may judge what is required in certain seasons to be done.

PRACTICAL.

SHOOTING IN OREGON.

EGGERS CITY, Oregon, Dec. 15.

I HAVE just returned from a pleasure trip through the eastern part of the State, which as yet is only sparsely settled and affords good sport for devotees of the gun and rod, also to those admiring fine scenery. The region is especially enchanting. Among the most fertile valleys of the State are the Grande Ronde and Powder Valleys, surrounded by the lofty Blue Mountains, covered with a dense growth of pine and fir timber, numerous mountain streams winding their way through the valleys, bordered by luxuriant bunch grass and willow thickets, where game bands of sleek horses and cattle.

This is the only part of Oregon where may be found prairie chickens, and this fall I saw my first specimen of this beautiful bird, and as I have always wished, this, the first chicken I ever beheld, in its peculiar flight fell clean to my gun, and as I picked up the noble grouse, I could hardly believe that I had fine sport, all too, without a dog, as they were so plenty as to be easily found. Feeding on the black hawberries they become very fat, and I must say are as fine a bird for table use as a ruffed grouse or woodcock. There are some extensive hawk thickets in the Grande Ronde Valley, and at this season of the year the bushes are destitute of leaves, yet covered with the rich berries. Mornings and evenings the birds frequent these groves in great numbers, and buzz through the bushes they present difficult enough shots to suit the most adept shot and make a great slaughter out of the question. At one of these places I, in two afternoon shoots, brought to bag forty birds fat and plump, and would vary the sport by a shot at mallards in the river close by. Here was truly the hunter's paradise. Easy hunting, game continually in sight and in fields most pleasing to the eye. Great numbers of birds could be killed here daily, but with me sport loses its charm when it approaches slaughter, so what might have been scores I was content to make dozens.

On the hills among the sage brush were found jack rabbits, cotton tails and sage hens, which, when young, I thought were very good eating. They are very plentiful, and sometimes the stage between Boise City and Union passes through literally miles of them as they line the road. A good dog is very necessary, as they fly close and often will be nearly stepped on before taking wing. With shot smaller than No. 4 you will only frighten these hardy birds, and with a sweep they will sail majestically off for probably a mile. After that they usually flush wild.

Knocking over jack rabbits is lively work, as they start away very much like a jack snipe, making forty angles in forty yards. I well remember the last one I shot, fifty sixty yards, breaking its thigh. It set up a most pathetic note, somewhere between a cry and snarl, which I ended as soon as possible, and rabbit shooting will never be so enjoyable to me again. I Ducks and geese lie and hatch around an extensive tule lake in the valley, and afford good shooting in August, but, reinforced by the northern flocks, frequent the stubble fields in October, and then are stronger on wing and in fuller plumage; but, in my opinion, wild fowl shooting is not as fine as in the Willamette Valley.

Since returning home in this place have got quite a number of geese, and one afternoon, while standing by a fence, got five Canada geese and eight mallards. When the North Pacific line is completed, let Jerome Marble come in the "Worcester" and see our immense numbers of geese and ducks. J. S.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

DETROIT, Jan. 23.

I HAVE already acquainted you by telegraph with the first day's doings of the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association and forwarded by a previous mail certain significant letters bearing on the game laws, written by the President of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club.

The second day's proceedings were directed to the point, the first thing in the morning session being the report of the Committee on Laws for the Protection of Game. It was discussed *seriatim*. That portion of Section 1 of the proposed law relating to the division of the State known as the Upper Peninsula was stricken out, thus placing both peninsulas on the same footing with respect to the open season, and, in fact, in all other respects. A spirited effort was made, led by Secretary Roney, of the association, in incorporation provisions prohibiting the killing of deer while in the water. This was defeated, but the advocates of the scheme to fix the open season for woodcock from August 1 to January 1 were more successful, they having carried their point triumphantly. An entirely new section was agreed to, as follows:

No person shall kill or destroy any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, until after the 21st of August, 1883, and thereafter only in the months of September, October and November of each year.

A resolution making November and December the open

season for Virginia partridge was also carried through and a strong one was put on record declaring against shooting game of any description on Sunday. These recommendations were all referred to the Committee on Legislation, composed of E. C. Nichols, S. S. Cobb, President Holmes, T. N. Cook and A. J. Kerney; and Messrs. G. W. Watson, G. W. Hight and John E. Long were appointed a Committee on Enforcement. These gentlemen are true sportsmen and will do all in their power to enforce the provisions of the law relative to the preservation of game. The Legislative Committee were also directed to prepare bills prohibiting the digging of pits for deer, for the better protection of pigeons and for the appointment of a State Game and Fish Warder to enforce the laws in that particular province.

Papers were read as follows: "Fishing Rods—How to Make, Keep and Use Them," by S. W. Goodrich; "Game Legislation in the Open Season," by E. H. Gilman; "Amendments to the Fish Law," by Martin Metcalf; "Brook Trout in Oceans County," by L. G. Rutherford, and "Notes on the Destruction of Deer," by Secretary Roney.

East Saginaw was fixed as the place of holding the next annual meeting and the association elected officers for 1881 as follows: President, E. S. Holmes; Secretary, Wm. B. Mershon; Treasurer, N. A. Osgood.

I ought, in justice to the former Secretary, to record the fact that he has temporarily declined a re-election.

The association is composed of representative men, who conspicuously emphasize the difference between sportsmen and so-called "sporting men." GAMES.

THOUGHTLESSNESS IN HANDLING GUNS.

DETROIT, Minn., Jan. 3.

I HAVE noticed several little hits in your recent issues on careless handling of guns by inexperienced hands or experienced hands through thoughtlessness. Now, of course, care can be taken and a great many accidents avoided, but it takes, as they say, the former, experience to learn wisdom. I have always considered myself pretty careful at handling fire-arms, but I think that the incident that happened to me some time ago had the desired effect upon me and I now consider myself "fire-proof."

A person may be careful in a great many points, but he generally has a weak point somewhere, and I did not prove myself to be an exception to what I believe to be a rule. One day in the spring I had been out on hunting and had wandered about for half a day without success, and was wending my way homeward when I met a team that was going across the lake with a party to fish. I made up my mind to accompany them and see if I couldn't run on to a few ducks, and accordingly laid my gun in behind the seats and piled in on top of it. Now, it never occurred to me that that gun was in danger of going off during that entire ride, but if it had the only damage would have been no end-board in the buggy; so we will leave that "weak point" and pass on to what we arrived at our destination I jumped out and reached for my gun.

I have heard of hundreds of accidents happening just as mine did, and it has always been a mystery to me how it did happen. I raised the gun up with the muzzle pointed sideways and I thought it was coming all right, but one of the triggers struck the end-board and threw the gun around, pointing it at my head, or nearly so. The gun was discharged, and the charge of shot passed under the rim of my hat, one and the charge of shot struck, taking off a little skin. The barrel was within a few inches of my ear at the time of the discharge, and you may imagine how much I could hear with that ear for the remainder of that day. If anybody had told me before that event took place that such a thing could happen to me I would have thought them a little "off." And so it is with a great many others; they think themselves above having advice given to them, and are apt to forget themselves late that they are only men, and are apt to forget themselves. No doubt numerous other readers of the **FOREST AND STREAM** can give some of their experiences in "taking lessons," and thus give timely warning to some unwary sportsman. Let us hear from you. H.

WILD FOWL AT CURRITUCK.—Never in my remembrance has the shooting been as good at Currituck as it has been this season. We do not know how to account for it, unless it is that the extreme cold weather has driven the birds South. I am a resident of Currituck. Have been living here for about eighteen years, and during the past two years have kept an account of the birds I shot, and I find that up to now, on January 15, I have shot more birds than I ever shot in a whole season before. From October 1 to January 14 I have shot 1500 ducks, fourteen geese, seven swan and two snow geese. These were all shot from paints and ponds in the meadows. My largest bag was one hundred ducks. I write this to show the people in the North and in other parts of the United States that they miss by not coming to Currituck duck shooting. The gunners who shoot from batteries have also shot a great number of red heads and canvas backs. P. Hampton and H. Taylor, two of our celebrated battery shooters, shot 323 red heads in one day. We have also a great many English snipe in February and March; and in July, August and September we have bay snipe, such as yellow legs, plover, curlew and all other kinds of snipe that follow the sea coast. During the past two years we have seen more green backs (or golden plovers) than we have ever seen at Cobb's Island or any other place on the coast of the Atlantic. GREENS.

ILLINOIS—Charleston, Ill., Jan. 17.—Quails, squirrels and pinnated grouse scarce; turkeys and ruffed grouse very scarce, and no deer to be found in this part of the country, the last one was run off with bounds on December 4, 1878. The only good bag that I know of being made in one day this winter was on November 26 by a company of twenty men out for a day's shooting. When they reached the field they divided into companies of ten men each, with J. E. Curd captain of company A and Wm. E. Jeffries captain of company B; the company killing the least game to pay for a game supper. When they returned at night they counted the game. Curd's company killed 241 rabbits and 60 quails; Jeffries' company killed 211 rabbits and 40 quails; Curd's company winning by forty counts. Total, 452 rabbits and 100 quails—a very good day's bag. It is said that 1,000 rabbits were killed to-day by men who went from two years game supper was served up at the Fenice House, the best hotel in the city for sportsmen to stop at. FOX SPRINGS.

THE OHIO GAME LAW.—A bill introduced into the Ohio General Assembly to prohibit quail and prairie chickens shoot-

elected on the first Tuesday of April in each year. Every member, (and there are two hundred of them) must be the owner of at least one share of stock, the entire amount being \$25,000 in 1,000 shares of \$25 each. The club has its maximum membership now and no new member can be admitted until a vacancy shall occur. A few honorary memberships have been conferred, but the club are rather chary of that kind of hospitality for the reason, I suppose, that it is regarded as no real honor, and when it is bestowed upon a gentleman there must always be some conspicuous warrant for it. To belong to the Lake St. Clair Fishing Club is to be within a charmed and exclusive circle and to have at command the facilities for the best sport under the most enjoyable auspices which the region affords. The Treasurer is obliged to give bonds for the faithful discharge of his trust, and all the Executive officers are held up to the strictest obedience to the regulations by which the organization is governed. The initiation fee is \$25 and the annual dues are \$10 for each member.

The club houses are situated a short distance above the head of the Lake St. Clair ship canal at the most favorable point for fish and duck in that now historic region known as the Flats. These houses are two in number, the second and larger one having been erected in the summer and autumn of 1880. It is a large two-story and attic structure, with a wide veranda on each of the two lower levels extending entirely around the building. The sleeping quarters are of the best of airiness and comfort, and the machinery of the cuisine is regarded by experts as the model for sportsmen's clubs the world over. I do not know a more luxurious loafing place on this continent, and I doubt if elb life of this particular kind is found more enchanting and appetizing anywhere. Why, it is almost impossible to induce any of the members to take a commonplace vacation in summer. If you catch a day's, a week's or a month's reprieve from business or professional cares, in the case may be, you do not catch them fleeing away to Saratoga, the Brauch, the mountains or any other "resort," but instead, up they go to the club house, and enjoyment such as I suppose every habitual reader of FOREST AND STREAM appreciates. Beautiful black bass are here taken in enormous catches, and during the season, ducks of all kinds fairly darken the air. I remember that one day, last autumn, three young men killed 198 in a little over three hours. The sleeping quarters are perfectly equipped with every sight of the club house. Fishing, however, is the sport to which the members of this club address themselves with the greatest relish, and the big stories they tell of their achievements with hook and line would seem almost incredible were it not a familiar fact that at no other point in Western waters is there such bass fishing as on these very Flats.

The domestic rules of the club, so to say are exceedingly rigorous. Thus it is expressly enacted that the buildings shall be kept for the use of members and their families exclusively, except that members have the privilege of inviting thither their friends who are not residents of Detroit, the contiguous townships, or Essex county, Ontario. This means, simply, that home guests are to be excluded, all the hospitalities (so far as gentlemen are concerned,) being kept for visitors from abroad. There is a gallant sub-proviso according to the whims of which members may invite to the club houses their lady friends within the taboored territory for a single day—from morning until evening. You remember the gentleman, who, on starting for Europe, was asked if he were not going to take his wife along. "Great Guns!" he was the amazed reply. "I'm going abroad to enjoy myself." Then again, the clause "families of members" has an iron-bound definition to the effect that said families shall be held to consist of the wife of a member, his daughter, any female child to be actually a member of his family, his sons under the age of twenty-one years, and his parents who are sixty years of age or upwards. There is also a stern regulation warning too good-natured members that in extending hospitalities to persons not members it must be understood that it is for sport and recreation only, and that the club buildings are not to be used as a "summer resort," nor as a base of operations for shooting or fishing parties. The membership of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club represents an aggregation of the best social elements of Detroit. Its affairs are conducted on the high-toned or chivalrous plan—not snobbish, but in just that spirit which is the real essence of the gentleman sportsman's relations to sport of this character.

A CLUB GUEST.

AN HOUR ON LAKE DELAWARE.

BY NED BENTLINE.

THROUGH the kindness of the genial gentleman and distinguished philanthropist, Hon. E. T. Gerry, of New York, and Mr. Robert J. Livingston, of one of your oldest, wealthiest and best families, I received an invitation in the latter part of August last to test the size and gameness of the *Salmo fontinalis* in Lake Delaware, a lovely sheet of pure spring water, a mile long, by one-half in width, with an average depth of twenty feet or more. This inland gem, the brightest and fairest of its size in our State, lies in Delaware County, town of Bevine; is a preserve well protected and stocked with millions of speckled trout, few of which are caught under a pound weight and more, and twice and thrice the size. And as it is shut out from public roads, they have every chance to multiply in numbers and increase in size, few having taken more than is considered necessary for table use, and few counting on the owners' big dinners, as so many of the numerous guests within the palatial old mansion, and their table never lacks a fair supply of delicious trout among the other viands.

I arrived early in the forenoon at the lake, but the kindness of my reception kept me off the water till after lunch and then I learned a new lesson in trout catching. I had my Orvis rod, as choice a book of flies as ever angler used, but for nearly two hours I could not draw a trout. The top of the transparent water was a dull brown about the gold spring holes, the boatman said, and would not rise till sun set, or when the sun was sinking from sight. I would not believe him, and change after change was made on my leader, and I cast till I was weary, and nothing yet. Finally, near where a bubbling spring ran down the shore, I had a leap for a bright McLeod. A lazy one-pounder took the hook, and in less than a minute, with only a swirl or two, was away within reach of the landing net, my light rod scarcely bending, so little did he try to get away. Another, no larger, came up soon after and I got him.

From there I had no rise to the fly. But my boatman said "Put a single hook, a good and stout one on a strong leader; let your hook sink of its own weight fourteen or fifteen feet, and see what comes." I rigged my line; he put

the red fin of a small snn fish on it, and I let my hook sink. The sun was now almost out of sight.

"Jerusalem, what's that?" I cried a minute later. My line went out as if a locomotive was off with it. Full forty yards were off the reel before I got it checked, and then my six ounce bamboo was doubled down till the tip was almost within reach of the hand that held the butt. "You'll have all you want now!" said the boatman. "Reel in, please, if your rod will stand it. There's more where he came from!"

I tested rod and tackle as I never did before, and soon, shooting here and there, but nearer to the boat every second, a speckled giant flew through the crystal water! Soon he was within reach of the net, and Ferguson, the gallant boatman, had him raised and in the boat.

"A three-ponnder, sir! Hurry up now, you'll have fun for the next hour."

And I did rise to a fly, but a strike for a sunfish fin when the hook was anywhere from five to fifteen feet down, and all as large as the last. An hour went by, and it was getting so dark I could see line or rod, scarcely. Then I counted my fish. Afterward I weighed them. Thirteen in all; the weight twenty-eight pounds; and if that was not worth "an hour on Lake Delaware," what would be?

Earlier in the season the catch would have been larger, the boatman said, and the fly fishing would come to the top, but sought for at twilight in the evening or at sunset in the evening, they could be had as I caught them.

My valued friend, G. W. Van Stelen, will say it was hardly like me to pull fish from the bottom, but I could get them no other way, and as I said above, I learned a lesson, old as I am. I know another lake, near Westfield Flats, that is full of fish, and yet last summer was whipped with the fly by scores of good New York fishermen, who could not catch enough to eat, had they tried my plan their fortune would have been better.

In the colder lakes, like Blue Mountain, Eagle and Utowana, the August fishing is only good with the fly. But in waters fed by bottom springs mostly and more open to a summer sun the sport is changed.

THE AUTOMATIC REEL.

THIS reel, which is advertised in our columns involves a new principle and seemed so different from anything before made that we were tempted to write for a description of it and have received the following:

In size, weight and general appearance it does not differ from the reels in ordinary use; the line is withdrawn from it, as from the common reel, to any desired length.

In case the leader and flies get entangled, or the hooks are caught in water grasses they can be brought to hand, instantaneously, by a simple movement of one of the fingers of the hand holding the reel.

It will reel in a hundred feet of line sooner than any reel in use will reel five feet; or it will reel it in as slowly as the fisherman may desire.

But it is when a game fish is struck that the advantages of the "Automatic Reel" become most apparent. By a movement of the finger, as before described, an instantaneous tension of the line is produced; so delicate that, if the angler chooses to allow it and the fish he obtains, he can increase resistance, more or less augmented as may be desired. If the fish makes a charge in the direction of his captor, no matter what his rate of speed may be, the reel takes up the line so rapidly, that no slack can possibly be obtained. All this is accomplished without the use of a crank, which, though a useless appendage to this reel, will be furnished to those who wish it so constructed as to be attached at pleasure.

The multiplying gear is planetary in construction, is light, compact and durable, requiring to be wound up when the line is first put on, and never afterward; being once set will run for years.

HOW TO BAIT FOR BASS.

IT may seem like assurance on my part to criticize Mr. Seth Green's method of "How to Catch Bass," as described in the *New York Sun*, but I am bold enough to differ with him as to the proper manner of baiting the hook, either with a live minnow or crawfish, and am willing to refer the matter to any jury of Kentucky or Indiana bass fishermen.

Mr. Green says in using minnows for bait, "insert the hook through the middle of the back, just above the backbone," etc. Now, I say that the point to be gained is to keep the minnow alive as long as possible, and I cannot imagine a speedier way of killing a young and tender fish than by hooking it through the back, throwing it into the water and jerking it out again. I agree with Mr. Green in saying that the first striking of the hook is simply to catch his prey, and that he then runs off and proceeds to turn the minnow preparatory to swallowing it head first. Now, according to Mr. Green's manner of hooking a minnow (four inches long) through the back the bass must of necessity swallow at least two inches of the minnow before the hook reaches his mouth, and should the minnow be a chub, snoker or shiner of four inches in length it is a rather good-sized or thick fish, and I hold that six or doubling up a line and swallowing two and half inches of a large minnow before you can strike with any certainty of hooking him—in this case he survived his labors in getting down to where the hook was placed. Now, the blue cat of the Wabash River is the only fish in America that can swallow a minnow tail first, so the Kentucky and Indiana way of hooking a minnow is through both lips, not touching even the mouth, but just the gills, the rim or cartilage of the lips, and you pull him out to make another cast, you do not injure him nor break his backbone for he is moved naturally through the water, and as he is in no pain he will live longer than if hooked in any other way, and as we agree that the bass takes the minnow head first when he takes his second start he has the head of the minnow in his lip, and as this contains the hook now is the time to pull.

I agree perfectly with Mr. G. as to the manner of hooking the crawfish for bait, and there is no bait so good as a soft crawfish in the last of June, and from that until the last of August, and as the bass is an epicure he knows exactly when such things are in season and to be bad, so when crawfish are showing a bass will seldom be tempted by the choicest minnow.

I, however, disagree with him as to the manner of the bass in swallowing this bait, and contend that the fish takes a common sense view of the case, and also swallows the crawfish head first, for swallowing it tail first would be very unchaste if attempting to swallow a half open umbrella handle first in preference to taking it other end first, for the tail of the crawfish is so arranged that it will contract or expand in a manner very similar to the umbrella. However, I do not contend that the fish cannot and will not swallow a crawfish tail first, but in the case of the minnow I decidedly do.

U. S. S. *New Hampshire*.

FISH PESTILENCE IN FLORIDA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27.

IN referring to the fish pestilence in the Gulf of Mexico, in connection with the article of Mr. S. T. Walker, the error was inadvertently made of stating that the proposed investigation of Dr. Guitierrez was under the direction of the National Board of Health. The inquiry was instituted, and Dr. Guitierrez was detailed to prosecute it, by Dr. J. B. Hamilton, Surgeon-General U. S. Marine Hospital Service, in Washington. Respectfully yours, STENOGRAPHER BAIRD.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE FISH LAWS.

THE special committee of the Long Island Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at their recent meeting at the Fulton Market Fish Monger's Association had discussions which show that they are not unanimous on all questions, especially on the refrigerator amendment. Several prominent dealers who had been invited to submit suggestions attended and materially aided the committee. Mr. Robert Farley presided, and Mr. Abel Crook, President of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, acted as Secretary.

The following fish were named, and the least weight at which they should by law be offered for sale in the markets was discussed. One by one the fishes were debated over. Blue fish, not under three-fourths of a pound; weak fish, not less than half a pound; sea bass, half a pound; porgies, half a pound; black bass, half a pound; yellow perch, one-fourth pound; white perch, one-fourth pound; mullet, one-fourth pound; butter fish, one-fourth pound; flounders, half a pound; sun fish, one-fourth pound; Spanish mackerel, one pound. It was decided that dressed cels should not be less than twelve inches long, while cels not dressed might be sold fifteen inches long. Also to prohibit the catching of shad from sundown Friday night until sundown Saturday, of each week, and none to be sold less than one and a half pounds.

Several communications were read, including one from Francis O. deLuze, of No. 18 South William street, asking the Legislature to prohibit the use of "fykes" in the East River. The fishing in the river is being totally destroyed by this species of net, and that they should not be used below Fort Schuyler. He also complains of the menhaden boats, which fished last summer about the mouths of Little Neck, Cow Bay and off Westhoken, Long Island, taking all sorts of fish in their large nets.

Mr. Chappell proposed that whitebait shall not be caught in New York waters, because there is a dispute as to what whitebait really is. The demand is so much larger than the supply that the young of many kinds of valuable fish are caught.

State Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford had paid great attention to this matter. He had induced fishermen to try if our waters did not contain the whitebait, so famous in England. He obtained from Prof. T. J. Moore, of the Derby Museum, Liverpool, specimens of whitebait in order that they might be compared with the young of fish caught in New York Bay to determine the question whether we have whitebait or not, and Mr. J. Carson Brevort thought them present in our waters.

Some were obtained and Prof. Spencer F. Baird pronounced them the young of two distinct species, the common alewife and the other the sea, or Baltic shad—both resembling the herring. After a long and keen discussion among naturalists in England about the origin and real nature of the whitebait it has been demonstrated that whitebait are simply the young of herring. After these young herring had been tested and found to be equal to English whitebait the demand far exceeded the possible supply, as not over fifty pounds could be caught and brought to the city in one day. Having determined that they were not the fry of any of the valuable food fish Mr. Blackford took measures to procure a supply, and a demand for them as whitebait was soon created. He was very careful to examine them with a view of detecting other fish, but did not find any young shad or other valuable fish. A few specimens of bluefish and an occasional mackerel fry were detected. He had not received any complaint that in selling whitebait he was selling the young of other fish. Certainly seven-eighths of the fish sold as whitebait are anchovies. If the real whitebait should be allowed to grow to maturity they would be herring, and would bring two cents a pound, or half a cent apiece.

The brook trout law was then discussed. Mr. Blackford said that the present law was unjust to marketmen. No man was more anxious to obey the spirit and letter of the law than he, but if a box of trout were shipped to him in the close season without his knowledge and he did not know its contents, a citizen who saw him open it could have him fined. In such a case, or if he had 1,000 pounds of trout on hand when the season closed, he was willing to destroy them or give them to a charitable institution. He thought that refrigerating trout would be an evasion of the law.

On Mr. Chappell's motion it was decided that the President of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game should have the power to appoint officers to be deputized by the Sheriff of the county to take or receive by voluntary surrender any fish or game found illegally in possession of any person in the State, and to give the fish or game seized to the county's poor.

The proposed amendments were concurred in, and will be included in the report of the committee to the Legislature, together with others offered by Mr. Farley, to the effect that no persons shall use a drag-net in the waters of Coney Island Creek or Gravesend Bay from May 1 to Oct. 1.

LAKE JACQUES CARTIER.—A trustworthy correspondent writes: "In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM you have a letter on 'Front-fishing in Canadian Waters' written from Quebec by a person under the name of *nom de plume* of F. Roberge, detailing a trip to Lake Jacques Cartier. Now, my dear FOREST AND STREAM, I hate to see you sold. Lake Jacques Cartier is a totally played-out lake. It has been fished so long with nets and hand-lines by professional fishermen, that twenty trout, averaging a quarter of a pound, would be a big day's fishing there. These men go there in the winter and camp, but this is a little ahead of my trout-fishing it has been my luck to find. Taking away lost time in rowing the boat, meal times, etc. it is a most extraordinary catch for any lake. What a supernatural thing it is, then, for Jacques Cartier. Again, the country about this lake is an impassable morass in summer, that cannot be crossed until the frosts of winter has hardened it enough to permit of doing so. Yet this man took a boat within two miles of the shore, and this on a backwater, a vehicle that will only carry two ordinary men in safety and are only intended for one during wet or muddy tides. He is not astray more than several miles in the size of the lake; but then I suppose a mile or two makes no difference to him. Again, what would trout be like caught in a warm month like September or August, kept two days without ice, then put into a box and jumped about for two days longer over a rough road? Nice fish they would be.

IN MEMORIAM.—Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddard, a well-known veteran English angler and author, died recently. The following lines, entitled "The Angler's Dirge," are from his own pen:

Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
To one angler's grave,
With one fishing-rod, twilight gray,
Enter thou the holy ground;
There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering hours,
Water of the western world,
Watcher of the April morn!

"A WATER GLASS."—In your issue of Dec. 30, 1880, I observe a letter signed "M" with the above heading. I have known an instrument used for finding lost anchors in deep water something similar to that mentioned by Mr. Benjamin, say 8 ft. 6 in. by 12 in. by 10 in., with a pane of glass inserted in one end the other open, the seams of the box caulked to make them water tight and two handles fixed on the sides. When used the end of the box containing the glass is sunk a short distance under water, and on looking down through it the operator finds that the effect is to completely multiply the "ripple" or roughness of the water surface rendering the bottom visible to a considerable depth. A. T. KENTLE.

STUBBED BASS IN THE HUDSON.—Large numbers of black bass, or rockfish, are reported caught in the Hudson River. Between Peekskill and Kingston Point many are taken from five to thirty pounds in weight, under the ice. At Poughkeepsie they sell for ten cents a pound and in New York for twice that sum.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR. BARTLETT: I can add something to the evidence of the wonderful growth of carp in America as shown in the paper read by Mr. Mather, a noticeable feature of which is that all the accounts seem to agree in their figures of size, gradually increasing as the reports come from the warmer waters of the South. In June last received a letter from Prof. Baird which was from 21 to 33 inches in length from the lower part of the lake, nor in fact do we now see the fisherman wending his way home with the old-time long string of perch. These remarks apply to Southern Lake Michigan. What troubles the waters of the lake, and why have our game fishes become so scarce in their accustomed haunts? These are grave problems for consideration; so grave that I devolve on this association to take such action at this meeting as will influence legislation toward a better protection of common interests.

PROTECTION OF FISHES IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY WM. H. BALDWIN.

Since 1876 the whitefish industry of Lake Michigan has been on the wane. Indeed, the catches have been so light of late that many pound nets have been left to their fate and the owners have sought more profitable employment. Not many years ago the angler who cast his fly off the lake shore from some craft or pier was often rewarded by a trout. Of late no such welcome bite greets the efforts of the idler in the lower part of the lake, nor in fact do we now see the fisherman wending his way home with the old-time long string of perch. These remarks apply to Southern Lake Michigan. What troubles the waters of the lake, and why have our game fishes become so scarce in their accustomed haunts? These are grave problems for consideration; so grave that I devolve on this association to take such action at this meeting as will influence legislation toward a better protection of common interests.

Why protection is needed. Nearly every article of commercial value is afforded some protection, either by nature or the laws of man. The laws regulating the destruction of game birds and mammals are very rigid. Those relating to the fishes of rivers and inland lakes are likewise strict. Strange as it may seem, when one considers the staunch laws of New York relating to Ontario's waters, Lake Michigan, entirely an American lake, is left alone, and its inhabitants given over as prey during all seasons.

Disappearance of Whitefish. The remarkable fact of the disappearance of whitefish of late has been noted above. In the latter part of July, the *Inter-Ocean* intimated to me the solution of this intricate question. In an article published on the 29th of that month I gave the results of my investigations, which I incorporated in part here. These fish seek the deep portions of a lake in cold and hot weather, where they find an equal temperature, sufficiently warm for winter and cold for summer. They leave their winter quarters

about the 20th of May, and scatter along the coasts to their accustomed feeding grounds. In latter October and November they leave the spawning grounds. It is during these fall migrations that some stringent law should prevail for their protection. By means of that terrible machine of destruction, the gill-net, literally vast numbers of whitefish are secured by fishermen who follow them in their migration. If there is any law which ought to deal with rigidity, it is that one which will effect the right use of the gill-net. It is a fact of my own observation, substantiated by Milner and others, that during October and November, when spawn is ripe in the whitefish, these obnoxious nets and the boats of fishermen fairly reek in the mill and spawn of captured victims. Is it any wonder that these fish are growing scarce; that not only consumer, but fisherman should cry to legislative halls for protection?

By careful study of tables of the industry, I have determined that the decrease of whitefish in Lake Michigan is 25 per cent. per year for the last twenty years. I shall not discuss the minor causes of destruction in this paper, but shall deal with the one great source of evil. Prof. Milner has ably examined these minor causes, but left totally untouched, the fact that in violation of an unwritten law, tens of thousands of female whitefish were being taken when ripe with spawn. This is the great consideration with which we need only to deal, to have the same more precisely written and enforced as a law of choice fishes. I shall therefore offer a recommendation to this association relative to this point at the conclusion of this paper.

Catalogue of Fishes of Lake Michigan.—There are at least ninety-eight species of fish inhabiting Lake Michigan, all of which should come under the law of protection. Milner gave a list of about sixty species, in the report of the United States Fish Commission for 1872-73. The nomenclature of nearly all of this list has been totally revised since. I have made use in this list of my own material and all publications from which anything could be gleaned. I found the proof sheets of the forthcoming *Bulletin of the State Laboratory* containing Professor Forbes' paper relative to the dietary habits of fishes very accurate and useful. Prof. Jordan's "Mammal of Vertebrates," which I follow largely for nomenclature, I found entirely void of the first lots of information relative to breeding habits. This otherwise exceedingly valuable and indispensable work seems sadly deficient in this particular. One line to a species would at least state the time of spawning. The following is the list?

1. Black-sided darter; blenny darter, *Aleorhynchus maculatus*. A curious and elegant fish.
2. Fan-tailed darter, *Etheostoma flabellaris*. An abundant species.
3. Striped darter, *E. f. lineolata*. A supposed varietal form of the preceding.
5. Common yellow perch, *Perca americana*. Spawns in winter.
6. Pike perch; white-eyed pike; salmon; dory; glass-eye; yellow pike; etc., *Scoliodon virginicum*. An edible but voracious fish, which most fishermen ignorantly discard from their nets. Spawns in winter.
7. Gray pike perch; sauger. *S. canadense*. A highly destructive, edible species, which breeds in winter.
8. White bass, *Morone charybdis*. Common to Lake Michigan. Spawns in the fall.
9. Black bass; Oswego bass; large-mouthed black bass, *Micropterus pallidus*. An elegant, voracious, carnivorous species, which breeds in summer.
10. Small-mouthed black bass; moss bass; *M. salmoides*. A fine, edible fish. Breeds in summer.
11. Rock bass, *Ambloplites rupestris*, a bipartite species, breeding in summer.
12. Binc spotted sm-fish; roach, *Apostemotus cyaneltus*. An edible but bony fish of more general distribution than that accorded it by Jordan. Breeds in summer.
13. Black sun-fish, *Chenodoryliscus gliscus*. A large fish, breeding in summer.
14. Blue spotted sunfish, *Apostemotus cyaneltus*. An abundant species in Western waters.
15. Blue orange sunfish; sun perch, *Notemis megalotis*. A brilliant species, largely found in the north western waters.
99. Common sunfish; pumpkin seed; bream, *Lepomis gibbosus*. One of the most widely distributed species of the West. One of the most pickled for the large pickler. By means of it the writer has been able to secure the most gigantic specimens of the pickled and pike tribes by simply dragging a live sunfish through the water on a hook.
16. Grass bass; calico bass, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*, a handsome, summer-breeding fish.
17. Sheepshead; white perch; grunter; drum, *Hoplosternus opercularis*. The appearance of this fish, from deep waters, was always a signal for the disappearance of the whitefish during extreme hot weather.
18. Knouliscus cottis, *Uranidion kaulanti*. A deep-water animal.
19. Franklin's cottis, *U. franklini*. An inhabitant of the south and east shores of Lake Superior, which may doubtless be found in extreme northern Lake Michigan. Milner calls it a Lake Michigan fish.
20. Hoy's mill-head, *U. hogi*. A deep-water fish named after Dr. Hoy, of Racine.
21. Lake Superior Miller's thumb, *Polaropoma meridionale*. A large species ascribed to Lake Michigan by Milner (Rept. U. S. F. C., 1872-73, p. 35, as *Uranidion rickardsoni*).
22. Rice's sculpin, *Pleuriscus sphyon*. A species named after Frank L. Rice, of Evanston, of deep-water habitation.
23. Deep-water sculpin, *Pleuriscus homopus*.
24. Sturgeon's sculpin, *P. stimpsoni*. A sculpin of deep-water proclivities named after Dr. Stimpson.
25. Ling; Burbot; lake lawyer; eel pout; lake eusk, *Lota lota*. A fish whose real edible value is confined to its liver.
26. Brook stickleback; Ohio stickleback, *Eucalia inconstans*. A nest-building species.
27. Lake Superior stickleback, *Eucalia inconstans pygmaea*.
28. Many-spined lake stickleback, *Pygosteus occidentalis nebulosus*.
29. Silver skip-jack; river silver side, *Lobidesthes sicculus*. An inhabitant of Lake Michigan, according to Milner.
30. Barred killifish; spring minnowchick, *Fundulus diaphanus*. I am inclined to give this fish a place as an occasional inhabitant of the lake, and perhaps other lakes.
31. Mud minnow; mud nace, dog-fish, *Melanura bimaculata*. Milner mentions this species.
32. Muskellunge; great pike, *Esox nubilosus*. A common species.
33. Great lake pike; northern pickled. *E. lucius*. A short-stubbed species.

34. Trout perch, *Percopsis gulosus*.
35. Cuckoo trout; great lake trout, *Salmo namaycush*. The pride of the lake. Milner claims that this fish does not eat whitefish, and demonstrates his point quite satisfactorily.
36. Siscowet; Lake Superior trout, *Salmo siscowet*. This fish is undoubtedly found in northern Lake Michigan.
37. Brook trout; speckled trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. A familiar species.
38. Lake herring; Michigan herring, *Coregonus artedii*. An abundant shallow-water species.
39. Black fly, *C. vernalis*. A deep-water species.
40. Lake Michigan cisco, *C. hoyi*. The smallest of ciscoes and the prettiest.
41. Lake whitefish, *C. abus*. The most important fish of the lake. Spawns in fall.
42. Menomonee whitefish, *C. quadrilateralis*. A more northern species than the last.
43. Moon eye, silver bass, tooth heron, *Hypodon tergus*. A beautiful fish.
44. Ohio gizzard shad; thread shad, *Dorosoma cepedianum heterura*. An "escaped" species belonging to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.
45. Storr's minnow, *Hypobosca storeriana*.
46. Spawn eater, *H. amaris*.
47. Long-finned minnow, *H. polycellus*. I give this fish the benefit of a doubt and include it here.
48. Red-tailed minnow, *H. haemulatus*.
49. Cope's minnow, *H. leucotoxus*. I take pleasure in dedicating this fish to my friend Prof. Cope. Let me give it a scientific, but not a common name. Such modesty should have a reward, even at a late day.
50. Common shiner; red-finned; rough head; red fin, *Lucania cornutus*. A widely dispersed species.
51. Silver shiner, *L. selene*. An extreme northern species.
52. Rosy minnow, *Notropis rubellus*.
53. Emerald minnow, *N. aeneus*.
54. Red-sided minnow, *Gita elongata*.
55. Shiner; stiltie; bream, *Notemigonus crysoleucas*.
56. New world minnow, *Phoxinus phoxinus*. Found on both sides of the lake, and consequently given place as a doubtful species.
57. Northern hemitremia, *Hemitremia heterodon*. Included on the grounds of the last species.
58. Common clum; horned dace, *Remolitis corporalis*. One of the most widely diffused of the cyprinids.
59. Horned clum; jcker, *Cerathichthys biguttatus*. The most widely diffused of fresh water fish.
60. Lake clum; *C. prostratus*.
61. Milner's clum; *C. milneri*.
62. Spotted shiner, *Acanthis*.
63. Long-nosed dace, *Blinichthys cataractae*.
64. Marbled dace, *B. marmoratus*.
65. White mullet of the lakes, *Myoxocheilus carpio*.
66. Red horse, common mallet, *M. macrolophoides*.
67. Lake mullet; eastern red horse, *M. m. macrolophoides*. A variety of the last.
68. Golden red horse; lake mullet, *M. ovata*.
69. Small-mouthed red horse; white nose, *M. velatus*.
70. Long-tailed sucker, *M. asotus*.
71. Small red-mouthed horse; white nose, *M. velatus*.
72. Spotted mullet; striped sucker, *Mimiliprenia melanops*. One of the elegant species.
73. Creek fish; chub sncker, *Erythronucleus*.
74. Stone roller; hog sncker; mud sucker, *Hypentelium nigricans*. A common fish.
75. Common sucker; white sucker, *Catostomus commersoni*.
76. Red-sided sucker; long-nosed sucker, *C. longirostris*.
77. Moon-carp sucker, *Carpinus selene*.
78. Lake-carp sucker, *C. homopus*.
79. Common channel cat; blue cat; white catfish, *Ictalurus punctatus*.
80. Great fork-tailed cat; catfish of the lakes; Mississippi cat; Florida cat; great blue cat, *Ameiurus nigricans*. The largest of the *icturidae*, said to attain 200 pounds' weight.
81. Yellow cat; chubby cat, *A. natalis*.
82. A. n. cyprinus.
83. A. n. caninus.
84. Long-jawed cat, *A. vilgaria*.
85. Bullhead; horn pout; small catfish, *A. calus*.
86. Mud cat, *Pseudictiobus albicinctus*. A river species.
87. Yellow stone cat, *Noturus flavus*. The largest of this genus.
88. Cubby stone cat, *N. sulcis*.
89. Common American eel, *Anguilla acutirostris*. Introduced into Lake Michigan.
90. Bowfin; dogfish; mudfish, *Amia calva*.
91. Gar pike; bony gar; lillfish, *Lepisosteus osseus*.
92. Short-nosed gar, *L. platydonus*. A river species.
93. Duck-billed cat; spoon-billed sungeon; paddlefish, *Polyodon folium*. Runs up the canal from the Mississippi. Has been often taken in Lake Erie, in one instance, to my knowledge.
94. Red sturgeon; lake sturgeon, *Acipenser rubicundus*.
95. Small black lamprey, *Amocoetes niger*.
96. Silvery lamprey, *A. argenteus*.
97. Leech lamprey, *A. hirudo*.

Can Protection be Afforded Inland Waters?—I have carefully examined all game laws in vogue by those States bordering Lake Michigan, and find no mention of it whatever. It has been left wholly to itself as if its fishes were of an in-exhaustible abundance. The question, therefore, most prominent is: Have bordering States jurisdiction over portions of the lake next to them? The answer is: Yes. The action of the general government relative to inland waters demonstrates that States have, and not it, jurisdiction over navigable waters within or bordering them. For instance, it is found practicable to erect a lighthouse on some rocky ledge, six miles out in or on the shore of our lake. The contractor makes application to the State claiming the point in question, for permission to so build. The State now asserts jurisdiction over none, especially set apart by Congress. Having obtained permission to erect a lighthouse or signal service station it provides all the funds necessary for the maintenance of the structure. This fact, together with those well-known that the government is also required to ask permission of States to remove obstructions, fortify military positions, make coast surveys, construct harbors, breakwaters, etc., on their territory, shows conclusively that the general government recognizes the jurisdiction of States over their coast waters which it only professes to protect.

The duty, then, of States in this direction is clearly defined. The responsibility cannot yet be laid at the door of the United States Government.

Let me distinctly state that a general law should extend to all fishes of whatever proclivities for their protection and preservation. Do we not protect every individual bird? Is

a slender more useful, more palatable, more beautiful, more of a sporter than the fish? There are some harmless fishes which should no more be molested than some harmless birds. The cod is just as much of a scavenger as the turkey buzzard, which is so carefully guarded; and furthermore, it is a valuable food fish furnishing a flourishing industry to thousands of men, and the necessities of life for their families. It should be just as unlawful for the fisherman to toss his hundreds of so-called unimportant fishes on the bank to die as for one to needlessly slaughter birds. These wasted fishes all come into the economy of nature. The time has never existed when one more perch or minnow, so despised, was created than was needed to meet some natural law. They are the food of larger and hungrier fishes, the mink and other animals. They are a water scavenger and purifier, feeding on animal life below their order. The darter is as innocent, as beautiful, and as useful as the hummer. Finally, fishes have delicate structures, and senses of pain, hunger, besides intelligence. It is as vicious to beat them to die out of its natural element as to drive a man blooded vertebrate.

I have argued to this point as length to impress this association with the necessity of extending protection rigorously to all fishes, and to demand of States at this meeting that humane and righteous laws be passed for the protection of the innocent, and the propagation of the food-fishes. I would suggest that a scientific committee be authorized to determine the proper protection of the fish of the Sacramento and of the Great Lakes, and to report on the same to the States; and that another committee, consisting of members from each bordering State, be authorized to present the resolutions to their respective State Legislatures. I would further suggest that the scientific committee be authorized to confer with the United States Fish Commission, relative to urging upon Congress the necessity of passing a general law for the protection and propagation of food-fishes of the Great Lakes. The general government has its own means of protection, and the States have their own with equipments for the detection of smuggling. By these means it could terrorize those fishermen who have no respect for the rights of the inhabitants of a defenseless community, or their own interests.

[The other papers and discussions will follow as fast as we can publish them.]

SALMON EGGS IN MILK.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Maine, Jan. 24. In your issue of Jan. 20 I have just read a note of Mr. Von dem Borne on the transportation of salmon eggs in milk without water. I have had some experience in this matter, and the results are such that I feel bound to warn pisciculturists against trying such an experiment on a large scale. Several years ago, while seeking earnestly to improve the development of propagation which has always troubled us here at Grand Lake Stream I ventured to keep a great many salmon eggs in contact with the milk for a long time—one, two, three hours and even longer. The result was disastrous, and the percentage of the eggs so treated was very irregular, and great numbers of them perished. Afterward by critical experiments I satisfied myself that the protracted contact of the milk was the cause of these failures.

I quote from my note-book a single experiment. In 1879 the eggs were for the most part washed off immediately after applying the milk. I believe this to have been done in every case except one, and the average loss amounted to 11 per cent. On a single lot of eggs numbering 5,136 was, for experiment's sake, allowed to stand for four hours and forty minutes in the milk. Not one of these eggs ever hatched. Every one of them died, turned white and was picked out. I might cite many similar examples.

I would like to allow no salmon eggs to stand in the milk more than fifteen minutes. We always practice severe agitation of the spawn pan to secure contact of milk with every egg, and then immediately wash them clean as fast as it often happens that barely a moment's contact is permitted. But a minute is ample so is a second. I think that eggs and milk ought to be transported separately without water, in bladders, jars or other light receptacles, but there is a limit to the time they can be kept after leaving the fish. I once corked-up some eggs just taken from the parent fish, kept them under water for forty-eight hours and impregnated 41 per cent. In another experiment I kept eggs in an open dish in the air, and found that their capacity to receive impregnation declined after six hours, and at the end of twenty-four hours was wholly lost. This result is also corroborated in a general way by other experiments. C. G. ATKINS.

DO QUINNANT SALMON DIE AFTER SPAWNING?

SAN FRANCISCO, December 27, 1880.

Professor Spencer F. Baird: My attention has been called by my letter of Sept. 26, 1876, and Mr. Livingston Stone's comments thereon, as found in pp. 315-318 of your report for 1878. In stating Mr. Stone's remarks about all salmon dying after spawning, I was in error, and that the Sacramento and the McCloud River. But I intended my remarks to apply to the river he mentioned, and I have seen no reason to change my opinion since writing. That many and probably a very large proportion of the female salmon die in the McCloud River after spawning is no doubt true, but the same proportion of female fish die in other rivers which they ascend under the same conditions of life, age and difficulties of navigation. A close examination of fish as displayed upon the stalls of our markets in summer, will convince any unbiased observer that many salmon are deficient in vitality to successfully ascend long and rapid rivers, cast their spawn and return the same distance to tide-water. In the case of river-spawning-salmon the results cannot be so readily explained, and the habits of the fish which survive the congestion that waters permits against the closest scrutiny. It is admitted by Mr. Stone that some spent salmon do find their way back to tide-water through the Sacramento and the McCloud River, but he claims that these do not return to spawn. As there can be no positive proof to the contrary. He will admit, however, that salmon of various sizes and ages visit the McCloud River together to spawn during the season. That some of these salmon do return to spawn is a fact, and that some of them do so during the spawning season is a prolonged one extending over several months time. A portion of this time of visit is before the annual flooding of the dam at the hatchery and a portion after the taking of spawn by its employees. That fish do come to the hatchery for spawning, and sometimes even in November, the dam is swept away and the river is open to the fish to go up or down, as they choose, until the next year's dam is built. That the dead salmon seen to be found in great numbers in the McCloud River for several miles above the hatchery, is a fact, and that many of them, spawning or nearly spawning fish are to be had at all times of the year. Prior to the late run (18th ult.) there was a large run of salmon going up the Sacramento River, the catches of the boat "waggon" from the mouth of the river being very large. The fishermen claim that those late salmon are those which have been spawned at the hatchery, as no similar run has ever been known on the river and there are no branches of the main Sacramento that could afford any such a run. The Sacramento, Pitt or McCloud rivers.

In regard to the taking of spent fish in the lower Sacramento

River, the testimony of fishermen is that some are caught in the nets, while, owing to the salmon drifting down river, tail foremost, many fish escape. In this connection I have a theory of my own, which, I think, is at least plausible and accounts for the great bulk of spent salmon seen in the lower Sacramento. It is that the instinct causes the salmon to float down with the current with its head up stream, because in its weak state there is less labor in so doing than in any other way. That it breathes with less difficulty and in case of stranding, the tail being down stream. It is a matter of its own instinct.

All persons who have investigated the habits of salmon in fresh water state that it seeks no food either in going to or returning from spawning also that its vitality in such cases is largely exhausted. Therefore, I think it is probable that the spent fish, to avoid its numerous enemies, drift down stream near the bottom out of reach of the nets which are floating above. It is proper to say that both Mr. B. Redding, State Fish Commissioner, and Mr. Richardson, connected with the hatchery, oppose this theory, claiming that spent salmon drift up stream, and that they have been readily seen. My answer to this is that the surface fish were the weakest of the return run and naturally floated, as they were about to die and be stranded on the shores a short distance below.

My experience with salmon and salmon-trout in the coast-streams makes me think that the spent fish of the Sacramento River must remain some time, probably two or three weeks, in the brackish water of Siletz Bay before recuperating sufficiently to go to sea. I think it is probable that the spent fish go down the river along the bottom instead of the surface of streams, as now, if any, are taken by netting in brackish waters.

As to salmon overcoming difficulties in ascending streams, an instance that I remember is that in many accidents, in the latter part of June, the lagoon of San George, about forty miles south of this city, being closed by a sand-bar, I opened it to the sea one afternoon. The next day I went up the creek to fish, and, when about four miles from the sea, heard a great splashing in the creek below me, which was caused by a salmon jumping over a shallow place. When I saw the fish it was in shallow water with its fin and a portion of its back out of water. It swam up stream into a hole, above which was a long gravel bed, over which the water trickled until just before falling into a hole, it drained into three small channels. The salmon made an examination of these channels several times apparently undecided which to take, but finally made a rush up one, working a track about ten feet long up the gravel bed, when he rested. I tried to get him when he struggled against the current but he took twenty or thirty long jumps, one jump per hole and escaped me. Had the bottom been of rock, he would have worn his tail fins, as it was made a track in the pebbles, into which the water ran, half flooding him. As the lagoon had been closed for several days, and the water was very shallow (which was taken a few hours previously) must have passed from sea to fresh water within twenty-four hours and, being nearly three months after the usual spawning-time, was in an abnormal condition.

The next day I went up the creek to fish, and, when about four miles from the sea, heard a great splashing in the creek below me, which was caused by a salmon jumping over a shallow place," as stated by Mr. Stone, I do not believe, as the young of Lake Tahoe trout hatched out at Lake Merced, about eight miles from this city, spawn in June, the same time as the parent fish. Lake Tahoe is over 6,000 feet above the sea, while Lake Merced is only 100 feet above and about 100 miles from the coast. During last July immense schools of large salmon were feeding in the sea off Monterey, about ninety miles north of this city. Many were taken by trolling, the sport lasting nearly the whole month. The next day I went up the creek to fish, and, when about four miles from the sea, heard a great splashing in the creek below me, which was caused by a salmon jumping over a shallow place. The salmon taken at Monterey were nearly ripe fish, and as they visited no coast-streams, were undoubtedly on their way to the upper Sacramento River. I spent an August and a portion of a September in the lower Sacramento, and saw four summer runs of salmon come from Southern waters, while the winter run always makes its appearance first near the Oregon line and thence successively at more southern rivers. The winter-run salmon are also of the smaller size, and are taken in the lower Sacramento. Fishermen claim they are not so desirable for canning—I want the fat and high color of the Sacramento salmon.

Trusting the length of this letter has not wearied you, and that, although in a disjointed, hasty and unscientific manner, that may be valuable in the history of our salmon run or hereafter.

HORACE D. DUNN.

INTRODUCTION OF THE GILL NET IN THE AMERICAN CODFISHERIES.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Jan. 10. The use of gill nets for the capture of cod, *Gadus morhua*, in the winter shore fisheries from this place is a matter which is now absorbing considerable attention here, and the possibility of applying them to the winter fishery on the Atlantic coast has been discussed. As recent experiments have proved entirely successful in the shore fisheries, and the practicability of using gill nets to advantage there, at least, is no longer an unsolved problem, a short account of their history and use in the British Isles, and of their progress here, is perhaps more interesting to the readers of your valuable and widely-circulated journal. Gill nets have long been used in the cod-fisheries of Norway, more than half of the fish caught at the Lofoden Islands being taken in the manner above mentioned. The fishermen there were ignorant until the knowledge was supplied to them by the United States Fish Commission.

In the summer of 1878 Professor Spencer F. Baird, the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries at that time, and who is now in charge of the station here, called the attention of several gentlemen of the commission were detailed to remain here, observe the habits of the winter fish, make experiments in hatching cod and other sea fishes and also to gather any other information that might be of future use or benefit to the American fisheries. The commission had several Norwegian cod gill nets and these were set off the Cape; but it was found that the mesh, which was but eight inches, was too small for the cod in this vicinity. Professor Baird then had other nets made with a larger mesh and these, though set under different circumstances, proved quite successful and gave a clue as to the size of mesh best adapted for fishing in this locality.

After demonstrating that the gill nets might be used with good success the fact of their use in the winter fishery was made known to the local fishermen, and a net was offered to any responsible fisherman who would give them a fair trial; and notwithstanding this generous offer nothing was done, however, although it until the fall of 1880. The fishermen fearing to make such a change from the old system, and not being able to capture the fish, although they could have felt sensible of some of the inconveniences attending them. One of the most serious of these, under the old system, was lack of bait, and the best was often delayed for several days at a time waiting for it, and the Commission's net was thereby frequently being used. This was more than usually the case during the past fall, when the spawning (small herring) the bait most generally used and desired, appeared in a very small number about Cape Ann. The lack of bait, together with the want of a net, was the cause of the net being abandoned among the fishermen by the Fish Commission, led to the first attempt being made by the Gloucester fishermen in the early part of the present winter.

Capt. Stephen J. Martin, of this place, who is well connected with the Fish Commission, and who is at present in charge of the station here, called the attention of his son, Capt. George H. Martin, to the subject of taking cod with gill nets early in the fall and urged him to make the trial. The young Captain Martin, who is well known to the fishermen, and who is a very energetic man, obtained a Fish Commission Report in which the Norwegian gill nets were described, etc., and began reading up. Later, before starting out on his trip, he had an interview with a member of the Commission, then in Gloucester, who had been detailed to study of this kind of fishery at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, Germany. In addition to the nets that were furnished free by the commission Capt. Martin got eight more for the first trial. In-

stead, however, of using these nets in the exact way in which the Norwegian fishermen do he hit upon a plan by which one man can handle a gang of nets for which six or seven men would usually be required in Norway. This new method is called "under-running," and is the following:—An example of the net is that of a party of the crew. By this means the vessel carries eight dozen, each with a single man, and eight gangs of nets, each gang, at present, being composed of three nets, a total of 150 fathoms in length to a gang, or 1,200 fathoms for the whole crew. The nets were set for the first time on the "pasture" (the local name for a small fishing ground) November 26 and hauled the following morning with fair results, but when set again on better grounds in Ipswich Bay they did exceedingly well, taking 4,000 pounds of the great cod, and two night fish. It is proved that cod could be taken in large quantities, by the use of gill nets, on our coast; but it was found that the larger size of the fish here necessitated the use of stouter twine than is used in the Norwegian nets. The nets next used were some torn and others by the stringing of the great cod, but other and stronger meshes have been obtained. The average weight of the fish taken in them is twenty-three pounds, and some individuals reach seventy-five and eighty pounds. Although the weather has been exceedingly stormy and unfavorable during the past month the Northern Eagle (the vessel having the nets) has succeeded in making good trips averaging from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds, the total being in round numbers about 57,000 pounds. Vessels using trawls and fishing on the same ground have, in some instances, got less than one-half the amount of fish taken by the Eagle.

The great improvement of this method of fishing, aside from the increase in the catch and the fact that no "trash"—small fish, etc.—is taken to be thrown away again, is that no bait is required. Perhaps this will be better appreciated when it is known that for the month of December, just past, the average bait bill of the Gloucester shore-vessel vessels was \$150 each, and to this may be added the loss of time in procuring bait. Again, if the nets can be used on the Grand Banks with equal success, and there is no need to doubt it, we shall be relieved from all dependence on the British Provinces for bait supplies and be able "in the future to obviate the necessity of asking a participation in their inshore fisheries."

To conclude, I quote the following from the Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Fish Bureau in relation to this matter: "The last improvement that has come under our notice is one that, if it continues to do all that it gives promise of doing, will be of great value to the fishermen and the people. It is the use of gill nets on certain ground fish. We allude to the use of gill nets in cod fishing. Nets of ten-inch mesh are set the same as herring nets, being set in the morning, or during the day, and are hauled the next morning. As yet no fish caught, except at night, and only small fish, are reported. It is not known how much fish was taken in the water was, respectively, 4,000, 6,000 and 7,000 pounds. Capt. Martin is much pleased and has ordered new nets. These nets can be used on the Grand Banks, or in fifty fathoms of water, as well as on the coast, where they are now used. They are about fifteen fathoms. We may not be much surprised in the near future to see the old and much-condemned as well as expensive method of trawling superseded by the gill nets introduced by the U. S. Fish Commission." J. W. C.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the officers of this association was held at the office of the Registrar and Board at noon January 23. Present: G. S. Pike, Vice-President; E. G. Blackford, Treasurer; Barnet Phillips, Cor. Sec.; Fred. Mather and H. D. McGovern. It was decided to hold the next meeting at the room, Grand Central Market, Fishmongers' Association on Wednesday and Thursday, March 30 and 31. This will give members a chance to remain over and see the trout fishing at Fulton Market, April 1 to 3, and at the same time the latter will not draw members from the hall during the session. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Mather, Phillips and Blackford, was appointed to correspond with members relative to the preparation of papers and the preparing of a programme for the meeting, and also to correspond with members of the Central Fishery Association and invite communications and an interchange of friendly feelings.

THE McDONALD FISHWAY.—The Richmond and Allegheny Railroad are about to build a McDonald fishway over Bosher's Dam, the lower dam on the James River, which is eleven feet high. This way will be constructed under the supervision of Mr. McDonald himself and will be a good, practical test of the practical value of the fishway. It will be finished in time for the spring run of shad, which, above this date, will have a run of forty miles before meeting with another obstruction. The McDonald way is certainly cheap and the working models which we have seen have certainly proved that it is a better way than the present one, and we wish the construction of this one on a large scale, in hope that it may work as well in practice as it does in miniature.

IOWA NOTES.—An Assistant Fish Commissioner has been appointed in this State, Mr. A. A. Mosher, of Spirit Lake, Dickinson Co. was so appointed on Nov. 10, 1880. His district is Northwestern Iowa and his work is to assist the Commissioner and work Commissioned Shad Lake, taken him 500,000 whitefish eggs from the Northville, Mich., hatching station of the U. S. F. C.

SALMON POB LONG ISLAND.—Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, recently received from Prof. Baird, through Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, 25,000 eggs of the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*) for Long Island waters, and work. Commissioned Shad Lake, taken him 500,000 whitefish eggs from the Northville, Mich., hatching station of the U. S. F. C. The gentlemen of large experience in trout culture. Their exact destination is not yet decided upon, but there are several streams which are available for salmon on the island.

The Kennel.

THE ENGLISH POINTER.

[Excerpted from advance sheets of Vov Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the Forest and Stream by the author, through the agency of Messrs. Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 586 Broadway, New York.]

IT is, we believe, a pretty generally admitted fact among sportsmen that modern pointers are deficient in nose when compared with what they used to be; in other words, nose has been sacrificed by the almost insane importance which has been attached to pace. Breeders appear to have, in many instances, only had in view the production of an animal that would gallop, and thereby cover more ground than other dogs which might be brought against them; and nose has thereby suffered to a great extent.

Our Continental cousins, especially the Germans, have, however, viewed things in a very different light, for the Continental pointers partake more fully of the nature of their Spanish ancestors than do the English. A leading German sportsman only recently remarked to me that though he admired the English dog pointers they were too fast for the sport he wished to put them to, and that his experience taught him that the slow and staunch German pointer was, in his part of the world, the most valuable dog. However, he added, that he hoped that the crosses he had in view between the two varieties, German and English, would improve both breeds and render each more valuable for his purpose.

The German pointer does not differ very materially from the English, and his close likeness to the latter is very distinctly; but this is scarcely to be wondered at when his closer

connection to the Spanish pointer comes to be considered. The best specimens of this variety which we have seen at German dog shows, have been liver-and-white in color, and the lower dog in the accompanying illustration may be taken as a very faithful representation of this class.

On comparing the three types of pointer (Spanish, German and English) which have been treated of in this work, our readers might almost be brought to style the three varieties as superlative, comparative and positive, for they really represent these degrees to a remarkable extent. The superlative bulk of the original Spanish pointer becomes greatly modified when the German branch of the family appears upon the scene, while the latter in his turn has to be at once refined if he is desired to be made anything like the English dog in shape.

In the accompanying engraving the resemblance of the German pointer to the Spanish is very apparent, especially in the forequarters, and it may be added that little pace could be expected to be found in either of these animals. Contrasted with the English pointer, however, neither the German or Spanish members of the family are likely to suffer if strength is to be taken as any criterion of merit; but it is nevertheless notorious that their great bone has not had the effect of adding stamina to either breed.

Whether or no the German pointer would be a desirable cross for our English dogs is a mooted question at the present time. Personally we should be very much disposed to try it, if we had a strain of light-weight pointers to work upon; and our desire to do so would be increased if we had the breeding of a field trial winner before our eyes. At present, as we have said above, we consider that too much attention

is given to the liver and white dog, and by far the most fashionable colors in the present day are the liver and white, lemon and white and orange and white, which may be taken as favorites in the order named. Caprice is, nevertheless, chiefly responsible for the placing of one of these colors over another, and it is only of recent years that the liver and white dogs have recouped the position we have given them on the list. Personally we see little advantage in placing one color over another, but we certainly prefer parti to whole-colored pointers, and most strongly object to a lemon and white pointer who carries a black nose upon his face. In our opinion this defect is simply a disqualification, though authorities of position, we know, differ from us on the point; but still we remain unconvinced, believing that the majority of pointer breeders agree with us in this respect at least, and hold that a black nose is a decided blemish on this class of dog.

Whilst on the subject of color it may be noted that many admirers of the liver or liver and white pointer are accustomed to argue that he is in this point entitled to respect as more closely resembling the old Spanish pointer than the lemon and white or orange and white. Still, when we take into consideration the crosses that have been admittedly introduced into the breed we cannot see that much is to be gained by this argument, even if it is strictly correct, which we have no means of proving.

The liver and white pointer, however, had previously been the popular dog, and this certainly seems to support those who argue in its favor. To Mr. Whitehouse, of Ipsley Court, the greatest credit is due in connection with lemon and whites, which is a breed he has succeeded in

posed to be, and his more homely jacket places him at a disadvantage with the setter when the palm of beauty comes to be awarded. Having no luxuriantly silky coat, the pointer looks to be what he in reality is—a workman—and as such he has succeeded in winning friends in every part of the country.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS.

THERE has recently been published a lengthy letter written by a man named C. B. Whitford, in which an ingenious attempt is made to whitewash Gladstone's performances at Robin's Island, to advertise the man Whitford himself as a dog-handling jockey, and to throw discredit upon our reports of the Eastern field trials. Unfortunately for the author of this agonizing wail, it is but a crude patchwork which reflects no credit upon him as possessing either brains or morals. We are roundly abused simply because we reported the Gladstone meet as it occurred, and because we expressed our opinion that Gladstone was the loser.

We have all along since the trials expected to see an attack of this kind made, a dying squirm as it were, wherein everything would be done in the way of excuses to serve us out, because we did not proclaim Gladstone and his professional hound the winners and the two most perfect animals in the world. We have had good reason to believe that this malicious attack would be made, for on the night of the ending of the trials, while on our way to New York, this man Whitford came and sat beside us in the cars and tried, as far as he dared go, to persuade us to publish Gladstone's record as a perfect one; for, as Whitford said, "I do not wish to see in print that Gladstone committed errors."

We were somewhat amused at the boldness of Whitford's "Hilda game," and still more indignant. We knew that such practices had been successfully tried on others, and this knowledge had already explained to us many things that would otherwise have been mysterious.



GERMAN POINTERS.

From page 405 of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," the plate having been forwarded to the FOREST AND STREAM by the Publishers.

has been paid to increasing the pace of a pointer, and we believe that the time is not far off when this merit will play a secondary position to that of nose, as this has inevitably been the consequence of breeders sacrificing one property in an animal in their efforts to produce another feature of excellence. We do not wish it to be imagined for a moment that we by any means deprecate the acquisition of pace in a pointer. A slow, pottering dog is enough to break an active man's heart we admit; but at the same time we reserve to ourselves the privilege of adding that a pointer without a nose is as bad as one who is deficient in pace. In field trials a fast dog looks flash, and by his superior pace can cover more ground, and therefore increase his chance of finding birds. The natural result of this is that such a dog defeats his slower but surer companion, who keeps steadily plodding on throughout the trial, and would do so throughout the day without a fault, and probably would wear his gay companion down in half a day. That such a thing is done at every trial a reference to the reports thereof will amply testify, and this, we trust, will have the effect in time of causing steps to be taken to remedy the evil. Field trials are such excellent institutions in themselves, if properly carried out, that every step should be promptly taken to prevent fashionable prejudices from doing any injury to the class of dog which is meant to be benefited thereby.

Allusion has been already made to the colors of the ancient pointer, and the ideas of Mr. B. Thomas have been fully stated. In the present day, however, the markings of the pointer have increased in variety, and now we may reckon upon finding good specimens in color, black, white, lemon and white, orange and white, liver and white, and even an occasional all-lemon dog. The entire number of whole-col-

ored dogs is, however, a very limited one, and by far the most fashionable colors in the present day are the liver and white, lemon and white and orange and white, which may be taken as favorites in the order named. Caprice is, nevertheless, chiefly responsible for the placing of one of these colors over another, and it is only of recent years that the liver and white dogs have recouped the position we have given them on the list. Personally we see little advantage in placing one color over another, but we certainly prefer parti to whole-colored pointers, and most strongly object to a lemon and white pointer who carries a black nose upon his face. In our opinion this defect is simply a disqualification, though authorities of position, we know, differ from us on the point; but still we remain unconvinced, believing that the majority of pointer breeders agree with us in this respect at least, and hold that a black nose is a decided blemish on this class of dog.

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bringing to the highest pitch of perfection. His most famous dogs have been Haulet and Rap, but an enumeration of all this gentleman's many first-class pointers would be a task to any writer of a work on dogs which he could ill afford the space it would consume. Mr. Whitehouse is recognized as one of the leading judges of the breed with which his name has been so honorably identified, and the correctness of his decisions at the shows where he officiates is recognized by all.

In spite, nevertheless, of the popularity which the lemon and whites have attained and the regard with which orange and whites are looked upon by many breeders, as well as the whites appear to hold their own. Mr. W. Arkwright's Prude II and Don Jose, Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Wag, Belle and Bow Bells and the former's great rival, Mr. James Fletcher's Pointo, are all liver and white. Nor are these by any means the only first-rate specimens of this color. Mr. Bartram, of Essex, has a grand specimen of the liver and white in Special, a very heavily-marked dog, and shot with liver ticks on the portions of his body which should be white. Many breeders admire this heavy marking and certainly we can see no reason for deprecating it, though it is uncommon on the show bench. In addition to Mr. Whitehouse, the following gentlemen have shown good lemon and whites: Mr. W. Arkwright (Prim and Primula), Mr. R. B. Lee (Miss Prim) and Mr. C. W. Brierley (General Prim).

As a companion the pointer is confessedly inferior to his great rival the setter. For, though there are exceptions to this as to every other rule, it is not for either his affection or intelligence in private life that the pointer especially shines. As an indoor pet this dog is not the success he might be sup-

The cause of the present outburst of spleen seems to be that we said that "in our opinion Nat won the heat, as it was a race between dogs and not handlers." It was on the following lines in the Eastern Field Trials Rules in the Instructions to Judges that we based our opinion. They read as follows:

"The dogs are to be hunted in all respects as an ordinary day's shooting, in a sportsmanlike manner."

Now, everything depends upon the interpretation of this paragraph and what the words "in a sportsmanlike manner" mean. We presume that from our standpoint it will be impossible to heat into the brains of Whitford, and men of his class, that there is a vast difference in the way in which a gentleman and a tricky dog-sharper will look at a matter of this kind. But, nevertheless, there is a difference which hinges on a man's moral training and depends upon the people with whom he has been accustomed to associate. We knew that Whitford prides himself upon being a dog jockey, as we have heard him openly boast of different unfair exploits where he had chosen an opponent out of a beat. Similarly there is a class of men who delight in swindling their fellow men with marked cards and loaded dice, and who pursue the even tenor of their way, congratulating themselves for their own cleverness and believing that they have done no wrong. It is this man Whitford who is allowed to the front to lay down the law and teach the gentleman sportsmen of America what is sportsmanlike and what is not.

If the field trials in this country are to be governed by such fellows, it is high time that honest men have nothing to do with them. It is Whitford's opinion that it is a sportsmanlike proceeding to circle his dog ahead of his opponent's dog who is reaching to the birds and who has first discovered their presence, thereby completely barring the roading dog from every chance to secure a point and trickily gaining the credit that the other dog deserved. What sportsman would continue to shoot with a companion who was guilty of such practices? Not many, we imagine, and yet the organ that plays for this monkey calls it "nice companionship." A fine code of honor to attempt to inculcate a sporting public with!

boards just 16 ft. outboard; mast well forward, 10 ft. from stem; ... the jigger or driver has 30 ft. boom; ... the jigger or driver has 30 ft. boom; ... the jigger or driver has 30 ft. boom;

whose easy qualities are generally recognized. The Frolie is the third ... whose easy qualities are generally recognized. The Frolie is the third ... whose easy qualities are generally recognized.

YACHTS' STOVES.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have noticed in your paper for a clean and efficient stove for yachts, and have thought that a recital of my experience with stoves might be of interest. I have used about every kind of cooking stove for yachts, and the first I used was the so-called masonry, in 1876, and the third and present, the Frolie, in 1876, so that the Commodore may fairly claim to have been one of the first to use the masonry stove of the yawl rig, which has now been so firmly established in the good estimate of Pacific coast yachtsmen.

This is an excellent business rule and the Oak Hall firm are wise to have adopted it.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications. F. G. Whitmore, N. C.—See our game columns.

D. S. L. High Point, N. C.—You will find the subject of projectiles discussed in our game columns this week.

C. A. S.—The best six-days' or you-please record is that made by Hughes at the walk in this city last week, who scored 83 miles.

T. C. Wading River, L. I.—Your bird is the common Guillemot or Murk (Larus marinus). Where, when, and under what circumstances was it killed?

W. E. S. Providence.—What causes a certain kind of fish, the name of which I have forgotten, to become inflated with air when taken from the water? How do you account for it? Ans. Probably the absorption of air under a decreased pressure, or perhaps like some people, he gets puffed up in consequence of a rise in air.

H. C. B., London.—Do your American anglers ever use the fly for bass at sea? Here we often have wonderful sport with a salmon rod and fly on a two-carred boat in the open sea. Ans. No, it is not common. Some of our sea fishes have been taken with a fly more so to speak could be done than in any regular procedure.

J. B. D., Charleston, Ills.—What is the best book on natural history? Ans. Your question is too vague. Jordan's Manual of Vertebrates gives brief descriptions of the vertebrates animals found east of the Mississippi River, but does not treat of their habits. We would recommend to you the English translation of Brewster's Theriaca.

W.—The risk is in the hands of a fraudulent creditor, and presumably not a thing to be feared in it. The Hockleys is the latest, while the number of repeaters seeking recognition is very large, but they are in many cases mere imitations of those now in use. The Spencer seems to be safe in an Indian's hands. We do not know what Dr. Henshall's book will be published.

REFUGED GROUSE, Jordan Station, Ky.—What do you think of the practicability of introducing and propagating refuted grouse in this (the extreme western) part of Kentucky? Why are they not indigenous here? Were I to make the experiment what would be the best season to introduce them, and of whom could they be procured? Or would it not be best to procure the birds? We should certainly advise your trying the experiment. If you can get a dozen pairs of live birds it would be better than to try to hatch the eggs and send the young. But you refer to both as the country suited to this species? We cannot tell you where to procure the birds. Write results.

F. E. M.—For schooner, 85 feet deck, 95 feet beam and 4 1/2 feet hold; give about 30 feet hoist to mainsail. If very stiff, 31 feet. Area of lower sails, from 70 to 80 square feet. We would much prefer the yawl rig. It is faster, more spacious, cheaper, equally as handy and no mainmast in sight. Hawsports are 10 feet from 1/2 mast; 12 1/2 feet, mainmast stepped 7 feet from forward perpendicular. Hoist of mainsail, 10 to 12 feet; of fore, 10 to 12 feet; of topmast, 30 feet to truck, 15 feet, rigged for housing. Mizzenmast of jigger stepped 2 feet from stern. Lug mizzen with boom. Hoist, 15 to 20 feet, 15; head, 10 1/2; forestay, 15 feet; the yard stung 5 feet from boom. Mast, 16 1/2 feet deck to truck; rake, 1 in 10. Jib, 11 feet on foot, 28 feet tall. Hoisting foremast, 40 square feet. With such a rig you can run on a schooner, and you have the choice of working as a sloop, cat, yawl, or with jib and mizzen only, according to circumstances.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpenters, oil cloth, rugs, etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Gray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—Advt.

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NETS. HAND-MADE MINNOW DIP NETS. LINDEN, \$9.35; COTTON, \$6.20; INCHES DEEP, 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, 36, 42, 48.

HAND-MADE LINDEN NETS. LINDEN, \$9.40; COTTON, \$6.30; INCHES DEEP, 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, 36, 42, 48.

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FOR SALE, two double breech-loading guns, one Remington-Union, one Remington-Union.

FOR SALE, a 12-gauge Remington breech-loading shotgun, in perfect order. Has been used but few times. Price \$30.

RED FOX, SKUNK, RACCOON and other furs bought for cash—highest prices. Sent for circulars and particulars, E. C. BOUGHTON, 24 Howard St., N. Y.

LIVE QUAIL, sent direct from the West, not fattened. Each pair New York \$5 per doz., \$3 per half dozen. Address CHARLES FREDRICKS, 59 Magnolia St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNITED STATES or State rights for new tool for extracting cartridge shells. Secured by letters patent. Apply to A. D. PAUL, 287 Chateaufort ave., St. Louis, Mo.

The Zennel. FOR SALE, Doberman puppies, pure German blood, 4 dogs and 10 puppies, imported by me last summer. GEORGE FRANK, 31 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.

A BARGAIN, a handsome, bright, kind and intelligent Newfoundland dog, 8 months old; also a high-class pointer pup, 3 months old. For sale, M. J. NEWHUIS, Omaha, N. Y.

FOR SALE, 3 beagle bitch puppies, black and tan, 10 weeks old, also 10 inches, dam 13 1/2 inches high. Address LOUIS SLOAN, 4205 Chestnut St., Phila.

The Kennel.

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE.—Leah (Royal-Bitch 20), a very handsome blue...

\$100 REWARD! The above amount will be paid to any one giving information leading to the detection and conviction of the party...

FOR SALE, a brace of Gordon setters, dog and bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1880, out of Bowne's Nellie...

FOR SALE, a handsome English setter, 2 years 9 months old, orange and white, by Morris's champion Lark, ex-Belle. Price \$80.

ENGLISH pug dogs and puppies. We have obtained specimens of some of the best strains and intending purchasers call or address with stamp...

WILL EXCHANGE a handsome red Irish setter dog, 18 months old, by Dash ex-Fora, C. N. Y., 1880, for a handsome bill letter or fox terrier bitch.

FOR SALE, a liver and white pointer dog, aged 4 years; also a setter, silt, lemon and white, aged 4 years; has been shot over for 3 years; also a setter silt, 10 months. She is champion at New York...

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GLEN—B and T: by Colburn's Dash ex-Mul-Belle. The above dog, winner of first in brace stakes of the Eastern Field Trials; will be allowed to serve a few litters on application...

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mont St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains.

FOR SALE, a well broken pointer dog; 2 years old; native good retriever from land of water. Also good, sound, liver cocker, 2 1/2 years old, broken. Price \$20 each.

FOR SALE, a well bred red (with a little white) setter puppy, 20 months old. Has been handled in the field and breaks very good account of him.

FOR SALE, a highly bred pointer, grey, thoroughly broken, 18 months old; price \$16. Address B. W. SELMER, 518 S. Sharp St., Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE, Red Irish Setter pups, out of my Belle by Chester's Champion. For price etc., address W. J. Hickerton, Flatbush, cor. 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE, Irish Setter bitch Quail III.; 3 years old; broken; winner 1st N. Y. Feb. 1, 2d, 1878. Address, E. L. 171 East 57th St. Feb. 11.

ENGLISH MASTIFFS for sale. Address WILLIAM H. LEE, Boston, Mass. Feb. 21.

GORDON SETTERS.—Border Lily—Champion Glen stock, whelps due March 14, 1881. J. E. FISHER, 149 Union St., Brooklyn, L. I. Feb. 21.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS for sale. Dog and bitch. Price for pair, \$250. Address WILLIAM H. LEE, Boston, Mass. Feb. 21.

FOR SALE, a superior thoroughbred broken pointer bitch and one pup, also a fine broken Cocker. Address HORACE SMITH, 41 Park Row, Feb. 21.

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Used by the best duck shooters. Is simply a device for holding the dead duck in a natural position in the water, on the ice or on land, as a decoy. They weigh complete from three to six pounds per dozen.



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Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

IN THE STUD.—Gordons: black and tan, sire Rupert, imported 1871, by shot, Jr., 1868, E. K. C. S. B., ex-Rhoda, 1858, E. K. S. B., dam White, blood-red; imported Duke and Gypsy. Fee \$25.

FOR SALE a very handsome red Irish setter bitch puppy, eight months old, from the kennel of Horace Silby, Esq., Seneca Falls. Her sire is an and her dam Maed, and is grandnephew of the renowned Echo, bred in St. Petersburg, Russia, and valued at \$10,000.

FOR SALE several pure bred Irish red and blue setters and setter pups. For prices and pedigrees, address B. F. DOIRANCE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Jan. 21.

FOR SALE, Pindee (by Dash III., ex-Dora II.), Count Dan, Carlowitz, Queen Bess, Frost II., Gladstone, Frost. The above dogs have been broken and carefully hunted by me this fall.

FOR SALE CHEAP two thoroughbred Irish red setter pups, three months old, containing one of each of Echo and two of Punket. Address E. J. ROBINS, Westchester, Conn. Jan. 21.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec. 21.

CHAMPION TRIBUSH.—This celebrated imported Chumber Spaniel, orange and white, has been placed for the season in the stud. Fee \$20. Apply to FRANCIS O. DE LUZE, 18 South William Street, New York. Dec. 21.

FOR SALE.—Fifteen Foxhounds, first-prize stock, the finest and best. Address, with stamp, L. WOODEN, Rochester, N. Y. Sept. 21.

FOR SALE.—My red Irish setter bitch Nora, with the best pedigree; six months old. Pointed and retrieved in the field, and is a splendid dog. Price \$20. Address W. J. MOITON, Portsmouth, Va. Oct. 21.

The Kennel.

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Steadfast's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use.

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These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for frilled grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials etc.



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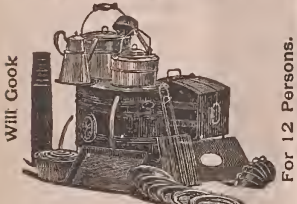
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The hotel accommodations are good, far surpassing the average in countries new enough to afford the finest of fishing. During the season Round Trip Excursion Tickets will be sold at low rates, and attractive travel facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen. Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at year's risk. It is a strain to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourist's Guide (an attractive illustrated book of 32 pages, containing full information and accurate maps of the Fishing Grounds and Lake Caris, address A. J. LEET, Care, Press Agents, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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LONG ISLAND R.R.—SPRING SCHIEDLER taking effect March 14th, 1890—Leave HUNTER'S POINT (Flatbush Ave., B'klyn, 5 min. earlier) for Babylon, 8:25 A.M., 8:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. Col. Pt & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:25 A.M., 2:25, 4:25, 5:35, 9, 9:55, 7, 7:35, 9:15, 10:45 P.M., 12:15 night. Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M. Fishing, 6:30, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:30 A.M., 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 9:15, 10:45 P.M., 12:15 night. Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M. Rockaway Beach, 8:25, 11 A.M., 4:25, 5:25, 7 P.M. Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. and 6:35 P.M. Great Neck, 6:30, 7:35, 11:35 A.M., 4:25, 5:35, 9:35 P.M. Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9:25 A.M., 5:35 P.M. Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35, 4:25, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. From Hempstead av. daily, except Sunday, and from Hunter's Point, Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12:15 night, Wednesdays and Sundays only from Flatbush av. 9 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35, 6:35 P.M. Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Roslyn, 8, 10 A.M., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 9:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M. Greenport and Sag Harbor, 9 A.M., 3:35 P.M. Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4:35, 6:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M. Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3:35, 5:35 P.M. Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. Patchogue, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. Richmond Hill, Glenclaire, 8:35, 11 A.M., 2:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, A.M., 6:35 P.M. Oyster Bay, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35, 4:35 P.M. Sundays, Wednesday and Saturdays, commencing April 8. HUNTER'S POINT & WALL ST. EXPRESS—Leave Pier H, E. R. (Foot Pine St.) for Hunter's Point, 4, 5:30, 10:30, 11:30 A.M., 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10 P.M. For further information, tickets, commutation, etc., apply at 220 1/2 way, cor. Barclay.

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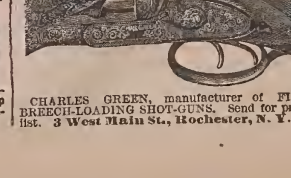


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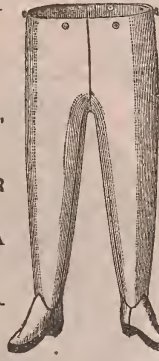
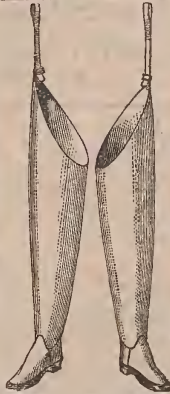
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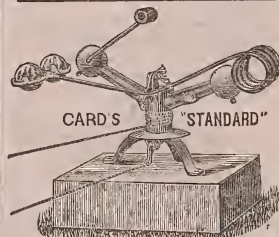


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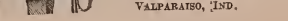
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 2.
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, February 10.

THE PROPOSED NEW YORK LAW.

THE new law proposed by the committee of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association would be in several respects more desirable than the one now in force. It restricts the killing of certain game to more limited periods than at present permitted, and in these changes the sportsmen in the State will concur.

In respect to the provisions which regulate the traffic in game the proposed law has vital defects. The committee who drafted the bill explain that they "have heard the arguments of representative hunters for the market, dealers in fish and game, and those who hunt and fish for recreation and amusement." "The natural antagonism between those who hunt for a living and those who hunt for pleasure has been apparent. We have endeavored to reconcile these conflicting interests as far as possible."

From the wording of their bill it is perfectly clear that the "endeavor to reconcile" has been altogether in favor of the market hunters and dealers. The committee appear to have lost sight entirely of the real intent of a game law, which is the due protection of game, and to have had in mind only the protection of the unrestricted traffic in game. This was perhaps a natural result of the circumstance that the influential member of the committee drafting the bill is himself a large dealer in game and fish, and has for a long time openly and strenuously advocated the sale of refrigerated game all the year around.

The obnoxious refrigerator section, which has met such deserved opposition among sportsmen throughout the State, is still retained, although in a modified form. It reads as follows:

SEC. 34.—Any person may sell, or expose for sale, or have in possession any hare or rabbit, any woodcock, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, any spruce grouse, commonly called Canada partridge, and any quail, from the first day of January to the first day of February, and any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, and any venison, from the first day of December to the first day of March, without liability to punishment or penalty, provided it be proven that such birds or game were killed without this State, or within the period provided by this act.

The sale of all game should cease with the expiration of the lawful time for killing it. No concession whatever should be made for the extended sale of birds. If any concession is made for venison one month is amply sufficient. The dealers can regulate their trade and confine it to the legitimate period if they choose to do so. Their trade should be governed by the law; the law should not be governed by their trade.

It is claimed that the present law against trapping and snaring birds and the sale and possession of such birds is inoperative, because the word "wilful" occurs in the law. The simplest, easiest and only effective remedy then would be to omit altogether the word "wilful" in the section. The proposal of the committee that the Long Island Railroad baggage men who peddle trapped birds, and the dealers who expose trapped birds for sale must be in due form first notified that their birds are trapped, before they can incur any liability therefor, is simply ridiculous, and if put into effect would make the law more of a nullity than it is even now—if that be possible.

In case the plea of ignorance should some time not prove sufficient protection to the guiltless offender, and a "State game protector," undaunted by the obstructions of this proposed law, should really prosecute for violation of law, the party proceeded against need only summon a "county game protector," who is empowered by proposed section 33 "to take or receive by voluntary surrender game or fish which, under violations of law, shall be killed, caught, had in possession, sold, exposed for sale, purchased, or transported into the county for which such officer shall be appointed." And "the receipt of such game or fish by such officer shall be a bar to any prosecution, civil or criminal, in case of voluntary surrender, or where the person from whom such game or fish shall be taken shall have given prompt notice of such possession, and shall, when required, make oath that at the time of receiving the same he was ignorant of such violation of law, and shall disclose the name and residence of the person from whom the same was received to the best of his knowledge." This section should be amended by throwing out in the last sentence quoted, after "criminal," the words "in case of voluntary surrender, or;" the clause would then cover all that it ought to cover, and it would not be, as now, the last of a number of resorts provided to allow any man of ordinary intelligence to sell all the year round game killed in any manner and at any time.

In fact the effect of these provisions must be to so hamper and render nugatory any prosecution for illegal traffic in game that it would be practically giving those disposed to engage in such a traffic the fullest license and encouragement. We can conceive of no possible circumstances under which, with this law in force, such offenders could be punished, save by the forfeiture of the game itself. The proposed act, as it is now worded, is not a game protective law; it is designed rather to protect the dealer and to render ineffectual any attempt to restrain the traffic in game as it ought to be restrained.

The members of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association owe it to themselves as sportsmen, to their reputation throughout the State and to the true interests of game protection in this State and elsewhere to withhold their indorsement from such a bill. Their prompt rejection of these provisions will do much to allay the suspicion, now somewhat prevalent, that this whole movement is simply the shrewd attempt of a prominent game dealer of this city, who is also the leading spirit of the association, to use the influence of the society to fix the game laws just as he wants them, that they may subserve his own personal interests.

BREEDING SALMON IN FRESH WATER

WE recommend a perusal of Mr. Fairbank's article, under this head in another column, to all fish culturists and fish commissioners. His method we believe to be the right one. He has pooled his salmon and not scattered them, and the result is they are there. If he had put in half the number he might never have seen a salmon; but he put in enough to make their presence felt and to allow some to escape their enemies, and they escaped.

Nature intends millions of eggs and millions of young fish to be food for birds, aquatic mammals, insects and fish, just as she provides a plant with a hundred seeds, ninety-nine of which feed the birds, mice and squirrels, and one brings forth its kind and keeps up the stock.

A half million of fish eggs seen to be a great number, and tempts commissioners to distribute a "good lot" to a dozen localities. But what is the entire number when compared with the vast quantity dropped in the McCloud River by millions of salmon?

The lesson taught by Mr. Fairbanks in his paper read before the Central Fishcultural Society at Chicago is a plain one. It means consolidate, and not distribute. In distribution there is weakness; in consolidation, strength! If today we had a million eggs of a new and valuable fish at our disposal they would all go into one stream, "make or break," as the saying goes, and we think an impression might be made on the stream that would remain.

NATIONAL GUARD RIFLE PRACTICE.

IT would seem that the magnificent record which the citizen soldiers of the State of New York have made for themselves is to be cut short by a sort of official strangulation. Gov. Cornell has decided that rifle practice is of no value because there is no prospect of any war breaking forth for 50 years to come, and therefore no merit in having troops prepared to use their weapons. This is the perfection of simplicity, and as a statement from one supposed to have mastered some of the simplest ideas of political economy, appears almost monumental in its stupidity.

With a regular army barely large enough to serve as a police force for the rapidly diminishing frontier it would be the most rational substitute to build up to its largest proportions a strong militia force; but to make a record for economy the National Guard is to be attacked and slashed out of all semblance of utility. The new crutch is to have encampments, where the citizen who is willing to give a portion of his time to the service of his State suddenly finds himself the victim of capricious orders and compelled to sacrifice a good portion of his private time for a foolish notion. A regiment able to carry on a good street fight is worth far more as a menace against turbulence and disorders than a command able to go through all the routine of camp duty. And then, as the camp sites are to have butts in some corner the troops under canvas are to pick up during their week's picnic a full knowledge of how to hold and how to hit. What is really needed is a careful showing up of the present system of rifle practice.

The whole system of rifle practice is so too wholesale a scale. Men cannot be set up in rows and taught to shoot in the aggregate. Each man is a unit, and because A shoots well is not the least reason why B, who stands next in the ranks, should be able to hit a barn-side. Each man must have a definite personal idea of how to shoot, and much of the instruction can be given in the army, but it is not a sort of instruction which can be hurried. To hold a rifle with ease and steadiness, to pull off without giving the weapon a twist and to pull the trigger without the ordinary hitch are all points to be acquired by much personal practice. When all this has been gained then a charge may with some advantage be placed in the rifle. Where regiments have succeeded in showing a good rifle record it has been by following out this plan of careful attention to the personal instruction of the men. Where regiments have shown a wretchedly poor percentage the inference is that it has followed out the regulation orders in a perfunctory manner. Now the Adjutant General proposes to take away the last incentive by cutting away the extra prizes offered each year for the team and other contests. Much has been done during the decade of

rifle shooting we have enjoyed, but it is not as yet a plant of such sturdy growth that it will bear such neglect as the State of New York, through its official leaders, proposes to put upon it. To suspend shooting for a time until the personnel of the Guard has been altered means simply that the entire work will have to be gone over again and a start made from the point we stood at in 1872. The expenses already incurred are not fairly representative of the sums which will be required to maintain rifle practice. The ranges are now fixed upon, and while many of them no doubt are ill chosen and on too pretentious a scale, more modest arrangement, well patronized, would show better results; but to enforce this economy is quite another thing from jumping to a total abolition of all rifle practice and the placing of the National Guard in the position of a mere puppet show, trained to walk in step, to carry their rifles as so many drilling sticks and make a very pretty show at parade, while worthy only of ridicule for their inefficiency.

THE EEL-WEIR QUESTION.

THE local papers in the interior of the State of New York have been greatly exercised over some donkey's assertion that the eel-weir was a harmless institution, and gallons of ink have been shed by those who saw a fine chance to advertise themselves at the donkey's expense. Slip after slip has been sent to FOREST AND STREAM containing arguments pro and con which have gone into the waste-basket on the principle that it don't pay to load a siege-gun to kill a mosquito. If these weirs can discriminate taking only eels, and passing the bass, shad and young of other fish, they are the most intelligent eel-weirs in the business, and we would like one for dissection and examination of its brain. No doubt, now that in the process of evolution the eel-weir has advanced so far, these traps can be taught to bring their prey on shore and skin them for market, and when the angler of the future takes his walks along the banks of the stream he will behold this new breed of traps hauling their catch ashore, and swearing at the stray bass which have persisted in getting in to annoy them. Such traps will no doubt increase not only the bass and shad of our rivers, but will also add to the crops of the riparian owner by fertilizing his fields with the eel skins and other debris.

Seriously, the fact of the destructiveness of the eel-weir is so apparent that we have not thought fit to print the arguments. Our old friend, E. C. Z. Judson (Ned Buntline), who is something of a naturalist as well as a novelist, writes us from "Eagle's Nest" on this question and says:

"All observant trout men know, old and large trout after spawning in the fall almost always, if not always, turn their course down stream to seek still and deep water, or to go toward the sea. Such invariably fall victims to an eel-weir if it is in their way.

"I know from years of observation on the Juniata, Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, not to speak of other and smaller rivers, that eel-weirs scoop in every kind of fish which turns to go down stream faster than the current, and so goes head first into the pot, from which none but the smallest escape. These eel-weirs used to be set at low water, before the fall freshets came on, all along the rivers I have named until so far down that the water was too deep to build dams. Captain King, of Mast Hope, Pike County, Pa., used to supply his table with fish as well as eels from his weir when I stopped at his hotel one summer in 1853, I think; and trout not caught by hook and line—trout of large size, taken thus from the Delaware, were more than once on that table. I remember it distinctly, for I had quite a row with the captain about the innovation on our old Watonian arts."

A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FOR NEW YORK.

THE project to establish a zoological garden in New York on a plan somewhat similar to the London Zoo and the Jardin des Plantes of Paris is again being agitated. It is high time that this matter should be taken in hand, for as we have before said, it is a shame and a disgrace that New York should have no "wild beast show" while other cities, such as Philadelphia and Cincinnati, have excellent ones. The collection at the Central Park, although good as far as it goes and admirably managed by Mr. Conklin, can never amount to anything so long as it is under the city government.

A number of applications have been made for some years back to obtain the consent of the Park Commissioners of this city to establish in Central Park an independent zoological garden, but the Board decided, and very properly, that the Park could not be used for any such purpose. In 1879 the Universal Conservatory and Zoological Garden Company was formed for the purpose indicated above, and it is stated that ground will be broken for the buildings as soon as the frost is out of the ground. The site said to have been selected for the garden is an admirable one. Thirty-three acres of land have been purchased, we are told, north of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, and between Eighth and St. Nicholas avenues. This is about one mile from the High Bridge, and at the present terminus of the West Side Metropolitan Elevated Railway, overlooking the Harlem River and including a considerable area of low flat ground, a steep hillside and a plateau on a level with the highest portion of the island at that point. A location more admirably fitted for the purpose to which it is to be devoted could scarcely have been found on Manhattan Island.

It is stated that the plans for the buildings have been drawn, and it is to be hoped that work on them will be begun as soon as the weather will permit. The following description of the proposed garden has been published:

The main entrance to the garden is to be on the corner of One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street and Eighth avenue. Here it is proposed to erect a building 100 by 90 feet, in Moorish style, for officers of the company, with a series of arcades fronting on Eighth avenue, for the tropical caravans.

For the larger tropical animals there will be an extension of those arcades along One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, 525 feet in length and 50 feet wide, while the arcades on Eighth avenue will be 1,000 feet long and 75 feet wide. Pavilions are to be erected on both corners. The garden will be divided by the main avenue, 70 feet wide. To the north, directly opposite a large fountain, will be a Chinese pagoda 65 by 125 feet. West of this temple, at the foot of a bluff, will be the antelope house, 40 by 80 feet, while to the right will be a stone quarry. This will be converted into bear pits, which will adjoin the owl and bat ruin, running along the wall of the aqueduct for a length of 250 feet. The top of these ruins will form a promenade 15 feet wide, leading to the dairy building.

At the fountain in the main avenue will be an ornamental monkey house in Moorish style, the building being 70 by 140 feet. West of the monkey house will be a grotto for the Polar bears and seals.

The most prominent buildings of the garden will be on the bluffs, which rise one hundred feet above the level of the ground. Here it is proposed to place a conservatory and palm garden, 225 by 125 feet, with arcades which will form a square and contain restaurants. The space inside the arcades will be arranged like a terrace garden and so constructed as to be covered during the winter by glass frame-work. There will also be another extension of the conservatory, 110 feet by 95 feet, on the east side, arranged especially for water plants.

Fifty feet from the northwest corner of the arcades will be the observatory, whose tower will rise 210 feet above the foundation and 325 feet above the level of Eighth avenue.

The capital stock of the company is fixed at \$2,000,000 in stock and \$1,000,000 in first mortgage bonds.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this project may be carried through. That such an institution would pay, if properly managed, scarcely admits of doubt, and its value as a public educator cannot be over-estimated.

FOR GENTLEMEN HANDLERS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM desires to offer at the important Field Trials to be run the coming autumn certain prizes, to be competed for by dogs owned and worked by amateur handlers. It is too soon to announce the exact conditions which will govern the running for these prizes, or to say of just what the latter will consist. It is probable, however, that a number of cups and gold medals will be offered to be run for at the different events, to be won by the best dog owned and handled by a sportsman who has never received compensation for breaking a dog, and who is not a market shooter.

The object of announcing such a series of prizes is, of course, to encourage among non-professional sportsmen the training of their own dogs, or at least the proper working of these after they have been trained.

It will scarcely be denied, as a general proposition, that comparatively few of the men who shoot know how to properly handle dogs. Each one of course thinks that he is posted, but will readily enough agree that most of his fellows are not; and as no small portion of a dog's success in such a competition depends on his handler, we are inclined to think the prizes which we wish to offer may have the good effect of showing to each man the excellences of some methods and the faults of others. A competition of this kind, open to all non-professional sportsmen, should bring out a very large representation of the men who, owning only one or two dogs, and those good ones, shoot almost the whole season through and kill much game. We look forward with much pleasurable anticipation to seeing such a competition inaugurated, and if the field trials clubs will arrange for such a running we shall be pleased to contribute the prizes. We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

WE SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS that one Al. Johnson, a grizzly bear hunter, of Calaveras County, Cal., after a scalding tussle with Buin, is now lying in an extremely mangled and critical condition. There is nothing remarkably strange in this state of affairs, except that the bear hunter and the daily papers began to lie in this same way several winters ago. It is about time for the attaches of our enterprising contemporaries to either let him up or give him decent burial.

FOOLS AND SNAKES.—Eve was the first victim of the serpent's wiles and Adam the second. The list is a long one, and not yet finished. The latest on record is the man who recently bought a petrified snake out in Western New York, and who afterward discovered his treasure to be constructed of sand, hair and fraud.

The history of serpent worship is most curious, the history of fools most instructive, and the study of the two in connection is both curious and instructive. Cardiff giants, planted Muldoons, dug-up snakes, petrified monsters, rogues and dupes are multitudinous and coexistent upon the face of the earth. The geographical distribution is the same; where one is there will the other be also.

It was not so long ago that we looked on at the New York Aquarium while the scientific elders of the city solemnly studied the dimensions of the graven image of a tailed man, and listened to the glib lies of one Conant, the fellow who

had the bogus petrification in charge. In due time the whole story of the fraud came out; but whether the schemers were punished we do not now recall. The fellows who sold this last snake swindle have been arrested, and it is to be hoped that they may have an opportunity of displaying their artistic taste in stone work for a term of years in the State Prison.

THE AMERICAN CRICKETER.—A little newspaper devoted to the interests of the "noble game of cricket"—reaches us this month with a new design at its head, in which are used for ornamentation the implements generally to be found on the cricket field. The design is appropriate, and notable for its artistic effect. It is a decided improvement to the paper, and has one of the "amateurishness" that was somewhat characteristic of the old heading. We take this opportunity of saying a good word for the little cricket paper. It is published purely as a labor of love to the game, and its usefulness is unquestionable. Through its columns may be learned all about what is doing in the development of cricket in America, so that the ex-cricketeer may not remain in darkness, although he be prevented from taking an active part in it. Those of our readers who have an interest in the matter may obtain a sample copy gratis by addressing the editor, at 413 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

SPURGEON HAS PRAISED A SERMON from the text "Behave the Dog," in which he talks of that animal in a manner little creditable to himself as an Englishman, a humane man, or a clergyman. We commend to Spurgeon a perusal of the instructive "Current Dog Stories," which appear from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM.

THERE IS SOME DOUBT about the New Hampshire Fish and Game League having a meeting this year. The president of the League says that the Commissioners have left the society nothing to do.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES.

OUR party, consisting of Walter Hubbard, F. G. Markham and the writer, left Boston, May 28, for St. John, N. B., thence to Halifax, and returned via Intercolonial Railroad to Moncton, Campbellton, River Du Loup, Quebec, White Mountains and back to Boston—covering a distance of 1,777 miles in three weeks' time, at an expense of only about \$100, the details of which follow, with a summary of time, miles and expenses. Our prime object was to see new places, experience new sensations and take salmon and trout en route, if they deigned to rise to our flies. To taking salmon we plead not guilty; to the other charge, guilty. We experienced a delightful trip, caught quantities of large trout, but found ourselves too early for salmon, which this year, owing to a cold and backward season, had not yet commenced running up the rivers. We visited several famous salmon pools where last year salmon were taken in considerable quantities. Our objective point for the latter was Fraser's Pool on the Restigouche, and it was not until we reached Halifax that we learned the New York Club had purchased all rights there. This somewhat disconcerted our plans. We pursued the even tenor of our way, however, and rested content with what came in our path.

Taking the Eastern Railway at Boston at 7 p. m., we reached Bangor at 5:30 A. M. next morning. A free baggage took us to the Penobscot Exchange Hotel, the best there, where we got a good breakfast for fifty cents. At 7:17 the train left on the European and N. A. R. R. for St. John (only one train a day).

From Bangor to St. John the ride is an exceedingly dull one, as the road passes through a very uninviting country, mostly woods, whose dreary aspect is not redeemed by any interesting features. At 12:50 p. m. you reach Vanboro, where the train stops about twenty minutes for dinner, which is good at a charge of fifty cents.

At 5:30 you reach St. John. As you near St. John the woods disappear, the country becomes hilly, green grass and flowering meads appear, and waving fields of grain and rustic farmhouses greet the eye. At St. John terminates the train leaves you at the ferry landing, where the vociferating hackman will relieve you of all care of luggage, etc. Five minutes ride takes you across an arm of the Bay of Fundy, and you are in St. John City.

"Hotel Dufferin" is the house you will lie in if wise, and although it is not all that could be desired, still it is the best, since the "big fire" swept away the "Victoria," and with it half the city. It is kept by the former proprietor of the "Victoria," and is favorably located and comfortable.

Sunday, the 30th, we spent roaming about this ancient city, visited the falls of St. John, shipping, etc. The traces of the big fire of '77 are scarcely to be noted now, so that the city is still a beautiful one. Saturday eve, I omitted to note, we visited D. Scribner & Sons and Charles Bailie's tackle stores, and laid in a supply of fishing tackle and flies. The former makes the better rod, while the latter ties the better fly.

Monday, May 31, we embarked on the Empress at 8 A. M. to cross the Bay of Fundy. The steamer runs tri-weekly—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. It was a stormy morning, and the "General Order No. 1" from the captain to the crew as we left the wharf to "prepare for rough weather" was suggestive of a stormy passage, which on this day means business for all hands, passengers included.

However, it did not prove very rough, and we reached Annapolis about 2 p. m., and took the Halifax train, via Windsor and Annapolis Railroad. From Annapolis to Halifax (180 miles) is one of the most enjoyable rides in the Provinces. The conductor who runs this train, Mr. Edwards, deserves more than a passing remark. He has been upon the road longer than any other employe, and has risen from an humble position to conductor, and deserves even better. He is the most courteous, good natured, and obliging I ever met, and can converse with as much ease and confidence as a gold watch, charms, etc., presented him by fellow travelers. The route traversed by this division of the road is through the

"Evangeline district," whose simple legend is forever rescued from oblivion by Longfellow's famous poem, and Mr. Edwards takes especial pleasure in answering all questions touching this interesting country, and pointing out the places of note. Most conductors would have tired of this place, and with a wrathful answer turned away a soft question.

He showed me a letter from Mr. Longfellow, in which the latter says that although he has written this poem, he has never and probably will never see the land of which he has sung.

Reaching Windsor at 6:25 (84 miles), we left the train and found our way to the "Victoria Hotel," kept by John Doran. The name is large, but the house very small and very ordinary in all respects, though moderately neat and comfortable. It is the "best," however, and here I will take occasion to remark that nowhere in all Nova Scotia or New Brunswick is there a single first-class hotel.

If you find yourself in a comfortable house, with a fair table, thank yourself you are no worse off. The houses are invariably small and tables only supplied with a limited assortment, while meat is not as tender as ours and the bread usually coarse and dark. It is no place for epicures. The bright side, however, is, the linen is usually clean, rates very low, from 25 to \$1.75 per day—and the people very courteous. You are always treated with the utmost consideration and respect, and when things are not quite to your liking you feel much like apologizing to the landlord and servants for having found them so illly prepared to receive you. I have twice traveled the length of the Provinces and never yet received a surly reply or discourteous answer from any one, anywhere, from the highest to the lowest. Under such circumstances a crust of bread even is sweet to the palate.

We stopped off at Windsor in order to take the "Royal Mail Stage" to Chester, a superb town on the Southern coast. We had been advised that it ran Tuesdays and Saturdays, but found it was Wednesdays and Saturdays. We also found that said "Royal Stage" was a one-horse buggy which might possibly carry two passengers with light baggage, so that it was little matter we missed it. After some tribulation we procured a horse wagon with comfortable seats to take us across to Chester, about forty miles, for \$12.

The route across is right over the backbone of Nova Scotia and is mostly uphill all the way. Tuesday morning, June 1, was charmingly sweet, and about 7 A. M. we found our traps packed and ourselves spinning along over a pleasant road on our "march to the sea." For ten or twelve miles the road is not bad, and the bracing morning air, charming landscape and wooded hills lent exhilaration to our spirits, and we grew happy and cheerful.

In a couple hours' time we had left behind nearly all traces of civilization and plunged into the howling wilderness. The road became narrow, rocky and hilly, and our progress slow, but we were happy still. About 2 P. M. we reached Mrs. Redmond's "Half-way House," and stopped for dinner. They had no oats for our horses, but fortunately we had anticipated that and lightened our wagon of a bag of the same. For dinner they gave us bread and milk with raspberry jam.

After an hour's delay we paid our bill, \$1 for men and beast, and resumed our journey. Toward night we sighted "Mahone Bay," upon which Chester is situated, and a lovely view it was to our eager eyes. At 7 P. M. we drove up to "Charley Lovett's Hospitable Inn," as dubbed by Hallock, and were met at the door by "Charley" and his guide wife. Half an hour later we were discussing the day's ride over lobster salad, etc. Chester is a quiet, old-fashioned town situated at the border of a beautiful bay, which is dotted with innumerable islands, and has a population of about one thousand souls. It is forty-five miles west of Halifax, and affords a delightful resort for summer boarders, who come here in considerable numbers to enjoy the refreshing breezes from the sea, and lie off in peaceful bliss or employ themselves in boating, catching tom cods from the wharf or throwing the fly for salmon and trout. A daily line of coaches runs eastward from town to Lunenburg (west of Chester about twenty-five miles). It has two good inns—Lovett's and one opposite. Lovett's is the best. There is nothing here in the shape of public buildings; a small church, one or two small country stores, a lobster factory and post-office make up the assortment. The people are mostly given to fishing, and are genial and well-dressed. The village is composed of small unpretending houses in the main, although there are a few of superior pretensions. It is situated on a rising ground, which slopes pleasantly down to the sea, and on a fine day the prospect upon the bay and ocean is most charming. Green lawns and cultivated grounds give the whole place an aspect of neatness, and the sleepy quiet which always prevails makes one feel that he is indeed in a land of dreams.

Salmon and trout fishing has been much noted here in the past, but I regret to say that we were disappointed in not finding it what we hoped this spring. Yet it has by no means departed. Last spring and summer salmon were taken in goodly numbers with a fly, but the season this year has been so backward that when we visited here salmon had not commenced running up. It has three good salmon rivers—Gold River, the best, six miles west, has been the finest in the province. It is a beautiful river to gaze upon, and has innumerable pools; but the Indians and natives are so much given to "dipping," in spite of the laws, that salmon have a poor chance to propagate their species. Middle River, four seven miles east, also, and although salmon will continue to be taken on all these rivers in the future, still not in the abundance formerly, till the laws against "dipping" (with nets) are rigidly enforced. Trout fishing, however, continues to be good, and we enjoyed a day's fine sport on Middle River Branch, about six miles from Lovett's.

Having experienced, but not exhausted, the lovely charms of Chester, we started on our return, and after following its influences on Saturday, June 5, and turned our faces toward Halifax—by the "Royal Mail Coach."

It was a lovely day when we bid adieu to the green slopes of Chester and whirled away from "mine inn" at 11:15 A. M. The fragrant morning air charged with the incense of the neighboring fields lent a charm to our ride which only the country can give. The road to Halifax though somewhat hilly is in good condition, and we found our ride by no means tedious.

For the first few miles it lies through the wilderness with an occasional opening where farm houses and primitive log-huts greet the eye and protect the settlers from the inclemencies of the seasons. For a distance of several miles the road skirts along St. Margaret's Bay, when a fine view may be obtained of the ocean and headlands. Changing horses

twice we reached Halifax at 6:30 P. M., and took our way to the "Halifax House," the best in the city.

Of Halifax I shall not write except to say it is a very ancient city and boasts one of the finest harbors in the world. Having spent Sunday here, I visited the arsenal and generally canvassed the city. On Monday, June 7, at 1 P. M., we took a train on the Intercolonial R. R. for Truro, sixty-one miles, where we proposed to spend the night and take a view of the village. We arrived there at 4:35, and found comfortable quarters at Prince of Wales Hotel kept by A. L. McKenzie. We found a court in session, and visited it, and gazed with awe upon the gentlemen in robes. The wig, alas! they had laid aside.

June 8 we resumed our journey at 10:55, and at 4:30 we arrived at Moncton, 128 miles, where we hurried to take in the "Bore." One of the greatest living curiosities in the world," as Barnum would remark.

Most of your readers are doubtless aware that the Bay of Fundy furnishes one of the highest tides in the world. At times it rises and falls about seventy feet! The time to see it at perfection is in the spring, and the place Moncton. Owing to the peculiar formation of the river banks at a point half a mile east of the station called the Elbow, on the "Atlantic" river, when the tide makes up it rushes with almost frightful velocity during high tides, bearing onward a huge wall of water about six feet in height at a rate of eight or ten miles an hour. It comes in just after low water, and may be heard at a distance of two or three miles. By daylight it may be seen a mile away, and as it approaches it seems an avalanche bearing you threatening destruction. The lazy current of the river is now seen creeping its sluggish way down to the sea. In a moment the huge volume of water comes eddying about, meeting the current and rushing backward, and rushes past you a roaring cataract. It was this we tarried to see, and saw, as the tide comes in twice in twenty-four hours. We had two exhibitions, one at 9:30 P. M. and one at 10 A. M. The evening performance was the better, although it could not be seen at quite so good an advantage as there was no moon, but it impressed us as one of the wonders of the world, and richly repaid us for our delay.

June 9 we continued our journey leaving at 12:15 P. M., and reached Newcastle at 6:30—78 miles. This is the stopping place for salmon fishing on the Miramichi. A good hotel, "The Waverley," half a mile from the station, is reached by a bus which runs to every train. Newcastle is situated on Miramichi Bay, which is an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Into this bay empties the river of the same name, famous for its salmon. It is a thrifty seat of town of about 1,500 inhabitants. Salmon fishing with a fly is only to be enjoyed up on "North West" and "South West." Bruce's "Big Hole" on the northwest is twenty-three miles from Newcastle, reached only by private team. Stop at John Hare's log-house; nice, homely people and coarse fare, but neat and comfortable.

The other ground is "Indiantown," seventeen miles from Newcastle, reached by steamer two or three times a week. The private team stop at Frank J. Hare's, the only place; comfortable quarters. Both of these places are favorable for fly fishing for salmon, and fishing free toll. Salmon range from eight to twenty pounds.

After tea we interviewed the landlord who put us in the way of finding a team to take us to "Big Hole" on the morrow, and having closed a bargain for a two-horse team for \$5 per day we spent the evening in sauntering about the village.

June 10 found us deep in the fishing grounds. Leaving Newcastle about 7 A. M. we reached Hare's at 10 A. M. My drive lies along the Miramichi most of the way and is a very pleasant drive. It is settled most of the distance, till within five or six miles of Hare's, then houses disappear and woods skirt either side of the way. Taking a hasty lunch of bread and milk we went forth, arrayed in the paucity of fishermen's gear, and found "Big Hole," a distance of about half a mile, and one of his boys accompanied us. At the "Hole" we found a boat or punt, and a man to take us and were paddled half a mile up the branch to the foot of some rapids, where we divided up—part in the boat and part on shore—and entered zealously into the sport. The trout rose rapidly to our flies and ere the sun had cast her departing rays upon us we had brought a hundred trout to our landing nets, ranging from a quarter of a pound to two and a half and three pounds. It was fine sport and keenly enjoyed by all. We saw salmon break the water during the afternoon, but we could not succeed in raising them to a fly. We were still too early for salmon-fishing and we tested contented with trout.

About 6 we broke off for the day and found our way back to the house, where a comfortable supper awaited us. During the afternoon two gentlemen joined us, and as Hare's is none of the largest, we had close quarters for the night, with Mr. Hare's family of ten. We, however, spread our beds upon the floor and retired at an early hour. It was a muggy night and the mosquitoes put in their bills, which somewhat interfered with sleeping, but we battled them till sleep overpowered our drooping lids, when we left them to present their bills as might please them best and sank to slumbers sweet.

Friday, the 11th, was ushered in with serene sky and balmy breeze. Scarcely had the early streaks of morn penetrated our hazy log-house ere we were up and doing. Not having fully understood our toll we went on fishing, and, after a hearty breakfast of salt pork, coarse bread and a fine catch of trout. So eager were they for the fly that in a couple hours of fishing we had caught all our consciences would suffer us to take and, as the heavens now were becoming overcast, we concluded to reel up our lines and bid adieu to this charming spot. At 10 A. M. we had stowed our traps aboard a hired a hearse for Ernest John and his ever faithful wife, scattered a few shillings upon the interesting children and took a last farewell of our forest retreat. About 1 we reached Newcastle again and found a comfortable dinner awaiting us at the "Waverley." At 5:30 we took the accommodation train at the station and soon Newcastle, with its pleasant associations, were lost to sight.

There were but few passengers aboard, as is usually the case on this train, which consisted of some thirty freight cars, with one passenger car attached. There being no "smoker" attached, we found our way into the baggage car, where a few cigars, judiciously distributed, emptied the easy arm chairs of conductor and "all hands" and we were "at home" to all inquirers. In passing, let me remark that though smoking may be a "vile habit," yet its indulgence often paves the way to great civilities—as we indeed found in this case. We soon knew

every man on the train and a jolly time we had of it to the end. Moral: On mixed trains the "suburbs" always carry a full case of cigars.

At 1 A. M. we arrived at Campbellton, 107 miles, where the coach is escorted us to the "Beas Hotel." The Royal. Here we knocked up the landlord, who, peering through the half-open door, saw the genial face of the conductor and we were at once admitted and the best rooms given to our party. That the reader may not place too much confidence in the quality of these Province hotels, let me remark that the best, though comfortable, are very ordinary, but you will always find the proprietors very courteous and obliging and willing to do anything reasonable for your comfort. They, however, are not to be depended upon for the best of markets, such as the States afford, to furnish a table with. They are, however, reasonably neat and if one is not a *diligente* he will get along very comfortably.

Campbellton is a thriving capitalist village of some 600 inhabitants. It is situate on the southern shore of the Bay of Chaleur, formed of the waters of St. Lawrence Bay. It has three hotels and is one of the briskest villages of the Province, and a sort of headquarters for lumbermen and fishermen. The railway company have also a portion of their works here. Two steamers (*en route* from Quebec to Pictou) touch here weekly. A steamer leaves here twice a week, also, for Gaspe. In the immediate vicinity, however, there is no fresh-water fishing; yet a few hours' ride will take you to good fishing grounds. A lake about six miles away is full of the nicest trout in the Province, which is to a certain extent preserved. A charge of one dollar per day, however, entitles you to fish to your heart's content. The trout average from one to one and a half pounds each, although those weighing two and three are not uncommon.

Across the bay—some twelve miles, reached by sail-boat—is the Seminaic River, one of the most famous trout rivers in the whole Province. Here you can catch trout by the hundred of exceeding size, the average being three to four pounds each, while those weighing seven and eight pounds are by no means uncommon. The sea is not for catching them, however, is better than other parts, being the latter part of July, the first of August and, let me not be forgotten, the flies do inhabit there. All along this coast (the northern) are many rivers, even down as far as Gaspe and up again on the northern shore, and many of them are among the finest salmon rivers anywhere to be found in this latitude. Most of them are, however, leased and permits can only be had by the good grace of the lessees. As I have not fished any of them I will endeavor not to mislead the reader, but I was informed by those well informed that it is no difficult matter for an unskilful party to go there and get a permit for a few days' sea-trout fishing there.

Sea-trout fishing there is no better place anywhere than among the islands six miles above Campbellton, where the tide waters meet the Ictogone in its march to the sea. Take a team and drive up, or the cars, as suits your fancy, and get off at a flag station near Mrs. Gillis'. She keeps a hotel and will give you comfortable quarters. Here you will find genuine Indians—Miacas, a tribe of which she speaks fluently, with their birches, will put you on the ground, and you can catch more trout than you ever dreamed of in the States, ranging in weight from one-half to three or four pounds each and sometimes five or six, though not frequently. To this inviting spot we drove, on Saturday, the 12th, sent our team back and took the cars home at nightfall.

The day was exceedingly windy and the waters very rough, but we brought home a goodly mess of fish, the largest of which was 10 lbs. 10 oz. by our own hook. The trout on the ground, baked the beam at three and a half pounds, and I beg the reader to note, was taken with a fly, as all of the mess were. But I cannot dwell; let it suffice that if one seeks trout only he can take them with safety here any season, beginning usually from the 10th to 15th of June and throughout the summer. The country is beautiful and lies not very annoying till into July, and even then not so bad as in the denser woods, for, as I have remembered, the forest is pretty well thinned about Campbellton. On Saturday, the 13th, at 7:30 P. M. on this day in question we repaired to the depot and, finding our pocket-handkerchief to the breeze from the top of a stick, the train stopped, and in thirty minutes more we were again safely housed at the Hotel Royal discussing the events of the day over a hearty supper, which awaited our coming.

Sunday, June 13, was a quiet day with us in this quiet little fishing village. The clock struck 9 before we left our comfortable beds.

The sky was overcast and a fresh wind blew in upon us from the sea. It was rather too rough to trust ourselves to a frail birch, otherwise we would have visited the Indian church on the opposite shore and witnessed their form of worship. As it was, we hugged a comfortable fire and spent the day in reading and writing.

Monday, the 14th—alas! our last in the wilderness—we were up at 6 and, after a hasty breakfast, we bade adieu to our genial landlord, John Sprout, and walked to the station, some ten rods. At 6:30 the train left and at 7 we reached Metapedia, thirteen miles distant, where we had hoped to crown our desires of salmon fishing; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Wealthy New Yorkers had taken this blissful retreat and, with their large purses, had laid an embargo upon all transient fishing here. We knew it, indeed, before we reached here, having had it painfully broken to us by the true sportsman, but it was not so keen to us, but it was nevertheless a great disappointment.

Here in this lovely valley, where the waters of the Restigouche and Metapedia unite and, mingling their musical voices in harmonious accord as they course onward toward the sea, three years ago, I spent one of the pleasantest days of my sportsman's life. Here I cast the gauzy fly and captured my first salmon, thrilling with that intense excitement known only to the true sportsman, and that angelic smile, which, sparkling on the face of my lovely and interesting niece, stands Fraser's inviting hotel—now, alas! his no longer, but that of a wealthy knight of nabobs of our own land. I mean then no disrespect, but I do feel that it is all wrong that because one man's purse is a trifle heavier than another's that he should monopolize the wilderness as well as the city "sites." 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owner of this retreat, and it was almost with tears that he related how he was compelled to part with this property, but money was at the bottom of it. Debt he could not meet forced the separation of him from the home he had cherished and reclaimed from the wilderness nearly a quarter of a century ago. He said he regretted it as much on account of his patrons as himself. He had entertained many genial guests and should be sorry not to meet them here again, but he yet hopes in finding pastures new, where he can "tend his flocks." Fortune grant he may! He is one of the noblest of God's noblemen I ever met.

I have never finished my say, but ere I close I must give a parting shot to my esteemed critic "Manhattan," who so relentlessly pursues me with his quill reiterating his assertions that there is no salmon fishing worth the while in these parts. I have not been unkindly noted with the while in FOREST AND STREAM. I have carefully noted with what grim satisfaction he alluded to the fact of the utter disappointment of all the salmon anglers in these parts this year, and wrote of our "lucky catch" of three years ago as being unusual. I therefore took much pains to inquire all along my route as to last year's catches, and especially did I interrogate Mr. Fisher, who informed me that in the last twenty years there had never been a single year the salmon had not been taken here in considerable quantities before June 20 with a fly. Last season he informed me that several hundred salmon were taken from his pool with a fly, and the non-adapted of salmon this year in that locality surpassed his wisdom; he could not understand it. That salmon have been very scarce this year is wholly true, and it is true of all Canada and not of the Redwood alone. I have full and abiding faith in first class salmon fishing yet in the Province. Nowhere are streams better adapted, nowhere better spawning grounds. Then why not? The salmon are not yet fleeing the ocean. It is undoubtedly true that salmon are not so plenty as formerly, and there are many reasons why it is so. The demand is greater, prices are higher and inducements to their capture keep pace with that demand, and hence follows netting, dipping and increase of fishing, but the supply is not yet so plentifully increasing. Should I have in the Province, and withdraw its protection then no one can say how long we shall enjoy that rarest of all fishing. The success or non-success of this year, however, is no test, and the very fact that scientific men like Prof Baird and Hind have given it special attention through your paper proves my argument that there must have been good fishing heretofore or this year especially would not be the subject of comment.

But enough. Our party remained at Metcalpe only two hours; visited the pool, and saw a half dozen canoes anchored in her waters with as many anxious anglers deftly turning their flies in vain for salmon. Not a rise got they, and we had them adieu and once more we boarded the train and turned our faces homeward via Quebec (302 miles). About 3:30 we reached Trois Rivières where we got a good dinner for fifty cents, and resuming our journey reached Quebec safely about 9 p. m. Stopping at the "St. Louis" Hotel over night we continued our route the next evening at 8:30. About midnight we reached Richmond where a short delay affords an opportunity for a lunch, and where we changed cars. About 4 a. m. we reached Sherbrooke where we again changed cars after a hour's delay, and continued then our journey. We purchased our tickets via White Mountains, and at 8:50 p. m. we were up at the "Kearsarge House" North Conway, having experienced a delightful ride through the "notch." And here, patient, reader let us part, after commending to your kindly consideration the following table which I trust you will find of service should it fall to your lot to go to the Provinces:

Conveyance.	Miles.	Fares.	Expns.
Boston to Bangor.....	E. & M. C. R. R.	246	10 45
Bangor to St. John.....	E. & N. A. R. R.	294	11 45
St. John to Digby.....	Steamer.....	43	5 00
Digby to Annapolis.....	W. & A. R. R.	59	2 00
Annapolis to Kentville.....	W. & A. R. R.	59	2 00
Kentville to Windsor.....	"	25	1 00
Windsor to Chester.....	"	16	1 00
Chester to Gulf River.....	"	7	1 00
Gulf River to Miramichi.....	"	1	0 00
Chester to Halifax.....	Stage.....	45	7 50
Halifax to Moncton.....	Intercol. R. R.	150	5 00
Moncton to Newcaste.....	"	75	2 50
Newcaste to Indianton (on Miramichi).....	Team.....	17	2 50
Newcaste to Big Falls (on Miramichi).....	Team.....	41	3 00
Bathurst to Newcaste.....	Intercol. R. R.	94	2 05
Bathurst to Rough Waters (Newcastle).....	Team.....	0	1 50
Bathurst to Grand Falls (Newcastle).....	Team.....	29	4 00
Bathurst to Campbellton.....	I. H. R.	63	2 50
Halifax to Metcalpe.....	"	175	10 10
River du Loup to Quebec.....	G. T. R. R.	125	5 45
Halifax to Quebec (this ticket).....	"	650	30 00
Quebec to Boston.....	"	334	21 00
Boston and return to Boston (round trip).....	Railroad & Steer.	1757	44 45

Note.—The above table shows the distance we made on the round trip to be 1,757 miles, and the entire fares from Boston and return to Boston, \$44.45.

We were absent on our trip twenty days, and our entire expenses were under \$100, which included railroad fares, hotel bills, meals, etc.; in short, everything except tackle and expenditures for gifts to our trip. Our hotel bills averaged about \$1.50 per day.

At the "Dufferin," St. John, we paid \$2.50 per day; at the "Halifax House," \$2 per day; at Chester, \$1.25; at Newcaste, \$1.50; Campbellton, \$1.25. Long trip tickets average about two cents per mile, while local rates are over three cents. A single word about hunting. In N. S. and N. B. game of all kinds is being abundant. In their seasons. Moose and caribou are said to be very plenty; deer not quite so much; of smaller game, birds, partridges, ducks, quails, snipe, etc., are quite common. As to the place to go for game I was told "you can hardly go amiss." This is especially true I think between Annapolis and Yarmouth in N. S., and anywhere back from the settlements in New Brunswick. If one goes for game, he will find September and October the best time to go, and one of the best implements to take along is Parker's gun, and a "shotgun Auxiliary Rifle." Then you are prepared for all kinds of game. I am using both, and I find my "Shelton" a great desideratum in the woods. It is a powerful and accurate shooter and worthy of the indorsement of every sportsman. I had a light-fitting encaused leather case made for mine, and when not in use I kept it suspended from my left hip, and never have suffered any inconvenience from its presence.

In hunting one needs a dog, especially for birds: they are too tame to fly, and you will likely pass them if you do not have a dog's nose to point 'em out. If you have a good dog you ought to take him, as bird-shooting not being made so much of here, good dogs are not over plenty. For moose and caribou shooting you will find dogs in plenty if you strike the right locality, while our own dogs would be of little service. (At the risk of having my article open to the charge against a woman's letter—that the "rule" of it always lies in the potter's, I shall venture a few words more.)

In regard to the mode of getting to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, there are several pleasant routes and many places to be done en route without going much out of the way.

From New York one can take a steamer to Halifax, Boston or Portland.

From Boston one may go to Portland, Bangor, St. John, Yarmouth or Halifax by steamer if they prefer it to all rail, or you may divide between railroad and steamer.

From Portland you may take a steamer to Mount Desert, thence to Machipouit by steamer, thence to Eastport by stage about thirty miles, and there connect with International line of steamers for St. John. En route from Bangor to St. John are the Schoodic Lakes, of which Grand Lake is the centre, famous for land-locked salmon and trout. They may be reached by cars from McAdam Junction (on E. & N. A. R. R.), N. B. and C. R. R. to Princeton, or by steamers and stage from Eastport or St. John; distance, McAdam Junction to St. Stephen, thirty-five miles. Thence via Calais to Princeton, twenty miles. From St. John City one may take a steamer up the river St. John, and at points along the route make excursions through the wilderness to the head waters of the Miramichi or Nepisiguit.

From St. John's City you may go by rail to Point du Chene (Gulf of St. Lawrence) one hundred and thirteen miles, and there connect with Gulf Port steamships and take a steamer direct to Quebec, stopping en route at Chatham (for Miramichi), Bathurst (for Nepisiguit) or Gaspe. You may also from Point du Chene reach Prince Edwards Island, Pictou and Cape Breton by steamers. From Halifax you may take a coasting steamer along the south shore of Nova Scotia to Yarmouth, making stoppages en route.

In brief, to the variety of routes in this interesting country there is no end. But I must conclude this weighty "note" with the observation that although both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick lack the enterprise and thrift of the States, still the country is interesting and the people social and hospitable. One will meet with features foreign to those in your own country, and you will carry pleasant associations away with you which will outlast all privations and abide ever green in your memory, growing ever brighter with declining years.

GEORGE A. FAX.

West Meriden, Conn.

ROUSE SHOOTING ON THE REDWOOD.

"AN unpromising day for hunting, eh?" Any one but a sportsman would have thought so that morning, when my friend Mr. B. and I, having resigned our dogs to the tender mercies of the baggage-master, hoarded the cars at St. Paul en route for Redwood Falls.

It was hot, speaking mildly. It was also August 17, and the law on *Cygnus cygnus* had already been of two long days, and a day more must elapse before we could back our dogs with "Steady" and "Hic on," and hear the whirr of wings and the report of our tried breech-loaders. Hardly had an hour passed, and our minds settled to the contents of our favorite novel, when word came that my Don was mad.

Hastening to the baggage-car the spectacle was not encouraging. My dog, especially checked to death with dragging at his chain, and trembled and quaked in every part as if he shaking palsied and tetanus had both their clutch upon him. A liberal hydropathic treatment, however, and "Richard is himself again."

Before noon we arrived at Kasota Junction, with the pleasant knowledge that five long weary hours must be worn away somehow, somewhere between the depot and two or three shingles, which, if I remember rightly, comprised the entire village.

We were fortunate enough to fall in with a well-known dog trainer who was out exercising two puppies, and as Mr. B. had lately purchased "Captain Jack" of this individual, we felt quite content to hear his stories. He was, however, cruel to our hopes, for having dogs perhaps to train in that part of the country, he advised us to abandon Redwood Falls as a failure, no chickens there, and "go West."

This we kindly but firmly refused to do, and four o'clock saw us off again. A mile or so out from the Junction stands St. Peter's Insane Asylum, a noble stone structure surrounded by extensive grounds, which so lately, with many of its unfortunate inmates, was destroyed by fire. Whirling on to Sleepy Eye we changed cars, and I believe, for the first time in the day, really began to enjoy ourselves. Broad prairies extended on either hand, bounded only it seemed by the horizon.

As I grew drowsy, sitting by the open door of the baggage car, we could see the fire-flies flashing in the tall prairie grass. Now and then a solitary grouse would whirr away, or a covey would rise only to settle a little farther on. In the sloughs along track we could see teal and other ducks swimming and diving, busy with their evening meal, while cranes, herons and hawks squawked and lunged or sailed lazily away from the drooping grass, and what a sight. A description of its terrors would be to write another "Inferno." And well might they have said of us next morning, as they said of Dante (I omit the quotation).

Off bright and early next day, we soon discovered that we were in the right place, but, alas! was ever one so fortunate as not to be unfortunate? Birds were plenty, ammunition plenty, strong arms and good guns, but the weather was in-

sufferably hot, Don too fat, Leo weak—just over the mangle; and there we were. However, by hook and crook, getting up our own birds when our dogs were too petted to get them up for us, and by wide ranging ourselves we carried back a bag which, with the best of dogs and everything favorable, could not but be considered good.

The next forenoon was spent in visiting the dotes of the Redwood, the falls from which this enterprising little town takes its name, and rowing up the river to the mineral spring whose ferruginous waters, and sparkling, may have "millions in it" for the right party.

In the afternoon another friend in the land office took charge of us, and assuring us that he could get a dog worth having we left our own behind. After driving some twelve miles we found the dog. It was on the 7th afternoon that we took our first look at a jack rabbit. It was then that our ears were filled with wonderful stories of the monstrous traps these rabbits were accustomed to make—sixty feet at a jump we were told was nothing.

Warner tried to stop the individual in question, but after emptying both barrels into the air the rabbit concluded that Fred was rather excited and it was best for him to be moving.

I am sorry to add—in order to be truthful—that his leaps although long would double up many times to reach sixty feet.

Jack, the new dog, proved a success, on about three coveys, then he began to range. Out of sight in a few minutes we would come upon him a mile or two further on just in the act of getting up a fine lot of birds. Sometimes by much running or urging our horses by "pounding them on the back," as O'Hara expressed it, we would manage to get in a shot or two before the game was gone. With this sort of fight infantry charging again and again we brought our bag up into the fifties for the afternoon. As evening came the super-heated air cooled almost suddenly, and as the clear, round moon came slowly up over the prairie we could almost imagine it November weather, and gratefully drawing our top-coats about us we hastened homeward.

There is one thing rather noticeable about the Redwood County, and that is the fact that the floor and the carriage wheels roll along as if on a trotting track. In the other counties of Minnesota in which it has been my good fortune to shoot one can find nothing of this kind.

The next day took us across the Minnesota River into Kennebec County. Here, with "Sancho," another dog hired for the occasion, with his master to take care of the team and mark down birds, we had our first really good shooting. The dog, although not over well trained, was staunch, and thanks to him we made the best bag of our trip.

Ducks were plenty in the sloughs; cranes, too wary to be approached, were visible now and then, while hawks and herons were without number.

The Redwood and Minnesota rivers, I am told, afford excellent bass and pickerel fishing. Although I was obliged to forego the sport, the one large pickerel that I saw set my fingers itching for the rod.

Off at three next morning—cold, dark and disagreeable—a fortunate connection of trains brought us to St. Paul at eleven o'clock.

Two days and a half shooting; score one hundred and thirty pinnated grouse, besides hawks and herons.

I can say for the "Exchange," S. D. Sickers, proprietor, that it is a good house, well kept, and that everything is done for the comfort and accommodation of sportsmen. Terms \$2.00 a day. W. P. M.

Boston.

DEER STALKING.

NO one who has enjoyed the pleasure of deer stalking there is ever, as the season approaches, a desire to renew the sport. For the past two winters we have denied ourselves the coveted pleasure, but a letter from a friend of bygone days warned us that the season was drawing to a close, and that to fulfill legally our promise we must come at once. It was enough. We would go.

A day's ride by rail of twenty or more miles by a semi-weekly mail and passenger stage, that rounded one more to the deer trip, and we were off. The Rocky Mountains than in the interior of the State of Pennsylvania, brought us safely within one hour's walk of the house of our friend, a son of a once noted woodsman of this section. And while speaking of this we might as well put on record the fact that within a few miles of here lives the veteran hunter John McHenry, than whom no better shot nor one better posted as to the habits of every species of deer and its haunts, was to be found in the State. He rode a rifle or trailed a deer. A true sportsman before the law prohibited or exonerated the man who did it, he shot every dog of friend or foe that he found following a deer on the mountains, and few cared to quarrel with John McHenry for so doing. A quiet, peaceful man ordinarily, he was a very tolerant when aroused. Even yet you cannot find a native of these mountains who cannot tell you of his exploits, and his reputation of having killed many more deer than any man in this or adjoining counties is, I think, well supported by facts.

The walk from the stage to the house of our host was the pleasant part of the trip. It gave us an opportunity to get the cramped feelings of travel worked off and to allow us to feel as free as the country we were in, and fit us to enjoy our supper. Every country, yes, every section, differs in its customs. We knew where we were going, but our anticipation was more than realized; and again, we will write that no place away from its native land can its fruits be fully enjoyed. Never nectar tasted like that of Methuon, nor venison prepared by the best French artist like that done to a turn on the huge open fire. The repast over we discussed the plans of the morrow and listened to the stories of the successes, adventures and escapes of the half dozen hunters and their guides. We knew where we were going, but our anticipation was more than realized; and again, we will write that no place away from its native land can its fruits be fully enjoyed. 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Natural History.

THE CHESAPEAKE ZOOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

THE Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore has recently published the report of the third year's work of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory, covering the summer of 1880.

This Laboratory, of which W. K. Brooks, Ph. D., is Director, has afforded accommodation in the past to a number of earnest investigators, and much good work on the Southern marine fauna has been done by them. Dr. W. K. Brooks' studies on the development of the oyster have a practical bearing which would commend them even to those least interested in science. During the past summer six gentlemen were at work in the Laboratory; these were the Director, Mr. K. Mitsuaki, Ph. B.; Mr. E. B. Wilson, Ph. B.; Mr. F. W. King, A. M.; H. C. Everts, M. D., and H. F. Osborne, Ph. D. The Laboratory was opened April 23, 1880, and closed September 30, thus being in operation for twenty-three weeks. Beaufort, North Carolina, was chosen as the seat of operations for 1880, and in his report Dr. Brooks gives his reasons for this choice and some description of zoological interest of the locality. He says:

Beaufort was selected for our third season's work because it is the nearest accessible town south of Baltimore which is favorably situated for zoological study. The advantages of a location in a town are well shown by the fact that the expenses of a session of twenty-three weeks this year were considerably less than those of a ten weeks' session the year before.

The scientific advantages of Beaufort are very great; the most important is the great difference between its fauna and that of our Northern Atlantic coast.

The configuration of our coast line is such that Cape Hatteras, a location in a town as well as from the coast, and thus forms an abrupt barrier between a cold Northern coast and a warm Southern one. The fauna north of this barrier passes gradually into that of southern New England, while the fauna south of the barrier passes without any abrupt change into that of Florida, but the northern fauna is sharply separated by Cape Hatteras from the southern.

As the laboratory at Newport affords opportunities for work in the study of the fauna, it seemed best for us to select a point south of Cape Hatteras in order to study the Southern fauna with the same advantages, and as Beaufort is the only town near the Cape which can be reached without difficulty, it was chosen as the best place for the laboratory.

The situation of this town is exceptionally favorable for zoological work, for the surrounding waters present such a diversity of conditions that the fauna is unusually rich and varied.

Close to the town there are large sand bars, bare for miles at low tide, and abounding in animal life. From these we could collect an unending supply of Amphioxus, Renilla, Limulus, Balanoglossus, Sea Urchins, and a great variety of Molluscs and Crusta.

The mud thus furnished us with another fauna, and yielded a great variety of Annelids, a new set of species of Crustacea and Molluscs, Gephyreans, Echinoderms and Polyps. The large salt marshes gave us a third fauna, and a short distance inland large swamps of brackish and fresh water furnished still other conditions of life.

As the town is situated at the point where Gore Sound connects Pamlico Sound with Hogue Sound we were within easy reach of a continuous sheet of landlocked salt water more than a hundred miles long, and these sounds furnished still another collecting and dredging ground, abounding in Corals, Gorgonias, Ascidians, Star Fish, Sea Urchins, and a new set of Molluscs and Crustacea.

As most of the shoreless flat and sandy those animals which live upon a sandy bottom are much more abundant than those which attach themselves to solid bodies, but the stone breakwaters at Port Macon, the wharves at Beaufort and Morehead City, and the large oyster beds which are found in the sounds furnish a proper habitat for many fixed animals, and yielded us a rich supply of Hydroids, Corals, Ascidians, Sea Anemones, Sponges, Cirripeds, etc. The ocean beach, within a short distance of the town furnished still another fauna, and a sail of three miles from the laboratory carried us to a good locality for ocean dredging.

The greatest advantage of the locality is the richness of its pelagic fauna. There are very few points upon land which are so situated that the surface animals of mid-ocean can be procured in abundance. For laboratory work, and as careful work is very difficult on shipboard, the laboratory which can be furnished with a good supply of living pelagic animals presents opportunities for work in an extremely interesting and almost new field.

The Gulf Stream is constantly sweeping these animals northward along the North Carolina coast, and as the tide sets in through Beaufort Inlet into the sounds the floating animals are carried with it. Such oceanic animals as Physalia and Porpita were frequent. The oceanic nature of the work is very difficult on shipboard, the laboratory which can be furnished with a good supply of living pelagic animals presents opportunities for work in an extremely interesting and almost new field.

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With all these advantages we enjoyed a mild and uniform climate which enabled us to work in perfect comfort during the hottest months of summer.

The zoological resources of Beaufort have not escaped the attention of American naturalists and there are few places upon our coast, outside of New England, where more zoological work has been done. In 1860 Dr. Stimpson and Gill spent a season in dredging and collecting in the vicinity of Beaufort, Cape Lookout and Cape Hatteras, and an account of their work was published in the "American Journal of Science." Dr. Cones, who was stationed at Fort Macon during the war, occupied himself for two years in collecting the animals which are found here, and he published a series of papers on the "Natural History of Port Macon and Vicinity" in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia."

These papers, which were continued by Dr. Yarrow, contain copious and valuable notes on the habits and distribution of the animals which were observed, and we found them a great help to us. These two naturalists found four hundred

and eighty species of animals in the vicinity of Beaufort. Of these four hundred and eighty, two hundred and ninety-eight are vertebrates and one hundred and eighty-two are invertebrates. Of the vertebrates twenty-four are mammals, one hundred and thirty-three are birds, twenty-seven are reptiles, six batrachians, ninety-seven fishes and eleven selachians. Of the invertebrates one hundred and forty-seven are molluscs, twenty-one are crustaceans. The list of vertebrates is very nearly exhaustive and we made no additions to it, but the list of invertebrates is obviously very imperfect, and, although we made no attempt to tabulate the species which we observed, there would be no difficulty in enlarging the list twenty or thirty fold.

Among other naturalists who have spent more or less time at Beaufort I may mention Professor L. Agassiz, Professor E. S. Morse, Dr. A. S. Packard, Professor Webster and Professor D. S. Jordan. Professor Morse procured most of the material for his well-known paper on the "Systematic Position of the Brachiopoda" on the sand bars in Beaufort Inlet.

The results of the summer's work are briefly touched on in the report. Much valuable work, attended with interesting discoveries, was done on the Crustacea. The embryology of marine Annelids was also studied and considerable time devoted to the hydroids and jelly fish. Some of the most interesting results of the summer's work have been briefly announced in the scientific journals of this country and Europe, and we look forward with interest to the publication of the results in full.

The following abstracts of a number of the more important points covered by the work of 1880 were published during the past summer:

The Development of the Cephalopoda and the Homology of the Cephalopod Foot. By W. K. Brooks. "Amer. Journal of Science."

The Development of Annelids. By E. B. Wilson. "Amer. Journal of Science."

The Rhythmical Nature of Segmentation. By W. K. Brooks. "Amer. Journal of Science."

The Origin of the Metamorphosis of Aetinothrocha. By E. B. Wilson. Amer. Assoc., Boston Meeting.

The Molluscs of Beaufort. By W. K. Brooks. Amer. Assoc., Boston Meeting.

Budding in Free Medusae. By W. K. Brooks. "Amer. Naturalist."

Development of Marine Polychaetes Annelids. By E. B. Wilson. "Zoologischer Anzeiger."

Embryology and Metamorphosis of Lucifer. By W. K. Brooks. "Zoologischer Anzeiger."

The Early Stages of Renilla. By E. B. Wilson. "Amer. Journal of Science."

THE FLORIDA RATTLESNAKE.

Crotalus Adamanteus.

A YOUNG naturalist from Cincinnati, Mr. D., was wounded March, 1875, near Fort Orange, Volusia Co., Florida, as follows:

He had killed a very large snake, over six feet long, and cut off its head intending to take it home in alcohol. In order to make it safe to carry he proceeded to stuff its mouth with cotton so as to prevent its biting. He did with a stick six or eight inches long while the head lay upon the ground. As he pushed in the cotton the head gave a spasmodic spring, and one of the fangs scratched the end of the right thumb. Mr. D. directly tied a cord tightly about the thumb, and called to his companion to open the flesh with his knife, this was done, and the thumb was sucked to extremity as much of the poison as possible. He then sent to the nearest house for whisky, and walked to the hotel perhaps half a mile.

No whisky, however, could be obtained for more than an hour. When it came Mr. D. drank a pint or more, but it was very bad liquor, and Mr. D. never having used spirits found much difficulty in swallowing it. A doctor had been sent for in the meantime. From the tightness of the ligature the venom seemed to be confined to the end of the thumb which had become black. After Mr. D. had drank all the whisky he could swallow he removed the ligature fearing the death of the part from arrested circulation. As soon as this was done constitutional symptoms appeared, nervous depression and difficulty of breathing, while the hand and arm began to swell. In about six hours the surgeon arrived, who tomed the patient evenly with spongy, he gave more whisky, and also the French antidote prepared by Powers & Wightman, of Philadelphia, also using volatile liniment on the limb. It was of the opinion that the patient would not have survived another hour but for the antidote and the additional doses of whisky.

After Mr. D. began to rally, and when I saw him a week later he thought he would escape with the loss of the thumb. In about two weeks after the accident Mr. D. arrived at New Smyrna on his way home. The arm was in a sling, and was still swollen and somewhat discolored. The end of the thumb was sloughing off. Mr. D. told me that all the whisky he drank, probably near a quart, produced not the slightest intoxication, although he had scarcely ever tasted liquor before.

The snake was in the molting state, when it is blind and particularly venomous. Mr. D. thought that if the bite had been inflicted by the living animal anywhere except on one of the extremities that death would have ensued in fifteen minutes. He has killed and prepared many rattlesnakes, and was aware of the danger of handling them, but supposed that this one was dead and harmless.

Another instance of the same kind was told me by the sufferer, a powerful and athletic man, who being on a hunt in Turnbull's Swamp, near New Smyrna, shot a large rattlesnake which was lying across the path. Taking the snake up by the neck to remove it, its weight was so great that the hand of Mr. L. slipped and a finger was scratched by one of the fangs. Mr. L. tied a cord about the wrist and started for the hotel to procure whisky. He was about two miles distant, and before he had gone half a mile he was so sick that he had to hang up the deer which he was carrying. Presently he was obliged to leave his gun and lie down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he reached the hotel, where he drank a bottle of whisky before any symptoms of intoxication appeared. In this case, as in the other, the patient was wholly unaltered to spirituous liquors.

Mr. L. was also told that his arm was swollen and useless for a week, and it was many weeks before he fully recovered. With youth, health and a vigorous constitution to assist him, he barely escaped with his life from this scratch. The species of rattlesnake found in Florida is larger and more venomous than those of the North. They

seen. Having expected just about such luck we were not so greatly disappointed; in fact, rather pleased, for we did not wish to miss one, and felt then in no condition to be sure of getting in a telling shot even with a good opportunity.

The next morning, leaving early and taking a different route, scarce an hour had gone before our companion brought down a fine doe. We only saw the one when he fired, but three others bounded away. This was a fine shot made at ninety paces with a muzzle-loading rifle. After hanging the doe up we commenced to get up on the does we had frightened away, and this is an art that the best of us are glad to learn more of and to profit by the secrets of each successful hunter. Having followed these deer for hours, and momentarily expecting to see them fly for their lives, they astonished us by the noise they made coming down the mountain as if chased by a dog. Now or never! They were running broadside to us and faster, it seems, than I ever saw deer run before, probably from the fact that I had seen none for two years. There was no time for delay, but slugging out the largest, calculating on their speed, and firing, was the work of an instant; and such a sight, such a confused tumble never greeted my eyes, though I had seen deer fall from the first to the last day of the season for many successive years. To get a second cartridge into the gun was another moment's time, but the deer did not prove as lively as I expected, but I think he made up in speed what I over-estimated him in size, therefore with the results of the shot I was more than satisfied.

To a novice the carrying of a deer is quite a task, but by putting it over the head, letting the hind legs come down in front of the right shoulder and the front legs where the left hand can grasp them, the largest deer can be easily carried. After the last shot, night not being far off, and the deer good as good as dead, we gathered up our last trophy and retraced our steps to get the one of the morning, and it was not long until we were once more waiting for supper and recounting the incidents of the day.

The next day brought us no return for a long tramp, save the sight of three deer at distances too long to kill, and with night we left the mountain for the day and the season, feeling, however, well compensated for the three days' tramp in carrying off what no circumstances could deprive us of.

It has never been our pleasure to hunt on the plains, but I doubt if the shooting of an antelope in the open at five hundred yards is any more of a task than the killing of a common Pennsylvania red deer at one hundred and seventy-five yards in the woods, provided both are going at the same rate of speed.

We cannot close without adding, by way of postscript, our wonder if the world at large knows what a blessing mountains are. Here is the very spirit of freedom nurtured; the best and noblest-hearted of men are born, bred and reared; the difficulty of intercourse with the world preserves them from its bickerings, narrow-hearted selfishness and jealousies.

Unityville, Lycoming County, Pa. BIRSK SNOT.

F. A. DURIVAGE.

F. A. DURIVAGE was an author, artist, sportsman and gentleman in the strongest sense of the words I use. Yet he has passed away as almost all my boon companions of forty years ago—gone so suddenly that I scarce can realize it now! Only ten days before his death I received a letter, blotted with his tears, conoling with me over the bitter loss of my little daughter. On my arrival in New York city on February 4 I learned that he had died on the first of this month.

Born in 1814, liberally educated, from his earliest youth gifted with both pen and pencil, Francis A. Durivage made his way upward and onward, winning friends, fame and a competency, as he went along. As the "Old Un" in the old Spirit of the Times, he wrote many of the finest sketches ever found in that spicy paper. I was associated with him on the Boston Times immediately after I returned from the Mexican war, and from that time up to his death we were warm friends, constant correspondents when apart, and so associated that no one can better testify to his guileless, open heart, his great talent, his true manhood.

The little poem which I beg to lay before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM speaks a volume of the love he bore for his son, who fell in the service of his country. I have sent the original in manuscript, and a sketch, a landscape made in Europe, to the FOREST AND STREAM office, where the friends of "our dear old Dury" can always see them. This is a copy of the verses:

ALL.

There hangs a sabre and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green corset chain,
A pair of spurs and a broken sword,
And a mottled saddle—well, that is all!

Come out to the stable if it is not far,
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar,
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a larger—well, that is all!

The good, black horse came riderless home,
Flashed with blood drops as well as toam;
See yonder hitch! Where did leaves fall,
The good black horse and the dead that's all!

Al! Oh, God! What all I can speak:
Question me not! I am old and weak!
His sabre and saddle hang on the wall,
And his horse pinned to death! I have told you all.

And now the father has gone to meet his son where parting comes no more. Art, literature, fond relatives, dear friends, all that Durivage can suffer no more. He had been an invalid for years, the result of a fall on his shoulder when returning from a trip in Europe in 1873. His last letter to me, bearing date January 18, contained these words:

"I am really afraid to open a paper, my friends are dying so fast. Jas. Oates, "Acorn," Cowdin, Hon. Chas. F. Clinde, Epe Sargent, and now your darling Irene!"
Alas, only a few days ago his hand was cold in the grasp of death, the eyes that had blotted the letter to me in my sorrow are closed forever.

God rest thee, noble soul! God comfort those who miss you! I can write but this—no truer friend ever grasped my hand than he who rests from labor forever.

NED BUNTLINE.

FLORIDA, Fernandina.—The weather has been so wet and inclement as to preclude all field sports. So, we, our dogs and guns are all resting together. However we live in hope of a few brighter days before long. Game is rather plenty, but the country rather full of water. Plenty of snipe on our marshes, and I hear of woodcock a few miles from here, a bird that is rather scarce with us.

A. C. F.

correspondent writes: "It is not the gun that destroys and exterminates our game, but, among many other things, are the hawks, minks and foxes.

"A few years ago two or three of our young men took to hunting all kinds of furs—mink, fox, skunk, etc., and many a farmer's boy made enough money for his winter use. The next season the result was plainly visible. In places where those animals had been abundant and quail scarce we (the two fur buyers and myself) shot thirty-four quail in one afternoon. This was a good bag for us, and we wondered how it was that we found so many birds on that forsaken spot. By questioning and conjecturing we came to the conclusion that the nest-destroying animals were nearly all caught, and so it proved to be, for right around there these boys captured their furs do wago to hunt quail, and there is the only place that we find them."

Some months ago we spoke of the commendable example of the Luzerne County, Pa., Sportsmen's Club, which offers bounties on hawks, and we are glad to note that other societies are adopting the same plan. The Forest and Stream Association, of Wilmington, O., have raised a fund to be used in giving premiums for the destruction of hawks and has published its appeal to that effect in the local papers. Of the destruction of the quail by hawks in Ohio during the close season there, a Wilmington correspondent says: "I located a remonstrance against any change in our present game law. It was signed by several quail dealers and citizens with scarcely an exception. Our present law is a good one and we do not want it changed. They will legislate the quail out of existence if they keep on. They had much better offer a reward for the destruction of hawks if they want quail to increase. During the past two 'close seasons' in this State the hawks were driven in from our sister States, where shooting was permitted, in great numbers, and proved very destructive to our quail. I think both close seasons were actually disadvantageous and quail did not perceptibly increase during those seasons."

The premiums are \$10 to the person killing the greatest number of hawks, \$5 to the next, \$2 to the third. In addition to the above premiums, the Association will pay \$1 per dozen for all hawks killed in Clinton County during this time; the said hawks to be of the larger varieties commonly known as the squirrel, bullock and red-tailed hawks. These premiums do not cover the small species of hawks, which should not be killed, and being of great benefit to the farmer. The head and two talons of each hawk will be taken as evidence of destruction.

Other associations are adopting the same timely and sensible measure. The Lynnhurgh, Va., Society for the Protection of Game has offered fifty cents apiece for the scalps of hawks, with a view of checking the destruction of quail and other birds.

The sportsmen of Washington, Pa., have organized a side hunt for hawks, etc., to extend through February and March, the losing party to pay for a supper.

We should be pleased to hear from our correspondents in various sections of the country further reports of efforts in this direction and of the good results which may have followed.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

WE have advices from many sections, all showing the effects of the recent cold weather and heavy snows upon the supply of game. A Coshocton, O., correspondent, under date of January 17, says: "The very severe weather we are having is killing off all the quail and ruffed grouse in this part of the State. I frequently hear of whole berries of quail being found frozen to death. Last Saturday a boy near here took a grouse off a tree. It was too numb to fly."

Wilmington, Ohio, letter, written January 17, says: "The quail are all right in this locality; many more left than ever before. They are also very plenty in the adjoining counties of Green, Fayette, Highland, Brown and Warren, and in fact in all the corn producing districts of Southern Ohio. You cannot freeze out fat quail, and they have been unusually fat this winter. No quail have perished in this county either from hunger or cold. There is now one pair of our corn standing out on the stalks, some say over one-half. This gives abundance of food and shelter. This corn will not be gathered until March, so come what may our quail are all safe."

A Cleveland, Ohio, correspondent tells us: "Our quail season has been very short, 15th November to December 31, in Ohio, and really weighs less on account of hard weather. More rest for the quail. The quail I have been wintering in many localities plenty, others very scarce. I bagged in eight days twenty-one dozen over an eleven-month old 'Arlington' Flora, Irish puppy. That of course is not all I have killed, but that is plenty thick enough for me. I see in a paper that quail are frozen out in Southern Ohio. It is not the case here, nor in Central Ohio. I found quail as good and strong as I ever shot them. There is more corn not hunted in Ohio than I ever saw in thirty years' shooting, and I think quail will not suffer much here this season. An informant such is the case in Michigan. Had a very nice shoot in Michigan with John Davidson in October. Shot a good variety of game—grouse, quail, cock, snipe and rabbits. He has some splendid youngsters in his kennel this time, flyers indeed. I shot a good many cock last season, nearly 300. Largest bag, fifteen brace."

From Jordan Station, Ky., a correspondent writes: "The extreme cold weather and an army of trappers have almost exterminated the quail. Icefoot Lake, three hours' drive from this point, is almost deserted by both game and hunters."

S. C. C. writes from Marietta, Ga., under date Jan. 15: "The quail (partridges in Southern speech) have suffered much from the cold. It was five degrees below one night, with the ground covered with snow to the depth of six to ten inches for a week. Many flocks have been found frozen, as well as other birds, and quail will probably be scarce next fall."

Attention has already been called in these columns to the possible danger of eating quail at this time. Concerning this subject the Washington *Republican* says: "It will be recollected that at the time Buchanan was inaugurated a large number of persons were poisoned at a certain prominent Washington hotel. The winter immediately preceding the inauguration was an unusually hard one. The proprietor of the hotel had a number of quail procured from the hills of the quail in the surrounding country. These birds had been starved to such an extent that they were compelled to feed upon poisonous berries and leaves until their flesh became thoroughly permeated with the poison. The birds have been starved for weeks, and are now feeding upon such berries

and buds as to make their flesh poisonous. The deep snows in the country prevent the birds from receiving their usual sustenance from seed and the sands or small gravel which assist in digesting and assimilating the same, and consequently they are driven to those modes of sustaining life which, while they may be useful to themselves for the time being, render their flesh highly injurious to human beings as an article of food. The birds are being killed at the present time by shooting and trapping, and the country people who offer the same in market are entirely ignorant of the terrible and insidious poison which they are daily distributing. All through the adjacent country of Maryland and Virginia we have what is known as the poison oak. This is a vine which bears berries very similar to those of the wild grape vines. The touch of the 'poison oak' is deadly by all who travel through the woods. Its contact so swells the hands and face as to render the individual unrecognizable by his friends in a few moments. The quail at this season of the year seeks the poisonous berries which grow upon the vine."

The extraordinary depletion of the game calls for active efforts on the part of individual sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs to replenish the supply. Many instances have come to our knowledge where this has been undertaken. Live quail are advertised in our columns, and as we announced last week, may also be bought of H. C. Ryall, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

"Homo" writes from Philadelphia: "In Philadelphia many of our game-dealers are purchasing live quail, wherever they can get them for sale, for those wishing to restock regions where the birds have been destroyed by snow. There is a great demand for them here and prices are high. I have never known but one such winter in my recollection, and continual information from the South, as far as lower Alabama and Georgia, states that the quail there have suffered severely. Quail from the far South, for restocking purposes, will be no mean the bird to procure, on account of their natural susceptibility to cold, and an ordinary winter North would certainly destroy many of the first year's hatching. What we want, if possible, are quail from Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, and certainly not further South than North Carolina."

The Maryland Association of Talbot County, at Easton, Md., correspondent writes, proposing to cook their section, and will be sent to the South. They have issued the following circular: "The Maryland Association of Talbot County for the Protection of Game and Fish desire to enlist the active co-operation of all the residents of the county in their efforts to avert the total destruction of birds and rabbits by the severe weather now upon us. There are few berries, the most having fallen, and the earth is covered deeply with snow, under which a solid crust of ice prevents the possibility of the birds obtaining food. Without help all must perish. We urgently press upon all farmers, and most especially those who are members of the association, the necessity of preventing this disaster by feeding the birds. Keep a space cleared at the stack yard, near the hog and cattle pens, or under shelter of the woods, and supply it regularly with damaged grain, screenings or corn. The birds will soon find it, and enough breeders be saved to stock the county. The hawks will soon find where the birds are, and a few sets of traps set on the stack poles, or other suitable places, will accomplish a double object—the hawks will be caught and destroyed, and the bounty of fifty cents in cash for every scalp will pay for all trouble and expense."

A New York city correspondent suggests that a few quail turned loose in the spring and a few quarts of grain or seed well distributed now will do more than any game laws. In the colder climates in Europe it is customary to provide a rude shelter here and there, with close picket fences, yet so birds can pass in and out, and here grain is kept all through their hard season, and they have no trouble about scarcity of game.

Frank Selley writes from Frederick, Maryland, Jan. 31: "Supposing the intense cold weather and the long continued snow might have had a disastrous effect upon the partridges (Bob Whites), I directed Henry Perkins who is a reliable huntsman to take my two partridge dogs, Dick and Duke and ascertain if there were any partridges left in the woods. The ground is to be beaten, both by the dogs and the huntsman were perfectly familiar with, being the laurel hill sides, foot lands, briar patches, saxe fields, swamps and thickets of the Lingsboro hills where I had left in different locations six to eight partly broken up coveys of partridges in the season. He and the dogs returned home late in the evening very much fatigued from tramping over the snow, and he reported that he had gone over every foot of the ground as I had directed him, and found the birds to be beaten, both by the dogs and they were wild, strong and hearty."

A Sutton, Mass., correspondent, who says that the quail are suffering very much there, adds, "I am feeding three broods thirty-one in all—and hope to get them safely through the winter."

The deer and other large game have suffered at the hands of the 'crusts', 'crusts' and butchers. It has been an excellent season for filling up refrigerators. We take from the Reno, Nevada, *Gazette* a paragraph showing how they do it out there: "The heavy fall of snow which came on Dec. 1 caught a great many deer in the hills. Two brothers named Jones, who live on Feather River, four miles from Beckwith, found a fresh trail down the mountain one morning which had evidently been made by deer striking out for Red Rock and other warm valleys over the Nevada line. The Joneses started out on the trail, and it was not long but that night nearly a hundred deer turned back from it. Next day the Jones boys started out on the trail and soon came up to straggling deer floundering through the snow. A wounded deer led one of the boys off the main trail, but the other followed up until he came to a fence, where he found a number of the herd tired out and unable to go further. He shot nine without moving from his position, and had to stop for want of bullets, having used up all his load. The hunters say: 'Crows have been found in numbers, dead around the river shores and country roads, having either died from cold or starvation, or both. Several fine deer were killed near Chancelorsville last week.'"

Advices from High Point, North Carolina, say: "The severe weather here has hurt the quail shooting, though there are some birds left."

From Farquhar County, Va., we hear: "The almost next to nothing snow with us has of course destroyed many partridges, but not all, for some were seen near my home yesterday. Our sportsmen have bought a good many, and keep them in coops to turn out in the fields in the spring."

One of the 'old-fashioned winterers,' of which we hear so much, was that of 1779-80. A newspaper writer says of it;

"The winter of 1779-80 was very severe in this country. The bitter cold began in the middle of November and continued until the close of February. The sun's rays were not warm enough to melt the snow, which lay on the ground almost five months, so thick that it was very hard to get from place to place. All ordinary bodies of water were so bound, frozen low and wide, and perished by thousands, so did deer and buffalo, and wolves and panthers, mainly from lack of their natural food, buried under the snow. The Northern and Western rivers were fettered by the frost, and the Cumberland was so firmly frozen as far South as Nashville that emigrant trains passed securely over the river. The Delaware opposite Philadelphia contained ice of three or four feet, and Long Island Sound and the Chesapeake were frozen over. Scientific persons have declared that hot and cold waves often recur every eleven years, as in 1848, 1857 and 1868, and the weather wise predict that this will prove to be one of the coldest winters known for twenty years."

From Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the Secretary of the Iowa State Association writes, under date of January 25: "Snow has not been very deep in this section, and I think the quail will pull through. They were in abundance and very few shot or killed this season. If they get through winter, will be plenty next season."

It is needless to say that a heavy fall of snow and a freezing 'spell of weather' are hailed with joy by the fellows who snare and trap and mangle-shoot the coveys. An Oskaloosa, Iowa, letter says: "The quail and chicken shooting season just past with us has been one of the best on record. We have had but very little snow until within the last two weeks, but there are about eight inches of snow on the ground at the present time, with a good prospect for more, and I am almost ashamed to tell you, but it is the truth, em quail are being killed by the hundred almost every day and brought into town under the noses of our officials, who do not try to molest the offender. Everybody says that there never were so many quail, and that there will be plenty left to breed from another year, but for my part I do not believe it. If the deep snow lasts and the potting is kept up I think that there will be very few quail left for spring. We have a sportsman club in our city, with a good prospect for more, and the members are very sure that are now killing quail almost every day in the week. We are to have a grand circular wolf hunt in our township on the twenty-fifth of the present month."

A Highland Park, Ill., letter says: "I am much afraid the snow and excessively cold weather will use up what quail we have left. Foxes are very plenty this year; partridges scarce."

CRUSTING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The interesting manner in which you present matters pertaining to the welfare of all branches of sport, the just views expressed relative to protection of game of all kinds, upholding the righteous and condemning the unjust, are very gratifying. For several years the improvements made in Forest and Stream, its appearance and internal workings have been noted with great pleasure.

It has been remarked that "it is almost useless to attempt to get right game legislation as things are now." My ideas are that, through your watchfulness and exposure from time to time of the attempts to force jobs through, a great deal of harmful matter can be prevented from accumulating. Unless you had adopted that course certainly there would not have grown the existing wide spread confidence in your willingness to expose such matters.

The sportsman now feel confident that any injustice toward the preservation of game will be attacked by you and every endeavor put forth to defeat the attempts. Surely the scheme for selling game the year through could not have met a worse blow than you gave it.

The very interesting letter from Wm. P. Dodge, published in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, can but have been written purely in the spirit of wishing to point out a serious matter, and one relating to the welfare of trout. He apparently is a gentleman very much interested on that subject and to a lesser degree, though perhaps not much, the protection of deer in our Adirondack region. Toward the close of the communication he remarks: "Men calling themselves sportsmen, and who belong to sportsmen's clubs are members in good standing," being in the woods in June and July on a fishing excursion, and want a little venison to eat while in camp. "I have a 'mistake' notice" that they have a right to kill it for that purpose, which he follows by claiming "that it works harm to the general enforcement of the law to allow it, as guides and parties living back in these localities claim, with good grounds, that it is no worse for them to 'crust' deer for meat for winter use than for those sportsmen (?) to kill them out of season for their use." Please allow me to call attention to a difference between "crusting" for meat to use and "crusting" in the general acceptance of the term.

In the first place, the guides and residents of the Adirondack region might "crust" every winter for the purpose of using the meat for food for themselves, and stand on an equal footing with sportsmen who kill for "a little venison to eat while in camp." My view of that part of "crusting" is that the deer would hold their own in point of numbers.

In looking at the broader acceptance of the term "crusting," quite a different feeling exists, for the idea is that the person or parties seeking to kill deer by "crusting" do so with the full knowledge that the deer are perfectly helpless, and it is possible to kill nearly every one found in the "yard." C. Fenton asks the question in his excellent letter, published in your issue of the 18th instant, "Wherein lies the difference between killing deer after being driven to water by hounds and that of killing them by crusting or killing them in the deep snows of winter on snow shoes?" Of course the answer is that the person or persons who are killing the kind with the inference that some absurdity exists in trying to make a distinction. The case stands like this: In getting the deer either in the water away from shore or finding them "yarded" while deep or crusty snow exists, the party seeking to kill the deer knows that he has the advantage and is sure of his victim, there is not much uncertainty. Consequently it is like picking apples off from a tree—get them all. Unhappily, it is similar after they are gotten, only that the person or parties seeking to kill deer by "crusting" do so with a larly, for the apples are gathered entirely with the idea of use, while the deer are killed principally because it is possible.

To show how helpless the deer become during deep and crusty snow time, I will call attention to the fact that moose are captured sometimes alive and bound with ropes under

similar conditions, and taken out of the woods alive too. Take it for granted that if moose can be so treated, the poor deer are easily to be treated. It is possible, it is so hamper deer with ropes either in the water or in the deep woods. I believe it very excusable for the guides or residents of the wilderness proper to procure venison for subsistence in any manner possible, but the wanton destruction of deer is quite another matter. The sportsman might justify himself for shooting quail or woodcock while on the ground during nesting season, or while caring for their young quite as well. It is only excusable when the deer are in the hands of the hunter.

Mr. Dodge also remarks that owing to the condition of the snow the dogs are not able to run, and in that way puts directly in this inconsonant manner to one of the greatest and most pernicious evils we have, and one that cannot be eradicated without State power and money. The fact is that the inhabitants of regions bordering on the Adirondack wilderness can go in with bounds with perfect feelings of security against being during all times. Mr. Dodge gives evidence of the practice during close season even of hounding the deer.

In connection with this subject I should like to call attention to a portion of a letter published in your issue of the 27th inst. "The proper law would be to forbid the sale of game after the first day of the close season. This is the rule abroad. Why should it not be so here? The only exception to this might be made in the case of venison, which only exists in our State for a few weeks, and is not to be protected by local laws, with the consent and co-operation of the residents." Close the gates on the goats but let the sheep go through! Prevent the reception of quail, grouse and other game from the West and South, but admit venison because it cannot be marketed very well—conveniently—only in cold weather. Yes, deer "only exist in our State in a few localities." I fear if it becomes possible to market venison in New York and other cities all during January that the market men will not be obliged to go to the far West entirely with orders for venison; mysterious boxes and barrels of "potatoes" or possibly "mutton" will be shipped from the "few localities of our State" as long as they exist. However great the supply may be at present I think means should be taken to prevent a diminution of it rather than to offer loopholes for a contrary result. If the marketmen cannot conveniently freeze their venison so as to bring it to market during the open season, and sell it during that season, why I say let them suffer, not the deer. If it is prohibited to sell quail or after the first day of the close season it reverts to the benefit of game, for there would not be so much killed during the last few days of the open season virtually cutting short the open season for pot-hunters, and is a suggestion worthy of consideration, very broadly so. For in protecting the game are we not protecting the interests of all lovers of sport if the game is the genuine interests of marketmen? If they do not know their own greatest interests the societies who study such matters and the sportsmen's papers should point out to them the straight and narrow path.

To permit one violation and discountenance another, it must be admitted, "works harm to the general enforcement of the law." WOLFE.

QUAIL AND DUCKS IN FLORIDA.

WILLIAMSPORE, Md., Jan. 31.

A WORD of warning and of a advice to brothers of the rod and gun may not come amiss, and I shall be fully repaid if I can save only one of your many readers, who are thinking of such a trip, from the impositions practiced by the railroad between Richmond, Va., and Jacksonville. Appended they will find reasonably good reasons for my warning.

The first question asked, "Is there plenty of game?" and I can truthfully say yes. Ducks, quail, deer, turkeys and fish are to be found in abundance, such an abundance as no Eastern gunners can ever hope to see here, and withal so easy of access from all points North that the wonder is that more sportsmen do not go there. The whole line of railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys literally swarms with ducks and quail, and the sportsmen on the road board can be had at from \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

Our party, consisting of H. J. and the writer, with our guns and three dogs, left Washington on the fast mail south at 11:50 A. M., January 6, and right there our troubles began.

While purchasing our tickets we inquired about charges on our dogs, and were informed by the gentlemanly agent that there was no charge on dogs except the baggage master's fee, and such we found reasonable. We were then directed to Richmond. There, as paymaster for our trip, my troubles began in dead earnest, and the further we went the worse it became, until in sheer desperation we threw away our tickets from Charleston, S. C., to Jacksonville via railroad, and took passage to the latter point on the steambot St. Johns, making thereby a clear saving of twelve dollars on account of dogs, and in addition reaching Jacksonville fully six hours ahead of our train. For Leokov's outfit we started for Otter Creek and Col. Wiggins's in the "Gulf Hammock," but finding when we reached Archer that the whole country south of Bronson was flooded we concluded to stop at the latter point. There our good angel in the person of Capt. J. D. McDonald (our conductor on train) came to the front, and advised us to go to Shell Lake, assuring us that it was the "gunner's paradise," which assertion we can heartily bear testimony to the truth of.

Reaching Shell Lake about noon we were most hospitably received by our generous host, Judge McD. Although he was totally unprepared for our arrival we were at once made to feel that our host's hospitality is still a myth, for "right royally" we were entertained, although unknown to us a dark shadow even then overhung the household.

The thro flew by all too fast for us, and our departure, hastened as it was by the demise of Judge McD's wife, made our leave-taking doubly so. We will long remember our week of sport among the ducks and quail, with the Shell Lake and the adjoining broad acres abound, and the happy evening hours spent in the society of their owner and his noble sons and lovely niece. Any sportsman tourists who are in the future so fortunate as to drop into our quarters there will acknowledge that half has not been told.

Our gunning score was for two days as follows: Friday, the 14th, 37 ducks to three guns; Saturday, the 15th, 70 quail to three guns. This could have been repeated every day of our stay had we been inclined to do it for the score, but it looked too much like wanton slaughter, and we only hunted hours enough each day to kill what game could be consumed.

But all things must have an end, and as our holiday drew to a close we regretfully turned our faces homeward, landing on the 17th in Washington on the night of the 23rd, tired and "travel stained," but of the unanimous opinion that Florida in general and Alabama and Levy counties in particular can

afford such shooting as is nowhere else to be found that it has our good fortune to visit.

Let me say to all who are going South and inland, taking their dogs along, do not go via "Atlantic Coast Line" of railroads unless your pocket is deep enough to stand a constant drain on it in shape of mileage on dogs. Charges on dogs from Petersburg to Weldon are 1c. per mile; from Weldon to Wilmington, N. C., 1 1/2c. per mile; from Wilmington to Florence, 1 1/2c. per mile; Florence to Charleston, 1 1/2c. per mile; Charleston to Savannah, 1c. per mile and so on. In all, charges ranging from one to one and three-quarter cents per mile. From Petersburg to Jacksonville, Fla., charges are one dollar per head if you take dogs only five miles, or one dollar for the whole length of road from Fernandina to Cedar Keys. The best route for sportsmen is by water from either New York or Philadelphia, as it is not near so hard on the dogs and \$25 easier on the pocket.

KENOR.

KILLING GROUSE FROM TREES.

UPON reading the pleasant articles of "Jack," of Staunton, Virginia, and "Black Ned," headed "Dogs That Kill Grouse," in your issue of the 24th inst., I was somewhat surprised to find that "Black Ned" does not consider it sportsmanlike to kill grouse from trees. If there are any other birds so, so horribly, terribly hard to bring to bag as the ruffed grouse (the pheasant of Virginia and partridge of the Northern and Western States) I am not aware of it. I will not agree with "Black Ned." How is one to kill them in an ivy thicket too thick for a bench-legged fife to get through? And just such places suit grouse best.

I am very much like the old country fellow who went to the menagerie. I believe I will tell the story—with your permission: An old countryman, upon one occasion, went to an annual show and was very much pleased with all that he saw. As he stood leaning upon his long staff, intently gazing upon the various animals, he asked very many questions of one of the showmen, whose business it was to answer all questions about them. "What is this?" queried old homespun. "That, sir, is the elephant." "And what is this?" asked the old fellow. "That animal, sir, is the monkey." "Monstrous like folks, too," put in the old one. "Here is another great critter," said the countryman; "what do you call him?" "The camel, sir. He can go without food as long as Dr. Tanner's medicine," said the showman. "The camel!" said the countryman. "Well, I have long wanted to see one. In searching the Scripser I have read a heap about 'em."

Just at this time the showman was called off and the old man had then to navigate alone. He wandered around for some time in the most serious manner, but, by and by, he came upon an egg snake. Here he stopped and a grand smile lit up his face, which soon turned to a broad grin and finally the grin ran into an old-fashioned laugh. Here was something the old fellow knew all about. While looking at and enjoying the snakes, a horny hand still firmly clutching his good two-year-old hickory stick, one of the snakes thrust its head between the wires, right in front of him, and in an instant the old fellow popped off his head, killing it as well as the mischief. Quick as lightning the old man's staff came out, and he cut the snake in two at the old man's staff were sent the way of number one. By this time the work became fast and furious, snakes poking their heads out of nearly every crack, from one end of the cage to the other, and were decapitated in a trice by blows from the stick. In fact, he got so warmed up to his work that he seized his hickory with both hands, and thrust it into the eggcase and came down with all power, overlanded, upon its occupants.

At this juncture the attention of the keeper was called to the scene and, rushing up, he said: "In the name of all that is good, what are you doing, sir? Those snakes cost me \$5,000."

The old man merely turned his head for an instant (the remarks of the showman having no other effect than to cause the countryman to wish to die) and resumed the popping-off process in his former scientific manner, remarking:

"Stranger, I don't care a darn; I kill 'em just wherever I sees 'em."

Now, "Black Ned," I am, with regard to the ruffed grouse, like my old friend—"I don't care a cent; I kill 'em just wherever I sees 'em."

CONYCEY FARM, Va.

MONTECAL, Jan. 26, 1881.

I am happy to see that matters pertaining to ruffed grouse, mode of treating them, etc., are claiming attention in your columns. Some years ago I lost a fine Norfolk spaniel. Friend Hallock in making mention of his death in FOREST AND STREAM claimed him to have been "the best ruffed grouse dog known." His superiority was in his nose which enabled him to find every bird in the woods, and in the perfect control I had over him.

The red collars when trained for that purpose make very fine dogs for ruffed grouse shooting; they, perhaps, have not so strong a nose as the field spaniel, but their color, greater intelligence and sly, careful, fox-like movements, make them seemingly especially adapted for treating grouse.

A brother of the writer has one of these dogs (not for sale) which in some ways displays more intelligence in treating his bird than I have ever seen. I have repeatedly seen him when following a bird at full speed that he had flushed and lost sight of in the brush stop suddenly and listen to hear his game when it would alight then locate and find it. Those who have hunted this kind of game know that when they alight on a tree after flying some distance they make a noise with their wings that can be heard quite a distance. To train a colly in this way, begin when he is not over six or eight months old, and let him month the first bird shot to his satisfaction, use him kindly, encourage, but never abuse him, his intelligence and love for the sport will teach him to do right when he learns what you require of him.

I can also hear testimony with "Jack" that fox hounds are sometimes good grouse dogs. "The old gen," Mr. E. W. Geer, of Fairfield, or rather Sheldon, Vt. P. O., who is a well known veteran fox hunter, and an old blood dog, has found that they are used to hunt foxes, rabbits and grouse. He will give tongue on the trail of the latter game, and tree them and keep his bangle angling until the whole woods fairly echoed with "delightful music" and we bagged the bird. The "old gen" deserves more than a passing notice. Quite a humorist and naturalist in his way, full of dry wit, and thoroughly understanding the habits of the local species of land in his vicinity made him a pleasant companion to those whom he will accept as such. In his younger days he used a short

twenty-inch under-lock Windsor rifle, and many a fox has he knocked over when running at full speed from twenty to thirty-five rods away, and would also kill rabbits while running before the hounds, in thick swamps where he could not see the rabbit but for a single jump at a time. I have also known him to shoot muskrats swimming in the creek in the evening when it was too dark to see the sights on his gun. The last wolf killed in his county he killed by still-hunting, and shot his game as it lay asleep digesting the mutton it had eaten in a farm yard the evening before. The "old gen" is now sixty-three years of age, and owing to failing eyesight has to be aided in his aim by a light muzzle-loading English shot-gun, and has in the past month taken some forty long tramps through the snow at his favorite sport, fox hunting.

At some future date I will send you some facts regarding the habits of ruffed grouse, where they are likely to be seen when flushed, etc.

STANFORD.

WELLSVILLE, Jan. 26.

Having watched with much interest the discussions in your valuable paper, particularly the conflicting opinions of my friends F. and Bell Muzzle relative to grouse treeing after being flushed by dog or man, I offer some suggestions, the results of observations made in the twenty years that I have been a lover of both rod and gun. In my humble opinion they are both correct, and only have to be located differently to make them so. My experience has been that grouse will tree after making their flight in localities where is no undergrowth or fallen timber, making it a subject of wonder to owners of the pointers or setters and oftentimes of censure to the dogs that they were unable to find after the first flight and marking down of birds, which birds were undoubtedly at the time standing very still and straight close to the trunk of some bushy hemlock forty feet above them. For it does not prove absolutely that there is no grouse in almost any tree because you cannot detect his presence, which the most practiced eye fails to do. But the same dogs often redeem themselves when hunting in low cover, making good the reputation lost by not being able to climb trees in search of game.

It does not tax my memory severely to remember when it was considered an achievement to bag a limited number of grouse by the easiest method afforded, either by stealing a march on an old drummer, guided by the thrud of his wings, and howling him over with a villainous old musket loaded with No. 1 shot and lapped with a whole edition of the village paper, or searching him out from the dense foliage of a hemlock. We never intentionally flushed our birds in those days, and usually got to fire if they were so unkind as to anticipate our designs. Men were rare in this country twenty years ago who would believe it possible, much less attempt so difficult and uncertain things as bagging a grouse on its flashing flight through thickets which at best only afford a glimpse to direct the aim. But breech-loaders were equally rare; also pointers and setters; and, worse than all, we had no Forest and Stream to guide us. That was the time when the Dittmar might have flourished, and possibly there would have been no gunners left to tell their experience if they had moral courage sufficient to use the deadly mixture.

H. C. W.

ANDOVER, O.

I notice in the current number of your paper a communication in regard to pheasant-treing dogs. I have owned a couple of such dogs and agree with your correspondent as to the breed being unnecessary to make a good treeing dog. In the communication referred to the query was put, "How does the dog select the right tree?" In my mind this is simple to explain in two ways: one by the fact that some dogs follow the flight of a bird with their eye. When a pheasant is flushed by a dog well in advance of the hunter it nearly always rises into a tree, and there remains until something again flushes it therefrom. This in itself causes more false points by both setters and pointers than any other one fact, as the bird rises quite noiselessly, and not with the frightened bur-r-r-r that is heard when the hunter approaches. The pheasant-treing dog notes this, and when the bird alights in some friendly bushy-topped tree he goes tearing after it, and by his barking so bewilders the bird that he is easily stalked and shot. The other way in which some dogs treed pheasants in the tree (and probably the most genuine manner) is by searching for the droppings of the bird, which are made immediately on their alighting in a tree. As soon as the whiff winds these droppings he works up to the tree and, finding them, elevates his nose and gives loud mouth until the bird again takes wing or is shot by the sportsman. The trees generally selected by pheasants treeing are evergreens or beech with the dry leaves still on. I have a dog at present that will tree birds by the latter method and stay with them hours, but I don't allow him with me except when rabbit hunting, as I prefer a setter and the sport of shooting on the wing. Very few pheasants were killed in this section this season, although they were quite plenty. I know of a number of brood of quail, but did not disturb them, preferring to let them breed another season. The rabbits are very numerous, and in a few miles of here some hare can be found. The wild turkeys are getting scarce, though there were a couple of flocks reared in the Dorset woods last summer.

A. W. G.

MORRISANIA STATION, N. Y., Jan. 10.

While the subject is under discussion in your columns, I would say that I think the different views of the subject of ruffed grouse resting on trees may be easily accounted for. In the Canada woods, where and because they are seldom disturbed, I have often shot them from trees with my rifle. A setter or pointer there would be superfluous. But in the States, a nearer home, where they are so often shot at or hunted, I have very seldom seen them take refuge on trees, and I doubt whether the "little barking dog," so often mentioned, would have much occupation in treeing them in any of the well-secured woods near New York.

As to squirrels not laying up stores for winter use, I shot a red squirrel last November in Dutchess County which was watching my movements from a hole in the bark. Out on the stump down I found the little fellow, and from under him, in the hollow of the tree, I gathered more than three quarts of chestnuts. And the experienced fanner-sportsman with me asserted that they always lay up stores for winter. On the same trip I had a black snake, and a very large fellow of some unknown kind, hiss very distinctly at me.

MANHATTAN.

THE TENNESSEE Association have received 600 quail from STANFORD.

THE UNUSUAL NUMBERS OF WILD FOWL SOUTH.

FROM Currituck Sound, North Carolina, to Wilmington, of the same State, the bays and inlets are teeming with wild fowl of every variety. At the mouth of the Chowan River, Albemarle Sound, swan and geese were never known to have been so plentiful, and multitudes of brant are wintering in the Pamlico. At Middletown, situated on this latter sound, the natives are reaping a harvest, and many fowl are being shipped to cities both north and south of them. It would seem that the unusual winter we are having has driven the major portion of the flight of water birds to the coast of North Carolina. We hear from the haymen at Atlantic City, Tucker and Bamegat, N. J., that shortly after the brant reached their waters they were forced southward by the freezing and closing of the bays, which have continued shut in, excepting the channels where the current runs at a depth, since the latter part of November or first of December. In these channels neither the Canada goose nor the brant can feed, unless it may be in open weather, when floating vegetable matter, carried off the flats by the tide, provides them with provender. Now that the shoal places have been completely frozen over the birds are compelled to seek other grounds.

Sportsmen who wish to enjoy goose, brant and duck shooting of every variety should visit Middletown, Hyde Co., N. C., providing they can accommodate themselves with the rude fare of the country. The town can be reached from Washington, Eaufort Co., at the head of Palmico River, but the wagon road leading thereto is a terrible one, and as there is a dearth of the luxuries to which the city man is accustomed in this region, coffee, tea, etc., should by all means be provided.

Bogue and Stump sounds, south of Beaufort, N. C., are our best beds of fowl. In fact all along the series of sounds from Beaufort north to Wilmington south the sportsman cannot go astray in seeking for good grounds; and parties wishing to probing their stay late into February may be certain of having excellent snipe shooting, for these sections yearly form resting and feeding places for the long bill in its northward migration.

Our river men in Philadelphia are looking for a sudden break-up of winter when Jack Frost grows tired of sojourning with us, and argue with an instinctiveness I have never been able to explain that we arc to have excellent ice-shooting for ducks when they "get ready to come worth," and your correspondent has arranged with one of the old paddlers, who has promised to "put him on the ducks" when they appear. At present a skiff could not live in our river in such ice as can now be seen in the Delaware. Hoax.

TRAPPING ON BAILEY LAKE.

THIS small sheet of water can be found just at the junction of the first range of uplands and the overflow lands of White River, in the southeastern part of White County, Arkansas, and has for its outlet and inlet Raft Creek, which from here is nothing more than a series of small lakes and ponds until it mingles its waters with White River, some twenty miles distant. At the lower end of the lake a huge cypress brake, well filled with water and fallen trees and deeply shaded by the dense, interlocks that furnishes our fur animals with good quarters.

The coon and mink pay special attention to the lake as the plain paths along the water's edge will show. The fish here afford them splendid repasts, when they are fortunate enough to secure such, or to discover the refusal of an otter's breakfast, which is not infrequently the case—hence the attraction.

Trapping for coon and mink we use for bait fish when easily at hand, as they have a particular partiality for this; otherwise birds, rabbits or anything they have a fondness for. The trap we place under water when convenient, as then it would not be so liable to be observed and stepped over in taking the bait. Coon, being speedy travelers, occasionally sally forth, all following the same trail, on a grandizing tour to the neighboring corn fields that are only a mile or two back in the settlements. The traps are made plain by passing and along this roadway many a coon feels the close embrace of a Newhouse trap. Not having been molested in a steel trap-way by a Kit Carson sized Davy Crockett made his lonely tramp through here, the coon do not entertain any suspicions as to the trapper's devices.

The banks of the lakes are very flat—only a few feet above the level of the water—and in consequence the other cannot enjoy the fun of sliding. About the only device the trapper can successfully employ is to prepare to take them at their accustomed place of going ashore. During the first snow, November 17, they engaged in unusual fishing and frolicking, and several were the fish we found they had apparently caught through sport, being but slightly mutilated. These we promptly secured and devoted to the coon and mink cause. The succeeding snows were accompanied with such freezing that the lake was sealed with a coating of ice three inches thick, and the otter were forced further down the creek to open water. To capture these animals, excepting the otter, is only a matter of slight skill and ordinary exercise; therefore the liberal compensation and sport we derive from the time and labor spent is quite satisfactory and we do not regret the venture.

The weather so far this winter is of uncommon severity, and still continues, having had only a few pleasant days, and in fact a grand exception to the generality of Southern winters and is well calculated to more northern latitudes. This inclemency will accordingly enhance the value of our furs, which will sustainate the saying, "What is one's loss is another's gain."
WALTER D. CHURCHES.
West Point, Arkansas, Jan. 10.

TRANSPORTING OUT OF SEASON.—Rockland, Me., Jan. 21.—I wrote you that the Game Warden had seized three carcasses of deer while being shipped to Boston. After paying for trucking, toll graph and legal advice, the warden has restored them to the express company who were carrying them, learning that some of our judges had decided that if it could be proved that the deer were killed before the first of January they were not liable to seizure, although the laws reads like this: "Section C, Chapter 50, 1878: No person shall carry or transport from place to place in this State the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal during the period of time in which the killing of such animal is prohibited, under a penalty of \$40." So a man can go to a yard of deer, kill them all, and send them to Boston. The warden will not touch them, it cost him too much to seize them, and if a man bring them to the warden, the warden says he shot them in December and had them frozen in the

woods, the warden will not try to prove that they were shot in January. So much for the game law of Maine. CRIZZAR.

The law of 1878, quoted by our correspondent, has not been changed. It still holds good. The warden should have held on to the deer. This is the law as it appears in the compend furnished by Commissioners Smith and Stillwell.

HUNTING WITH DANIEL WEBSTER.

PUTNAM, CONN., Jan. 17.

IN the winter of 1843-44 deer were quite plenty in Plymouth woods. The Hon. Daniel Webster was then at Marshfield. Word was sent to him that the Kingston gang was going on a deer hunt the day before Thanksgiving, with my father or him to join us, and we went to meet at the old flaxing place at Sudd Pond, at sunrise, sharp. By 8 o'clock His Honor appeared with a gentleman friend; and Samuel and Waldo R., Uncle Thomas B. and my father and myself. We all had old-fashioned King's arms, percussioned, except Mr. Webster and friend, who had double guns. It was a fine frosty morning and our party lively. We had two good hounds. Samuel and Waldo were to take the hounds and drive Watson's Valley. Uncle Tom was to drive over and take Newcomb. The rest of us were to hurry over to the Garver road and string out at the guide board crossing. We had scarcely reached our places before we heard the welcome voices of the hounds in full cry, and soon the thundering echoes of two King's arms at the head of Watson's Valley, and then echoing down the valley came Whoop-oh! Whoop-oh! Look out, look out! The hounds were coming directly toward us. I soon detected something coming down the blind road at my right and when within forty yards it stopped behind a bush. I shot at the fellow that I saw, which I supposed immediately two deer came out of the bushes at my left and crossed the road within a few yards of me. My father, who stood on my right, and Mr. Webster and friend, who stood at my left, all fired and one deer fell. I ran into the woods where I had shot and, not finding anything, returned, found that Mr. Webster and friend had jumped into their wagon and ran their heads to West Pond road to intercept the other deer at the crossing, as the dogs had come on in track of the other deer. Father advised me to hurry on and he would stay there with the dead deer and wait for Sam and Waldo to come up. Uncle Tom had come up and kept on in his carriage toward West Pond, and while he was driving the deer came within gunshot and he shot at it from his wagon. The deer, slightly wounded, now came back directly toward the guide-board crossing again. I, hearing the dogs, hurried back. The deer jumped into the woods some ninety yards off and we all fired. The deer fell but gained his feet and bounded away, falling at every jump. Jumping up the road we all chased it except father, who reloaded, and running the old mare overtook and shot the deer. We now whooped up all hands and had a joyful lunch, washing it down with something good from Mr. Webster's lunch basket. We now concluded to start for home, as it was about 2 o'clock. We decided that Mr. Webster and his friend had shot the other deer and my father shot the doe. Mr. Webster gave us a dollar each and he and his friend took the buck, which was a nice one, and father gave the other two iron fifty cents each and took the doe, as three of us were at my father's. I, feeling a little dissatisfied with my first shot, took one of the hounds and went up the blind road where I first shot. The hound, sniffing around, soon found a large red fox dead within ten feet of where I shot at him. We now took our bells from our wagon boxes and returned home jingling as was the custom if successful.
G. F. W.

THE DUTCHESS COUNTY LAW.

WITH many others of your readers I have taken great interest in the good work you are doing in bringing together the farmers and sportsmen.

Your plan applies to the river counties as well as to Long Island. I send you a game law that we have been fortunate enough to have passed by the Supervisors of Dutchess County. We have two gentlemen in the Board—one a devoted amateur of the gun, the other of the rod—to whom I am indebted for the enclosed copy; it is the same that has been for some time in force in the county of Ulster and has been found there of much service.

We hope that some of our sister counties may adopt it next year and that we shall then be enabled to protect our game from the annual incursions of professional gunners, encouraged in their unwholy work by the marketmen of our metropolises.

Besides giving the game no rest, even upon Sunday, and not infrequently mistaking a chicken for his wilder cousin, the ruffed grouse, they bring sportsmen into such discredit by their unsportsmanlike behavior that in parts of our neighboring county the sight of a stranger with dog and gun has the same effect on the farmer as a red flag would have upon his NEMO.

ORDINANCE NO. 8.

An Act for the further protection of birds and game in the County of Dutchess.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Dutchess, at their annual meeting, held at their rooms in the city of Poughkeepsie, in said county, on the seventeenth day of December, 1880, pursuant to the power vested in them by Section 37 of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed March 18, 1879, do enact and ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. No person or persons, either resident or non-resident of the County of Dutchess, shall, after the passage of this act, take or kill in any manner, within the limits of said County of Dutchess, any woodcock, quail, hare or rabbit, squirrel, ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, meadow lark, snipe, rail or wild duck for the purpose of selling or purchasing the same, or any fee, hire or other non-resident tax, after the first of January, and the act amendatory thereto, passed May 31, 1880, do enact and ordain as follows:

SECTION 2. No person or persons, company or corporation shall aid or assist in the violation of this act by carrying or transporting the same for themselves or for others, any of said birds or game for the purpose of marketing or selling, the same having been taken or killed within the limits of said county.

SECTION 3. It shall not be lawful to take or kill, or have in possession, any of the birds or game mentioned in this act, or woodcock taken or killed within the limits of said county during the month of August in any year (except that squirrels may be killed during said month) by the owner of any trap or grain in the act of destroying the same).

Sec. 4. Any and every person, company or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offense; all penalties to be recovered, execution enforced and proceeds applied in the same manner as provided for in Section 33, Chapter 334, of the Laws of 1879, for the recovery and enforcement of the penalties mentioned in said act.

THE GAME LAW AMENDMENTS.

THE following correspondence has been handed to us for publication:

THE LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7.

Hon. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT:
My Dear Sir—Herewith I send you a copy of the "New York Market and Index Journal," containing proceedings of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association at the annual meeting last Friday, and also the new game law proposed by its committee with the special report stating change s. As President of the State Association, I am anxious to receive a candid expression of opinion from you, and others as to the merits of the bill. It is especially desired that the committee of the association has been created by an editorial of the FOREST AND STREAM following by your circular through our mutual friend John B. Sage.

On Friday next, 7 P. M., at the Brooklyn Music Hall, Royal Arcanum Room, corner Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, the bill is to be open for free discussion. It may contain some unwise provisions, but I feel sure it possesses some valuable features. It is especially desired that and other members of the New York City Association should be present and give us the benefit of your experience. If this be impossible, may we not have a written communication from you on the subject.

It seems to me that who hold the interests of the State Association for this, the first year in which this section of the State is to be honored with a convention, should endeavor to prove incorrect the statement that the association has no power to obtain a game law equally fair to all classes. If we succeed, I firmly believe stability will result, and the prohibitions be enforced by common consent, as certainly as is possible with any penal legislation.

I have the honor to be yours truly,
ABEL CROOK.

FEBRUARY 8.

ABEL CROOK, Esq., Secretary Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

Dear Sir—I acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "The New York Market Index and Journal," containing the proceedings of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association in reference to the game law, and also your letter requesting "a candid expression of opinion as to the merits or demerits of the bill." I will lay the proposed law before the New York Association for the Protection of Game at its next meeting, on Monday night, when it will probably be fully discussed.

Replying to your letter as an individual, I regret to say I see little besides demerit in all the important changes proposed. It is probably without intention and only through the inexperience of those having the matter in hand that these changes are made wholly for the protection, not of the game, but of the illegal vendor of game.

No one—not even the honest sportsman—requires the aid of the law against the dealer who sells out of season as much as the honest dealer, whose trade may be injured because a less scrupulous person in the same business has game for sale which he cannot conscientiously sell. The inexperience of your committee is shown by their retaining all the incongruities and inconsistencies of the present law, and most conspicuously in paragraph eighteen, which, by mistake of the engrossers, or in some other way, says precisely the contrary to what it means and transposes the open and close seasons in which, and in which, its manifest blunder, your committee has retained *est abim*.

The principal changes you suggest arc: Firstly, that the purchaser shall be equally guilty in law with the seller (although he is not in morals) so as to close his mouth as a witness against the real criminal; secondly, that a dishonest dealer must be convicted of "wilfully" having the prohibited game in possession, although what is the legal meaning of the word "wilfully" and what proof is required to sustain an allegation I do not know; thirdly, the penalties are so changed that many pending suits would have to be discontinued. I know of no reason for such changes and do not mean to imply that your committee have suggested them "wilfully," but attribute them to the same inexperience which, as you said in nominating your President, "knew nothing of the workings of the State Association for the Protection of Game till two years ago." Finally, you propose that a dishonest dealer who escapes liability after suit brought, by surrendering his illegal game to an officer to be appointed by the State Association expressly to relieve him from punishment.

I think I need say no more to a body of sportsmen, although my objections are founded on a very hasty examination of the proposed changes, but this I will add, no one desires to convict a dealer who innocently or ignorantly receives game out of season which he has not ordered, and no one wishes to deprive any one of his property, ever been presented. The New York City Association has, practically speaking, carried on all the prosecutions in this part of the State for infractions of the game law, and has not only never brought any unfair prosecutions, but has shown every liberality with the purpose of winning as I think it has now the confidence and support of the honest dealers, and if any legislation is needed for the protection of the latter it will unite with them most freely to obtain it.

I do not elaborate my objections because I suppose I am speaking through you to gentlemen who understand the subject and can appreciate aid if necessary explain them.

Yours very respectfully,
ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

ST. ANDREW'S BAY—Cedar Keys, Fla., June 25, 1880.—Notes of a six weeks' hunt on St. Andrew's Bay and its tributaries in the months of January and February.—My boy Jim, two dogs and myself arrived at my camps on Big Sandy Creek, up East Bay, January 10. This creek is about fifteen miles from the entrance of the bay. St. Andrew's is a beautiful sheet of water, entirely land locked, with plenty of water for large vessels to enter, there being eighteen feet on the outer bar. It is one of the best and safest harbors for both large and small vessels we have on this coast of Florida. There are three ways to get to the bay, known as the North, East and West Bays. The scenery here is different from any part of East or South Florida—very picturesque

High and rolling lands border the entrance to North and East Bays, with palmetto, oak, spruce, pine and cypress mangroves. This margin of woods extends only a few miles from the entrance of the bay. The baluase has high banks, pine woods to the water's edge, a clear and open view, and the land very rolling for miles back. The most convenient camp grounds imaginable. Good spring water, fish and oysters, plenty of wood, all in fifty yards of your tent. And more deer, bear and all other game peculiar to Florida than I have found at any other place in the State. I killed twenty-eight deer with a 32-calibre rifle, one of the smallest mammals weighing four pounds. I mention this from the fact that this gun does not come under the head of a sporting rifle, and is rarely used for game of this size. I kept no account of what I killed with my shotgun—frequently more than I knew what to do with. You can hunt on foot here all day without getting thin wet, which is different from most parts of Florida. The bottoms where the deer live can be overlooked by the driver or huntsman, and no deer that jumped but can be seen climbing the hills on either side, and rarely ever escapes unurt. On a stream leading into East Bay from the direction of the Dead Lakes I saw the first beaver I ever saw in Florida. Something of these animals in my next.

WANDERER.

A TENNESSEE RESORT.—*Nashville, Tenn., Dec.*—Will Erwin, one of our best amateur shot and anglers, has just returned from a three months' sojourn at Guntersville, a small town on the Tennessee River. This famous game country is of easy access by rail to Decatur, Ala., or Bridgeport, and thence up or down the river, Guntersville being equidistant between those places. Quail is so abundant that hunters trap them as a cheaper method than shooting them. In the immediate vicinity of the town are several large flocks of wild turkeys; in the hills not many miles away deer are numerous and black bears not uncommon. Bill Brown, a jovial fellow, keeps one of the two taverns in the place, and a more home-like, comfortable house cannot be found in the country. He or some of the boys are always on the *qui vive* for a hunt. Within a radius of a dozen miles there are ten or fifteen creeks and bayous, teeming with bass and perch, two of these streams take their source from warm springs, and in them during very cold weather ducks, geese and swan take refuge, and the finer sport that they offer would be difficult to find. The fishing is likewise good. In one afternoon Mr. Erwin and Brown creeled sixty-eight bass, ten of them running over three pounds each. He says that so plentiful are large fish that when a small one is caught he is certain to be thrown back into the water. Jack and spike-tailed catfish abound in the Tennessee River, particularly at a point where Short Creek empties into it. These are taken frequently, tipping the beam at from ten to twenty pounds. The people are hospitable, and are glad to see strangers come among them. The morning will left for home he had for breakfast squirrels, quail, rabbit, venison and bear meat on the table. Board about \$1 a day. Where can sportsmen do better?

J. D. H.

GROUND FOR A PRESERVE.—On Long Island, within fifty miles of New York, there are patches of land where the wild fires have killed the timber, "root and branch," so that now the land is covered with small scrub oak, sweet fern and a coarse grass we call broom sedge, the whole not more than knee high, making splendid cover for quail. Near Patchogue as much as two hundred acres of this land can be found together, which can be leased of the several owners at a small price for the purpose of propagating quail. It would be well to plow in the spring a few furrows, say five or six at intervals of twenty rods, and sow what at the same time. Set fire two or three dozen pines with it. By so doing I have no doubt that a half-dozen gentlemen would have all the shooting they could reasonably desire next fall. The opportunities for protee ing the quail from poachers are excellent. If you think there is anything in the idea I shall be pleased to receive any gentleman at my house and will show him the ground.

G. F. C.

THREE TURKEYS AT A SHOT.—*Butler, Ind., Jan. 24.*—While shooting in Defiance County, Ohio, in December, 1880, I made the champion turkey shot. I killed three turkeys at a single shot from the right hand barrel of a breech-loading shotgun. The shell was loaded with four and a half drams of Orange Lightning powder and one and a fourth ounce of chilled shot (No. 4) at a distance of about fifty yards. I used two pink-edged wads over the powder. The cardboard wad over the shot. Many good sportsmen entertain doubts as to whether a wild turkey can be killed with any shot smaller than No. 1. I was among the doubting ones, and was so astonished at what I had done that I entirely forgot to use the left hand barrel of my gun, and so let the turkeys that were not killed run and fly away.

F. P.

A man is reported to have killed recently at one shot five wild turkeys near Toccoa, Ga., but as he did not report the exploit to FOREST AND STREAM of course it cannot go on record.

AN ILLINOIS CROW ROOST.—*Dundley, Edgar Co., Ill., Jan. 15.*—On the north side of this county is a crow's roost, where the birds congregate by thousands. It is a small strip of timber about one and one quarter mile long and one and one half miles from any other timber. The crows come in from dusk until as late as one and two o'clock at night. All this time they keep up a most hideous noise. At peep of day they begin to scatter in all directions. About the most particular damage they do is picking holes in fat hogs, which cannot avoid them. Our county is very closely divided, politically, and when a candidate has been successful he is presented with a nail keg of crow heads.

Z. J. B.

THE LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting last Friday night and elected the following officers and committees: President, George A. Cbappell; vice-presidents, Abel Crook, B. W. West, Henry S. Lott, Chas. E. Folke, Robert Purcy; secretary, Henry Thorpe; assistant secretary, Theodore Alston; treasurer, Robert Robinson. Special Committees.—Charles E. Folke, N. Beggs, H. West, Frederick Mather. Ground Committee, including polier, trap shooting, rifle and pistol and fly casting.—Robert Robinson, A. Elmendorf, William Engerman, John McMahon, Theodore Alston, Frederick Mather, Charles Dexter, G. F. Gilderleeve, E. H. Madison. Reception Committee.—Judge Henry S. Lott, Charles W. Haveneyer, Abel Crook and others.

Consideration of the game law proposed by the committee of the association was deferred until Friday evening, February 11

Sea and River Fishing.

PROTECT THE ROCKFISH IN THE DELAWARE.

ODESSA, Del., Dec. 20.

PROFESSOR BAIRD:

Permit me to call your attention, as Chief of the United States Fish Commission, to the rapid depletion of the rock or striped bass of the Delaware River and Bay and the necessity of having legislation for their protection.

Some seven years ago when you asked me if I noticed any decrease of those fish I told you that I did not; but I now see, for the last few years, a great decrease and the causes that produce it. You are perhaps aware I have given a great deal of attention to those fish for many years and have come to the following conclusion: The mature fish are sea-going, the same as shad, salmon, etc., returning in the spring, about the middle of April, for reproduction. The young fry remain in our waters until mature, and it is from these we get our food supply. They live on small fish and, of course, there is plenty of food for them and it is natural for them to remain until maturity. If they make migrations it is only from the mouth of one bay or river to another.

The causes of their depletion come from a large number of sturgeon gill-nets that are now fished in the river and bay—a comparatively new industry.

These nets are fished during the whole of the spawning season of the rock and, of course, capture large numbers of the large, mature fish, some nets taking as many as fifteen in one day. These fish are scarce at best and this wholesale capture is calculated to destroy the whole breed before many years.

The fish are sold to the sturgeon butchers, principally located in New Jersey, who ship them to the New York market. The fishermen realize about \$1 each for fish weighing from fifty to sixty pounds, when a ten-pound fish during the winter and early spring is worth, in the Philadelphia market, from \$1.50 to \$2, so you see that but little is realized from them. Prior to this gill-net fishing the regular seine fishermen for rock in the spring had a regular rule of honor among them to turn loose all the large fish for breeders. I have seen from ten to fifteen turned loose from a single haul.

The fishermen will not respect this rule any more and they are all sold. You will therefore see the necessity of some legislation to protect this most valuable fish that we have in our water as it is captured in greater or less quantity at all seasons of the year, and goes to sea fish market in the Philadelphia market in winter from two to three cents per lb. more than salmon.

Now I would propose, inasmuch as the legislatures of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware will all be in session this winter, to have a law passed by them all for the protection of this fish.

The shad and herring are protected fully by law. This fish has no protection at all.

Now I would propose that there should be a fine of \$5 for the capture and killing of any striped bass or rock-fish weighing over twenty-five lbs. by any fisherman, and a like fine for any person having one in possession, for sale or otherwise, and requiring every person capturing such fish to carefully release them and turn them loose in the water.

Each State to provide means through their fish commissions to see that this law is fully carried out. The gill-nets will be torn there would be no difficulty in releasing them, they take alive many of their sturgeon and place them in pens for future use.

In regard to hatching these fish I am satisfied since our trial with Mr. Anderson that we can only be successful by having large and substantial pens in which we could handle the fish from time to time as they mature, for I am satisfied that only a small portion of the immature spaw matures at one time, and it is emitted from time to time as it matures—over a period of two or three weeks.

I would like your co-operation in getting this law passed. I don't think there would be any trouble in this State on your recommendation; neither do I think there would be in either Pennsylvania or New Jersey, but there would be the most trouble in New Jersey. Please let me know your opinion.

Yours truly,

E. R. NOYSE.

NETS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Jan. 23.

THE following law was enacted by our Legislature in 1878:

"Sec. 1. It shall not be lawful for any person to catch any fish in the waters of Lake Champlain, or any of its rivers, by means of any net laid out to extend ten miles from the mouth of said rivers, by the use of any seines, nets, or other device for entrapping or snaring. The same, except with seines, during the month of October and during the fifteen days of November in each year, for the space of five years from the passage of this act.

"Sec. 2. It shall be lawful for any person at any time to catch fish in the said waters by the use of hook and line.

"Sec. 3. Any person who shall violate the provisions of the first section of this act shall pay a fine of ten dollars for every fish so caught, to be recovered in an action on the case founded on this statute, one-half to be paid into the treasury of the town where said fish may be caught, and one-half to the informer and prosecutor."

Will you inform us Vermonters of the Champlain Valley whether New York has a similar law, especially relating to the waters, on a general law prohibiting the provisions which would be as effectual if enforced? A favorite argument with the enemies of our law is "that it is only saving the fish for the Yorkers," for it is notorious that netting is openly carried on your side at the south end of the lake. If you have a law that will reach these netters of yours, its enforcement would greatly strengthen our hand.

R. E. ROBINSON.

New York law permits the use of nets in Lake Champlain from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, and prohibits them at all other times. Violations in New York waters should be reported to S. J. Palmer, Game and Fish Protector, Indian Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y. In a recent trip to Lake Champlain Mr. Palmer and guide captured twelve nets between the mouth of South Bay and the four channels, some of which were frozen in too badly to get out readily were destroyed, while the others were taken to Whitehall and stored. Those which were got out entire had quantities of fish in them, which were returned to the water. They also found ten nets in the Vermont waters of the channel which they did not disturb. It was thought that there were more nets, but a heavy snow had covered all tracks, and they could not be

found. Some of these fykes had wings or leaders reaching from shore to shore. Mr. Palmer was in doubt about his authority on the Vermont side and so gave the nets there the benefit of the doubt.

We think that the officers of both States could co-operate, and then all questions of jurisdiction would be settled.

THE TROUT LAW.—*New York, Jan. 23.*—Some time ago, being impressed with the urgent necessity of fixing some limit to the size (or undersize) of trout allowed to be caught by law, I recommended in your columns a penalty for any trout had in possession under eight (8) inches in length. By a vote of the Game and Fish Commission, the League of Sportsmen's Association I am glad to see that after consultation with the Fishmongers' Association a limit of one-quarter of a pound is advised to be fixed by law. If something of this kind be not done even fingerlings can no longer be found in our streams. Every angler has been disgusted by being shown in a boasting way two strings of poor little troutlings no longer than one's finger, caught by some country boy, and offered still by some would-be sportsman. Cannot such murder be stopped? Possession of such infantile fish ought to be sufficient proof of having committed the infanticide.

MANHATTAN.

SOME SINGULAR SALMON.

STRIPPED BASS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23, 1880.

Professor Spencer F. Baird:

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of 16th inst. I read a communication to you from Mr. Samuel Wilnot, of the Dominion of Canada, New Castle, October 1880. In this letter Mr. Wilnot says: "I am also getting puzzled in mind about your California salmon," in which he says he has a three-pound fish which he caught in April and has kept in a tank of spring water, but he never sees him and he is looking for a little bit this just now." Perhaps I can give a reason for the thinness of the California grise. I have frequently found the adult fish when left in a stream after spawning, and in every case they would not be long in getting fat as the young fish are. In one instance a salmon, which had retained an entire season in a pool in the creeks, retained almost the full size of its head, while the body was attenuated to a third, or possibly, a fourth of its normal size.

I cannot understand about a female salmon—a spent fish—having sharp, hooked-like teeth in each of its jaws. If it were a male I could, as I have seen many spent males which resembled the description given by Mr. Wilnot. Some of these fish were almost repulsive in look and had no apparent connection to the male salmon taken before spawning. I hardly understand where these fish were taken by Mr. Wilnot, whether in Lako Ontario or along the St. Lawrence River, but in either case it is probable the salmon had returned from the sea. If fish in Lako Ontario, they must have traversed a long stretch of fresh water while in a nearly ripe state. In this condition it would take no food, would have to stem long stretches of rapid running water, entailing much labor, and finally cast its eggs or walk in a shallow stream.

In reference to the singularity of the great preponderance of female salmon taken by Mr. Wilnot, it seems possible the following may account for the lack of males, if the habits of the fish are as there are. There are as many males as females in the case of fishermen here is that the great bulk of the male fish always precedes the females on their way to the spawning-grounds. This often happens before the close season takes effect and many are killed by netting. Possibly the male fish may encounter other enemies while in their way to the spawning-grounds. In coming later. I offer these views that they may be examined to be verified or not, believing that links in a chain of knowledge are often obtained that way. I make it a rule to ask questions of all persons, who I meet, and to get their answers. I have often found that I obtain more reliable information of farmers and other country people than the more highly educated people of cities and towns.

I have also read with much interest the letter to you from Mr. S. J. Palmer, Game and Fish Protector, Indian Lake, Ontario, regarding the rockfish or striped bass introduced into our waters last year. One of these fish taken in June last was brought to Mr. Thornekroon who identified it beyond any doubt. I to-day saw a very young one which he knew of three other striped bass having been taken in Oakland Creek about seven miles from the city, and that he had been informed by a friend that he (the friend) had taken some lately in the same place but of an increased size. That these fish are of congenial habits in the vicinity of this city is not doubt. At present the fish are being raised by those who will come after them. The Italians are a lawless set and defy arrest, while [as] to the Chinese everything they net is dried and sent to China. It is common in our city markets to see large piles of smelts and similar fish not as thick as an ordinary layer of water, which are sold at a price of from one to a half dollar and a great variety of other young fish from the size of a small shrimp to an ounce in weight. We have laws forbidding the taking of these fish under penalties, but they are a dead letter as to their enforcement. Occasionally a raid is made by the police to obtain the penalties, the Chinese being selected in almost every case. The Fish Commissioners are not able of themselves to prevent the infraction of the law, owing to inadequate appropriations to employ the necessary men. I have often seen the police efforts to occasionally preventing trout from being taken out of season.

During the past close-season, from August 1, to September 15, the Italian and Chinese fishermen of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers took salmon in immense numbers in defiance of law. These fishermen set their nets openly in broad-day light in these rivers, and the few who were arrested and taken to city, the county seat of Solano county, were not convicted although the highest evidence was given that they had committed the alleged offense.

I have to apologize for writing so long a letter. I intended at commencement to write only about Mr. Wilnot's letter, but the subject interested me so much that I have written so long.

I have received the last publication of the U. S. Fish Commission a few days since, which contained many interesting and valuable articles on fish culture. I hope to write you soon in regard to some of the habits and peculiarities of our salmon and other fishes. I am sometimes too much pressed for time, but I wish so you will please excuse any disjointed members of information I may send you.

I am in regard to the theory of Mr. Phillip Gaucaker that his experience proved that the male fish always precedes the female fish, while the use of water always brought a preponderance of males, I cannot agree. There could have been no change in the germs of salt taken from the male fish whether used for the salt or not. The female fish, if caught, could understand how the germs of the minute fish could be ascertained by Mr. Gaucaker, as he certainly would have to keep them for a very long period to ascertain, which he would not be likely to do with a great number of troutlings of salmon pair.

H. D. OGDEN.

UNEXPLAINED SCARCITY OF SALMON.—We had occasion last summer to refer to the unusual absence of salmon from the rivers where they are ordinarily found in greatest abun-

dance. Experts of largest and longest experience were wholly unable to account for this scarcity. Various theories were broached. Among them: The vast ice-floes on the Gull coast; the great number of sharks noticed on the routes usually taken by the salmon from the sea to their rivers, and the vast schools of porpoises infesting the same waters. Either of these causes might affect in some small degree the ingress of the timid fish; but the difficulty of accepting either of these theories was heightened by the fact that while salmon were scarce, codfish, who travel nearly on the same lines, were more than usually abundant. In August it was assumed that, if either of these causes had interfered with the first run of salmon the deficiency would be made up subsequently. But results did not confirm this expectation. The death continued. The nets were mostly taken up at the mouth of the rivers early in July, and the season closed with a smaller catch, with both hook and seine, than had ever been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But this curious season has resulted in other developments more inexplicable even than the scarcity of fish—namely, the almost total absence of oale salmon from among those caught for breeding purposes. This scarcity of salmon this year is not the result of any known natural cause. If a scarcity shall ever come from excessive depletion it will come gradually. But last year the fish were as abundant as for many years previously. This fact adds to the mystery. The most serious result of this year's deficiency will be the loss of a year's natural increase, for salmon only breed in the rivers, and, comparatively speaking, there have been no fishes in the rivers to breed. This fact will not of course affect next year's run nor the run of the year succeeding, for this year's fry will only show themselves as salmon three years hence. But then and afterward the deficiency will begin to show itself.—*Albany Journal.*

MAINE NOTES.—A Sullivan correspondent of the *Ellsworth American* says: "When the ice is first forming in the fall, and again when breaking up in the spring, large quantities of frosh fish and smelts are occasionally kept under the ice by large flocks of sea gulls, until the tide leaves them bare on the flats and under the ice. Then it is not very difficult to pick up the fish by hand or in any other way. Sometimes boat loads are thus taken."

The *Belfast Journal* thus speaks of smelts: "The smelt fishery of Belfast the present season is a failure. But very few tents are upon the ice, and those are occupied by a class that fish more for the sake of fishing than for profit."

RANGE OF CATFISH.—*St. Cloud, Minn., Jan. 12.*—As Dr. Sterling does not seem to prosper in his search for the most northerly range of the catfish, I am prompted to give him my experience with the "bird." Have caught them in the Mississippi, below St. Anthony's Falls, from forty to forty pounds weight, in latitude 44 and 45. Have caught them in the Red River of the North, in latitude 50 and 61, but smaller than in the Mississippi, also in the Missouri, in latitude 48. They are plenty in the waters tributary to Hudson Bay, the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and most anywhere east of the range. That 500lb. black-tail got away with the cake. We were always satisfied in Montana and Idaho with them weighing from 175 pounds to 225 pounds. C. S. B.

A BOND OF FELLOWSHIP.—*Medford, Ont., Dec., 1880.*—I look forward with pleasure to the day on which I receive the *FOREST AND STREAM*, as each number brings something new and interesting. I follow my fellow-sportsmen (there is always a bond of good-fellowship among true sportsmen) o'er hill and dale with as much interest as though I were really with them.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR. BOOTH: The paper which has just been read is just such a one as might be expected from a young man with no experience on the subject. An experience of thirty years in fishing with nets of many kinds has shown me that it is the pound nets which are so destructive, and not the gill-nets.

MR. BALLOU: I don't think that my youth should enter into the question. I am supported in my views on the gill-nets by Prof. Milner. I did not say that these nets were wantonly destructive.

MR. CLARK: I agree that the fishes of Lake Michigan should have some kind of protection, but am not willing to indorse the condemnation of the gill-net.

MR. BOOTH: Of the methods which destroy fish life, the gill-net is most humane; it takes only fishes of the size to which it is adapted and lets the small fry pass through. The pound net takes everything.

MR. CLARK: Concerning the capture of fishes in their spawning time, I would like to ask Mr. Ballou how we are going to take whitefish if not then? It is the only time we can get them in numbers. Also, if there are no pound nets in Lake Erie, how can the lake herring be caught? I have seen millions of young whitefish thrown out of nets, but in Lake Erie no small whitefish are taken. The United States Fish Commission is now hatching quantities of whitefish at its hatchery at Northville, Mich., of which I am Superintendent, and there are now in process of hatching thirteen millions of eggs, the young from which will go in the great lakes.

MR. FAIRBANK: If there are no gill-nets we would get no whitefish. The only time they are taken is in the spawning season, when the small ones run through the gill-nets, but the pounds take all sizes.

MR. CLARK: I took over three million whitefish eggs in one of the pound boats in one day, while a man in a gill-net boat in Lake Erie only took half a million eggs. The pounds get more ripe fish and we can get more eggs than with the gillers.

MR. MILLER: There is no doubt about the fact of the

pounds being more destructive than the gill nets, and both Mr. Booth and Mr. Clark agree to this and they have had experience in this matter and knew what they were talking about. I think Mr. Ballou has made a mistake.

BREEDING CALIFORNIA SALMON IN FRESH WATER.

BY N. K. FAIRBANK.

The question as to whether the salmon will live and thrive without access to the ocean or some large body of salt water is one that has been much discussed by pisciculturists and by the general public; but most of the discussion heretofore has been done without any other fact as a basis than the well-known one that salmon exist in the oceans and that they come once or twice in the year to rivers to spawn and return again to the sea. Beyond that all was speculation.

Having a decided opinion upon the subject, and believing that salt water, merely because it was salt, was no element in the problem, I decided to make a thorough experiment and demonstrate, if possible, the practicability of my theory, which, in the main, is that the salmon and many other of the fishes found only in salt water can be transplanted to bodies of fresh water, and that they will grow and thrive and breed there, provided the water is deep enough to be cool at the bottom and the lake or river is extensive enough to give them a good, free range and a sufficient supply of food.

Geneva Lake, in Walworth County, Wisconsin, seemed to offer all these requisites. It is about nine miles long and from half a mile to two and a half miles wide. The water is remarkably pure and clear, being fed wholly by springs, and entirely free from lillipads and bullfrogs. The shores are clean gravel or boulders, with good depth of water all around, and through the middle the average depth is one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. There are also many places where there is twenty feet of water two hundred feet from the shore. It abounds in the native fishes found generally in this region, except the big-mouthed black bass, *Micropterus paludosus*, and wall-eyed pike, *Stizostedion*. Black bass, pickerel, yellow perch, rock bass, smelt, suckers, bullheads and minnows are found in great numbers, in addition to which it is favored in being the home of the cisco, which was for a long time popularly believed to exist in no other waters. This, however, is a mistake, as they are found in one or two of the rivers in the vicinity of Oconomowoc, and also in Lake Michigan.

Having all the requisites which I considered essential to the experiment—viz., pure, deep water, a moderately sized lake, with room for range and exercise and plenty of food—I began in the spring of 1876 by depositing 25,000 California salmon which we hatched at the U. S. hatchery at Northville, Michigan, by Mr. Frank N. Clark, and were sent to me by Prof. Baird, U. S. Fish Commission, the Wisconsin Commission paying me about 5,000 shortly after.

In April, 1877, I also procured from Prof. Baird about 25,000 and from the Wisconsin Commission 25,000, and in the fall of '77 I received from the U. S. Commission 100,000 eggs from the McCloud River, which I hatched and put into the lake in the spring of 1878. I also deposited 200,000 in the spring of 1879, 100,000 last April, and 100,000 yearlings last October; making in all, in round numbers 530,000, of which I have had losses from various causes, and I estimate that I have placed in Geneva Lake half a million young California salmon in excellent condition.

They began to make their appearance and attain considerable size very soon, and during the summer of 1878 there was an occasional one caught by parties who were fishing for bass. I had four sent me one day which weighed three-quarters of a pound each, and one of them went a trifle over a pound. In the summer of 1879 Mr. L. Z. Leiter, while trolling for bass, captured a very fine salmon which weighed four and a half pounds. Several others were taken during the summer, weighing two to three pounds each, all of which was reasonably encouraging; but not until the developments of the past summer have I felt that the experiment would prove a valuable one, and when, on the afternoon of July 29 last, I was presented with a beautiful specimen, which was twenty-nine and one half inches long and eighteen inches girth, and weighed twenty and one half pounds, and when I found it had boiled and served for dinner and I found it to be a delicious fish; then I felt certain that the salmon would grow to a respectable size and condition in fresh water, and that at least, so far as that fish and my dinner of that day went, it was no longer an unsuccessful experiment—there was a reality, the "substance of things hoped for," which did much to strengthen and build up my faith.

In September they began to show themselves at the head of the lake near the mouth of the creek, and I had them weighed in a group of springs a mile back which empties into the lake. Mr. William Welsler, who has charge of the hatchery and ponds, there discovered eight fine specimens one day splashing about in this creek. They were up the creek nearly a mile, and as far as they could get, and were, of course, looking for a spawning bed. The following day he captured a fine female in the creek, which was full of eggs and quite ripe. The weight he estimated to be about one hundred and eighty-eight to two hundred each. The one he caught weighed eight and a half pounds, and one which he found up the creek a week later in shallow water, and which he picked up and put into deep water, he estimated would weigh ten pounds. He informs me that a month ago he saw a pair much larger than any before mentioned at the mouth of the creek, but they could not get over the little bar formed at the mouth. He estimated this pair to weigh eight and a half pounds each, and that the female laid up to twenty-five pounds. He also saw very decided indications of spawning nests in the gravel about the mouth of the creek; all of which facts satisfy me that the salmon will not only attain a large size but will also breed in fresh water. Unlike Brigham Young, they find they can be very good Mormons and increase and multiply without going to a Salt Lake.

In conclusion I desire to call the attention of the Michigan and Wisconsin Commissioners especially to this subject, and I believe that by an extensive and liberal movement on their part, and by hatching the salmon by the million instead of by the thousand, that Lake Michigan and the creeks and rivers which empty into it can be made to abound with salmon. I am of the opinion that the Atlantic salmon is preferable to the California one, if the eggs can be found in sufficient quantities. I began and have continued with the latter in Geneva Lake, for the reasons I could not go into here, and I would not advise that it be done until we get from the United States Fish Commission the California eggs in great quantity.

I have mentioned particularly the Commission of Michigan and Wisconsin for the reason that they have virtually abandoned the propagation of the salmon—for the reason

that they have not yet seen any result of their early efforts. This I attribute to the very limited extent of their work on this fish—a few hundred thousand per annum deposited in the extensive rivers of Michigan can hardly be expected to manifest themselves to any visible extent.

If I had only planted in Geneva Lake ten to fifteen thousand instead of five hundred thousand I have no doubt that the result would have been no trifling as to hardly merit a continuance of the experiment.

RESTORING EXHAUSTED FISHERIES.

WE are permitted to publish the following interesting answers from Mr. D. F. Shaw, Fish Commissioner of Iowa, to a correspondent, as the subject is one of general interest:

ANAMOSA, Iowa, Jan. 4.

Dear Sir—In reply to your queries—

1. "Are fresh water fishes local in their habits?"
In my opinion they all have their spawning, feeding and winter grounds, upon which, at the proper season, each family of fishes stays with certainty to be found.

2. "Will over-fishing upon any particular spawning ground tend to destroy the fishing in that particular locality?"
I think taking large quantities of fish from a spawning ground and the destruction of their eggs by the removal of the spawning fishery and believe the history of all old fishing grounds will prove this to be a fact.

3. "What is the best method of preserving the value of our lake fisheries?"
By artificial propagation where practicable. Where this cannot be done, I think some method should be adopted by which all the mature eggs of fish taken should be fertilized and returned to the water.

The fish being taken upon their spawning grounds, the eggs, properly vitelized, should be put back there as the most suitable place. In natural spawning but a small per cent. of the eggs are fertilized; by artificial means nearly all are impregnated.

Stock of fishes sown upon a spawning ground, as well as eggs, are certain to produce returns as seed sown on any farm. I am quite certain that a fishing ground, properly managed, can be fished to its fullest extent and continually kept at its highest value, and that even depleted fisheries can by this means be made valuable again.

To make this work effective, the fisherman must learn that these are facts and then in some way, by proper legislation, they must be made secure in the enjoyment of the fishing grounds that their own labor is to make value for them. He should be properly instructed by competent persons how to do the work effectively and I am sure good results would follow.

If the mature eggs of lake trout and whitefish that have been destroyed by their spawning seasons had been properly impregnated and returned these fish would have increased instead of being destroyed by the fishing.

Is it wise to go on destroying? or is it better to increase the value of our fisheries by the little labor it costs to impregnate and deposit these eggs?
D. F. SHAW.

REPORT OF THE KANSAS COMMISSION.

THE second biennial report of the Fish Commissioner of Kansas, dated Topeka, Kansas, 1880, is at hand. The difficulties which attended him as a novice have been dissipated by experience, and success has attended his endeavor to do his former trials, and he has turned loose in the waters of the State 500,000 fish with 100,000 more in the hatchery nearly ready to shift for themselves. His means are limited to only \$500, and but for "generous hands" and free transportation by the railroad it would not have been possible to accomplish so much. On this subject he says: "If Kansas expects to keep pace with Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado and the other Western States in fishery as in other internal improvements that she has so proudly led, she must, as they have done, appropriate money, and have it expended in a liberal appropriation to operate it, and pay its commissioner a sufficient salary, so that his time and energy can be given to the work necessary, so that our streams may become as productive of wealth as the fertile valleys through which they flow, and compare favorably with the streams of our adjoining sister States." Rev. Charles Reynolds, chaplain, U. S. A., writes Mr. Long that the quinnat salmon have been captured in the Smoky River, and that he has purchased and eaten them on several occasions. Mr. Louis Clark, of the Lakeview, saw many of the fry hatched ashore in a net on the Wakarusa, in Shawnee County, which he restored to the water.

Mr. C. F. Morse writes the commissioner that in March and April, 1879, he saw several "small strings of shad" which were length of the Kansas River, and were from ten to fifteen inches in length, or from one to one and a half pounds. He thinks that there were two or three hundred shad caught there last summer, and claims to be familiar with the shad of the Atlantic coast. Of the fry he received 150 for persons within the State who had applied to Prof. Baird for them, and of this fish he says: "They are a domesticated fish, hardy as the catfish, and in quality equal to the trout. In May he received 10,000 of the land-locked salmon eggs from the hatchery, and in June he received 100,000 of the same. From Prof. Baird 150,000 shad fry were received, which were planted in the streams, and in 1878 and 1879 there were 30,000 quinnat salmon received each year from the same source. The trout which, owing to railroad delays, were not in good order.

The appendix contains the list of fish commissioners from FOREST AND STREAM and the fish and game laws of Kansas.

REPORT OF THE ILLINOIS COMMISSION.

THE first report of the Illinois Fish Commission is at hand and comprises the work done in the years 1879-'80, the Board not being organized until July of the first-named year began their work in August.

Mr. Clark called to the fact that every year the Mississippi and Illinois rivers overflow their banks, backing the water into the low places, shallow lakes and sloughs. Into these places the fish go to deposit their spawn, which is there hatched, and as the water recedes the parents find their way back to the spawning places, and the young fish are left, either from their trying up of such places or from being frozen out in winter. The Commission has done good work in saving the bass, croppies and wall-eyed pike for distribution in other places more favorable for their support. They have taken five million shad, where they were scarce, and if not rescued, and deposited in the rivers and lakes along the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, as well as other waters within the State, one hundred and twenty-nine and three-quarter bushels of the young native fish of the species named above, as well as perch, minnow, catfish, etc., and in the aggregate of 20,000 to the bushel, or in the aggregate 3,895,000 fish.

The State has no hatching-house and it seems doubtful if one is required, there being few streams adapted to trout and salmon, and the necessary work for other salmonids can be obtained at a low figure, provided the Legislature gives an appropriation sufficient to work with. Some scale carp and leather carp were received and have done well.

Mr. Clark, in his report, says: "To violate the law is the rule of the majority of those engaged in the business of fishing in our rivers and lakes; whether from ignorance of the law or disregard for it we cannot state, but the fact of the law being violated at all times exists, and during the same season, and being in the act of fish catching, many of them openly offered for sale. Complainants to the Commissioners from all parts of the State have been frequent, asking us to prosecute or suggest some means of

Spanish Silk Worm Gut.

THE GREAT REDUCTION in the quality of this article, and the increasing admixture of rough strands, has forced us to go into the manufacture of it for our own account. Our Mr. Imbrie has recently established in Murcia, Spain, where all the high quality gut is made, the most extensive and perfect factory of this article in the world. The grades named below will run at least 25 per cent. better than those of any other manufacturers.

Per Thousand.

Corta	\$1 00
Regular Ordinary	1 75
Padron	2 50
Regular Superior	4 00
Padron 2d	5 00

Per Thousand.

Padron 1st Superior	7 50
Marana 2d	12 00
Marana 1st	20 00
Imperial	40 00

Per Thousand.

Regular Superior, 16 inches	12 00
Padron 2d	15 "
Padron 1st	15 "
Marana 1st	15 "

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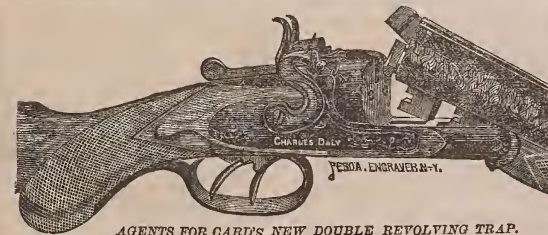
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Col. Pt. & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:25 A.M., 2:25, 3:35, 4:35, 5, 5:35, 6, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 9:15, 10:45 P.M., 12:15 night.

Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M. Flatbush, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:25 A.M., 2:25, 3:35, 4:35, 5, 5:35, 6, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 9:15 P.M., 12:15 night.

Far Rockaway, 8:35, 11 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 7 P.M. Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. and 9:35 P.M.

Great Neck, 6:20, 7:55, 11:55 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. and 9:35 P.M. Sundays, 9:35 A.M., 5:35 P.M. Lott and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3:35, 5:35 P.M. Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. Patchogue, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8:35, 11 A.M., 4:35, 4:35, 5:35, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 9:35 P.M. Creedmoor, 10 A.M., 1:35 P.M., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, commencing Sept. 20.

HUNTER'S PT & WALL ST. ANNEX.—Leave Hunter's Pt. Pier 17, E. R. (foot Flatbush) for Hunter's Pt., 8:30, 10:30, 12:30 A.M., 4, 5, 5:10, 6:10 P.M. For full information, tickets, commutation, etc., apply at 229 B'way, cor. Barclay.

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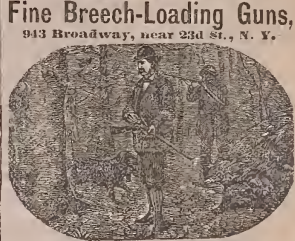
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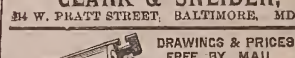


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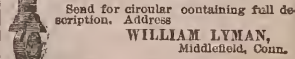


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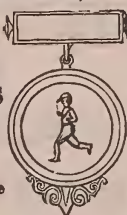
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, February 17.

INTRODUCING FOREIGN BIRDS.

THE suggestion of a correspondent elsewhere will meet with a ready response in the hearts of many of our readers. Unfortunately, however, it is not altogether easy to carry out such a plan as the one which he advocates. At various times a number of the most admired European birds have been turned out in the vicinity of New York, but without any very satisfactory result.

In transporting a species of bird to a new country and firmly establishing it in its new home there are many difficulties to be overcome. Most important among these are the changed climatic conditions to which the introduced species is exposed, and which in most cases it knows not how to escape. Then, too, it is exposed to the attacks of new enemies, which, perhaps, it has not yet learned to fear and, on the whole, under the altered conditions of its life it has not the benefit of that experience which is so necessary to success in the great and unintermitting struggle for existence which is going on in the organic world.

The attempt to introduce a new animal, whether it be mammal, bird or fish, must, under ordinary conditions, take place on a large scale, if it is to be successful. The introduction of the migratory quail to our fauna is not yet an established fact, even though thousands of the birds were turned out under very favorable conditions, at different times and in different localities, and though all classes of our population united to protect them so far as it was possible to do so.

The idea of introducing the skylark is not a new one, but the attempts which have been made in this direction do not seem to have been crowned with any marked degree of success. In 1874 Mr. Henry Reiche turned out fifty pairs of these birds, which established themselves on Long Island, near Newton; but beyond the occasional killing of a specimen or two each summer for a few years subsequent to that date, but little has been heard of the birds. The Cincinnati Acclimatization Society freed a number of skylarks previous to 1874, and it was at one time said that the birds did well in this locality and were becoming numerous near that city. We should be glad to hear from any of our Cincinnati readers, and indeed from all those interested in the subject of acclimatization, any facts which they may be able to furnish us which bear upon this topic.

Skylarks are not the only European birds that have been turned out here. The starling, the English blackbird, chaffinch and pheasant, the Java sparrow and the Japanese finch are all reported to have been introduced at various times in the Central Park, but we know of no record of the results of the experiments. That some of them survived and bred seems, however, probable from captures that have recently taken place. One of the most noteworthy of these was the killing of an English blackbird in New Jersey near the Hudson River last May. The collector was killing warblers for a taxidermist when he discovered the bird sitting on a stone wall, whistling, as he said, "exactly like a robin." He killed it, supposing it so to be a melanistic robin. It showed no evidences of ever having been caged, and it seems fair to suppose that it may have been a descendant of those turned out in the Park long ago. Last December a starling was killed on Blackwell's Island and brought to Wallace's to be stuffed. It was clean and smooth in its plumage, and did not look like a caged bird.

If any steps are to be taken toward the introduction of foreign birds to this country they should be taken at once. It does not follow that because the English sparrow has proved a nuisance other birds would do so. Our readers will remember that Col. Rhodeads, of Quebec, urged some time ago the introduction of the English blackbird, and left with us a substantial contribution toward a fund to be used for this purpose. The FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to contribute to so laudable a project, and if any of our readers are similarly inclined they can communicate with us, and if enough money can be raised to make success seem fairly probable we will set the ball in motion.

WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE PASSED.

THE new game law, proposed for this State and drawn up by a committee of one wholesale game-and-fish dealer and two sportsmen, will permit woodcock shooting from July 1st to August 1st. This is one good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

Section 11 provides that snarers and trappers of birds, railroad employes who peddle snared or trapped birds and marketmen who deal in snared or trapped birds cannot be punished for such offense until it shall have been proved that the trapping, peddling and sale was "willful." This is a second good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

Section 34 provides that woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse may be sold in the markets for five weeks after the expiration of the legal time for killing that game. This is a third good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

The same section provides for the sale of venison for two months after the expiration of the legal time for killing that game. This is the refrigerator amendment "compromised," and affords a fourth good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

Section 38 provides for the appointment of so-called "county game protectors," to whom—in case the "willful" provision fails—offenders may, upon detection, make voluntarily surrender of snared or trapped birds, and thereby secure for themselves immunity from prosecution. By a like voluntary surrender dealers who are detected in illegal traffic in game may secure similar immunity. This is a fifth good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

In short, as we pointed out last week, successive clauses are so worded as to render wholly inoperative any attempt

to punish the illegal killing of game and the illegal traffic in game. The bill, if made a law, would encourage and protect the destruction of game out of season. Although going to Albany ostensibly from the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, it is in reality the work of certain New York marketmen; but it does not represent the views of the most sensible and far-seeing dealers, nor can it be endorsed by all the members of the Long Island Association.

It was announced when this movement was first talked of that the bill would be presented at Albany by the regular Standing Committee of the New York State Association. That plan has not been adhered to, probably for the very good reason that the committee would not father such a bill. It will instead be presented by the unequally-yoked committee of refrigerator marketman and sportsmen.

The bill ought to defeat itself; if it does not, it should be defeated by the earnest efforts of the sportsmen of the State of New York.

NEW JERSEY AND ITS GAME LAWS.

BOTH the old and recent records of the State of New Jersey, now in the possession of its Historical Society, show that from its earliest settlement, in about 1618, down to the present time, it has been a natural section wherein almost variety of game has abounded. The geological features of the State are so diversified that it has offered a home and a breeding place for both upland and aquatic birds. Its direct coast line of 120 miles, exclusive of the shores on the Delaware, Raritan and Newark bays, and its tide meadows traversed by numerous tidal water courses; its grand inland lakes hidden away in the fastness of the northern mountains, and its low drowned lands, watered by broad rivers and springy streams, have all in turn teemed with wild fowl and other aquatic birds. The surface of the northern portion of the State is mountainous, the central portion hilly, and the southern low and gently undulating. At the north the drumming of the ruffed grouse has kept awake the echoes of the mountains, while far below in the wide and beautiful valleys nestling at their feet the quail has made merry with its kind. Along the mountain swales and in the lowland swamps the woodcock has bred in great numbers, and to the boggy bottoms the English snipe has paid its visits twice a year. The same variety of game has also been scattered over the central and southern portions of the State, where the ruffed grouse, and more particularly the quail, were found in far greater numbers than was the woodcock.

It was along the seaboard in the lower section of the State that, more than one hundred years ago, the pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) was found to be plentiful. In those days they were simply called "the grouse," thus distinguishing them from the ruffed grouse, which were termed then as now "the pheasant." An exceedingly interesting letter is now in our possession, the graceful writer of which was Mrs. Richard Bache, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin. It was written to her daughter then residing in Philadelphia, and describes the return of her husband from a shooting trip of ten days "beyond the pines," with a large wagon-load of grouse. It appears that Mr. Bache was a great lover of shooting, and that every autumn he and a party of gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Ingraham of Philadelphia, used to drive from Mr. Bache's estate on the Delaware River, in a large covered wagon, which contained stores, c-oking utensils and a famous v-etro cool, to enjoy magnificent sport, over several superb prairies which had been sent to Mr. Bache from Settle in Yorkshire, England. Game laws then did not disturb the sportsman's mind, and the materialized bug-a-boo called the "pot-hunter" had not yet been hatched out. But although no legal restraint was placed upon those who handled the "fowling piece," yet there were moral lessons instilled by old Mother England that did far more than all the game laws that have ever been cooked up in this country to save and protect, at the proper seasons, the denizens of the mead and woodland.

Grand and good old times must these have been, when the gun was safe from being knocked out of the sportsman's hands by every passing train! Refrigerators were not even dreamed of, and market men and legislators were not then hand-in-glove. It saddens us to see some of the game law tinkers of to-day, mere reflectionists cast upon a soiled sheet from the sooty lanterns of the professional game dealers, and

herein lies one secret of our unsatisfactory laws that very few experienced sportsmen have a finger in the legislative game pie. Thinker, thinker, thinker at the pot for the market shooter. Laws good, bad and indifferent are passed, only to be repealed to make way for further experiments; for after all when power is vested in the hands of persons who are totally ignorant of the subject with which they have to deal, it is not to be wondered at if the wrong hull is taken by the horns, nor indeed if the hull has things all his own way.

It seems useless to attempt to stay this blundering, and to ask that all laws of a new departure be given a patient and practical test. A case in point now comes before us in the shape of the repealing of that excellent law, passed last year, prohibiting the shooting of woodcock during the summer months. A new bill has been framed which will permit the slaughtering of the few woodcock that find their way back to their old haunts before the noise of the first patriotic cracker is heard in the land; on July 1 the season will open, and for thirty-one days (for the stable door is not to be closed until August 1), the sportsmen and market suppliers of New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and of other States are invited to visit the State of New Jersey, hold high carnival, aid in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, and join in the requiem that will sound in honor of the extermination of the half-fledged woodcock and mother birds on their nests! We have frequently resorted to the working of this disastrous system which, if pursued, as it can be proved by those who have watched the apparent decrease from year to year, will lead to the utter extermination of the woodcock.

It was an unthinking change made this year based upon the result of last year's experience. Never can we remember having seen a season so dry as it was last autumn. A drought of many weeks parched the most springy ground, and of course when the fall flight was on the birds from the North found no feedingspots and passed along. They certainly could not be expected under these conditions to stop, and consequently the autumn shooting, save in one or two sections, was not good. But it should be remembered that had the same dry season extended over June, July and August there would have been the same scarcity of birds in those months. In Connecticut, where the experiment of abolishing summer shooting has been tried, the change has worked like a charm, and for two years back the autumn woodcock shooting has improved and been really excellent. But even with this fact in favor of our argument, we hardly consider it fair to try and prove by the records of one State what is expedient for another. In this vast country to attempt to regulate the game laws by the individual boundaries of each State seems to us unwise and impracticable, and particularly so in those situated in the areas of moderate temperature which migratory birds use as stopping places on their route. A glance at the map of the United States shows us that the northern part of New Jersey extends as far north as New Haven and the southern portion almost as far south as Washington, D. C. Is it, then, wise to try and frame game laws to cover this large area? Will not the changes of climate from year to year produce distracting results? and will not the residents of the southern part of the State be in constant antagonism with those living in the north? and will not the game laws of the State be a tug of war until they are regulated according to the latitudinal lines, or framed especially for the counties? True, the extreme length of the State is only 167 miles, but, nevertheless, we have often found the season open in South Jersey several weeks before the frost and snow were at all diminished in the northern part of the State. Consequently, unless a sportsman shoots all over the State in which he lives he is in no position to judge of what the game laws should be, except in his own local section. Assuming that the period of incubation of the woodcock does not exceed eighteen days, it can be readily understood that birds in Cape May County will be out of the shell in some years before other birds have prepared to lay in Sussex County. It is therefore unwise to name the same date for the opening of the season in both localities, especially when it trends so closely upon the acknowledged time the breeding is carried on.

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—The fly casting tournament of the New York Sportsman's Association at their next meeting at Coney Island in June, has been placed in charge of Mr. Fred. Mather, of FOREST AND STREAM, who proposes to enlarge the number of classes so as to give a chance to amateurs, and all who are interested in this beautiful art. Several valuable prizes have been promised, and enough will be obtained to make this one of greater interest than any which have preceded it. There will be more to say upon this subject as soon as the plans are perfected, and all promises of prizes will be recorded in our columns as soon as made. Correspondence is invited.

THE RANGE OF BROOK TROUT.—Those anglers who are interested in the range of their favorite fish will do well to read carefully the article on the subject, by Prof. Goode, in which he treats of this question in an incidental manner and gives more valuable information concerning the *habitat* of our friend in motley than is often found in a volume.

STUD BOOK.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary of the National American Kennel Club, sends us a notification, which we take pleasure in publishing in our kennel columns. All those wishing to make entries in the second volume of the studbook can do so by addressing Mr. Dew, at Columbia, Tenn.

THE ANGLER'S RETROSPECTION.

OVER the mantelpiece hangs an old rod whose days of usefulness are past. It was beyond rejuvenating; and was an old rod many years ago, long before we had moistened our maiden feather. It was owned by a lover of angling; one who taught us its uses. It is a four-jointed, hollow butt, eleven ounce affair, made before a later generation of skilled mechanics had admired the art of making stronger rods of half its weight. Years ago it ranked as a masterpiece of artistic workmanship; to-day it is a curiosity and as worthless for its original purpose as a dead twig, and yet there clings around it a world of sunny memories.

The hour before twilight, on that long-ago June afternoon when we hooked and landed our first trout with it, seems as yesterday; and the friends who were with us, though some have reeled up their lines and crossed the dark river, are all often in our thoughts, and the world seems better to us that we have known them. And brighter than this rises up the stalwart form and the genial face of the dear old friend who gave to us our first lesson in fly-casting. Though old enough to be our father, he was like a foster brother and a playmate. Strong of limb, he was brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb. With older men sensible and dignified, with youth the youngest and jolliest of them all.

He believed with wise Solomon that the rod was an essential instrument in the education of children, but he would place the rod in the hands of the child and let him catch fish with it. More than one lover of the woods and waters reveres his memory, and many a time in town and camp have we heard him spoken of fondly and reverently, as one speaks of a dear mother.

The mind of the veteran angler is a storeroom of pleasant memories, a storeroom filled to the very roof. Though the season is passed and the silvery hairs have asserted their supremacy, the lustre has faded from the eye and the hand has forgotten its cunning, his memory is never so obscured by the film of age as to render him unconscious or forgetful of the almost unnumbered charms that have attended his angling rambles. The aching feet, the bruised arms, the legs, every bone rebelling against comfort, the ennobled look of Fortune as she repulsed his advances, all the hosts of discouragements and accidents that have at times occurred are forgotten or forgiven and he is mindful only of the sunniest smiles.

The old crippled veteran loves to fight his battles over again, and what a world of pleasure he derives from their recital! He will recount to you almost with his last pipe the afternoon's sport he had at some favorite pool years and years ago, how lustily fought that grandee below the falls, his scowling runs and desperate leaps, and final surrender. These he remembers with all their attending minutiae—the fly he used, the hour, his length of cast and way of playing. These reminiscences are full of pleasant incident always, excepting the extemporized ones.

But the angler's thoughts turn not alone back to the fishes favors. The dear old faces he knew and saw by the evening camp-fire, the long pulls down the river and across the lake, the tramps over and around the mountains, the early starts and late returns, the tangled woodland, the picturesque runs and rugged gorges, the songs and stories before the turning-in hour, when spoon-fashion he laid and dreamed of pleasures past and to come—all these form a swift procession of sunny memories. These impressions are indelible. They never even become momentarily obscured, but grow brighter and brighter while other events may touch the heart, but never become so thoroughly crumpled as to become part and parcel of one's nature. It is a memory that never dies; a sort of fast-color recollection that will wash and not fade in the slightest degree. It is altogether too tenacious, for the well-regulated angler, no matter how near his final dissolution, will involuntarily exaggerate, and yet never overstep the bounds of verity. He has learned in his journey from youth through manhood to old age to value truth and his yarns are no longer "fishy." Oh, no! He is too near his journey's end to deal in anything but truth, pure and unadorned. Oh, yes!

When he can no longer join in the wantonness of the rollicking chorus around the evening camp-fire, when teeth are gone and voice is cracked so he can no longer hold on to high "C" with any certainty he will applaud his successors and wish them such joys as have been meted out to him; and if they have half as much their cup of healthy, life-giving sport will be well filled.

Then here's to the youngster who indulges in the pleasures of hope; and here's a kindly greeting to the old man who must content himself in recalling the past! MILEARD.

A NEW RIFLE ORGAN.—The dispute over the late Wimbledon Meeting of last July, and the scandal connected with it, has hurried the production of another paper specially devoted to the interests of the volunteers, and the *Volunteer Review* is now to appear as the contemporary of the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, which for so many years has come freighted with good things and rich with varied discussion of all the minutiae of rifle practice and militia organization. The establishment of this new organ of the volunteer force and exponent of rifle practice is a protest against the systematic practice of the Council of the N. R. A. of Great Britain to discredit those who have ventured to bring before them any suggestions for reform. Our own Board of Directors were open to the same indictment, but we live in hope yet that our new Board may change the current.

WE REGRET TO RECORD the death of Mr. Charles H. Fox, Secretary of the Sharps Rifle Company, of Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Fox had been severely afflicted with rheumatic complaints for the past two or three years, and since his recent return from Europe had been at his home in Milford most of the time, where he died last Tuesday night of arthritic affection of the heart. He had been favorably known in the gun trade of this city for the past thirty years, and was formerly of the firm of Cooper & Pond, 177 Broadway, this city, the site now occupied by Edwin S. Harris.

THE COCKER CLUB.—Those of our readers who are interested in spaniels will no doubt be pleased at the progress made toward the organization of the Cocker Club, as announced in another column. The committee chosen to form a standard and to take preliminary steps toward organization includes a number of our most prominent breeders, and will command the respect and have the good will of cocker men at large.

THE INDEX OF VOLUME FIFTEEN, which is published with this issue, is the best possible exhibit of just what the FOREST AND STREAM is doing. This simple tabulation of the contents of the paper for six months contains abundant evidence of the wide scope, high character and practical value of its successive numbers.

"**HINTS ON DEER SHOOTING**" is one of the many practical papers published in these columns which deserve careful reading because of the instruction contained in them.

SVERDRUP'S SERMON ON DOGS is commented on by an American clergyman in another column.

The Sportsman Courier.

AFTER THE LAST KICK.

SOMETHING eminently respectable is there about shooting in a nice country, not ill-peopled nor too tight; to go out at morning with a clever dog, hang away now and then, tramping home at sunset with a comfortable bagful or less. Let no bag scale more than fifteen or twenty pounds. Don't knock down fences, and spoil the farmer's disposition. Have an eye for something besides brown feathers; then, whatever heide, fat bag or lean, you shall be on the best of terms with that right good fellow, yourself. Long out overmuch for the sight of mighty game of hoof and horn, for something of such have I to tell. It is a fine thing to snoot big game, yet truly it is in some respects like drawing the famous prize clephant.

One summer's evening, while the days were yet long, a boat moving quietly and inoffensively up a narrow stream was stopped by a self-important old mouse. Intruded upon at his fashionable S'oleek dinner-course, he it is known, our present well customs with respect to square meals are only those of the wild deer—he not only refused to grant a passage, but, creating his name, evidently contemplated an attack upon the two voyagers. Threatened at a distance of twenty-five feet by an old rat of a nutz-zoldo-lander, his lordship only looked still more morose; at which juncture, in sheer self-defence, there came from the boat a big bang from four drums of indifferent bad powder, a little bang from a drum and a half of the same, followed by a preparatory shuffle of moccasins as though some fellow rather expected to give up the ship if boarded by the foe. There was a great leap, a flying of spray, a plunge, a gurgle, and in thirty seconds from the shot the mouse found himself under water, all but a horn.

"Ah," said the travelers as the deep pool became again placid in the twilight; yet, in removing the obstruction having burned the last grain of powder within ten miles, they proceeded not further into the enemy's country, but anchored straight way to the upstanding horn.

Of course, the good paddle was held by Ned Norton, the shabby gun by R., the undersigned, while the mouse-infested stream was, as must be, in Tom Chester's domain at Second Lake.

Imagine a dead horse in a stream—a dead horse with a pair of shovel blades set close to an immense ugly head, with less tail than a rabbit, and you have the situation; adding, if you will, the fast-gathering darkness of night under the black firs.

"Lift his head into the stern," said Norton, balancing himself in the bow.

"Lift" I did, and master Ned came a great deal nearer—according to the capers of Saranac boats in general—to being pitched bodily into the stream than did the ungainly head to coming aboard. Ten minutes of balancing and tugging brought success to the attempt, whereupon we poled and towed the carcass a few rods below to a sort of landing at an old mouse path, there scrambling together a bit of a fire for the benefit of a lot of blood-scenting mosquitoes as well as for light. The bank was soft and pretty steep.

Now, without being heavy weights, either of us could not land a hundred-pound trout about the woods and not mind, but for our lives we could not get that mouse more than two-thirds out of water, though we toiled like a couple of ants at some huge bug. Regardless of blood and sand I embraced the warm limp carcass as a long lost brother, but wrestled, as did N., to no purpose except to get beautifully besuicered; the hindquarters remained beneath the surface.

About this time the distinctly eminent respectability of putting shooting on my own native hills began to appear. I wanted to give up till morning, but the dauntless N., with, "You hold the light," attacked the prey at the water line with his razor-like knife. For a minute I stood it, while N., sleeves rolled back from his ensanguined arms, delved and pulled away like a vulture, but presently took to flight before the vile odds, cautiously retreating on the windward side upon a demand for "more light." Gasped and lashed by long experience to all manner of "insides," Norton kept steadily on, somehow containing his own inwardness as he showed the enormous panache of the mouse into the stream; yet coughing and gasping at intervals, during which he would nearly disappear within the growing cavity. "Nough—to-er—stink—er—dog out of—er—gut—eat!" came up explosively from the water side, and he slipped at the mosquitoes' most viciously.

The necessary task done at last, we put to sea again, landing on a little flat island or spit near by, and our burden being

mals, in a short time we reached camp, to find, fortunately, that the wound was merely superficial and required little attention.

That night, as my chief and I reposed in front of our tent, smoking and chatting over the events of the day, I could not refrain from alluding to the knowledge of sacred things shown by Antelope Jake, at which he laughed heartily and incredulously. I called Jake up and made him repeat what he had told, but Hoxie, more practical than myself, said: "Jake, how did you find out about all these things?" "White man told me," was the answer, and I stalked away. Kind reader, I was yet but a very distant Western pilgrim and away went another cherished illusion regarding the myths, traditions and religion of the North American Indians. I did what seemed best under the circumstances—shook out my pipe and stole quietly away to my blankets.

Natural History.

TWO KINGS OF THE FEATHERED RACE.

THE IMPORTATION OF THE SKYLARK.

WINSTON, CAN., Feb. 8.

I WISH to speak of two kindly birds. First, of the foreign quail. Yesterday, as the sun was pouring his splendor on the snow, I put my horse to the center and drove off to visit a friend in an adjoining town. The final cause of my visit (as the philosophers say) was a flock of European quail that are wintering near my friend's house. They were hatched in the neighborhood and have been there all the fall and thus far through the winter.

You doubt it? So did I, for though I had seen them in December I had supposed that they had followed the migratory instinct and left some weeks ago for warmer climes. My friend is an old shooter and knows our Bob White perfectly, and he is positive that these are not our quail.

Two weeks ago he shot one out of the flock with the purpose of sending it to your office, but the snow drifts prevented. He thus describes them: they are smaller than common quail, their legs are bluish (not light-colored or brown), drab feathers on breast and the toes are longer, so that he can tell them by their track on the snow. I hope to secure one from this bery and send it to you and that will settle the question. And yet we should hardly be surprised to find some of these birds remaining behind, for they are found at times all through the winter in England and elsewhere in Europe, while in India and other warm countries they are permanent residents.

May I call the attention of the officers of game clubs to another matter? These fish and game clubs are doing a noble work for our land, but have they not been too exclusively governed by motives of utility in their labors?

We are all poets in a degree and lovers of the beautiful, and Mrs. Brown has said that "the true poetic heart is more than all poetic fame." Sportsmen, as a class, are appreciative of the beauties of nature, but our clubs have thus far given no attention to the spiritual element within us.

I plead for the skylark. If there is one songster in the grand choir of the fields which America cannot afford to be without it is this wonderful bird.

His power is seen in his place in literature. We have all read of the skylark from our childhood, but our ears have never heard the wild, exulting music which he makes.

We meet him in poetry everywhere—in Lucian and in modern times; and the works of foreign authors, for our American poets have paid their tribute to his charms and set him among the harmonies of their songs.

Gentlemen of the rod and gun, lovers of the meadows and the streams, why have you forgotten the skylark? You send the young of the fishes about the continent and to lands across the sea; you have captured the quail of Sicily and planted them in your fields; but the King of the song birds of the world is only heard in a foreign land.

A few years since I was wandering among ancestral meadows (a stranger owns them now) in a land on the other side of the sea, when up from my feet leaped a lark, springing into the air and rushing upward as if he would gain the sun. I threw myself on the grass, in order to keep my eye on him and to lose nothing of his song. Up, up he soared till he appeared the merest speck in the blue sky, and at last was quite gone from sight, but still he rained the music down and filled the air with melody. Some lines of Shelley's fine poem came to my lips:

Highest still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The hidden deep thou wingest,
And singest as doest, and soaring ever swiftest.
In the broken lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run:
Like an unbodded joy whose race is just begun.

In the February *Saviner's* John Burroughs, the poet of the birds, tells of finding a skylark by the Hudson. He thus speaks of his discovery: "Yes, that unstated, jubilant, multitudinous song can be none other than the lark's. Presently I was fortunate enough to catch sight of the bird. He had reached his climax in the sky and was hanging with quivering wings beneath a white cloud, against which his form was just revealed. I had seen and heard the lark in England, else I should still have been in doubt about the identity of the singer. I was soon in the meadow above which I had heard him; and the first bird I flushed was the lark."

Mr. Burroughs thinks the bird escaped from a cage or was a survivor of a number liberated some years ago on Long Island, and adds, "there is no reason why a lark should not thrive in this country as well as Europe, and if a few hundred were liberated in any of our fields in April or May I have little doubt they would soon become established. And what an acquisition it would be! As a songster the lark is deserving of all the praise that has been bestowed upon him. His voice is the joyous and inspiring voice of a spring morning. It is like a musical clapping of hands."

The importation of the lark has frequently been urged in American journals, but the task is too large for individuals, and the only hope of setting this splendid singer in the fields of our continent is through the sportsmen's clubs. A small contribution—say five or ten dollars—from each of our game clubs, would be sufficient to secure him for America. They could be imported on favorable terms if a large number were ordered, for they are captured for the table in England and France during the winter months. JOSEPH FULLMAN.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by your issue of Jan. 6 that one of your correspondents, signing himself S. H. C., wishes to know something about California quail, and as I have lived in California all my life and have hunted the quail and have observed their habits to a certain extent, I think I can enlighten him on a few points concerning them.

The so-called California valley quail (*Lophortyx californicus*) is abundant from the Colorado River (lower California) in the valley, and on the mountain slopes up to about three thousand feet, above which it is replaced by the mountain quail (*Oreortyx pictus*).

In the fall of the year they congregate in flocks of from fifteen or twenty to several hundred. In the spring they pair off and lay their eggs during April and May, oftentimes raising two broods in a season. The number of eggs varies from ten to twenty and even more. They are very castly tamed, either when taken wild or raised from the eggs, and will fly in captivity.

These birds are found in this part of the country near thick brush, which they stay in during the day, coming out in the morning and evening to feed, but on the slightest alarm they immediately retreat to the brush, where it is very difficult to dislodge them. They do not fly well to a dog unless thoroughly frightened. In coming suddenly on a flock they all rise with a whirr, and then if not shot at they will run quite a distance after lighting. But if you shoot when they first rise they scatter and lie quite close after that. I have shot into a flock as they rose, and have seen several plunge headlong into the brush at the crack of the gun. They oftentimes fly into trees and conceal themselves so closely in the foliage that they are discovered with great difficulty.

During one of our dry years, 1877 or '78, I don't remember which, a large number of quail did pair off and breed. Large flocks could be flushed in the midst of the breeding season, and it seemed as if, through some wonderful foresight, the birds knew the season would be dry and there would not be food enough for their offspring. This fact was not only noticed here but at Santa Barbara as well.

As for the mountain quail they are not found in this part of the State, and as a consequence I do not know much about them, so I will leave it to those who are familiar with their habits to some abler and more experienced pen than mine.

As to introducing either of these species into the Eastern States, I think the attempt would be a failure. In regard to the valley quail I am personally acquainted with a gentleman living in Central New York who made the attempt. The first winter it was so cold for the birds in the woods that they had to be brought into the kitchen to be kept alive. There is no doubt about it the birds cannot stand the cold weather. Mr. J. G. Cooper, an authority, says on this subject: "They (valley quail) are carried East in almost every steamer, but no account of their successful naturalization in our more severe Atlantic climate has yet been published. They are, however, said to be very numerous in France, where they have found a suitable climate and are well protected. Experiments made in England have not been so successful."

That night, I think, be introduced with success to the "Sunny South," but as for introducing them successfully into the Eastern States or any State, in fact, where they have severe snows, I think it would be throwing time and money away to attempt it.

As to introducing the mountain quail to the Atlantic coast, I have no doubt that they could stand the cold, but I think they rather shun civilization, for they live up on steep mountain sides in rugged places. To take these birds from their mountain fastnesses and retreats and introduce them into the cultivated fields of Long Island or Massachusetts would be like bringing the Esquimaux from their desolate ice fields or the Bushmen from their arid deserts and leaving them in the beautiful flowery tropics. In either case the result is the same—they would pine away and die. CINCIO.

See FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 6 and 20, 1881.

HAMMOND, N. Y., Jan. 31.

I have just returned from Ogdensburg, where, through the kindness of the Hon. Dml. Magone, to whom they belong, and to whom they were sent from their place of nativity in Oregon, I had the pleasure of examining twenty Oregon quail. My first feeling was surprise, as they exceed in beauty anything I had before been accustomed to recognize as quail. The following description may help you to see them as I can see in my mind's eye. They are much more upright in carriage than our own; legs much stouter, bird larger, wings and back smilf brown, edges of wings pencilled with white, head and back of neck grey, extending around on breast; thr at a lustrous maroon; wing supports chestnut, barred with white; a handsome tuft on the crown of head from the centre of which grow two long, narrow feathers. If you can, from this meager description, you will please give further particulars relative to this bird, also your opinion as to the probable success of attempts at propagation in confinement or in places where they could have care, food and protection, and where, in your opinion, is the best place to turn them out.

I was requested to make these inquiries by Mr. M., as he intends to turn them out in the spring. H. A. M.

The birds, from your description, are evidently the Mountain quail of the Pacific coast (*Oreortyx pictus*). We do not see why they might not do well if turned out in proper country and looked after a little in winter. On the Pacific coast they inhabit the mountain sides and elevated plateaus of the ranges, and are thus more or less accustomed to cold and snow. They are beautiful birds, and we regard the flesh as excellent. If possible they should be turned out in a country as nearly like that from which they come; that is a rough, mountainous or hilly district. If they escape the combined assaults of vermin and sportsmen during the first summer we may hope to hear of them again. We do not know whether they would breed in confinement or not.

Please keep us advised as to the progress of this attempt at acclimatization.

SEVERAL SEALS have been seen off the Long Island coast this winter, and one day last week a small gray seal was seen on a cake of ice drifting toward Bedloe's Island, in New York Bay. Two boatmen from the Bedloe's Island, on the cake and killed the seal. It measured three feet seven inches

in length and weighed twenty-five pounds. It had a pistol-shot wound in the head and is supposed to have been the same seal that was shot at by two sailors several weeks ago.

The occurrence of these animals in this neighborhood is not altogether an unusual one, and we have seen them in considerable numbers on the Connecticut coast, both in spring and fall. Last spring a seal was killed in the Housatonic River, not far below Derby, Conn. All the specimens recently captured in this vicinity appear to be the common *Ploceu vitulina*.

MINNESOTA BIRDS.—The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, of January 8, mentions an interesting case of the winter birds of Minnesota, by Mr. Thos. S. Roberts. Fifty species are mentioned, divided into "permanent residents," "winter visitors," "half hardy" and "accidental." Mr. Roberts' article is very pleasantly written and conveys a good deal of information of a character not often found in a daily newspaper.

HORNS OF MOOSE AND DEER.—In FOREST AND STREAM, February 3, I notice your correspondent, "J. C." of Bangor, is in doubt about moose and deer shedding their horns every year. I have killed over fifty moose and hunted over thirty years in the northwestern part of Maine, and have never known an instance of moose, deer or caribou retaining their antlers, excepting occasionally a spike-horn bull moose. These carry a straight prong on each side, from six to ten inches long, through the whole year. Moose always shed their horns in the first thaw in the winter after January comes in, and then one antler at a time. I never found two together, except on the moose's head. J. G. RICH.

HARMS OF REVERED GHOSE.—Had Harry Woodhall inquired in what manner does the ruffed grouse leave her young of, say, a day old, when driven off, I would have replied that if notes were to be taken on the spot a mighty number pen would be required to jot them down if all their movements were recorded as they occurred.

In going through a large body of woods in northern Michigan, in the summer of 1878, I stopped for a moment to call to a companion who was some distance away. As I called, an old grouse came out from under a thimble berry bush right at my feet, ran a yard or so, then flew possibly five more, dropped on the ground and fluttered and tore about at a furious rate, creating quite a little turmoil among the dry leaves that covered the ground. Having attempted, when a boy, to catch an old bird under similar circumstances, as this one seemed to be, without very good success, I concluded to watch proceedings. For an instant after the old bird left the bush the young ones fairly swarmed about my feet; the next, not one was to be seen, though the woods was comparatively open. As I made no attempt to capture the old bird, she finally ruffled up and commenced to make off. Both wings were trailing and the flipping, first to one side, then the other, making much more of an effort to navigate than she probably would have done a few moments later, if dropped in thick cover with a broken wing, particularly if one had no dog and only a single barreled mazzle-load. After waddling off two or three rods and falling to induce me to follow, she came part way back, flipping more and more, at times rolling clear on to her back, in which position she would remain for a few seconds, wings out, legs tucked and forth as though just gone. Having a little curiosity to see something more of the young ones than I was at first permitted, I commenced very carefully poking among the leaves, and soon had them in my hat, a common felt. They were unable to jump out, and though hardly more than out of the shell were in every respect true to nature. It was amusing to see the manner in which the little things, in response to the ruffed grouse's quill, would curl up, legs tucked and straighten out in the bottom of the hat, and how lively they scampered off and found cover under some large leaf the instant they were again at liberty. I did not watch proceedings further, but doubt if the little things were left to themselves long, as the old bird was probably at no time more than twenty yards away. This was in a section where grouse were very plenty, and where they are less accustomed to the report of guns than in more thickly settled districts, in many of which they are fast becoming a thing of the past. North Branch, Ohio. SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—I have been looking about among the taxidermists for snowy owls during the past week, impelled by curiosity to learn where these Arctic birds have gone, as we all felt convinced they would be numerous in our vicinity. We have discovered that collectors in Baltimore and Virginia have been killing fine specimens, and that there were many are showing themselves further South than ever before.

Mr. James Sevard, the artist, has received an order from Hamilton Disston, Esq., of Philadelphia, to paint for him a duck shooting scene, and Mr. S. is only waiting for open weather to begin his work; for he intends making a sketch on the ground to be selected. Your correspondent visited his studio last week and was shown a fine portrait of Mr. J. Bassett's sector of ducks, and a fine scene of a very natural dead game in a capital trout-fishing scene with the well known scene Vogel in a life-like position just striking or hooking a fish.

Mr. John Krider's son Joe, with his friend, Mr. Abbott, of Philadelphia, are making preparations for a tour to the Northwest for the purpose of collecting rare winter birds, and their stay will in all probability be prolonged until April or May. Joe naturally falls into the bird department of the Philadelphia establishment and is fast becoming expert in the taxidermist art. Hono.

PINE GROSBIRDS IN MAINE.—Bethel, Maine, Feb. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your issue of January 27 your correspondent Fred Lewis speaks of a flock of this bird seen near Jannaia Plains last month.

This winter small flocks of them are almost every day about my farm and sometimes fly into my barn; even in the coldest days, when twenty or more degrees below, they are frequently seen.

I also saw this week two sparrows in my door-yard which resembled the English sparrow, and as the cold is intense and the snow four feet deep, and there has not been an hour for sixty days that it would give under foot, it is quite unexpected to see these birds. Twenty-five miles northwest of here, at the Umbagog Lake, and through the whole region of lakes north of that, I have never in thirty years past seen a pine grosbeak in winter. But this lake country is from ten or twelve hundred feet higher altitude than this place.

The American crossbill are abundant there. In any warm wintry day they come in large flocks about the doors of houses and camps. The Canada jay is also very abundant there, also the Canada partridge, at all seasons of the year.

J. G. RICH.

WINTERING IN MAINE.—Vinalhaven, Me., Jan. 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: I saw to-day six rutins (*Turdus migratorius*). I have noticed that these little fellows, or about the same number, have remained with us for the last three winters taking up their residence in a large swampy tract of forested thickly with a small growth of evergreen trees. During the middle portion of warm, sunny days they alight forth to hunt among the weeds and bring the seedlings for food, which consists of seeds and small salt water worms and insects. They seem to be cheerful and hearty, and apparently in good condition. Is it not somewhat unusual for these birds to remain so far North—about 45 deg during winter? I have also noticed for two or three winters past three or four kingfishers (*Ceryle alcyon*) around the outer shores. I have never seen one perched upon a stub or tree watching or diving for fish, as is their habit in warm weather, but they apparently depend upon what they can pick up around the shore line at low water. I am aware that Verrill says they are sometimes seen here in Maine in winter, but I am of the opinion that they are rare so far North as a winter residents.

MEADORS.

DEVoured BY WOLVES.—We clip the following item from the St. Petersburg *Golos*. We do not have, happily, wolves of this kind on this side of the water at the present time. The extract says:

"On the 12th of January Alexander Vassilvitch Eliaeff, a medical student, the author of many articles that have from time to time appeared in Russian journals, and an indefatigable student of the archeology and anthropology of the ancient province of Novgorod, arrived on the estate of a Mr. Vassilief, in the old Russia, in order to hunt wolves. He was desired to stay the night at the house, and not to face the dangers of the chase alone. To this he agreed, but when Mr. Vassilief, who had been obliged to absent himself during the day, returned in the evening he learned that his guest had left the house about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. His return was looked for from hour to hour, but the whole of the night passed without his arrival. On the following day, toward evening, a peasant brought the intelligence that the young man had been torn to pieces and devoured by wolves. When a search was made the snow was found to be covered with blood-stains, and scattered around were pieces of clothes and hunting appliances. Not far from the place were found several large bones, and the stock of the student's gun, with the barrel broken off in the life-and-death struggle which he had evidently maintained with his numerous foes. The many wolf-tracks and blood-stains all around showed that a severe struggle had taken place, and that several of the animals had been killed and devoured by their fellows."

BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.—On a recent evening, while Mr. George Devoe, of Spotswood, N. J., was entertaining a large party, a quail flew against the parlor window, breaking the glass. The bird was caught in the room and did not appear to be much hurt.

Last week a singular incident occurred at the residence of Mr. C. R. Gibbs, near Billingsport, in Gloucester County, N. J. A few days ago Mr. Gibbs was attracted to his room by a grand owl's whin, and found a large hawk, frightened by the unusual situation in which it found itself, flying wildly about the apartment and playing havoc with all the smaller articles in the room. The bird was a powerful and vicious one and was only captured with much difficulty, fighting with beak and claw, any one who approached it. It had evidently swooped down upon the canary bird hanging within the window, not seeing the glass between it and its prey, as the panes were broken and the cage upset.

During the last few days a hawk, a canary bird, the cage of which was hanging near the sitting-room of Capt. W. Mount's hotel in Hightstown. The hawk was stung by contact with the glass and fell to the pavement, where it lay for several minutes, then revived and flew away.

During the recent campaign, as a torchlight procession was passing the house of the writer, a number of English sparrows fluttered wildly against the window. When the sash was raised the birds entered the room and perched on the picture frames.

A.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY IT?—Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 1.—During the past four days quite a number of ducks have passed over this city, headed for the Lake or Canada. Flocks of about fifty or sixty have been seen. Every feeding ground is frozen solid hereabouts, and I am sure the prospects are no better across the Lake "Ontario." The mercury stands at zero to-day. Where can these ducks be going unless to a freeze-out? Their appearance has not brought (as predicted by a few) any thaw, but we are in hopes this three months spell of cold may let up and trust these ducks are posted. Last fall nearly every duck left our preserve (Sandy Ponds) Nov. 10 and 12. A severe snow storm came Nov. 15; since that time everything has been frozen up here, which proves they knew what was coming and left for warmer parts. It was a singular occurrence, as ducks usually remain on those ponds until considerable ice is formed, and much later.

LEATHER STOCKING.

A TRI-PEDAL ROOSTER.—City Hall, N. Y.—I noticed in a recent number an account of a three-legged hen, which was regarded as a great curiosity. I owned, until a few weeks ago, a rooster with three legs. Unlike the hen, however, his third leg was useless. It was attached to his body between and a little behind his other legs, and was fully developed and perfect in every respect. He kept it drawn up a little way so as not to interfere with locomotion. He was a white leghorn, and a good healthy bird, able to perform all the duties expected of a rooster. I do not know what became of him as he disappeared mysteriously, but I suspect that my spaniels know all about it.

W. H. L.

OLD SQUAW IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.—Notwithstanding the intense cold of the present winter the hardy old squaw is abundant at present on the Niagara River. A St. David, Canada, correspondent writes me that he has seen her, as follows: "Cowwies in immense numbers are congregated on the Niagara River in every little open spot—I say open spot, for you know the river has been completely frozen over this winter for the first time within the memory of 'the oldest inhabitant,' and some people have been forlornly enough to cross on the ice."

HIBERNATING SPAKES.—The employes on the work train on the Erie and Pittsburg Road, one day last week, while loading gravel from a pit near Harbor Bridge, unearthed a den of seventy snakes which had gone into winter quarters in one mace. The snakes were of six different species and measured from five inches up to three and a half feet.

LIST OF ARRIVALS AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING FEB. 16.—One deer, *Cervus virginianus*, presented by Mr. ARSON Phelps Stokes, New Brighton; one horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented by Mr. C. W. STANTON, New York; two white scurred thrushes, *Dithysia bicolorata*, Hab. Mexico, presented by Capt. W. POWELL GIBBS, U. S. Army; two peregrine falcons, *Falco peregrinus*, Hab. India, presented by Mr. W. W. WESTLEY, U. S. Ranger; three birds flew about the vessel in the China sea; one yabu, *Boo trichas*, born in the menagerie; one hawk monkey, *Cercopithecus macr.*, and one spider monkey, *Ateles pallidus*, PHILADELPHIA.

A. C. COCKRILL, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOREST AND STREAM'S pamphlet on the "Dittmar Sporting Powder" having been exhausted, a second is now in press and will be ready Saturday. Copies will be mailed free upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

- Sept. 23, 1880—The "Dittmar Sporting Powder."
- Sept. 30, 1880—Evading Detonation.
- Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."
- Dec. 9, 1880—The Dittmars' Abacadabra.

HINTS ON DEER SHOOTING.

NO man can more fully realize than the writer the difficulty of undertaking this knotty subject, and no one is more convinced that all the books from here to Halifax will not teach a man to hunt deer, or any other game, for that matter. So all I will endeavor to do is simply and purely to give a few hints, more with the view of helping out a tyro than with any egotistical ideas on any definite mode or style of action. For verily, to hunt successfully and kill the whitetail deer is a rare accomplishment, and one that requires much patience, observation and many fine points in woodcraft, which may be learned at any age, even after years of labor.

No comparison can be drawn between deer shooting and the killing of any kind of feathered game, as to do the former in a legitimate way no appliances can be brought to bear, whereas decoys, calls, blinds, etc., are frequently used in the latter by our best and most thorough sportsmen, and last, but far from being least, the trusty dog does the lion's share, especially in finding the game, which, after all, is the most difficult part of the performance. So I repeat, that a man who kills many deer as a "still hunter" is perforce a good hunter, and one who knows thoroughly the haunts and habits of the animal, besides being endowed with a large quota of common sense.

Although I have killed a great many deer in the North-western States and Territories, I consider myself nothing but a novice, and don't think I ever would become an expert, as I have not sufficient patience, and am apt to rely too much upon making up for my many deficiencies by my confidence in my marksmanship. This is a grand mistake and one I have paid for many a time or two.

When going out on a driving deer into a lake and butchering them with a knife, saddle or shot gun. I have never watched a salt lick or killed a deer from a tree top with a howitzer or handbuss, but I have killed several after tracking them perhaps for hours, and I have also killed some from a good stand on a runaway, therefore I will confine myself to these latter modes of hunting, being somewhat familiar with them.

I remember with what delight I baited the first snow after the opening of the deer season, when I went North and anxiously I waited for it. I also remember equally well that I have frequently hunted with the thermometer 20 deg. below zero, and fired never a shot; but then these are exceptions, and, being unpleasant ones, I will banish them and say no more on this doleful subject.

Given a good deer country, two inches of snow, a Winchester repeater (preferably the Express, but if not, any other model of same make, loaded with hollow pointed bullets) and outfit, and all these packed by a substantial breakfast, a good pair of legs, and off you go. In still hunting over a level, timbered country there is but little choice of ground, and the wind must decide the course; but in a hilly, rolling piece of woods keep well up on the backbones as much as possible, as it is far easier to look down hill than up, besides the deer are more likely to be in low ground in cold weather, so keep well above them to avoid coming on them too suddenly. Travel slowly, scrutinize each bush; and, above all, don't race over the ground, as that does no good, tires you out, scares away the game and leaves you nothing but disappointment. The most successful deer hunters I have ever seen were easy going, poky old fellows who would go wandering along in a meandering course at a snail pace, gawking at everything, never breaking a twig, keeping clear of all brush, and, in fact, going along as though they were trying to put in as much time as they could and cover as much ground as possible with their stumpy, doubtful shot. Those fellows see everything, don't tear their clothes, don't go stumbling over logs and into briar patches. They go winding along through windfalls and tannack swamps as though a road had already been cleared for them, and when a deer does jump up, why there they are, cool as a cucumber, stock still, so slow, silent and easy is their progress that oftentimes the deer is not near their whereabouts, and the only indication he has of their proximity is a puff of smoke and a ball behind the shoulder and, of course, he is done.

When first I hunted deer in what I then considered "still" hunting style I don't believe I killed on an average one deer a week, in fact, sometimes I didn't see one a week, and when I did bowl one over it was purely accidental and entirely owing to being a good snap shot—that, being an inborn gift. I deserve no credit for it. There were plenty of deer, too, as every body who then saw a fresh, warm bed and hundreds of tracks. But when I saw how I bagged, I was amazed around my own neck and to another, sprawling over logs which I vainly attempted to straddle, coming to grief against thorns, barking my shins against stumps, leaving pieces of flesh sticking to brambles, becoming irretrievably entangled in vines and creepers, and getting snarled up generally, going headlong down banks, riding-on-a-rail fashion over logs that spanned

streams and frequently dropping some useful article into the water below, running great risk of decapitating myself against overhanging boughs, plying down holes, and, to sum it up short, making meket enough to scare away all the deer within a radius of 300 yards. I don't suppose every one is as clumsy as I was, still it must be admitted that to travel through the brush and undergrowth is simply an art; and, what is more, there are very few who are masters of it, and to walk steadily along without breaking twigs in dor foot or rubbing against frozen branches is only acquired by long practice and the exercise of a great deal of caution, requiring constant attention and unremitting watchfulness.

Be sure of one thing, a deer's ears and nose are his best friends, his eyes being of secondary importance. I have worked up to within a hundred yards of deer in the open, when had they been as keen sighted as antelope I never could have managed it. But what they lack in sharpness of eyesight they fully make up in keenness of hearing and smell. Give them credit for being about perfect in these accomplishments and you will save yourself many hours of fruitless toil. Again, a deer when lying down has a much better opportunity of seeing a man walking through the woods than the man has of seeing him—as one is stationary and the other is moving, besides being, in that position, so much the larger of the two. Consequently, naturally, noisily, or carelessly, so as not to draw his attention, or excite his alarm; and even then, be you ever so careful, they will often slip off without even being seen; and that generally settles it, for a deer once startled is all the more vigilant, and although he may not travel far yet he will usually keep out of harm's way and keep his weather eye on his back track.

While hunting in the pincers of Minnesota I once met an old-timered who thought he had been in the woods for ten or eleven years before he came. It was with my own eyes that I discovered the lamentable extent of my ignorance and how much I had to learn. This old veteran was about fifty years of age, and he had hunted deer for over thirty-five years, making it a specialty. It can be readily understood that his advice was worth taking, and I am only sorry I did not prolong my hunt with him, as every deer brought out some new thing, and I have never met any other man who was so good a steady old hunter. He was a regular bond, and had killed more game than three ordinary hunters; but, what an anomaly—he could not shoot. Actually, if a deer moved, or even wagged his ears, the old fellow would quietly wait till he was stock still, and then blaze away. Sometimes he would kill, but that was not by any means a foregone conclusion; and as he would insist on using a single barrel muzzle-loading rifle, of course the deer was off before he could do so. He would say, "I wish I had a second rather a matter to be expected than one to get mud and, so, nothing daunted, he would reload his rifle, sit on a log, light his pipe, soliloquize and ascribe reasons for his maladroitness, and make wise resolutions for the future, and having put in about half an hour, go ahead, take up the track of the doomed deer, and eight times out of ten get another shot, with varying results, inside of an hour. How he did it I never could figure out. I have followed him for many long days, from noon till dusk, and have seen him shoot three or four times at the same deer in a day, and generally bag him in the long run. When we became better acquainted, it was mutually agreed and understood that he would do the finding and I the shooting; and by that means we generally had the pleasure of hanging up a deer or two a day without his firing a shot. At first I ascribed his finding the deer merely to good luck, but I soon got over that. He would follow a deer a distance of several miles, without getting any nearer, and guided by an unerring judgment, which was simply supernatural, would leave it or strike out at right angles, and shortly come upon the same track, or else point out the deer, perhaps fifty or one hundred yards away, sniffing and watching his back track, while his foes were either in his flank or rear. On such an occasion it was merely a matter of target shooting with me and not interesting, being entirely too mechanical, so that I frequently purposely made a noise to start the animal, and give him his chance.

This conduct on my part was to be followed by a blessing from the veteran, who recognized no rules or laws governing such shots, and as I seldom missed, it was difficult to make him perceive the difference, as in any case the deer was "venison." One day I missed clear and clean, and as the doe kept out of my sight I could not shoot again. The old man, in a fit of rage at my blundering in having made the mistake before I had time to confess it, said, "You are a cheap shot through the neck, and dead as a nail. The funny part is that to this day the old fellow thinks I did the killing; whereas I only fired one shot and that was away high."

This man's antipathy to a breech-loader amounted to absolute hatred, and it was only after repeatedly showing him its advantages that he so far condescended as to allow me to hunt with my white carrying my Winchester. I shall never forget the queer expression on his tough, weather-beaten countenance when at last I convinced him of the superiority of the repeating rifle.

As I said in the beginning, there is no giving precise advice on the finding and killing of deer, and all I can do is to repeat what I have said, and emphasize it by repetition—Go slowly, make no noise, keep your eyes open—don't be gulped by the pace of others, but cover up as much ground as you can, as you may please, keep in their flank and you will probably get more and better shots than they do.

In driving deer to a runaway, let the noisy ones do the driving and the quiet ones stand. Keep well out of sight and don't move. Frequently a deer upon being started runs a short distance and stops to discover "what's the row." Having reassured himself, he will usually make a dash for it, and if he is approaching him run on a little further, perhaps before he gets into the open. Now if you move you will be sure to be discovered, and the deer will change his course, so keep still and quiet, and don't get uneasy for, often when you least expect it, on comes the deer, and that makes up for many an hour of suspense and fatigue.

When the deer is killed it is always better, if possible, to take it to camp at once, as, however much caution is taken in securing the venison against depredations by wolves, foxes, crows, etc., it sometimes happens that the meat is badly used up in one night, and indeed I have seen a whole carcass so badly torn up and disfigured that it was of no further use. To avoid this hang up the meat so that it will leave the head at least three feet from the ground. This is no easy matter when it happens to be a big buck weighing 125 pounds and over, and one man has all he can get unless he is an expert. I have

tried a good many ways, and when I hunt alone I carry a stout line wound round any waist, say ten feet long, and a small iron point or pocket, with these I can hang up anything in the deer line in a single moment, and sometimes an object, especially when the deer is killed at dusk. When crows above they prove very destructive and are not easily kept off the carcass, the usual method is to cover it with boughs—the best way is to kill a crow if possible, hang just above the meat and that will be a stopper sure enough.

The easiest way of carrying a deer is to drag it to a fallen tree, place it on its lengthwise, back up against it, catch the hind legs in one hand, and the fore legs in the other, and for camp; you then have the whole weight on the back of the neck and shoulders, and when you want a rest back up against a tree with rough bark, or if very tired let the carcass rest on a fallen tree and proceed as before. A deer after being disemboweled will average about 80 to 100 pounds; that with rifle accoutrements is quite a good load, especially if your path is through thick woods and underbrush.

The cleanest and best way to dress a deer is to hang it up head uppermost, slit down the stomach and then take out the entrails, with a little cut on the hide and meat can be kept perfectly clean. If done on the ground keep the head well uphill that the blood may run clear of the meat, of course when cutting a deer's throat this position should be reversed.

If the hunter's clothing is of any importance in any kind of shooting here is just where most care should be observed, and I consider it best to wear a suit of buckskin. What you wear is the matter, let the color be such that it cannot be easily distinguished from the woods in which you hunt. In other words, dress so as to be as little conspicuous as possible, and avoid all clothes that won't stand rough usage. The feet are first to be considered. In intensely cold weather or even when it freezes (say 15 above zero, and from that down to 25 deg. below) there can be nothing as good as a buckskin moccasin, as it allows perfect freedom to the feet and yet does not slip and is noiseless. First put on a pair of cotton socks, then two or three pair of heavy woolen home-made socks, then the moccasins. If the feet are very tender have the moccasins made with extra heavy soles, or if that won't do sew a piece of buckskin to the sole making them "double deckers." The heavy buckskin, however, is generally quite sufficient. Be sure that the moccasins have good long canvas tops so that they can be wrapped around the ankles, and thereby protect them as well as the socks from being injured by the brush.

In damp weather a pair of woolen socks, strong leather slippers and arctic overshoes are excellent, being light waterproof as far as they go and comfortable. If marshes have to be crossed in open weather the dreadful rubber boot has to be worn, and chances taken regarding galled feet, tired and worn out limbs, etc. The undergarment should be of the heaviest flannel, trousers of buckskin, or heavy or canvas. But in any case the best arrangement is to have some strips of soft, well-tanned muskrat skin sewn on to the pants, especially about the knees and on the outside of the legs. This prevents the frozen branches from rubbing against them when passing through thick underbrush, and also protects the trousers.

Ordinary canvas pants, especially when new, are about as noisy in the bush as a pair of stove pipes would be if worn in a similar manner. In fact, they are out of them in still hunting. Buckskin has no great disadvantage, it becomes very heavy and soggy when wet, and shrinks alarmingly when dried if not handled with the greatest care. The jacket should be double-breasted and pea-jacket shape, and the one "par excellence" is the English dog skin, but mole skin, corduroy, velvet, buckskin or even canvas with heavy woolen lining are all good enough so that the color is right. A moose is of no use. I never wear a cap, but if you are a hardy hunter, bring all wool very warm and light, and do not bear upon any part of the body, these with a thick line flannel shirt and turn down collar will keep one warm, and at the same time leave every part of the body free and easy.

Never wear a fur cap in the woods. They are the cause of much trouble, especially when hunting. Many a good fellow has had his cap mistaken for a coon and goodness on him knows what kind of a result that would be. I have had a hunter, and found himself converted into a target at short notice, on these occasions the aforesaid bungler never pulls the wrong trigger, always shoots accurately, and never has a miss-fire from careless loading, so look out, for although this man can't hit a barn under ordinary circumstances, he will make a plumb centre at any distance and with anything on a fur cap with a human skull as "filling" so to speak. If you must keep your head and ears warm, my hard-headed friend, why be sure you cover your fur cap with something that resembles no living animal, even an antediluvian one, as that is dangerous when near a man who would fill a horse with lead, thinking it was a deer.

Mittens with a forefinger and thumb are just the things. A belt worn around the waist is the most convenient way of carrying cartridges, and is also a good place for the knife. Forbush use don't buy a knife of the dirt pattern with a guard, as the guard will catch in branches, etc., and good-bye knife. I have lost several in this way and speak feelingly on the subject. There are several contrivances to hold a knife in the sheath, but they soon get out of order. Get an ordinary extra heavy butcher's knife and carry it in a big leather sheath—one that will hold all the blade and one-half of the handle—leaving out just enough so you can get hold of it. Then it won't get pulled out, no matter how you pull it. Wear it over the right hip, and well behind it, it is the best of the way. Always select a knife with the blade extending its whole length and buckhorn handle riveted on, as any other kind will go all to pieces if chopped with, and that is sometimes indispensable.

I would never handicap myself with a hatchet, but would rather put the extra weight into my knife and rifle barrel. Although, of course, there is no denying its use. Every one counts, and with everything that gives way to the rifle, which should weigh between 8 and 10 pounds.

One word more about my old instructor. I am happy to say he now uses a Sharps, one that I bought for him at St. Paul, Minn., and with which he has killed hundreds of deer. I saw this grand old man in 1876—met him by accident at a road station in Dakota. He came forward, roared and strong as ever, the very picture of an athlete, shook my hand about as you would expect to see a friend, said, "This is the man who taught me that rifle (pointing to his Sharps) and the man who shoots crows on the wing with a Winchester. If I could handle a gun as he does I would willingly give all I am likely to make this winter, both by trapping and shooting." So genuine a compliment, coming from the heart as it did, could not help affecting me, and I felt myself bluish like a school girl and shook hands with the good old boy with a feeling of gratitude I will never forget.

The train moved on and he soon was lost to view, but I

shall ever picture him as he is, cool, brave and true hearted, honest and truthful to a fault, a staunch friend and patient preceptor, equal to any emergency and full of expedient, in any situation, the best and best thorough hunter and trapper I ever knew and, although untutored and unlettered, still I would gladly walk ten miles to have a chat with him, and smoke a pipe as of old, seated on a log, and listening to every word as it came out, short cut and to the point, stamped with an air of truth that defied all doubt and precluded misapprehension. Should this article ever read to him I vouch he will recognize the picture and remember

THRAUDOR.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY'S MINUTES—TUESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION—JAN. 25, 1881.

THE sixth annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association convened at Lansing, in the room of the State Board of Charities, in the Capitol building, courteously granted for this occasion by Congressman H. W. Lord, and Mr. D. B. Briggs, Deputy Secretary of State. Dr. E. S. Holmes, of Grand Rapids, Secretary of the Association, called the meeting to order at 3:20 p. m. In his opening remarks the President expressed his pleasure in meeting so large a delegation of representative gentlemen from all portions of the State drawn together by one common interest, and commended to their careful consideration the various questions which will come before the Association, and especially the project now under consideration of establishing a game preserve for the purpose of keeping quail alive through the winter. The President referred to the spirit of earnestness which seemed to possess every one present, believing that good results would come from the present meeting and concluded by appointing as Committee on Credentials, Messrs. E. C. Nichols, C. W. Higley and E. H. Gillman.

The Committee on Credentials reported auxiliary clubs represented by delegates as follows:

- East Saginaw Game Protection Club—G. L. Remington, J. R. Livingston, Y. Kinder, W. B. Merston, H. B. Ronay.
- Battle Creek Sportsmen's Association—Mayor E. C. Nichols, N. A. Osgood, H. II. Hubbard.
- Hart Sportsmen's Club—L. A. McLeary.
- Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club—L. W. Tinker, Geo. H. Hopkins, Hon. Don M. Dickinson.
- Central City (Jackson) Sportsmen's Association—Hon. C. W. Higley, Hon. Grove H. Woolcott, T. J. Besmer, Geo. Allen, Geo. Mann.
- Bay Point Shooting Club (of Erie, Mich.)—J. A. Keeney, Dr. W. B. Gifford.
- Kent County Shooting Club (of Grand Rapids)—T. Stewart White, W. C. Dennis, Geo. A. Gould.
- Saginaw Sportsmen's Club—R. J. Birney.
- Point Mouille Shooting Club—P. H. Gillman.
- Bay City Shooting and Fishing Club—S. A. Van Deusen, Charles W. Cat, Edward Currier, F. H. Lord, Geo. C. Greenwood.
- Hastings Shooting Club—Geo. E. Goodyear.
- Grand Haven Shooting Club—Thos. Priant.
- Kalamazoo Gun Club—Hon. T. S. Cobb, Hon. S. S. Cobb.

North Channel Shooting and Fishing Club (Detroit)—Hon. H. W. Lord.

Bay County Sportsmen's Association (Bay City)—Mayor John H. Wilkins, John Heath, Geo. E. Aiken, E. Y. Williams, Hon. C. P. Gibson.

There were also present, Mr. J. G. Portman, of Pokagon, Superintendent of Michigan Fisheries, Messrs. A. J. Kellogg, of Detroit, and Dr. J. C. Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Fish Commissioners, Mr. Frank N. Clark, Superintendent of the United States Fish Hatchery, at Northville, Mich., and a number of others, including Senators and Representatives. The following gentlemen were elected individual members of the association: Wm. B. Merston, East Saginaw; Chas. W. Cate and F. H. Lord, Bay City; Chief of Police A. J. Rogers, E. S. Barbour, T. W. Edwards and Robert P. Tons, Detroit; Chas. S. Hamilton, Marshall; Thos. Priant, Grand Haven; T. Stewart White, Geo. A. Gould and W. C. Dennis, Grand Rapids.

The Secretary read a letter from Wm. C. Colburn, Secretary and Treasurer of the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works, to E. H. Gillman relative to this meeting, in which the writer urged the importance of a law prohibiting the shipment of game from the State; advised shortening the deer, woodcock and quail hunting season, and also the prohibition of shooting ducks after sunset or from batteries, and the passage of a law prohibiting Sunday shooting.

The Secretary also read the following letter from the same writer:

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 21.
DR. E. C. HOLMES, Pres't. M. S. Ass'n.—Dear Sir—A severe attack of rheumatism has so disabled me that I find it impossible to attend the annual meeting of our association which convenes at Lansing on the 25th inst. I regret the fact exceedingly, as I am more and more impressed with the great importance to our State that we speedily have more efficient laws for the protection and preservation of our game animals, birds and fish, and I feel that every sportsman and good citizen of the commonwealth who has given thought to the subject and informed himself as to the facts in the case is in duty bound to render such aid as he can in procuring the needed legislation. Our association has in the past few years done an important work in awakening public opinion upon this subject, and the information we have been gathered and which will be laid before the present Legislature, it seems to me ought to be decisive in influencing such amendments to our game laws as will at least place us on an equal footing with our neighboring States. In presenting our case to the Legislature too much stress cannot be put upon the fact, that our mission is in no wise a selfish one; that what we ask for is the best interests of the State at large; that the value of our game, as a food product, is greatly underestimated by the masses of our people, and the great danger is that its true worth will only be appreciated when the supply has been exhausted, which, under the existing condition of things, may be looked for at no distant day.

I trust that the meeting will prove, in all respects, a successful one, and that we shall receive at the hands of our legislators such consideration and support as to the great importance of our work are clearly entitled to. Yours truly,

W. C. COLBURN.

The President appointed J. R. Livingston and Thos. Priant to serve with E. C. Nichols as Committee on Volun-

tary Essays and Papers, in the absence of the other two members of the committee.

On motion the entire matter of reports of standing committees was referred to the Committee on Voluntary Essays and Papers to prepare a programme for this evening.

Mr. Ronay offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, the Governor and State officers be cordially invited to attend the sessions of this association.

On motion adjourned until 7:30 p. m. H. B. RONAY, Secretary.

WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.

Meeting called to order by the President at 7:30 p. m.

Minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. The Committee on Voluntary Essays and Papers reported a programme of essays, letters, etc., which was then ordered to proceed.

The Secretary read the following letter from Mr. Seth Green:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13.
Ma. President: I am in receipt of a circular from the Michigan Sportsmen's Association announcing a meeting on the 25th inst. an very glad to see that you are making a move in the right direction; at least it will not be a great many years before the game in this country will be exterminated. The advance of civilization and the growth of the population have had a very bad effect on the hunting, and assisted by the killing of game out of season by unprincipled men, are bound to complete their work of devastation in the course of time. But the longer the game can be preserved the better the prospect for such associations as yours to make scientific laws and see that they are enforced, and by doing the public will owe you a debt of gratitude which they can never repay.

The New York State Sportsmen's Association was organized for the purpose of protecting the game and fish in this State, but I regret to say that the purpose for which the association was organized has almost been lost sight of in the interest that is taken in trap shooting and the prizes offered for competition.

In this vicinity we are especially favored by having an ardent sportsman, and a great lover of the game, in the person of Mr. Rochester signed an article agreeing to stand by him in all his lawful undertakings; by so doing we have given him encouragement and confidence to pursue and prosecute law-breakers. He has had a great name.

Although it is my opinion that the game will be become extinct before many years, the fish supply can always be kept up through the means of artificial propagation and protection. We have undertaken to do this throughout the State, and we will not scarcely an exception they are capable of producing fish food for all the people living in the vicinity of them, provided they are not allowed to be taken in any way except by angling with hook and line and are protected during their breeding seasons. Every man should be made to understand that the water is his property and no one has a right to deplete the waters by any wholesale manner of fishing.

I sincerely hope that your association may be successful in the good work you have begun, and if that one I can be of service to you let me know.

Yours, SETH GREEN.

The Secretary read the report of the Committee on Laws for the Protection of Game Animals of Fur and Feather and Insectivorous Birds, and discussion thereon was deferred until the next session.

The last mentioned report, as amended and adopted by the association, appears in the report of the next session.

Mr. Frank N. Clark, chairman of the Committee on Fish Laws, including propagation as well as protection, then read his report on fish laws, which will be published in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. J. G. Portman, Superintendent of Michigan fisheries, spoke at length upon the Michigan fish laws, calling attention to various imperfections and weak points therein, and suggesting several important changes in relation to the law over fish and water, and the protection of fish exclusively from the fourth report of the State Commissioners and Superintendent of State Fisheries.

The Secretary then read a letter from Mr. Edgar Brown, of Escanaba, Delta Co., Mich. Mr. Brown suggested that there be a game commissioner appointed in each of the lower and upper peninsulas, the same as in the State Land Department, for trespass. He says: "There are parties here who steal water and ship it to this location 25,000 pounds of venison alone. This commenced in this winter and I made a complaint, and last Tuesday the sheriff seized two boxes that contained about 1,200 pounds of saddles of venison. It was marked 'Fresh fish.'" Mr. Brown also stated that owing to the bounty on wolves having been taken off, they were on the increase and were committing great havoc among the deer in the upper peninsula.

There was a report on Enforcement of Game, Fish and Trespass Laws were allowed further time to report.

Mr. E. E. Long then read the following essay on sporting dogs, game, etc.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 24.

HON. E. S. HOLMES, President M. S. Association—Dear Sir: Feeling a deep interest in the protection of our game birds, animals and fishes, if not trespassing too much on the time of the Association, I should like to place my views relative to the passage of such laws as will best attain that end, anticipating that it is the intention of this honorable body to advise a general revision of our at present defective game laws. I also would suggest that in recommending to the Legislature of this State any revised law that it will include the protection of our sporting dogs. In my opinion, the payment of taxes upon them, as we are obliged to do, should at least make them subject to the same protection as other animals upon which a like tax is made. I trust you will give this matter the attention it deserves.

I am also strongly in favor of abolishing summer shooting. I am in favor of raising or extending the close season further into the fall on all our game birds.

With your kind indulgence I would suggest the following, taking the game as it rotates to us. I will commence with "Spring Duck shooting."

I am in favor of a law allowing the shooting of migratory ducks, such as red-heads, blue-bills, canvas-backs, butter-bills, pin-tails, etc., protecting only mallard, teal and wood ducks, at that season. Shooting to end April 30, and opening again on all ducks September 1. The stoppage of night shooting, as also the prohibition of battery shooting at all seasons. Next we come to spring snipe shooting. I am in favor of a law prohibiting the same from May 1, season opening again September 1. I am inclined to place this ban on a life-long observation of them, and am fully convinced that what snipe we do have in this latitude are simply those that stop in their migrations between the North and the South.

Woodcock—I understand that our present law protects them when they should be shot, and *vice versa* wrong, I believe, to a typographical error in the State printer's small type. I am in favor of a law prohibiting the same from May 1, season opening again September 1. I am inclined to place this ban on a life-long observation of them, and am fully convinced that what snipe we do have in this latitude are simply those that stop in their migrations between the North and the South.

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and in August they are generally moulting, making them totally unfit for the table.

I would suggest that September 1 is early enough for the commencement of the open season. If allowed to be shot during July and August, I fear many a ruffed grouse is liable to be and is being shot to death.

Paul Duck Shooting.—Our first law, beginning September 1, meets all the requirements.

Infred Grouse.—For this grand bird I must express a high esteem. I believe it to be the gamest bird in the world, and so believing I would respectfully ask due consideration of any law pertaining to his preservation. From an extensive experience with them I am led to think that November 1 is the earliest the open season should begin, and allow them to be shot until January 1. By lengthening the close season as above the birds become more mature, while in September they invariably take to trees, making themselves an easy prey to the merest tyro of a hunter, while a month later they avoid this to a large extent and test the skill of the most experienced wing shot.

Quail.—I can only say "Twix brother in excellence to the ruffed grouse." I think November 1 early enough for the open season to begin. I think every true sportsman will agree with me in my statement that during October at least three of every five berries that are flushed are not sufficiently grown, and also that during said month they are to be found in the open, lying close to dogs, often giving the pot-hunters a full swing for their murderous propensity of "hunch shots," which a month later it would be hard to attain. I recognize also that two months of the twelve is about the proper length of open season. I therefore recommend the following letter, viz.: Make the open season the months of November and December.

Wild Turkeys.—Open season to be October, Nov. and Dec.

Deer.—I believe too much consideration cannot be given to this fast disappearing and noble animal. I am strongly in favor of making the open season shorter than our present law allows. A law making the open season from 15th of September to 15th of November, would be my idea. I presume there are gentlemen at this convention who will present statistics to you relative to the unprincipled slaughter of such a well known game of this State. I am also strongly in favor of a law to be passed, if possible, to prevent the shipment from our State of all game, except in limited quantities. A similar law is at present in effect in most of the Western States, and is found to materially assist in the preservation of game, shutting off as it does the Eastern market hunter, who yearly visits our State, not in pursuit of gentlemanly sport, but for pecuniary purposes alone. I understand that the same objection is to the constitutional nature of such a law, but it strikes me singular if such law is respected in our sister States, why not in Michigan? From good legal authority I am told that a law can be so worded as to avoid this, and yet make it operate as desired. I therefore urge that this convention give its entire support to attain such a law. While I do not desire to seem selfish toward brother sportsmen of sister States, yet I cannot but feel that the passage of such law is only self-protection, which I believe is the first law.

In giving you my views in detail as I have I trust you will accept them in the spirit in which they are offered, and not attribute them to any personal or selfish motives, assuring you that I only desire the fullest protection to our game. There are gentlemen composing your honorable body far more competent than I am to plead this, yet I cannot allow the occasion to pass without putting in my feeble plea.

That your honorable body shall cause such laws to be passed as will best attain this object, is the sincere wish of

Yours in the cause, JONAS E. LONC.

The Secretary read the following letter from Mr. A. P. Young, of Escanaba, Mich., advising that the time in which prosecution may be commenced be extended to one or two years, instead of three months, as at present, and urging the prohibition of "jack-light" shooting.

Mr. Brown continues: "Wolves shan't run a good bounty on their heads. The door have been all round of the country the past fall by them. I would make one more suggestion. There should be a stringent law against 'pits.' I am told that only a few miles from here it is not safe for a man to go through the woods. I feel that there is nothing more cruel than the pits as they are made. I am told by one who has seen them that before covering or concealing them they drive stakes in the bottom and sharpen the tops, so that in falling the poor deer is impaled in a most cruel manner."

The Secretary read the following letters from the Secretary of the Wisconsin Sportsmen's Association:

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Dec. 10.

SECRETARY STATE ASSOCIATION.—My Dear Sir: I take the liberty of addressing you with relation to the protection of the deer on the Lake Superior portion of your State and to learn what, if any, action you expect to take as to amendments to the present law.

For years I have visited the woods, and since the Menominee River Railroad has been completed our States in that section lie in such close proximity we ought to have a uniform law.

Our State Association will meet sometime the present month and we hope to better our laws the present year. Our law now opens September 1 and continues till November 30, and this is too long with the present destruction.

That would your association say to making the October and November, or to November 15, the open season, and prohibit the use of lamps?

I was in the woods during the month of October and your State and ours are overrun with poachers, and we must do something to help the deer, or they will be exterminated. I should be pleased to hear from you on these points.

Very truly yours, L. M. WATTS,
Vice-President Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Ass'n and Sec'y Fond du Lac Game Club.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Jan. 7.

DR. E. S. HOLMES, President.—My Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 18th ult. came duly to hand, also the report of your State Association. I have so much enjoyed reviewing them that I presume to comply briefly with your request for items on preservations so far as to give you some notes from observations made in the northern part of your State, the Upper Peninsula, fearing that from its remoteness from your standpoint of deliberations you do not fully appreciate the value of this grand domain you open to poachers so early in the season.

For fifteen years past I have made annual pilgrimages to this delightful region, and had come to almost covet it and hope I might become a portion of my own State; but after reading the report you sent me I have changed my mind; I

take it all back, and only hope that our State Association may prove as worthy to preside over its present domain as the Michigan Association over the chosen retreat. I have referred to.

Since the completion of the Menominee River Railroad an opening is afforded the poachers to invade the summering ground of a large district, and the demand for venison along the road and facilities for shipping have afforded them the best opportunity to make the killing remunerative.

The road has been patrolled night and day by a horde of hunters sufficiently large to annihilate the whole species, and these vandals hesitate at no scheme to gather in the spoils of evil genius. An estimate given me by a gentleman sportsman, and the greater portion of the season on the road and vicinity, places the number of hunters at not less than two thousand and the deer killed at five thousand.

This record calls loudly for a remedy, and in my opinion can only be secured by shortening the season. Meet it squarely with no tinkering, or the deer will be obliterated.

Wisconsin, until last year, had an open season of from five to seven months, and furnished all the facilities the most ardent poacher could desire. Last season we secured a change, making September, October and November the open season, and we hope to hold it at this, or shorten it to October and November, or September 15 to November 15.

As the law now stands, you take the crowd at the opening and we get it at the close.

On one point we have been weak, that is, in not securing the aid of the railroad officials to prevent shipping out of season.

It would surprise you to see a large amount of pork shipped from points that raise no hogs.

I should very much enjoy accepting your hearty invitation to be present at your annual meeting, but duty and distance will preclude it.

I enclose you printed report of State proceedings yesterday at Milwaukee; although in some respects it is quite unsatisfactory, yet it was a meeting.

I should like to respond with our President with special relation to the deer law, and urge a uniform time for both States; also let them know the conservative spirit that pervades our deliberations.

If not asking too much, I should very much like a copy of your next meeting's proceedings.

In closing, I beg to assure you of a readiness on my part at all times to render aid in securing conservative principles.

Very truly yours,
The Secretary of the Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association:
MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 14.

MR. E. S. HOLMES, President Michigan Sportsmen's Association, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Dear Sir: Your very kind invitation to be with you at your meeting on the 25th ult. is at hand. While we cannot be with you in person, feel assured that we are in spirit. Our interests are common.

We are trying to do as you are doing. We organized by adopting your constitution, of which I send you a copy. I send you also a paper containing the proceedings of our first meeting after the organization. We are to hold a meeting at Madison on the first proximo, at which we will be pleased to see you personally or by delegation. We hope at such meeting to have a large attendance of sportsmen of the State. It would indeed be instructive for us to know what you have recommended as to the open season on various game, on spring shooting, on exportation, etc. Our deer country lies contiguous to part of your State. And the deer, though a knowing animal, it is safe to say has not learned State lines, but the more cunning pot-hunters have. For all migratory game we ought to have the same protective laws in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and perhaps other Northwestern States. A uniformity in such laws of course can only be brought about by the efforts of associations.

Our association has been so recently organized that we have scarcely become acquainted with our own members, and the true sportsmen are not fully agreed as to what we need. They all agree, however, that unless something be speedily done many of our finest game birds will soon become extinct. I hope to hear from you again.

Very respectfully,
FRED. RIETBROCK,
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW YORK CITY ASSOCIATION.

THE monthly meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held Monday evening. Among the well-known sportsmen present were Messrs. Charles H. Houseman, B. L. Ludington, William B. Laitanber, James Moyer, Jr., Edward Wight, Wakeman Holberton, James Curphy, Wisner H. Townsend, G. Dabois Wagstaff, H. Hanson Bland, Henry T. Carey, John Lawrence, Fayette S. Giles, Dr. Stephen H. Main, Alexander R. Strachan and Alfred S. Post.

Mr. Ludington read from the Times a report of the meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, in which a summary of the amendments to the game laws, which it was proposed by it had been introduced in the legislature, appeared. He condemned several features of the proposed bill. The characteristics of the amendment proposed by the Long Island Association were fully discussed. The speakers, without exception, condemned the proposed bill as tending rather to destroy than protect fish and game, and as calculated, if passed, practically to abolish all existing laws for the protection of game. The more objectionable features of the bill, the speakers considered, were those which give dealers the privilege of selling game beyond the killing season, provided that it be preserved by freezing or refrigerating during the open season, and the provision which requires it to be proved, before conviction can be had, that all offenses against the law are willful. Were such a bill to pass, it was contended, there could be no protection for fish and game, and the game laws would be a dead letter. Some of the speakers thought the association desired to be acting in the interests of the marketmen and dealers rather than in the interests of true sportsmen. After speeches from Messrs. Roosevelt, Culbert, Rhoades, Holberton, Ludington, Curphy, Townsend, Carey and Wight, Mr. Rhoades proposed the following resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. James Moyer, Jr.:

Resolved That this association does not approve of the bill for the protection of fish and game as proposed by a sub-committee of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, believing that the effect of such a bill, if passed, would be to aid in the destruction of the game rather than his preservation, and that a committee of three of which the president shall be one, be named by the chair to confer with the Long Island society in an endeavor to correct the objectionable features of said bill.

Resolved, That this committee be empowered to take such action as they may deem necessary in the premises.

Resolved That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the New York State Association for the Protection of Game.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the chairman appointed, in addition to himself, as such committees ex-Secretary Alfred Wozstaff, Jr., and Charles E. Whitehead. A letter from Mr. John F. Davis, of East Chester, condemning the amendments to the game laws proposed by the Long Island Association, and suggesting that the recompense of game constables throughout the State be increased was referred to the Committee on Amendments to the Game Laws. On motion of Mr. Townsend, seconded by Mr. Rhoades, the officers were directed to take steps to have the association incorporated under the laws of the State. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Rhoades entertained his fellow members at supper.

MATCH HUNTS.

RUTLAND, Vermont, Feb. 5.

LAY down my paper to offer suggestion to your correspondent "Fox Squirrel," who writes from Charleston, Ill., under date of Jan. 17, and whose communication appears in the issue of Feb. 3.

"Fox Squirrel" starts out with the statement that birds are scarcer in his locality, then proceeds to relate the exploits of a company of twenty men, who, on the 20th of Nov. deliberately set out to see how great a slaughter they could make with the result as stated, of 662 head of game killed in that day by that party.

Now, how in the name of common sense can a county endure such havoc as this?—and why should the inhabitants of such localities expect to have any game at all left if they countenanced such proceedings?

The writer of this well remembers the time, and not many years ago either, when the country about Charleston abounded in game birds, and a good and sufficient bag could be made by any fair shot in a few hours. If the birds are gone now whose fault is it if not that of such men as made up this party of twenty?

The fact is match hunts are not usually made up or joined in by sportsmen and should be by sportsmen discouraged and frowned down.

True sportsmanship does not consist in slaughter for count, not even where the suppers or the drinks are the incentive. This particular slaughter of the innocents is an accomplished fact, and the deal cannot be brought back to life, but if this protest has the effect to set men to thinking what match hunts really are, it will not have been wholly in vain.

VERDE MONTE.

TRAPPING NOTES.—Dugale, Pa., Feb. 15.—The present low price of skunk and other fur common to eastern Pennsylvania has greatly lessened the catch of the present winter.

Trappers do not have the same inclination to scour the hills and country over that they had a few years ago when the price of skunk and our other fur commanded higher prices. The early part of the season a great many skunk were caught with hunters by dogs at night. They are not trappers, but hunters who travel over much of the surrounding country in quest of skunk that may be wandering about the fields looking for mice, hares and insects. The weather best suited for most varmints to travel is a mucky, mucky night, during the dark of the moon. Some of the fur bearing animals common to the United States are very shy, and but seldom seen by the trapper or hunter, others can be seen frequently at different times in various localities. We have been quietly walking along some small creek of an early morn when the weather was dull or probably a light drizzling rain falling, and noticed the creek banks in the early forenoon were piled of old drift from which was soon seen a large mink emerge and again disappear among the roots of an overhanging tree. Muskrat may be seen at most any time when the creeks are high or they may be seen often in day time in a quiet place along the bank of some mill race or at the head of some mill pond. The otter is more wary and but seldom seen except in very high water when their hiding places are completely shut off by excess of water. Eastern Pennsylvania is too thickly populated to admit of any good trapping, and the few deer and sportsmen in this line must look elsewhere in counties less thickly settled. Nothing in the trapping line amounts to anything like business unless it be skunk here in our locality, and of them it would almost seem that the more there are caught the more there are to catch. The long protracted spell of extreme cold weather we have had since before Christmas seems now to be broken, and in all probability considerable amounts of skunk and muskrat will be caught yet before spring opens.

J. LEE SMEDLEY.

FORKS OF THE KENNEBEC.—It may be of interest to your readers and to sportsmen generally to know of a spot, away from the world, the idle summer traveler and lazy campers, and yet accessible to those who find recreation in sport—a tract of land whose dense woods are inhabited by moose, caribou, deer and bear, more numerous here than on any hunting ground ever visited by me, and whose many lakes and streams are filled with trout. It is needless to state the amount of fish caught here by me or deer or caribou shot during a short trip. Laughter would be most likely the result of my quotations, and they would be considered as one of the "many ducks" shot by sportsmen.

I only advise friends of sport to visit this lovely country, situated around the Forks of the Kennebec. At the Forks a very comfortable hotel will serve sportsmen as headquarters, and Mr. Clark, the proprietor, would, I have no doubt, willingly assist in procuring a good guide. If you can succeed in getting Oliver P. Adams, who lives at the Forks, Maine, you will find him a hunter and fisherman in the truest sense of the word, a faithful and reliable guide, who will help you to game if at all possible. You reach the Forks by stage from Skowhegan. A branch road of the Maine Central R. R. connects Waterville with Skowhegan.

I can give no higher recommendation to the above named hunting grounds than by assuring you that I visit it a permanent resident of your country and not a foreign intruder, who has been strolling round of the glorious sport it affords. I would never willingly assist to make those grounds near the Forks known to the many friends of FOREST AND STREAM.

N. B. V. Z.

SPORT ABOUT GREELEY.—Greeley, Col., Jan.—Our two friends and the innumerable sloughs that line both banks together with the numerous lakes lying all around within a few miles of the city, afford great resorts for the thousands of ducks that stop here for two or more weeks on their flight southward

both in spring and fall. The wild geese seem to be as plenty as the ducks. Our farming district lies parallel with the Cache la Poudre, and on the north side of the river was the Platte. The geese are continually flying up and down the former river. They stay in the Platte nights, and when ready to go South they all cross at this junction. The ducks and geese continually throughout the winter, when we have warm spells, are always on hand, in fact a great number of the blue-winged teal ducks make this their stopping place all winter. Several flocks of canvas backs have been reported, but this is a rare thing. We have the plover, rabbit, or cotton tail, and the jack rabbit in very large numbers. The latter is a fine animal to hunt, and affords a great deal of sport. Just got an inexperienced dog after one, and they present a scene similar to that described by Mark Twain on the Cayote. It takes a pretty good hound to catch one, and then it is rarely done. Antelope swarm on the plains all around us, and they often approach very near the city. The mink and muskrat are found in large quantities in the small streams and sloughs, and are very easily trapped. I have observed several woodcock in some parts of the county, and I hope they may increase. Prairie chickens are very scarce; no quail at all, but some prairie game and sage hens. Wild pigeons breed here in large quantities. Besides all these we have badgers, foxes, wolves, coyotes, skunks, prairie dogs, etc., in large numbers. On hawks there is a bounty of twenty-five cents per head, also fifty cents per scalp on wolves. I have observed that cast of town in some mining sloughs a few beavers have made their dam. There are several houses standing quite near, yet the beaver seem not alarmed. I shot a full grown one by watching nearly all night for it, and a few days later I shot another one, a kitten, or one about half grown. There are several beaver dams up the river a few miles. P. T. MORGAN.

"BAGGING" ROBINS.

A Franklin, Tennessee, correspondent writes under date of Jan. 31:

"The present winter has been an unusually severe one here as elsewhere. Although the mercury has not yet touched zero at any time yet snow storms have been rather frequent, though the snow has not been deep nor continued long, so that the birds are not materially diminished in number nor showing a waste of flesh. During the worst weather the quail deserted the cover of the cleared lands, and betook themselves to the neighboring woods where beech mast was plentiful.

About ten days since the red breast (*Turdus migratorius*), made their appearance here in incredible numbers feeding during the day on beech-mast and various kinds of seeds, and at night roosting in a corn brake two miles from town. Here the mighty hunters of all sizes, colors and condition went nightly, each armed with a short candle and a small stick, the glare of the light confining the bird so as to make it an easy matter to tap him with the stick or even take him with the hand. I went one night last week as a spectator, and on reaching the hill overlooking the corn brake I had the appearance of an irregular torch light procession, there being more than a hundred lights within an area of less than six acres. Many of the parties killed over a hundred birds each. Despite this wholesale slaughter the numbers of the birds were not so much affected as after meat, and as the birds are extremely fat it is fair to presume that they were placed where they would do the most good. Whether from diminution of their food or from a constant pursuit of their enemies, the robin departed as suddenly as it came.

BLUE GRASS CLUB.—This club was organized at Winchester, Ky., about four years ago, for the purpose of fishing and hunting, but last year the club engaged in ball shooting, and became somewhat noted in that role. There are eighteen members of the club and a sixteen of them pull a fatal trigger. A local paper says: "Fifteen of the number have broken 80 out of 100 balls from a rotary trap. Seven have broken over 90 out of 100. J. E. Garner has broken 105 consecutive balls. C. B. Fox, ex-Sheriff, has broken more than 125 balls from a rotary trap without missing a single shot. In a match with the Georgetown Club at Donerall last summer the latter club was victorious, but in a subsequent match with the same club at Winchester the tie was reversed, when fifteen members of the Blue Grass Club made an aggregate score of 417 out of 450 balls. The following is a list of the officers and members: Dr. Wash Miller, President; Charley Swift, Vice-President; J. W. Poynter, Treasurer; Wm. Miller, Secretary; G. B. Nelson, A. R. Sphar, W. D. Rish, S. R. Zim, W. H. Garner, James Evans, C. B. Fox, Dr. Burgin, B. P. Phillips, W. B. Ford, Dr. J. A. Mills, S. D. Goff, J. E. Garner and P. B. Dudley. It is believed that seven members can be selected from this club that will break an aggregate of 137 out of 140 balls.

HOUNDING DEER.—Prospect, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The very excellent letter of "Wollat" in your issue of this week attracted my attention, as he referred to my letter published some weeks ago. I would say that I am as strongly in favor of the protection of the deer, or any other game, as I am for the protection of trout. In my reference to deer in that letter I did not intend to encourage in any manner the hounding of deer out of season. I mentioned the fact that the dogs are so light that the deer had the advantage over the dogs in that they undertook to bound them out of season, it being very different from many winters, when we have deep snows, with occasional thaws, which make a crust. Then they are helpless, and the penalty in my judgment is not half enough for killing deer out of season. "Wollat" expresses my own feelings so completely in his letter, and in so much better shape than I am able to, that I hope we shall hear from him often. W. P. DORR.

MARSHALSTOWN SHOOTING CLUB.—Marshalltown, Iowa, Jan. 27.—The club has elected: President, George Selck; Vice-President, J. H. Branner; Treasurer, Geo. Will; Secretary, Geo. Nell; Executive Committee, F. H. Griswold and Dr. Thornton. Our club is comprised of genuine sportsmen with both rod and gun and we propose to see that our game law is enforced, and we've unto him that violates it in this section of the country. We have our regular monthly shoots for the club supply, which is a silver cup in vase shape, with four guns cradled under the foot. On the base are two dogs in bronze and a vine. It is a perfect ornament and a rare token to the man winning it, which he will be compelled to do three times in succession to call it his property. J. H. B.

SAGADAHOG ASSOCIATION.—The Sagadahog County, Me., Association for the Protection of Game and Fish has elected the following officers for the current year: President, Dr. Chas. A. Peckard, of Bath; Vice-President, A. Q. Goud, of Topsham and James H. Millay, of Bowdoinham; Secretary, Chas. H. Greenleaf, of Bath; Treasurer, Ira P. Booker, of Brunswick; Executive Committee, S. W. Carr, Bowdoinham; E. W. Johnson, C. L. York, Brunswick; A. Q. Goud, Topsham; Geo. H. Nichols, Bath. The following gentlemen were admitted as members: Thomas A. Hine, Dr. E. M. Fuller, Frank M. Reed, Bradford Blaison, Augustus Hatch, Bath; Alfred E. Hall, Melville C. Hall, C. H. Small, Topsham, and Capt. F. C. Jordan, Brunswick.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL SHOOTING.—From Nov. 4 to Dec. 12 I was hunting in Rockingham County, N. C. Point quail very abundant, could start from twelve to twenty-five coveys in a day's tramp. I returned there Jan. 15 after the deep snows and very cold weather. The snow was about gone except on the north sides of hills and fences. We found but few birds, and but from three to seven in a covey and very poor. Hawks more plenty than quail. We made up our minds that the snow and cold weather had killed the quail. I feel the hawks will not leave enough in that section to stock up for next season's hunting. I hope some of your correspondents will inform us how the quail have wintered further South and the prospect for next fall's hunting. D.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAW.—Boston, Feb. 7.—This State has the best game law that it or any other State ever had, as it protects all our game birds during the summer months from indiscriminate slaughter before the young birds are fully developed or able to take care of themselves. If other States would make laws to conform to this as nearly as possible and thus have a uniform law throughout the States, as has often been suggested in your valuable paper, it would be a great blessing not only to this but to future generations; for the men who frame laws to protect our game birds are like those who plant fruit trees for the benefit of those who come after them. Many of our best sportsmen helped to frame this law, and their help to sustain it, seeing the vital importance of taking steps to prevent the extermination of what few birds we have left. Let sportsmen in other States go and do likewise. DOX CARLOS.

AT A MEETING of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association held last Friday evening, the proposed amendments to the game law were adopted with the following changes: Open season for deer, Aug. 1 to Dec. 1; sale of venison in market to extend to Feb. 15. Open season for woodcock, July 1 to Aug. 1, and Oct. 1 to Dec. 25. Sale in market to extend to Feb. 15. Squab and quail season, open season, Oct. 1 to Dec. 25. Sale in market to extend to Feb. 1. Quail, open season, Oct. 25 to Dec. 25. Sale in market to extend to Feb. 1. It was also proposed to offer a bounty on hawks and to prohibit the killing of birds on Long Island, for natural history purposes, out of season. The bill will be taken to Albany by Messrs. Chappell, Furey and Steers.

THE LEATHER STOCKING CLUB. of Oswego, N. Y., held a meeting last week to consider the new refrigerator amendment, which had little sympathy here, and instructed our Secretary to send a petition to our member, Mr. Culman, at Albany, to have the same amended. The club prizes were also voted to the following gentlemen, being won by them the greatest number of times at pigeon trap-shoots during 1880: Geo. P. Matteson, an elegant gold medal, first, won four times; Dr. G. D. McManus, fine silver-mounted revolver, second, won twice. LEATHER STOCKING.

FEEDING THE QUAIL.—Peekskill, Feb. 8.—Have driven out through this section of the country the past week, making inquiries among my sportsmen friends and farmers as to the fate of the quail. It is thought that many have perished, but only one bevy have been frozen thus far. Cortlandt County, a farmer, while dressing wood in the highlands, very near Peekskill, found a bunch frozen hard. Several kind farmers are feeding and otherwise protecting several bevies. I am now feeding a fine, large bevy within the corporation limits of Peekskill. Many were left over and we anticipate good shooting next season. W. H. PIERCE.

KILLING A DEER WITH NO. 9 SHOT.—Bryan County, Georgia, Jan. 20.—While shooting woodcock here last week a full grown deer (an old doe) got up behind my dog and ran a few feet out of me, while I fired. The club prizes were also given to the following gentlemen, being won by them the greatest number of times at pigeon trap-shoots during 1880: Geo. P. Matteson, an elegant gold medal, first, won four times; Dr. G. D. McManus, fine silver-mounted revolver, second, won twice. LEATHER STOCKING.

ILLINOIS NOTES.—Aurora, Ill., Feb. 9.—This winter has been very hard on all kinds of game. I have found many deer with many small along hedge fences that have been frozen to death. I found a bevy of seven one day last week that had died in that way. Pinnated grouse were unusually scarce last season. I think that the very wet spring drowned out a great many nests. I have not seen many more than half a dozen old birds this winter. In our timber ruffed grouse are very scarce. I do not think they will ever be plenty again. L. A. II.

WOLVES AND PANTHERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Canton, N. Y., Feb. 5.—I may interest some of your readers who visit the North Woods to learn that the Treasurer of St. Lawrence County has paid bounties on five wolves and two panthers since January, 1881. The wolves were all caught in traps. The two panthers were followed on snow shoes and treed with a dog. Both were killed by Hiram Hutchins and son—Hiram, Jr., of this place, during the past few weeks. Mr. Hutchins is a veteran hunter and one of the best guides in this country.

QUEBEC ASSOCIATION.—The headquarters of the Fish and Game Protective Club of the Province of Quebec are at Montreal. The officers are: Chairman, J. C. Wilson, President; E. C. Monro, 1881, Vice-President; W. H. Rimoult, Treasurer; G. H. Matthews, Secretary. Committee—Messrs. R. H. Kirby, F. Bondy, H. R. Ives, I. H. Stearns, R. A. Alloway, M. D., Geo. U. Ahern, E. H. Goodacre, D. W. Goodwin, A. V. Sheehan, J. Johnston, Jr., G. A. Boyer, J. B. A. Mongenais, L. R. Hall, J. B. Robertson.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING.—New London, Conn., Feb. 8.—In answer to "Aon's" inquiry about near-sighted shooting glasses, would say I have a pair of steel spectacles made with round eyes, about 1 1/2 inches in diameter. The nose piece put on higher than usual, and bring the lens lower down on the face. The nose piece of eye is short enough to bring the center of lens to centre of eye. He can have them made at 163 William street, New York, for about \$1.50. D.

FOR FLORIDA.—New York, Feb. 9.—Mr. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., departed for Florida last week. He has taken a small arsenal with him, and as he is an ardent sportsman and a crack shot the slaughter of the game and alligator must therefore be great. S.

THAT BILL ought to be refrigerated.

All your own fault if you remain stiff when you can get Hop Bitters that act for it.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

FRESH WATER.	
Pickereel, <i>Esox reticulatus</i> .	White Bass, <i>Alosa chrysoptera</i> .
Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> . (Two species).
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , & <i>griseum</i> , etc.	War-mouth, <i>Chenobryttus pulosus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Carp, <i>Pomoxys supramaculatus</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Alosa tinicola</i> .	Bachelor, <i>Pomoxys annularis</i> .
	Clun, <i>semotilus corporalis</i> .
SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Merluccius atriatus</i> .	Smelt, <i>Osmerus mordax</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Alosa tinicola</i> .	Fluke, <i>Polydora carolinensis</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	

EEL-SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT.

THE skies are dark; the moon is hid Behind the dusky cloud of night. A bank of drift-wood from the shore Hangs heavy on the sea-shore height. No hovering breeze uplifts its wing Aside the lustrous glow to ling.

But, see! a star along the wave Moves slow and devils, so and fro. Now, like a blazing camp-fire flares! Now, flickering, trembles, faint and low. Aon, it steady glows and burns. As lither thro' the gloom it runs.

'Tis the eel-spearer's pitchy torch That like a lightship's lantern flings Its ruddy, quivering bar of light. Feels in the reeling shadows. Nearer and nearer, thro' the dusk, The smoky flambeau shows dark boat, And how the quomo—fisher—man Shows dimly in his drifting boat.

Standing with trident spear upheld, All shadowy on his task intent, He shows like goblin of the mine On some weird island, where he bent. He pauses, for the shooting flame Reveals the slippery prey below; With sudden dash he hurls the spear, "Then draws it uppper to the glow; And see! the captive twist and coil, Dark victims of his midnight toil."

ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE SAIBLING OR BAVARIAN CHAR.

BY G. BROWN GODDE.

LIKE the red-spotted trout of northeastern North America, the saibling belongs to the division of the salmon family usually known under the name "char," a group confined, for the most part, to fresh-water lakes and streams and distinguished from the true salmon by peculiar arrangement of teeth on the little triangular bone in the roof of the mouth, known to anatomists as the "vomer." The char is also distinguished from the salmon by their very small scales, and usually by numerous crimson or orange-colored spots which are especially conspicuous in the breeding season. The saibling resembles in its habits the well-known blue-backed trout or quassa trout of Rangely Lake, Maine, rather than our brook trout. The chars of Europe, as a rule, like fishes like the saibling, although at least one species, the hucho salmon of the Danube, inhabits a river. On the other hand, the chars of North America are usually found in streams and rivers. The quassa trout, just mentioned, and the lake or Mackinaw trout, which, like the closely related form, the "siscowet," is apparently nothing but a giant char, resemble in their habits the chars of Europe. There is probably no group of fishes in which individual specimens and the communities of individuals inhabiting certain areas of water, show more tendency to variation in color and form than the salmon family. Dr. Gunther has very justly remarked: "We know of no other group of fishes which offers so many difficulties to the ichthyologist with regard to the distinction of the species as well as to certain points in their life-history, although this may be partly due to the unusual attention which has been given to their study, which has revealed rather a greater amount of unexplained facts than a satisfactory solution of the questions raised. The almost infinite varieties of these fishes are dependent upon the age, sex and sexual development, food and the properties of the water." No one who has ever seen the remarkable display of brook trout at the annual trout opening at Buckford's, in New York, can fail to have been impressed by the wonderful differences which exist between individuals of the same species from different localities—differences which might lead an untrained observer, or even an ichthyologist who has had no experience in the study of this group, to decide at once that several species were represented among the hundreds of specimens lying on the marble slabs. The tendency of modern ichthyology, by its more exact methods and with the aid of better and more comprehensive material for research than was formerly available, has been toward the rejection of many of the nominal species formerly recognized. Out of the forty odd species of salmon ten years ago believed to exist in North America, only thirteen or fourteen are now recognized. In Dr. Gunther's catalogue of "The Fishes in the British Museum," published in 1860, thirty species of chars were mentioned, while in his lately published "Study of Fishes" he has only ventured to enumerate only thirteen, all others being regarded as in-

46. Essay on the natural history and habits of the herring, with suggestions for the improvement of the fisheries of the same in the United Kingdom, to be considered as a source of national wealth, 420.

47. Essay on the herring net, showing the best mesh for the capture of the matured fish, and means for making the use of such mesh compulsory in Great Britain and other nations fishing in the same waters, 421.

In addition to the special prizes and government medals, gold, silver and bronze medals and diplomas of honor will be awarded in respect of the exhibits considered most meritorious by the jurors in classes 1 to 5, and diplomas of honor only in class 6 of loan collections of the general classification.

W. OLDHAM CHAMBERS, Hon. Sec., Lowestoft.

Ice water is perfectly harmless and more refreshing with a little hop bitters in each draught.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR. CLARK: This experiment by Mr. Fairbank proves the importance of planting great numbers and making their presence felt by the force of those numbers. If all who plant new fishes in their waters would put in a half million or more, they would be able to see the result.

MR. MILLER: I agree with Mr. Clark on the value of planting in great quantity in one place, and in Michigan we have not done so on the salmon, although we have planted in years past 1,769,000. We are now bending our energies on the whitefish while awaiting the results on former plantings of salmon. In this connection it may be proper to give the exact figures of our work since 1874, which are as follows:

Planted, from U. S. Fish Commission, 5,640, 40,000.
Planted eggs from U. S. F. C., our hatching, land-locked salmon, 100,000.
Planted eggs from U. S. F. C., our hatching, Atlantic salmon, 230,000.
Planted eggs from U. S. F. C., our hatching, California salmon, 1,769,000.
Planted in inland lakes, lake trout, 1,000,000.
Planted silver eels, 1,000,000.
Planted brook trout, 500,000.

Of the latter 64,000,000 went in the Great Lakes and the Detroit River, and 10,000,000 in the inland lakes.

MR. WELSHIER: I saw the salmon which my son caught, to which Mr. Fairbank refers, and I saw some others. When up at Geneva Lake last fall I noticed a female salmon which was too big to get up the creek; should think she might weigh twenty-five pounds. I also saw indications of beds in the gravel near the creek which runs from Mr. Fairbank's ponds. They were quite near the shore in the lake, which has gravel along its edges for some distance into the lake. I also have some young salmon in the Wisconsin hatchery which came from eggs taken from the State ponds.

MR. CAMERON then offered a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee of three to draft a bill for the protection of fish in the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and report it back for action at the next meeting of the Society.

MR. SHAW: I am in favor of this resolution, and intended to ask all who are interested in fish culture, especially those whose interests are in the Mississippi and its tributaries, to give their views on this subject, in hope that something might be brought out which would be of value.

MR. MILLER: I would like to amend it so as to include the Great Lakes.

MR. CAMERON: I accept the amendment.

MR. BULLOU: In place of the above I beg leave to offer the following:

"WHEREAS, The food fishes of Lake Michigan are rapidly disappearing; and

"WHEREAS, A general law of protection should extend to all fishes, as to all birds and mammals; and

"WHEREAS, The United States government recognizes the jurisdiction of States over navigable waters within or bordering their coasts, by asking permission to fortify military positions, erect light-houses, make coast surveys, remove obstructions to navigation and construct harbors, breakwaters, etc.

"Resolved, That a committee of three scientists be appointed to determine the extent and time of the same, needed for fishes; That a committee of three from each bordering State be authorized to memorialize their respective Legislatures on the action of the scientific committee;

"That the scientific committee confer with the United States Fish Commissioner relative to the passage of some law for the protection of food fishes of the great lakes and the Mississippi River."

MR. FAIRBANK: Rather than a committee of scientific men I would prefer to choose the committee from among the fishermen, the pond and gill-net men, who would sit down and talk it over, and who know exactly what they are talking about and what they want; men who know where their bread and butter comes from, and who would take care that no hasty legislation cut it off. They would be more apt to get a satisfactory bill framed than any others. I object to men who are merely scientists, and nothing else, framing laws. If you go to prohibiting fishing during the spawning seasons, through a sentimental feeling that it is not right, you will get no fish to eat. The shad, the whitefish and several other fishes are away beyond reach except at their spawning seasons.

MR. BULLOU: My object is to prevent the wanton destruction of fish by taking them in the spawning season.

MR. CLARK: No doubt the gentleman means well, but he is mistaken in some of his facts. The whitefish spawn at different times. Were you aware of that?

MR. BULLOU: I would like proof of that. Who says so?

MR. CLARK: I say so, and I presume that there are men here who know whether I have had experience enough to

warrant me in speaking as an authority on the habits of whitefish.

MR. BOOTH: I am willing to accept Mr. Clark as authority on this subject, he certainly has worked with the fish long enough to know their habits.

MR. CLARK: We find that the whitefish of the Detroit River, and those at Alpena and Petosky spawn at different times.

MR. LYTTER: As late as Nov. 25 we took whitefish eggs for the Wisconsin Commission at Escouaba and got the best spawners.

MR. MILLER: My experience bears out Mr. Clark's statement. We took eggs at Alpena on the 10th of November, until prevented by storms, and afterward went to Petosky and took some near the middle of November, from 7th to 10th. We then obtained some from the Detroit River in December, being obliged to work as we could by permission of the weather. I am satisfied that there is no necessity for other protection than a close time when no fish are taken. There is a misapprehension about nets, the pound nets being more destructive than the gill-nets, for the latter seldom take the spawning fish.

MR. CLARK: After finishing in deep water the gillers go in shore.

MR. FAIRBANK: I am opposed to meddling with the laws for protection, and think we are wasting time in discussing questions of little value.

MR. MILLER: That is my opinion also. I think we need laws, but we can't get them. If the general government will give Prof. Baird liberal appropriations, and our States will follow the same course with their commissioners, we can hatch the fish in such quantities that the stock will be more than kept good, and so fish will be plenty without quarreling with the fishermen about when they will catch them.

MR. MILLER: The last remark of Mr. Miller reminds me that I have often thought that it made little difference, when a fish was taken the result was the same. If you take a trout in the spring of the year she can't spawn in the fall, and is as much out of the way of increasing her species as if she was allowed to live all summer and killed in August. A whitefish taken on the spawning beds is no more of a loss than if killed two months before, and that, as so many of the gentlemen have said before, is the only time to get them.

MR. CLARK: Fishermen should be licensed, and the money paid for their license should form a fund to be devoted to fish culture. The fee need not be large, not large enough to bear hard upon the fishermen, but the small sum paid by the many individuals would swell the aggregate to an amount which would pay for the stocking of the waters on a grand scale.

MR. BOOTH: I believe, both as a fisherman and a marketman, more in propagation than protection. We had a protective society on the Pacific Coast and protected the salmon in the Columbia River until we came to the end of our tether. The result was that six years ago the salmon ran out and the fisheries were abandoned. Three years ago, through propagation, three times as many were caught and the fishermen have come back. On this river, which was thought depleted a few years ago, until we were forced to abandon our fisheries, we organized a company for the propagation of salmon. This year the fish were scarce in June, but in July more were taken than were wanted, the result of the plantings four years ago. Prof. Baird had advised us to raise the means and put in more fish than the people could take out.

MR. BULLOU: I can only say that I think that propagation without protection is only a half-way measure.

MR. FAIRBANK: This is a very old question, the theoretical man runs against the fishermen and sometimes makes a mistake. There is no doubt but the capture of small whitefish tends to deplete the waters, but if a law is passed regulating the size of the mesh so that all small whitefish will pass through, then no herring are taken, and in trying to avoid one evil we fall into another, for the so-called lake herring is a most valuable food fish, closely related to the whitefish, and not a true herring at all. They are a very palatable fish and their numbers make their capture both profitable to the fishermen and the people who consume them, and I question if any one has a right to destroy this fishery, even to save the young whitefish, which, no doubt, are caught with and sold along the lake herrings.

MR. MATHER: This subject having been argued at length I call for the question.

MR. CAMERON: Let us have the question and bring it to a test. It seems to me that we are almost unanimous on it.

MR. BULLOU: I will withdraw the resolutions.

MR. BARTLETT: I have been greatly interested in the paper read by Mr. Mather on the wonderful growth of carp in this country, but notice that most of the reports which he quotes come from the Southern States. My own experience, which was given at the conclusion of the paper, was, of course, in the warm waters of Illinois. How will this fish thrive in Canada?

MR. MATHER: It is impossible to say how it will thrive where it has not been tried. But few have been sent to Canada and no reports have been received from there, but as their summers are warm there would seem to be no reason why they would not do well there. Since the paper which Mr. Bartlett refers to was written I learn that Mr. Munn, of the *Scientific American*, received carp of three inches long in May and placed them in his pond near New York city, where they grew to fifteen inches long this summer, so that while the Southern States may grow the largest over their wonder-

ful growth it is clearly established that the fish does splendidly in Northern waters, and as an article of food I believe that in twenty years the carp will produce more tons of food, from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Texas, than any other fresh water non-migratory fish within our borders.

The Secretary then read the following communication:

FISHCULTURE, FISHING TACKLE, HYBRIDIZING AND POUND NETS.

BY SETH GREEN.

N. K. FAIRBANK, Esq., President Central Fishcultural Society.

I note with pleasure that your society is to have a meeting. I am very glad to see that you are taking steps toward keeping up the interest in what I think is destined to become one of the greatest improvements of the age. There is nothing of more importance to the people than the production of that article which is necessary to keep soul and body together.

I am almost daily in receipt of letters showing the increase of fish in the different sections of our State, and the people are more than pleased with the success of the undertaking. The cases are very rare, where the fish have been judiciously planted, that the results have not been satisfactory. One of the greatest studies of a fish culturist should be the adaptability of the different varieties of fish for the different waters. If this subject is carefully studied the success is insured from the beginning.

During last summer and fall I made several trips to our inland waters for the purpose of teaching the people the best methods for taking the fish contained in their respective lakes with hook and line, in which I was very successful. The principal fish which the people have difficulty in taking in our inland lakes are salmon-trout and black bass, more especially the former. The causes are that they are a deep water fish and are not so abundant in their element as our bright. The tackle generally used is so coarse and rough that in many cases it is more of a scarecrow than a bait. Fish are gifted with more intelligence than they are given credit for, and many an angler would have returned home with a better basket of fish taken by his own hand and not been obliged to stop at the fish market and have it filled had he stopped to consider that he is dealing with creatures who are as capable of detecting fraud in their element as man is in his. When the people learn how to take fish with hook and line the tendency will be to stop netting, which is doing so much to devastate our comparatively small waters. One gets the better class of people interested in the waters in their vicinity, and let them see that a mess of fresh fish can be had for the taking at their door most any day when they feel disposed to have a fish dinner, and they will take active measures toward procuring their waters from the depredations of a lot of individuals who at best can make a living but a few months in the year and the rest of the time cause themselves and families to live in great privation.

There is no deed of charity that the rich can do for the benefit of their poor neighbors than to keep our waters well stocked and protected from wholesale slaughter and during their spawning seasons.

No waters can be depleted by hook and line fishing alone. The attention of fish culturists have been of late called to the subject of hybridizing. We have made several attempts at the New York State Hatchery with several different varieties. I will give you the results of two experiments that are the most fully developed.

Four years ago this last fall we crossed the male California salmon with the female common trout. But a small percentage of the eggs were impregnated. They hatched in about fifty days. The young fry were healthy, and we have succeeded in raising between seventy-five and one hundred up to the present time.

During November, 1879, I observed that they showed signs of spawning. I watched them carefully and discovered that there was either no males among them, or they were not far enough developed to assist in the process of incubation. This difficulty was finally placed in the same pond with them several male brook trout. November 28, 1879, we took from them a few hundred spawn. It was found in attempting to take the spawn that the vent was too small for them to pass their eggs, and we were obliged to enlarge the aperture to obtain the spawn. The eggs were nearly the size of salmon trout and the fish had brook trout vents. We used brook trout milt on them, but none were impregnated. The next day these fish will weigh near a pound. They resemble both parents, but the majority of them are deformed in some way and they are an extremely shy fish.

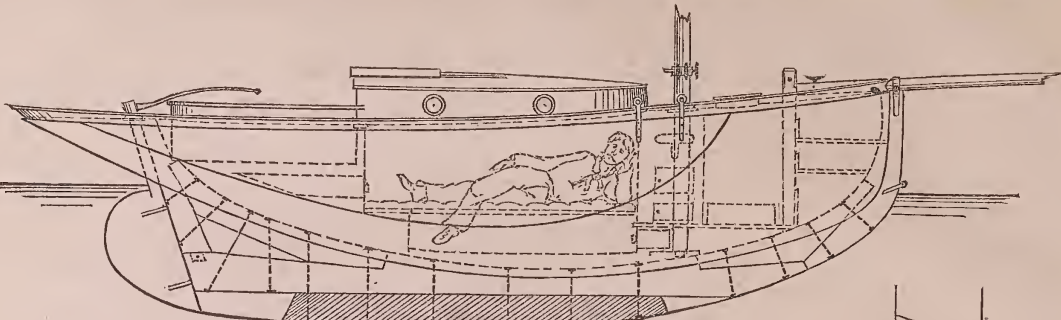
The result of the other experiment I have recently written for the papers and append the article as published:

At the New York State Hatchery we have a pond containing sixty hybrid trout, the cross is male salmon trout with female brook trout. They are now three years old, and will average one-half pound each in weight; the largest will weigh three-fourths of a pound. They resemble both parents, but are a little inclined the most toward salmon trout. November 1 they commenced spawning. They commenced to spawn just as the salmon trout had stopped spawning and just before the brook trout had fairly commenced. It is my opinion that they will make a fish well adapted to either lakes or streams. They are a well-formed and healthy fish, and the prospects are that they will be a valuable addition to our better class of food fishes.

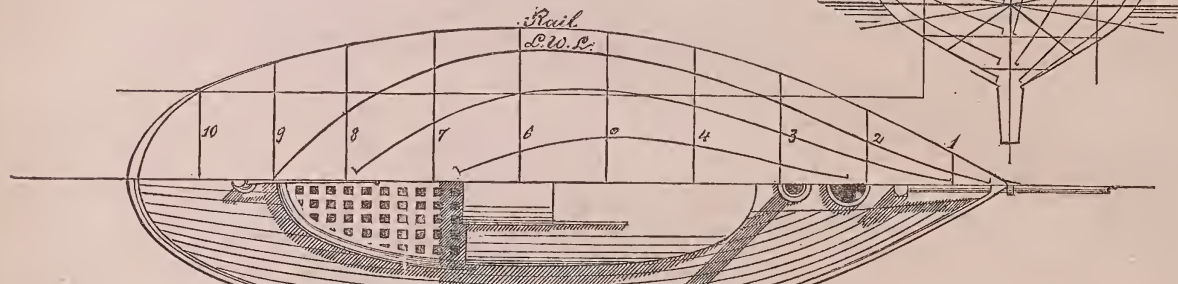
We also crossed a few hundred hybrid trout eggs with male brook trout; a good percentage are impregnated.

The hybrid trout are looking exceedingly well. We shall take a large supply of brook trout spawn, also California mountain trout spawn; the breeders of this variety are in fine condition, and we shall be able to furnish all parties in this State desirous of procuring them for public waters with a good supply of young fry.

Improvement in fishing implements are keeping pace with all other inventions. The pound net is one of the great inventions for taking fish and they will deplete any waters where they are used unless the mesh is made large enough, so that they will let the young fish through. If the mesh is made so large that any fish weighing less than one and a half pounds can go through the fishermen will in three years from now take nearly as many fish as they do now, and in most cases will be heavier and more numerous. They will take just as many large fish as they are taking now

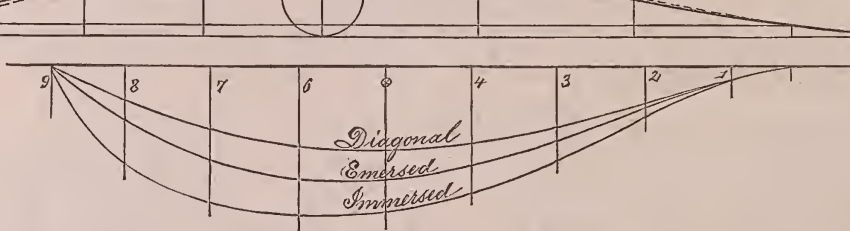


Scale 1/4" = 1'-0" U.S.



Curve of Wave Areas.

Scale 1" = 10' 20' 30'



Two-Ton Cruiser for Single Hand.

Designed by C. P. Yunhardt.

Yachting and Canoeing.

BOATS FOR SHALLOW WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, "R. B. R.," in F. and S., of Feb. 10, says that he lives on a bay a hundred miles long, four miles wide and two feet deep. The only Northern bays that I know of that approximately answer this description are Barnegat and the South Bay. In both the bottom is 10 near the top for comfortable sailing in boats drawing more than fifteen to eighteen inches. Is the shallow the best boat for these waters? This is the question that he desires answered. Briefly, I don't believe it is. Four or five years ago I specially investigated the point, with a view to purchasing one, and finally decided not to, although for cleanliness they leave nothing to be desired. The summer before last I spent a few days on Barnegat Bay and was so well pleased with the sleek-box pertaining to that region that I have procured one and have satisfied myself that it is the boat for shallow waters. My first experiment with it was on the South Silvercreek River, finding the boat remarkably stiff I had a sail made for it, somewhat larger than the one that came with it. Later I had a still larger one made, to which I finally added another cloth. This gave me too much sail in proportion to the boat and she would not come about. To remedy this difficulty I added a jib, using for the purpose the top-of-mutton mainsail of a canoe. Under this rig she sailed beautifully and quite fast for a 12½ foot boat. It was necessary, however, to handle the jib sheets carefully, or she would go to sleep in stays. Finding this a nuisance I discarded the jib and rigged the mainsail as a "balance lug," something like the one described on page 271 of Kemp's "Mammoth Yacht and Boat Sailing." This rig I have not sought to improve, as after a summer's use I can find no fault with it. This boat with the centerboard will sail on a heavy dew; with the board down it sails as close as a cat. On a triangular course it will hold its own with a cat of its size. It carries two persons in perfect comfort; three crowd it. It is practically unresistible. One afternoon last August I sailed it through a heavy northwest squall close hauled, having on board, however, 150 pounds of live ballast. On another occasion I attended a cat race. Every cut sailing in the race was double-reefed. My own little box carried full sail. The sleek-box is pre-eminently the boat for boys on account of its safety. Its usefulness for fishing and shooting will be vouched for by every frequenter of Barnegat. Ordinarily no ballast is required. In fact I have never taken any, except live ballast for company, and have never been obliged to stay at home because the wind blew, which is more than owners of more pretentious craft can say. This boat will live where a sturpion would drown. You don't have to part your hair in the middle and you don't have to sling bates every time you go about in an ordinary racing breeze. If "R. B. R." desires to investigate the sharpie let him spend a week at New Haven, after that he should take a trip down to Barnegat. For pleasure sailing

the Barnegaters do not rig their boats to the best advantage. They use an amount of canvas ridiculously small in comparison with what the boats can comfortably carry. The only sail they use is the ordinary sprit sail which is decidedly inferior to the balance-lug referred to above. This sail, by the way, ought to come into more general use for all small boats not belonging to the feline tribe. How it would answer for these latter I don't know, but doubt it it would be as convenient as the present rig.

SHARK.

SINGLE HANDERS.

A N Impression very generally prevails that the safety of a cruising yacht depends to a great degree upon her size, and that in consequence small boats are always unfit for distant voyages or for open water. This is a mistake, and one which has done much to cool the ardor of would-be adventurous sailors the moment their thoughts reverted to some glowing cruise in imagination to the hard fact that their pocket-books were limited in weight, and their pet aim of slipping their own ship quite unattainable. They naturally base their conclusions upon the *every-day* experience with such boats as happen to be within easy reach. Built generally only for river use, and by men whose conceptions of the noble sport rise no higher than an afternoon's "outing" or a "spree." It is not to be wondered that experience in them disgusts the amateur who finds his dreams of a cruise rudely crushed by the inability of the usual run of "flat-iron" boats to respond to the cruiser's demands. He finds the "cat" and the "jib-and-mainsail" which are the topic of conversation in neighboring sailing circles, to be the flimsiest delusions, and to possess no more claim to the consideration of a sailor than a bicycle has to a follower of the turf. He finds the average "small boat," a hubbly affair at best, exceedingly dangerous, over-sparred, totally lacking in accommodation, and, worst of all, absolutely useless in any sea lumpy enough to lift her, for she "breaks all up" and has to run for shelter, unless driven through it by the aid of a numerous crew and a stack of sand bags, apparatuses altogether foreign to his purposes. He goes home disgusted and is on the point of concluding, with hundreds of others, that the small cruiser can have no actual entry, and that it is "tonnage that counts," for does not some friend go foreign every year in a big sloop, and she perhaps just as much of a flat iron as the racing machines he has tested in vain? He pockets his disappointment, and keeps ashore in hopes of becoming rich some day, when he will take it out in a big one in his turn. It is to this large class of yachtsmen, temporarily on the shelf, that this article is more particularly addressed. We say, pluck up courage, steer clear of the superlatives which form the staple of many men's falsey outbubbling themselves "predicament." The chances are that you have brains enough of your own without the prejudices of those who are slaves to custom, and that with a little effort you can solve the problem of "going to sea" in a small boat a great deal better than the persons who cannot even understand, much less ap-

preciate, the motives by which you are actuated. Let the snail-boggers have it all to themselves as long as they like. Let them con-found heaving ballast and taking a ducking every squall with the real article in the way of seamanship and romance on a cruise. Let them have all the "Chrono yachting" they choose; sooner or later they will view your honest little slip in the proper light, and envy you your fortnight's cruising at a time, and the comfortable little floating home you have provided at a less cost, perhaps than their own open make-shift affairs. You will take one of the deluded wretches along some time, and that little voyage will open his eyes to sport the existence of which he has never dreamed. He will stop on a post-yachting tour among his friends, and you will see them setting up the frames for little Corinthians and disposing of their machines to a class one step below them; the intelligent appreciation of the arts of sailing and navigation. When comes your turn to smile, and "he who hugs his last laughs best."

The safety of a boat depends upon strength, stability, buoyancy and handiness, neither of them having anything to do with size. The comfort is obtained by proper attention to easy motion, perfect balance, disposition of spars and accommodations (neither too long and narrow, nor too wide, short and shoaly, so that the best average is attained to suit the varying requirements—completeness in outfit and exemption from petty annoyances, such as leakage, lack of ventilation or unsightliness. None of these essentials to comfort depend upon tonnage. The only limit put upon comfort for small tonnage is the confinement inherent in any boat of modest dimensions; but with a little deliberation a pleasing variety of life can generally be secured on a cruise, nullifying even this presumed inconvenience, and a "spry young man" will very soon accommodate himself to his surroundings.

The cost of a cruiser will be no greater than that of a machine equivalent in size, for, though requiring more iron for ballast, a saving is made in rig, material and labor, and a builder making a specialty of the type can turn them out wholesale for stock at little more than half the figures asked for a shifting ballast vessel. As for a small boat's performance, they may not amount to much in a "flat iron" but with wholesome displacement or weight, an easy form, good draft, ample stability, with enough buoyancy to prevent drowning out if boarded in a capping sea or rip; lower spars and a sifs within reason, and kites for fair weather. In short, in a good design throughout, we would like to know the weather the little shaver cannot live through in safety, while she will soak out to windward in a top which would send the flat-iron ignominiously on to the nearest beach. For an all-round average they will be as speedy as the best. Your flat-iron machine may get away with a her in smooth water and certain winds, but upon other occasions the record will be turned. As for the usual sport, the healthy squalls to land and body to be got from the outlay, they show so much in favor of the "Corinthian cruiser" that comparison with the flat-irons would be decidedly superfluous.

Out of the small craft you may get all the yachting, and more, too, than the big, unwieldy fellow of hundreds of tons can offer, and at a

Wanted.

WANTED—Live Brant (Anser bernicla) decoys. Any person having one or more of these decoys will receive a good price on application to W. H. P. GOOD, 11 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb 17/91

WANTED—Live Foxes. Write, stating age and how long caught. P. O. BOX 2,183, N. Y. City. Feb 17/91

The Kennel.

DRAFT FROM

THE LAVERACK KENNEL FOR SALE. A KENNEL OF CRACK FIELD AND BENCH SHOW DOGS.

The Laverack Kennel offers all its aged dogs for sale and will retain a few young dogs for 3 or 4 years. Derby Mr. Sullivan will visit Europe about May 1, hence is desirous selling ere he leaves. These dogs have been in public and first-class reference will be given as to their bench and field trial qualities.

- 1. THUNDER, pure Laverack Setter, color, blue Belton; whelped May 7, 1877; weight, 85 lbs.; winner of seven bench show prizes and one field trial; sire of Daisy, Lucy, Dick and Mack Laverack.
2. PERRISS, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped August, 1875; sister to the celebrated Princess, Puzzie, Phanton, Petrel, by Prince out of Lulu, in whelp to Thunder. She is a grand bitch, being the dam of Daisy, Lucy, Dick and Mack Laverack; broken by Smith, of Canada, and a merry worker.
3. DAISY LAVERACK, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped June 19, 1879; winner of second prize in the Nat. A. K. C. Derby, Vincennes, 1880. Daisy, 1 couneur, a first-class field dog; has remarkably keen nose and is very fast.
4. MAY LAVERACK, black and white; whelped May 11, 1879; winner in two field trials; is the fastest puppy I ever shot over. She is by Thunder out of Spot, a native bitch by Glass out of Fluk. She will breed well to a large, well-made native or Llewelin dog.
5. DICK LAVERACK, blue Belton, pure Laverack; a handsome-budded dog and much like his sire, Thunder; second in a large class at the late Pittsburgh dog show; beaten by his brother Mack. I consider him as good in the field as Daisy or May I whelped since 15, 1879; weight, about 49 lbs.
6. MAZEPPA, liver and white Pointer bitch; 8 mos. old, Boston-109-77.
Price of No. 1, \$600; No. 2, \$350; No. 3, \$300; No. 4, \$200; No. 5, \$250; No. 6, \$30.
Sportsmen can rely that the dogs are as represented.

I refer, with permission, to the FOREST AND STREAM, or to any gentleman present at the late field trials. Dick, Daisy and May are two season dogs; broken in Missouri by H. H. Short and have had a great deal of game killed over them. There are no better bred dogs in the world, as gentlemen posted in canine matters will admit.

I intend importing a pure Laverack dog that I think will tick well with Daisy and May, and should I keep Ferras would breed her to no other dog than Thunder.

Address, until April 1, JOS. J. SNELLENBURG, New Brighton, Pa. After that, to W. L. MCCONNELL, Newcastle, Pa.

FOR SALE—My black and white English Setter Dog (bred and raised by Eban Allen, Promontory Centre, Conn.), 2 1/2 years old; very handsome and a good worker in the field; fast, staunch and stylish. Sold for no fault. GEO. H. NEWTON, Gratton, Mass. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE, a Red Irish Setter Dog, nine months old, by Champion Echo, out of my Eile, for cash or Winchester rifle. Feathers and particulars, address THOMAS P. MONTGOMERY, 7 South Third st., Harrisburg, Pa. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE, orange and white Setter Bitch, one year old. BARTON PARDEE, Hingham, Pa. Feb 17/91

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Allen's Decoy Duck Frame.

Used by the best duck shooters. Is simply a device for holding the dead duck in a natural position in the water, on the ice or on land, as a decoy. They weigh complete from three to six pounds per dozen. You can carry two dozen in your hunting-coat pockets. We make three sizes: No. 1 for mallards, pintails, etc.; No. 2 for widgeon, broad-bills, etc.; No. 3 for teal. Sent to any address, C. O. P., on receipt of money, draft or post-office order, at \$4 per doz. For sale by all gunsmiths or by F. A. ALLEN, MONTMOUTH, ILL.



ALLEN'S NICKEL-PLATED DUCK CALLER.

Will not shrink. Can be tuned to any desired pitch. The smallest, easiest blowing, and most natural duck call in the world. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1. F. A. ALLEN, MONTMOUTH, ILL. For sale in New York City by JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS, and in Cincinnati, Ohio, B. KITTREDGE & CO.

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

Hallock's Sportsmans Gazetteer.

PRICE \$3.

For Sale at this Office.

The Kennel.

WILDAIR.

In the stud, the Blue Cocker Spaniel WILDAIR (former Hollis Wildair); will be allowed to serve a few first-class bitches only, at \$15 each. Wildair is a very Extra Field Dog and conceded to be the Most Handsome Cocker in America. For printed pedigrees, etc., address CHARLES F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y., Mountain Kennel. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE, Irish setter bitch Quail III; 3 years old; broken; winner 1st N. Y., 1883; 3d, 1879. Address, B. L. III East 81st St., Feb 17/91

RARE OFFER—For sale, the pure red Irish bitch Red Lion, seven months old; winner of 1st prize puppy class at late Pittsburgh dog show; dam, the grand bitch Nora (Tilley-ex-Champion Berkeley) 1st prize, N. Y., 1878; sire, Champion Rory O'Moore. Lion is a great beauty, all red (in white), and of the very darkest, richest color that can be shown; her head is a perfect picture of her grand sire, Champion Berkeley. Price \$24. Address for printed pedigree and particulars W. B. PIERCE, Peckskill, N. Y. Feb 17/91

NEWMARKET KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address B. X. 885, Middleboro, Mass. H. R. RICHMOND, N. B. VAUGHAN. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE CHEAP, thoroughly broken Setters Pinder (Dust III - Dora II), Conat Dan (Caroline-Queen Bess), Frost II. (Gladstone-Frost). Dog pup, three months (Gladstone-Frost), black spaniel bitch Madcap, two prizes, and best spaniel pup. LACBINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestown, L. I. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE, a handsome liver and white Cocker Spaniel Dog, one year and a half, flat-coated; weight, 24 lbs.; broke over woodcock, ruffed grouse and a No. 1 retriever from land or water; will retrieve ducks of any water fowl from shore or boat; price, \$30. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Feb 17/91

GORDONS—For sale—A rare chance to purchase a brace of Gordon Setters, male and female, nine months old; sired by Doan's Tom out of my Bessie, etc. Address GEORGE S. THOMPSON, Box 163, Foxboro, Mass. Feb 17/91

ENGLISH PUGS AND PUG PUPPIES—Morrison and Willoughby's strain—prices moderate. MILLER & CO., No. 6 Second street, N. Y. city. Feb 17/91

The Kennel.

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE—

Lean (Koybe-Livy 2d), a very handsome blue Belton and an excellent field and brood bitch, 2 1/2 years old, \$100. Clara K. (Roscoe-rimda), four months old, a beauty, only \$40. Kate K. (Roscoe Armida), four months blue Belton, 9 months old, pr \$50. Four pups, 6 months old, by Roxey-bro, out of Armida. Great beauty, very cheap. All the above are pure field trial setters; the most successful strain at field trials and bench shows in England and America, and are sold only on account of the crowded condition of my kennel. For full pedigrees and particulars address F. A. DIFFENLIDGER, 10 Shippen st., Lancaster, Pa. Feb 17/91

CHAMPION THIMBUSH—This celebrated imported Cumber spaniel, orange and white, has been placed for the season in the stud. Fee, \$20. Apply to FRANCIS O. DE LUZE, 18 South William street, New York. Dec 21/90

HANDSOME FOX TERRIER SLUT POXEY (warden by Pointo); price, \$15. Don't write unless you want to buy. C. B. CUMMINGS & CO., So. Acworth, N. H. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE—Fifteen Foxhounds, first-prize stock, the finest and best. Address, with stamp, L. M. WOODEN, Rochester, N. Y. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE, a liver and white (Sensation-Tilt) pointer, 3 years old; drops to shot and wing and retrieves well from land or water; a strictly first-class dog; satisfactory reasons given for offering him for sale. Address Lock Box 18, Rome, Georgia. Feb 17/91

FOR SALE, a very handsome red Irish setter bitch puppy, eight months old, from the kennel of Horace Sibley, Esq., Seneca Falls. Her sire is Dan and her dam Maid, and is granddaughter of the renowned Echo, bred in St. Petersburg, Russia, and valued at \$10,000. Address J. F. P., same office. Jan 17/91

FOR SALE several pure bred Irish red and Llewelin setters and setter pups. For prices and pedigree, address B. F. DORRANCE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Jan 29/91

FOR SALE CHEAP two thoroughbred Irish red setter pups, three months old, containing one cross of Bicho and two of Phueket. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Westchester, Conn. Jan 20/91

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine lined paper, will be sent post paid for 25 cents each, or the live for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 17/90

The Kennel.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or many returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail. Postpaid.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per box by mail. Both the above are recommended by ROB AND GUY AND FOREST AND STREAM. CONROY, BISSET & MALLESON, 65 Fulton Street, N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Corlandt Street, N. Y.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," etc. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS DOGS. To Paris, etc. in conformity with the Kennel Clubs, Sportmen and others, intending to import dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to E. B. GOLD SMITH. Information respecting the best methods of importing, shipping, etc.

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M. P. MOKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I KEEP ONLY COCKERS OF THE finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and do delivery to every customer. These beautiful, and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock snooting and retrieving. Correspondence including stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials etc.

Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. You can rely on delivery with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. G. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

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CHAMPION RUSH, Fluke-Lilly, fee..... \$30 HOOKETT Cloud-Champion Rump, both im..... 50 SNAPSHOOT, Champion, fee..... 50 Ruby..... 30 For extended pedigrees, etc., address EDWARD ORGILL, 1,096 Dean St., Brooklyn.

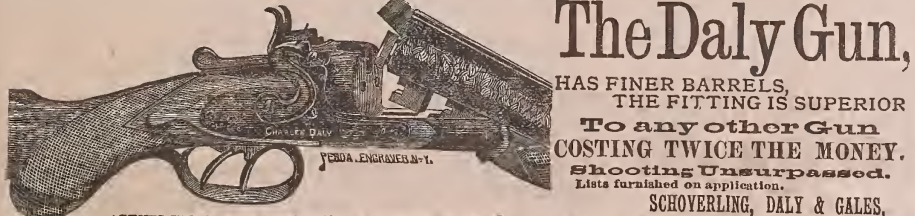
IN THE STUD.—Gordons: black and tan, sire Rupert, imported 1871, by Shot, Jr., 1639, 5 K O S B. ex Khona, 1870, by Dan Whip, Goodfellow's imported Duke and Gypsy. Fee \$25. Duke of Leucist Valley: oneck and tan, limited to 5 bitches; sire, Tuxedo Kennel Club's imported Duke, B K G S B 5,997, ex Grace, 3d prize winner Gilmore's, 1879. Fee, \$35. Pups from the above and others of best known Gordons on hand and for sale, also matured brood bitches in whelp. Address JAS. R. TILLEY, Leucist Valley, L. I. Nov 25/90

RORY O'MORE KENNEL—Champion Rory O'More in the stud, The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the 7000 dollar prize at New York, 1880. Also, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June 23/91

PINE LODGE KENNELS—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my pups seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction. If the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, \$50 and \$75, according to length of time. Can be sent for according to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Feb 17/91

OLEBOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL—For pure Cockers from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the stud, imported Cocker Racer, liver and white. A very improved, powerful dog, with the best features, handsome, powerful dog, 2 years old, 28 lbs. weight, 28 lbs. Iters warranted. Will serve wood approved bitches only at \$10. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Outcrop Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Feb 17/91

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sent for by mail. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A. Sept 13/90



The Dally Gun, HAS FINER BARRELS, THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR To any other Gun COSTING TWICE THE MONEY. Shooting Unsurpassed. Lists furnished on application. SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, Or W. R. SCHAFER, 81 Elm st., Boston. Or THOS. L. GOLCHER, 16 Girard ave., Phila.

AGENTS FOR CARP'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP. Howard's Steel Head Shells—Quality guaranteed. Price lower than any other.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists. E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

Sportsmen's Goods.



Sportsmen, To Ho! Put away the fine breech-loader, Well wiped out and oiled with care; No further use for it at present, Game has climbed the legal stair. Brother sportsmen who are weary, And have now some time to spare Enjoying Purses and Straps, & weekly treasures, You should have a Common Sense Chair. You will find them almost as "easy" as the top of a fence about 450 P. M. of a warm September day. Send for catalogue to F. A. SINGLARK, Manufacturer, Montville, N. Y.

S. Allcock & Co., Manufacturers of all descriptions of **FISHING RODS, FISH HOOKS.**

Carlisle, Limerick, Sprout, Virginia, Bass, Aberdeen, etc. **Burveys, Flouts, Lines, Gimp, Snells, Leaders, etc.**

BEDDITCH, ENG. TORONTO, CAN. **Silk Worm Gut of the Finest Qualities, MURCIA, SPAIN.**

The largest manufacturers of Fishing Goods in the world. All best goods bear our name and trade marks, and can be had of all respectable dealers. Exhibition Awards—Gold medals Paris, Berlin, Wursburg. Highest Awards at Sydney, Toronto and South Africa. Special Prize of Honor, Wursburg, 1850.

TO ANGLERS: **JOHN ENRIGHT & SONS,** Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers. **Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland.**

Rods and Lines to match balance of rods. No agents. All information respecting fisheries on the Shannon in this locality, as also catalogue of our greenheart rods and general assortment of tackle, to be had on application.

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1880. **Something New and Novel.** A Metallic Comb for the Whiskers.

Every gentleman who wears a moustache or beard wants one. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cts. **J. F. DAVIS,** P. O. Box 105. Fall River, Mass.

HENDERSON'S COMBINED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS AND PLANTS Will be Mailed Free to all who apply by letter. Our Experimental Grounds in which we test our Vegetable and Flower Seeds are most complete and our Greenhouses for Plants (covering 3 acres in glass), are the largest in America. **PETER HENDERSON & CO.** 35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS are the BEST. 1881 If not sold in your town you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. The oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States. **D. LANDRETH & SONS,** Phila, Pa.

Sportsmen's Goods.

H. L. DUNKLEE'S PATENT Camping and Mining Stove.

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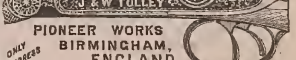
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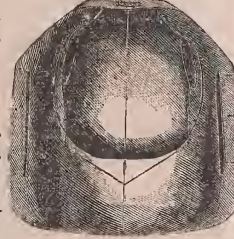
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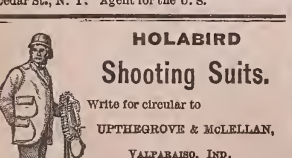
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 4.
{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, February 24.

THE LAST OF THE AQUARIUM.

THE New York Aquarium is approaching its dissolution. With the expiration of its lease, in May next, it will be no more. The proprietor claims that the American people do not appreciate an aquarium; but if he had said that they do not appreciate his aquarium it would be nearer the truth. When it was opened in 1876 it was thronged for months, and had a brilliant and valuable collection of fishes. It paid for itself in a year, notwithstanding the fact that it was run at an enormously extravagant expense. The first management erred in this, and in exaggerated advertisements of "sea serpents" when a "maray," a species of sea eel, was caught, etc. At the same time, the collection was kept up to replace the frequent deaths caused by bad management in placing fish in the show tanks before they became acclimated to the temperature and the light. The Aquarium was not constructed on the best models, as at that time no one in America knew much about aquaria; and it cost more than twice what it should have cost. The second management has catered to a class who do not care for the legitimate features of an aquarium, and there have been all sorts of shows introduced, from Punch and Judy to circus and opera. That an aquarium built by a stock company, which would be content with a fair interest on their investment will pay in New York, if properly built and managed, we do not for a moment doubt; but it should be placed where the ground rent would not eat it up, and it should not attempt to do the sensational and to draw crowds, rather contenting itself with a steady moderate patronage all the year round. At first, the attendance of children in charge of nurses was an important factor in the morning receipts, and it was a favorite resort for scientists and the clergy, who latterly

have eyed it askance; and its patrons have been drawn from rural visitors mainly. An aquarium will pay in New York if the right persons are at the head of it, who have brains enough to employ competent managers and who will not let it degenerate into a variety show. The public started in right and received the Aquarium as the correct place of resort for themselves and their children for the first year; then it changed its character and the public changed also. Of late its attractions have been a few carp and perch in the fresh-water tanks and about fifty salty-water fish of four species; two hippopotami, two monkeys, one bird (toucan) and a circus.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BEAGLES.

IN our kennel column last week we very briefly announced our intention of offering at the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club two special prizes for Beagles, one to be offered in the bench-legged and the other in the straight-legged class. The attention of sportsmen at bench shows in this country has been given in such a great degree to setters and pointers that other and excellent strains of dogs have been passed over. Recently the admirers of the spaniel have spoken for him in no uncertain tones and it is high time that something be done for the interest of the useful little beagle.

We believe that the announcement of these prizes will induce keen competition among breeders and will encourage the improvement of the strain. We were especially desirous that the entries for these specials might be free. In order that no one entering a dog at the show should be debarred from entering for them, we therefore sent to the Secretary of the W. K. C. the following letter:

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM, }
39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, February 16, }
R. C. CORNELL, Esq., Secretary Westminster Kennel Club, 206 Broadway.

Dear Sir—The FOREST AND STREAM desires to offer to the Westminster Kennel Club, at its bench show to be held this spring, two handsome, silver-mounted hunting-horns as special prizes for Beagles. One of the horns to go to the best bench-legged beagle of any age or sex in the show, the other to the best straight-legged beagle.

The FOREST AND STREAM is especially anxious that the entries for these special prizes shall be free, but is of course unable to announce the conditions under which the prizes will be competed for without first consulting the W. K. C.

Can you inform us at an early day whether it will be possible for us, in announcing the conditions for these prizes in our next week's issue, to say that the entries will be free?

The same individual who judged the open class could act as judge for the specials.

The beagle has not, to our mind, received in the past its fair share of attention, and we feel anxious to do what we can to encourage the improvement of the breed.

To this Mr. Cornell replied that the only conditions that the club had to make in the matter were that the dogs competing should be regularly entered in the regular classes. We are therefore enabled to announce the conditions under which the FOREST AND STREAM trophies will be competed for, in our kennel columns this week.

The entries will be free, but those desiring to compete must forward their names and entries to the FOREST AND STREAM, and such entries will be published from time to time as received. As it is probable that the number of entries will be large, the earlier these are sent in the better.

The value of the beagle is slowly coming to be appreciated. As the birds on which we have been accustomed to rely for sport become, owing to hard winters, excessive shooting and the unfortunate passion which seems to possess our legislators for continually tinkering with the game laws, more and more scarce, lovers of the gun must seek some other diversion than that in which setters and pointers are employed. Hare hunting will in many localities take the place of bird shooting, and the merry little beagle with his tuneful voice will, before long, surely come into deserved prominence as a sportsman's assistant. We hope that the offer of these special prizes may have a good effect in inducing beagle owners to exhibit their favorites and in bringing to the front the best types of dogs of this strain.

We should be pleased to hear from all beagle owners on this subject.

HOUNDING AND STILL-HUNTING.

MORE than a year ago, with considerable trouble, we gathered a large amount of correspondence respecting the merits of the two methods of hunting deer—still-hunting and hounding. By a most unfortunate mischance the correspondence, when prepared for publication, was destroyed, and our own efforts and those of our friends who had proffered the result of their experience, went for naught. This subject is one deserving full discussion. Only by a comprehensive exhibit of the facts, as detailed by different observers in different parts of the country, can a sufficient basis of facts be established for proper legislation on the subject, and it is believed that the importance of the question is such as will induce all who are concerned to put forward their own individual information.

It will be conceded that the two methods, as practiced in different localities, are attended with widely different results; it is therefore often the case that a writer will adduce rules from a limited experience, which, while being entirely right for one section of the country, cannot be made to apply to other localities. The best way to get at the merits of the question is first to have the facts. We therefore invite concise statements respecting the following points, and we urge all who can supply any such information as is here called for to add it to the common fund:

- 1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
- 2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
- 4th. Describe in like manner still-hunting and its effects.
- 5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
- 7th. Would they approve of a law preventing hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
- 8th. What is the open season for deer?
- 9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—The new Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association seems to have been smitten with the lethargy which made the old Board little better than a display of figure heads. It does not seem that any progress is making toward the bringing on of an International match with the rifleman of Great Britain during the coming summer. The match rests with the Board, despite the shuffling motion made at the annual meeting that in the opinion of some of the members it was "inexpedient" to have a match. Gen. Hancock, who was chosen President with such a great hubbub, has not been near the rooms of the Association—does not appear to have lifted a finger in any way on behalf of the Association. The only sign of activity in the matter of an international match is the mass of "private" correspondence which is now going on between this side and the other. What this can be about we are at a loss to comprehend. It has been due to these gossiping, busybody letters that so much trouble and misunderstanding was brought about in previous matches between the two countries, and if they do not result in a final rupture at the present time it will be a result to be wondered at. The Board of Directors have the letter of President Stanhope, of the British Rifle Association, before them. It is an official communication and it has not as yet received a courteous official answer. Until that is done the private wire-pulling of the inside busybodies may be properly dispensed with.

BECAUSE "THE REFRIGERATOR AMENDMENT" has been modified, in consequence of the indignation of sportsmen everywhere through the State, the fact must not be overlooked that as it now stands it calls for earnest and continued opposition. The marketmen, who are at the bottom of it all, and those who are seeking to aid them, now say that the obnoxious "all-the-year-round" plan has been given up and so they would have it understood that in its present shape the bill is harmless. We pointed out last week the most patent objections to the proposed law. These objections should not be lost sight of. We are in receipt of communications from the interior of the State which show that the true character and object of the bill is understood.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN GOAT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ALTHOUGH residing for the last dozen years within sight and almost at the foot of a range of mountains upon the summits of which these animals are to be found in greater or lesser numbers, I had never until within a short time availed myself of the opportunity of a day's sport. But having received a request from a friend in the East to procure, if possible, a few skins of this animal suitable for mounting, and knowing the difficulty of obtaining such skins, properly made, through the agency of Indians, I resolved to combine business with pleasure, buckle on my armor, and interview the white-coated denizens of the mountains in their lofty retreats.

To make the success of the trip more certain I procured, as guide and general assistant, a sub-chief of the Squamish tribe of Indians, whose fame as a mighty goat hunter had "gone abroad in the land." In negotiating for his services I thought to impress upon him the dignity of the expedition by telling him that a great white chief, whose wigwam was in a land toward the rising sun, had expressed a wish to obtain some information respecting the animal of which he (the Indian) was such a mighty hunter.

But the sordid love of filthy lucre was deeply rooted in his savage breast, and the pursuit of scientific knowledge, unremunerated by a stipulated number of American half-dollars, had about as much interest for him as the chirping notes of the kingfisher just passing us; for with a shuttle of his moss-casinet toe in the sand, and an expression of face which left no doubt as to the meaning of his words, herpiled, or rather asked: "*Konick miv potetch?*" (How much will you pay?) So, after considerable financial sparring, the bargain was settled for one dollar per day.

On the morning of May 30 I gathered up my traps, consisting of blankets, implements of taxidermy, light breech-loading shotgun, and my trusty Winchester rifle, and bundled into the canoe, and, long before the drowsy inhabitants of Hastings were astir, was gliding northward over the blue waters of Burrard Inlet.

It was a beautiful morning, even for this "beautiful month of the year," and at this time, to a lover of mountain scenery, there are few places on this Northwest coast more enjoyable than the northern arm of Burrard Inlet. All along the tangled network of narrows which fringes the shore Nature is busy with palette and brush touching up her carpet and drapery with the wondrous hues of approaching summer.

Here and there garlands of crimson and blue dabble with the ebb and flow of the tide. Yonder the bright foliage of maple and birch appear and disappear amid the darker shades of hemlock and fir, while far above the dark line of waving pines, serrated and dome-shaped peaks, frosted and white with the lingering snows, stand out clear and against the sky beyond.

Catnacs, coming from heights where their noise is hushed and their foaming lines dwindle to mere silver threads in the distance, tumble and leap and hurl themselves into the silent waters of the inlet, whose ceaseless ebb and flow go unchanged. The music of our bird world, too, just waking from a night's repose, fills up the enjoyment of the surroundings. We hear the plaintive cry of the little auk as it dips and flirts like a phantom bubble just ahead of us, the noisy chatter of Steller's jay, the joyous greetings of little warblers, while from afar we hear the hoarse, hoarse, hoarse, fill up the air with the noise of the falling of the water.

I had yielded to the charm of my surroundings when my reverie was broken and my ideas called back to their normal state by the loud baying of a bonnd on the hill to our left, and as I turn and watch the shore in that direction a large buck (*Cervus columbianus*) glides noiselessly into the water, and, standing at knee-deep, throws his head high in the air, making back in the direction from whence the sound of his pursuer comes. What a picture of life and fitness! We might have shot his game here, but we have too much regard for Her Majesty's game laws in this part of the Dominion to do anything of the kind. Presently the great ears begin to move back and forth, a step or two further is taken, then as the notes of the approaching hound sound clearer, slowing with what fearful certainty the trail is followed, the deer plunges into the water and strikes boldly for the opposite shore, a mile distant.

But a breeze had sprung up from the gulf, and as it freshens we hoist our sail, and our beautifully modeled Chinook canoe skins over the water like a bird, and after four hours' run we reach our destination and pitch our camp at the mouth of a little stream at the head of the inlet. On our way up the old hunter informed me that his brother Charley, feeling unwell, at not having received an invitation to join the hunt, and being also a little jealous of the old hunter's fame, had declared his intention to follow us, and I was strictly enjoined by the old fellow to pay no attention to his advice concerning the mountains, for although he was an average hand at spearing salmon, his opinions as regarded goat-hunting were not to be depended on. And sure enough we had scarcely finished arranging camp, when Charley arrived, bringing with him his two sons, lads of probably ten and twelve years of age.

As it was then noon I decided not to try the mountains that day, but to occupy the time in securing some specimens of harlequin ducks and water-ouzzels which the Indians informed me were to be met with a short distance up the creek.

So leaving the two lads in camp we started, and had proceeded about half a mile, and while I was engaged in watching the antics of a water-ouzel, which was drifting from one side of a piece of drift and coming up on the other, a large black bear stepped out from a clump of bushes on the bank and stood within twenty feet of us. It was but for a moment though, for before I could reach my rifle, or before the Indians could raise their muskets, with a loud snort he was back under cover. In an instant Charley was out of the canoe, followed by myself, and as the place on which we had discovered Bruin was an island, we thought to overtake him before or while crossing the stream on the other side. We were, however, disappointed, for on reaching the other bank we found he had already crossed, as his trail on the opposite shore indicated. When we returned to the canoe we found the old hunter intently watching some object on the side of the mountain opposite, and as we approached he pointed with his paddle and uttered the word "Sheep."

I had with me a splendid field glass, which I at once brought to bear on the spot pointed out by the Indian. It was an open grassy place on the side of the mountain, down the centre of which a mountain stream coursed its way, emptying itself into the creek nearly opposite where we were standing. Picking the long grass and weeds which grew among the disjointed rocks were three sluggish, white-coated animals. A council of war was thereupon held and an attack immediately decided upon. The ascent of the mountain was comparatively easy, being along the course of the stream, until nearing the grassy opening when we had to make a long circuit to the left in order to keep under cover of the timber. The traveling then became tiresome and annoying on account of the great number of fallen trees and immense growth of a species of umbrella plant locally known by the very appropriate name of "devil's walking stick," and we were to the hand which entitles one of these sticks for a friendly support! We at last reached the level on which the grassy spot was situated, toward which, still picking our footsteps and guarding against the slightest snap of a twig, we slipped on. Fortune seemed to favor us, for right in front and slanting out the opening from view was a rocky, moss covered ridge, up the side of which

sant, with the guttural oratory of the Indian must have been seething in the extreme. He concluded by informing him that we were collecting the skins of animals and birds solely in the interests of science, and not killing as do the Indians who hunt merely to satisfy their hungry stomachs. But Charley took it all very good-naturedly, and when he got the old fellow's back turned he held up two of his fingers to show that he had killed two goats while the mighty hunter had only bagged one.

Our descent of the mountains to where we had left the canoe was not at all difficult, as the hard snow along the border of the creek allowed us to drag our specimens without injury to the skins. On reaching camp we found the two boys fortified behind a large rock, over the top of which they had mounted an old flint-lock musket. It appeared that shortly after our leaving the camp a black bear had taken up his position on the opposite side of the creek facing the camp, and had remained there till a slight time after our return, and the boys, fearing an attack, very promptly placed themselves on the defensive. Had they found it necessary, though, to use the musket it would no doubt have done as much damage to the besieged as to the besieger, as it was found to be nearly half full of slugs and buck shot.

The next day's sport, though of somewhat an exciting character, did not redound much to my fame as a goat hunter. The ascent of the mountain had been difficult, and in some places dangerous, and more than once the assistance of my trusty guides had to make up for my lack of iron nerve. Creeping along the face of a cliff with a thousand feet between you and the first halting place should you happen to miss your footing is a feat which few amateurs in mountain travel may accomplish with ease. Muscle and endurance are valuable adjuncts to the composition of a sportsman, but in hunting the mountain goat, muscle and endurance will avail him nothing if he is lacking in that most necessary of all requisites, a steady head; and the enthusiastic hunter urged on by the excitement of the chase with the game keeping just beyond the reach of his rifle, may find himself at a point where to go on is impossible and to return requires the nerve and coolness of a Biondini.

We at length reached a shelf, from which to gain the top the old hunter had to mount on the shoulders of his brother; after which he lowered the butt of his musket for Charley to cling to, and with my assistance he also ascended. The old fellow then formed a loop on one end of his belt, and fastening the other to the butt of his musket, passed it down for my assistance. I, however, began to look at the thing from a purely scientific point of view. I had much to learn concerning the habits of the mountain goat; in fact, I had only just commenced the task. Now the belt, which was an old one, might possibly break, and a fall back to the narrow shelf on which I was standing might carry me over its edge, and that would be the end of it. So I told the Indians to go over the ridge, and if they found any goats to come back, that I would then make the attempt. They had scarcely left me ten minutes when they commenced firing, the sound of their muskets echoing and re-echoing along the mountain side. Shot after shot was fired, till the whole place appeared to resound with one continuous roar of musketry. I became very much excited, and ran along the shelf in hope of finding some more accessible place by which to reach the top; but the search was fruitless, so I came back, sat down, and, lighting my pipe to soothe my excitement, waited the return of the Indians. In the meantime the firing had ceased, and presently the old hunter, with a frown on his swartly brow, appeared on the crest of the ridge, and sliding down on the shelf, seated himself beside me.

It was decidedly in a wrathful mood, and refused to have any more to do with the hunt so long as Charley remained, and urged me strongly to send him home. It appeared that shortly after leaving me they came upon a band of seven goats, and as they had approached them from above, there was a good opportunity for rare sport had they returned to notify me, as I had instructed and as the old hunter wished. But the uncontrollable Charley at once opened fire, and the old hunter, fearing attack, followed suit; but whether from excitement or the inaccuracy of their flint-lock muskets, it is hard to say—out of all their shooting but one goat fell, and that at Charley's first fire. As the old man was in bad humor, I decided to return to camp, but on reaching the canoe an exclamation from Charley drew our attention to a mountain on the opposite side of the creek, where, in a small opening, we discovered a she-goat with a young kid, the latter appearing like a mere speck of snow slipping about among the rocks.

Before starting out I had offered a fair reward for the capture of a kid, and this was the old man's opportunity. As he was stripping for the chase he turned to Charley and commanded him to remain below and occupy his time in catching trout, with which the stream abounded. He then disappeared in the dense growth of timber which intervened between the creek and the foot of the mountains; while I look up a favorable position with my glass to watch the success of the chase. The ascent must have been difficult, for two hours passed before the crouching form of the Indian appeared in the opening. A short time before this the old goat must have sniffed the danger, for she started up the mountain, and at the moment the Indian came in sight had reached a shelf to which the kid was unable to follow. All this time a large white-headed eagle soared in majestic circles directly over the scene. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach its den, the kid started back toward the point from which the Indian was advancing, but before proceeding very far sprang down upon a narrow shelf and stood concealed beneath an overhanging bush.



THE MOUNTAIN GOAT—*Capra columbianus*, Coues.

we crept, and cautiously peeped over the top, and there within one hundred yards were three goats quietly feeding, apparently unconscious of our approach, while further on and about four hundred feet further up, perched on the pinnacle of a rock, stood a large buck-goat whose attention was apparently attracted by the prospect of fresh feeding grounds on the mountains across the valley. Or he might have been a sentinel watching over the safety of his three companions in the little opening below him. If so, he was a careless one, for his position commanded a clear view of the rock on which we lay and no warning of our approach had been given. Choosing our victims we fired, and the three dropped almost in their tracks. Hastily throwing a fresh cartridge into my rifle I turned to look for the sentinel, but he had disappeared. In an instant Charley was off, dropping powder and ball into his muzzle-loader as he ran; and while I was engaged in taking measurements of the three we had killed the loud report of his musket sounded far up the mountain side, and presently he appeared in sight on the point of rock on which we had first discovered the sentinel and, slanting down the warning "*Klosh Namitch!*" (look out), before I could utter a word to prevent him he tumbled the carcass of the unfortunate goat over the cliff. Down it came, a limp, sluggy white mass, bounding from rock to rock till it reached the flat on which we stood, shattered and torn beyond use. Its horns were split into shreds, its jaws broken and great patches of hair cut clean from the skin, in fact, it was useless as a specimen. I felt annoyed and only waited the approach of Charley to give him a severe reprimand for his carelessness. But the old hunter, chafing under Charley's success, and indignant at his presumption in acting without orders, at once opened out upon him with a burst of eloquence that to any one convers-

* Among all the tribes of Indians in this country the mountain goat is invariably known by the name of sheep. Indeed many of the whites appear to call the animal that they hunt sheep, and be about as consistent to call a marten a mink or a goose a turkey.

The Indian in the meantime working his way upward, stopped within a few feet of the place, but from his actions I was satisfied he was ignorant of the kid's position, and, fearing the prize would escape, in my excitement I shouted out to my men, "The sound must have died away before reaching him, for he took no notice." Presently he raised his musket and leveled at the old one, which still remained in the same position on the shelf above, but lowering it again he commenced a search among the rocks for the lost kid. His stupidity annoyed me, for had he kept his position he commanded, so far as I could see, the only way by which the kid could escape; for below was a perpendicular cliff of a thousand feet against the side of which no possible foothold for anything without hands could be seen. But this was a mistake, for a rock, loosened by the Indian's foot, rolling over the cliff started the little animal from his hiding place, and with a bound it sprang outward and down. The thought of its fate sent a cold shudder through me. A thousand feet, sheer down, to be ground to atoms on the rocks below! But no—down it went fifteen or twenty feet, alighting on a rocky cone which stood out at a slight angle from the main cliff, on the top of which there was scarcely room for its feet, huddled together. Had it started from that point and soared away over the tops of the trees which studded the valley it would not have surprised me in the least, and I waited breathlessly for its next move.

For a moment it rested like a speck of snow upon the dark gray granite cone, then with a downward spring of perhaps ten feet it reached a narrow shelf which had before escaped my notice and which ran along the face of the cliff to the wooded mountains on the right. But a sadder fate awaited the unfortunate animal than if it had fallen into the hands of the Indian. The terrible bird which in narrowing circles had kept above the scene, and whose piercing eye had taken in the vantage of the position—the kid separated from the protection of its den—stopped suddenly in its course, then swooped downward swift as the lightning's flash, its great wings and tail feathers trailing far behind, and, as it fell, its talons and beak were extended, and it was as if it were a living and liberty secured so near, bore it clear of the cliff, fluttered a moment in mid air, then drifted downward along the mountain side, disappearing below the tops of the swaying firs.

The chase was over, and with a sigh of disappointment I shut up my glass and waited the return of the Indian. It was nearly dark when we reached camp, and after partaking of some of the delicious trout which had been secured from my tent, I lit a pipe and being somewhat tired with my exertions, relaxed myself in my blankets, and with a beautiful clear sky for a roof and the "habble, babble" of the creek for a lullaby, I lay dozing, cogitating over the events of the day. Finally the forms of the two Indians, dimly outlined through the smoke of the camp fire, faded entirely away and I glided into dreamland, and all through the night re-embodied the scenes of the day. The kid's terrible leap, my frantic exertions to reach the top of a cliff where goats were being killed by the two Indians, till at last a large white-headed bird flitted me from the rocks and dropped me over a precipice—then, with a start, I awoke and found it was daylight. My dusky companions were already astir, and after the morning's meal I announced my intention of starting for home as I had procured what specimens I required for the present. But the old hunter, feeling no doubt disappointed at his want of success during the last two days, and anxious to satisfy me that he was worthy of the name he bore, induced me, by representing that we would almost be sure to secure a kid, to accompany him to a high table land which he had pointed out the day previous, lying between two snowy peaks. I was satisfied this trip would occupy the greater part of the day, but the hope of obtaining a kid decided me in making it.

After leaving the valley of the creek, which is about one-fourth of a mile wide, the ascent lay over a succession of benches thickly timbered with giant firs, gloomy and silent as the tomb, save when the weird notes of the dusky grouse, coming from beyond the spectral trunks, broke in upon the ghostlike stillness; and it was with a feeling of relief that we poked our heads above the last line of sighing firs, and scrambling up a rather steep incline reached the open table land above, but a prospect awaited us. Nearly surrounded by the little plateau, the ascent lay over a succession of dark granite and snow-covered peaks reflected the bright rays of the sun from a thousand different angles. The little plateau was composed of low grassy ridges with miniature valleys between, dotted here and there with clumps of juniper and stunted pines, while heaps of crumbling rocks, resembling the ruins of ancient castles, filled the foreground. This was the level of the lower mountain, whose sharp, prominent peaks, rounded so by the action of time, were to be found that strange little animal the little chief here or rock rabbit; while in graceful circles above the opening soared that terrible scourge of mountain and plain, the white-tailed eagle, seeking, no doubt, a morning meal in the shape of a fat kid. Although the emblem of a great people, I have a sort of supernatural antipathy to this bird, and this dislike was created under the following distressing circumstances:

In the early days of the Province—in the days of the gold excitement—I had, in company with an old mining partner, decided upon prospecting the best waters of a river far to the north of this; and for this purpose had in early fall cached a large quantity of provisions in a cabin situated some eighty miles up the river. It was on our journey toward this cabin that the incidents I am about to relate transpired. We left the mouth of the river on December 20, with the snow at least four feet deep; and being supplied with a few sleds, we calculated on making a trip in six days, and took with us only provisions to last about that time. But on the second day a blinding snowstorm came on, in the midst of which we missed our way and followed up a large tributary instead of the main river; nor did we discover our mistake until the morning of the tenth day, when the storm cleared up and showed us our position. The provisions were nearly exhausted, and our sleds were out of a mouthful a day until they were finished. Our dead ones, then became too much for us to haul, were abandoned, together with our blankets, and for five days, with nothing to eat, we dragged ourselves along over the desert waste of snow, and for five nights we built our camp-fire and walked around it, not daring to lie down lest sleep, that chilly sleep which often knows no waking, should overtake us. During all those days a large white-headed eagle kept us company, either soaring in regular circles behind, or ahead, perched on some naked limb, awaiting our approach. At night his place would be near our camp, and the first streaks of dawn would reveal the "Sexton," as we christened him, pluming his feathers to resume the journey. Night nor day did he leave us, and to our distorted imagination, with death as it

were closing in upon upon us, each day he appeared to grow larger. Finally, when weak and exhausted and with bodies worn to mere skeletons, we dragged ourselves through the door of the home cabin, he uttered a piercing shriek, and soared high into the air, and it was well for him that he did, for my companion, though scarcely able to hold his rifle, flung it out from among the things we had cached, and with eyes wild and glaring as the eagle's, waited for his approach; but he never returned. Since that time I never get a specimen of this bird, but it is with a feeling of revengeful satisfaction that I strip him of his skin. But to return to the present. The old hunter, who had been prospecting the neighborhood of mountains, returned, his grassy face glowing with satisfaction, and announced the result as follows: "Hiyou sheep!" "Hi you tonass!" (Plenty of sheep, plenty of young ones); and following him a short distance over a grassy ridge we came upon small bands, either feeding or lying beneath the shelter of some bush or overhanging rock. There were also a number of kids skipping and frolicking about, much in the manner of those of our domestic flocks. But although we used every artifice, the capture of a kid proved a failure. At one time we felt sure of success. We had come upon four goats with two kids lying upon a narrow shelf, one side of which ascended almost perpendicularly over one hundred feet into a wooded ravine, the ascent on the other side being almost as abrupt. We were satisfied the goats would go up the face of the rock, and that the kids might be unable to follow them, or if they did, as a last resort, we would shoot the old ones. We approached within a hundred feet, when they suddenly turned and faced us. With foot advanced and every nerve strung to its highest tension, we waited the first move upward. But they surprised us by using widely different tactics from what we expected.

Suddenly wheeling to the left, and with limbs as rigid as if they had been jointless, they slid down the smooth face of the incline and disappeared in the ravine below. I cannot say that I felt disappointed, for the old hunter, by an astonishing leap made by the kid on the day previous I had come to the conclusion that, unless by mere accident, there is but one animal a match for these little mountain aerobats, and that animal, *Hyalotus leuccephalus*.

These grassy openings, the old hunter informed me, occur in many places in the mountains, and used to be, in the early days of blanket making, a great resort for the Indians. After they had made their blankets, they used to camp for weeks at a time, slaughtering great numbers of goats, and drying the skins before packing them in their canoes.

The following extracts from an article contributed by my valued friend, Mr. J. C. Hughes, to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM show the value of this animal to the Indians before the advent of the whites. He says:

The coat is of two qualities, namely: a fine white wool next the skin, of a fine grain and long fibre, straight and stiff, coarse inflexible, never curly, as is the wool in the domestic sheep. Sometimes the coat assumes a dingy white or yellowish cast, but this is the normal color.

The skin and shag by the Indians of all, or nearly all, of the different tribes on this coast. The wool is spun in the most primitive kind of manner by the squaws, who twist it on the bare knees with the palm of the hand. This yarn is woven into blankets on a very rude kind of loom, by passing the wool over and under the warp threads, and then drawing it tight. These blankets, although occupying a long time in their manufacture, are still very common among the Indians, and at one time constituted their principal covering, especially among the tribes living on the coast. The use of these blankets is now yearly decreasing, however, owing to the importation of American and English ones, and other causes; and it is safe to conjecture that this species of goat is on the increase, instead of decrease, as the Indians do not shear them, and their skins are not so much valued for the manufacture of blankets as they were formerly. Not that the flesh is unpalatable and inferior, but that other pursuits are less arduous and more profitable; and among our Indians hunting is not so much practiced as when it was a necessity. The old Indians are fast dying off, and young fry pay more attention to working for the money equivalent of their skins, than to the cattle herders, etc., than to hunting, the last twenty years having made a great change in their mode of obtaining a livelihood.

The flesh of this species resembles, in some degree, mutton. That of the kid is much less palatable, and of the same quality is eaten by both Indians and whites, and by some of the latter is preferred to venison.

Among the Indians of early times, to be a successful goat-hunter was to be a man of high rank in the tribe, and to be regarded as such by the dusky denizens looking for a helpmeet, as he was able to procure at the same time food and clothing—two very desirable things in domestic economy. And after his death this qualification insured for his widow a snug subsistence. Here is to be found every element which the Great Father of our universe has constituted him to inherit. The waters team with fish that kings might covet. The mountains and valleys are alive with animals which furnish him both food and raiment; and, satisfied with the fruits which the earth affords him, he wanders through the forest, or, in his cedar canoe, wrapped in blanket and mat, he glides over the waters, unloading the gift of his hands, and the gift of his hands, and the gift of his hands. Truly "he sooth not, neither does he reap." But the picture sketched by these meditations is marred by the reflection that in a short time this state of things—this happiness of savage life—shall pass away. Already the "tramp, tramp" of the approaching East sounds faintly in our ears.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of the first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."
Already a "human sea" is being laid, over which civilization, in all its complex character, with all its attendant follies, its crimes and its varieties, its crowding and wrangling for wealth and position, its happiness and distress—shall move forward, and the unpretending savage and his food-and-rament-giving animal, the mountain goat, shall be forced back beyond our ken and only live in the works of the persevering and self-sacrificing naturalist.

JOHN FANNIN.

THE CENTRAL FISHERY SOCIETY.—One report in this week's issue closes the proceedings of this most interesting meeting, which we have given in full and more correctly than was attempted by local papers. It has all been stereotyped and will soon be printed in pamphlet form.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The author of "A Trip Through the Provinces," which appeared in your issue of the 10th inst., so evidently not only has a keen appreciation of a sporting trip, so having not only had what would probably call a "first-rate time," but has taken so much pleasure in talking and thinking over his experiences and writing out his very pleasant (because natural and unaffected) record of the same, and moreover is without so palpably a good fellow, that I can only say, "I envy you your trip." And this is more especially the case from the fact that he writes over his own name, whereas I, for reasons which to me seem sufficient, object to appearing in *propria persona* in a controversy of this kind. If he contented himself with giving an account of his experiences there would be no great harm, even if in his enthusiasm he did see everything rather rose colored; but when he goes on to give advice to others as to following in his footsteps, the thing is a very different one. The number of hard-worked young clerks in shops, railroads, insurance offices, banks, etc., who year after a little outdoor life combined with sport, is enormous, and is increasing every day, and any statement of the possibility of getting good salmon and trout fishing, with moose, caribou and deer shooting, in the space of two or three weeks, at a very moderate cost, would be almost sure to start off some parties, perhaps at a great deal of sacrifice of time and hard-earned savings, which if they found that the hopes held out had been entirely illusory would very naturally return with a feeling that they had been swindled out of their short annual holiday.

I remember perfectly being very much impressed by the exaggerated (though evidently unintentionally so) account of the chances for salmon fishing, which the same correspondent gave in an article some time ago, on the strength of a very lucky and unearned savings, which if they found that I have no doubt that had not "Manhattan" taken the trouble to state the real condition of things in that respect, many would have gone down, prepared for great sport, only to find that the only free fishing grounds showed more rods than fish per diem. However, it is not with regard to the fishing that I want to protest, as "Manhattan" did that most thoroughly, as is shown by your correspondent's own experience last season, although he is perfectly right in claiming that it is not to be wondered at that a person's enthusiasm should cause him to mislead others, when it is so great, as to start him off himself with two friends, without having taken any steps to find out whether there had been any change in the *Restigouche* during the past three years.

"To anybody who knows the circumstances of the transaction there is something almost ludicrous in the idea of Fraser's speaking "almost with tears," of the thirty odd thousand dollars that the New York Club paid him for his house and rights. But as I said before, it is not with regard to fishing that I want to take the liberty of making a few caustic remarks on the "Tour Through the Provinces."

As the ground that I take is that one should not give advice and make statements with regard to the capacities of a certain locality for sport, without having accurate and personal knowledge thereof, it may not be out of place for me to present a few criticisms in the way of showing that I have the authority to criticize. They simply consist in the fact of having with a friend passed during the last three autumns five, six and seven weeks in the country spoken of, most of which time was either in tents or in canoes, or excursions into the interior, with the best guides in the way of cautioning that the Provinces afford. We devoted each year the first part of our vacation, *i. e.*, from six days to a fortnight to salmon fishing, and the rest of the time having been spent well over the Province of New Brunswick and that part of the Province of Quebec which is about Gaspé Basin, I feel that I have the right to state certain points, which I know to be facts. The remarks and advice which your correspondent makes with regard to shooting in the Provinces are evidently his honest impressions, but are derived just as evidently from hearsay, as by his own statement he has only been there for the spring or early summer.

First and foremost in the way of misleading those who might be induced by his delightful account of the facilities for sport to take a trip to the Provinces, he makes mention of the fact that unless they went to break the law and run the risk of being arrested and fined they must forego firing a shot *à* \$20 for a license in New Brunswick and \$50 for one in Nova Scotia! One would think that this was a very important fact for anybody who proposed going there to know, and that would be a very undesirable thing in the expenses of the trip, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of being hauled up as a poacher or law-breaker.

He speaks of moose and caribou being very plenty; deer not so much. There was a deer shot in Gloucester County, New Brunswick, some years ago, and tetractidion is kept by the Indians as an extraordinary occurrence. There may be some few that cross the St. John River from Maine, but certainly not in the Province of New Brunswick. The "New Brunswick" is cited by the author of the "Tour Through the Provinces" as a deer would be looked upon as a great curiosity, and as for Nova Scotia, although I cannot speak from personal experience, I believe fully that no deer, *i. e.* *Cervus virginianus*, ever crossed. There moose and caribou are quite plenty, but what the chances of a party's going down on a few days' vacation, with all limited exchequer, would be of getting one is another question.

In winter, with deep snow, anybody who went to the right place and got hold of the right sort of guide, could be sure of killing a caribou or two, and very likely a moose. But in order to do so he would have to put on his snow shoes, start off with a few biscuit or hard tack, and a little tea and sugar in his pocket, and follow his Indian or French guide a route through the woods, camping under a bough shelter at night, and carrying his load on his sleds, and in all the parts of New Brunswick that few men not bred in the physical strain and endurance of a life of necessary hard work could stand. I do not mean to say that moose and caribou may not be shot in the autumn, because I know that they are. Last season, when I was at Bathurst, an English gentleman brought down the river one of the finest caribou heads that I ever saw, and the year before a gentleman on the Geological Survey shot two on the very same canoe route that my friend and myself went over last week or so later. But after all, it is a matter of chance, and implies of necessity having good guides and good guides, starting into the interior in birch canoes, two men to each sportsman, and an extra canoe with its two canoe men for supplies, if any lengthened trip was to be made; all of which is not of course compatible with the quickness and cheapness which is held out as an inducement. I can only say that a young gentleman, a wonderful shot, of my acquaintance

ance has for certain for four—and I think for five years spent from five to seven weeks in the interior of New Brunswick, starting in with a crew composed of the best Indian hunter and French canoeing, a camp-keeper or cook, and an extra canoe to take up his supplies, the bill of which item alone (i. e., the supplies) exceeded the amount laid down as sufficient to cover all expenses of your correspondent; and that although he had a great deal of sport, got many bears, beaver, mink, otter, etc., it was last year only that he got his first moose, and that was shot on the head waters of the Kesigouche, up to which he had to be towed by horses wading up the stream. It is well known that, in the rutting season, when moose are at all plenty, they can be got by "calling." But although there are some good callers in Nova Scotia, I doubt if there is one in New Brunswick. There are plenty of Indians, half breeds and French habitants, who are banging about the hotels all through the Province, who will claim to be experts at calling, but from what my men have told me I doubt if they are justified in so doing. There is one old Indian, "Gabe," by name, who is reputed to be a caller, who went out with Lord Dufferin, when he was Governor-General, but I believe even for his Excellency no moose could be persuaded to come to him.

With regard to the list of small game birds, I would say that I do not know of any quail in either New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and that such a mistake is utterly inexcusable for one who writes as an authority on matters of sport. Anybody who has looked into the subject at all knows that the quail cannot winter even in Maine. Partridges of both kind, that is to say the ruffed grouse and the Canada grouse, are quite abundant, or rather they were so before the pretty general establishment of freezers made them worth from ten to fifteen cents apiece. But anybody who follows your correspondent's advice and takes up a well broken set or pointer, will be doomed to great disappointment, and will find that the first little cur dog that he comes across will be infinitely more useful than his blue-blooded pet.

And here I want to say that I have been watching with much interest the discussion that has been going on in *FOREST AND STREAM* as to whether partridges could be bred or not, and was wonderful to find that they had been bred before somebody would hit the true explanation. It was only in your last issue that the same "Manhattan" states, which is a self-evident truth, that it is a matter of locality. The discussion reminded me of the old story of the two knights meeting at the pedestal of a statue that held aloft a shield, and after having fought almost into death on the question as to whether the shield was of gold or silver, found out that it was golden on one side and silver on the other, so that they were right from their own point of view. In the same way Jean Baptiste would be much amused if any one should tell him that partridges could not be made to fly into a tree, and sit there until shot off, for time and again he has done it with his old king's arm, altered by the village blacksmith from a flint-lock to a percussion gun; and knows full well that all he need do is to walk along any wood in September a little after sunrise, and when he hears a little yellow cur yelping in the bush he is sure, on going in, to find one or more partridges roosting on the branches of a tree and craning their necks out to see what all this noise is about. On the other hand, if our friend Jean Baptiste should bring his little cur to Massachusetts and walk through the woods, he undoubtedly would have the pleasure of seeing him put up some partridges, if the undergrowth was not too thick, but that would be all he would see of them, unless he followed them up to repeat the same story, on going in, to find one or more partridges roosting on the branches of a tree and craning their necks out to see what all this noise is about. In short, it is a question of different habits of birds in different localities. "Manhattan" struck the keynote of the truth, but he does not, I think, tell the whole story, as were it merely that the birds in more thickly settled districts get wild from being hunted, we should find that in the open woods of the season the young birds just as likely to jump up into trees as those that have hatched in more wild regions, which is not the case. The fact is that we have here one of the many proofs of the truth of the law of hereditary influence, of which all scientific breeders are taking more and more heed. The grouse that live in a region where much shooting is done not only become wild and chary, but they transmit this tendency to their offspring. It is the same with the distinctive habits of the birds will be entirely different from those of the same family who have for years bred and multiplied comparatively undisturbed by man. This is of course a digression, but it will serve to show that it will be useless for the sportsman to take well broken setters and pointers to the wilder parts of the Provinces. In spring and autumn it is true that the marshes teem with the English snipe, and of course a good, well broken dog is a great advantage, but for wood shooting any cur dog can be bought for the spot would do better, and you will not run the risk of spoiling a good dog. What is needed is a good retriever, and that should always be taken if duck and goose shooting is proposed. Both ducks and geese are very abundant, and early and late there is, along the coast, a great flight of brant. To be at all successful, however, requires having as guides men who know the country and the habits of the birds, as one might be caught on a point with numbers of fine dogs, but they would be of no use, regularly twenty days and never see a single feather. Again, where only a few days are at one's disposal, it seems almost a fatality that the season should be just too early or too late; a fact of course is not confined to sporting years in the Provinces.

I have spun this out so long that I will not refer to what seem to be inaccuracies or carelessness in the account of the expenses of the trip given, merely saying that one is rather in doubt as to whether it is meant to be implied that the expenses of the whole party were under \$100, or that it cost them over \$100 apiece. The first supposition is absolutely impossible, as the fares alone of three merely to Bathurst and return would be about \$60, and on the second supposition I must say that \$15 a day for a party of three does not seem to me to be so very cheap. In conclusion I want to say that I trust what I have written will be taken in the spirit in which it was done, which was not to be unkindly, but to find out or unknown, but merely to correct what, I am sure, were unintentional inaccuracies and misleading statements;

for I am convinced that nobody would regret more than the author of the article criticised having been the means of sending some poor devil down on a wild goose chase.

Boston, Feb. 15.

MIC-MAO.

JAMES F. WILLIAMS.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1891.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It is a sad duty that devolves upon me to-day to record the death of Mr. James F. Williams, which occurred last night at his father's residence in this place.

To say that he was a thorough sportsman, and a gentleman whom to know was to love and respect, but feebly describes his status as a man. Modest and unassuming, saying but little, when he gave an opinion it was sure to be listened to and carefully weighed.

Mr. Williams had always shown a great interest in field sports, and whatever of good may have been accomplished by the sportsman's association of this place is largely due to his efforts. The attendants upon the annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will miss his genial smile and hand shake; in his death the committee on revision of the game law have lost a member whose knowledge of the subject in question would have been of great value.

It has been the writer's good fortune to be a personal friend of the deceased from the time we were boys together up to the last, and during all that time he has been the same true hearted gentleman, making hosts of friends and losing none. No death has occurred in our quiet community for years that has been so universally regretted. Surrounded by everything to make life enjoyable in the way of pleasant home associations and comforts, young in years, with a kind father, brother and five young lady sisters it seems doubly sad that he should be snatched from these dear ones who were so proud of him, and loved him so well.

Mr. Williams was taken with inflammation of the lungs but a few days ago, and nothing serious was apprehended until within three days of his death. Everything was done that medical skill and loving hands could suggest, but in vain, and now the community mourns as one man, and a gap is left in society that cannot easily be filled.

H. W. D. L.

Natural History.

NESTING HABITS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

I NOTICE that in a recent number of *FOREST AND STREAM* a question has been started as to the manner in which the ruffed grouse leaves her nest when disturbed. In the numerous instances which have come under my own observation the bird has always, with a single exception, taken wing, sometimes "bounding off" till lost to view among the trees, again flying noiselessly to a distance of only a few yards, then alighting and continuing the retreat on foot. The exception referred to was in the case of a bird that had not commenced setting, she having laid only half a dozen eggs. She started suddenly from the nest as I approached, and ran swiftly, but did not take wing. The grouse nests, hereabouts, sometimes beneath a bush, with a slight exception, taken wing, protection from prying eyes, but as frequently she scratches a little hollow in the ground at the base of some large tree, lines it with a few dead leaves and deposits therein her eggs, which are only protected by the tree trunk itself. Once I found a nest that had not even this protection. It was in the woods of young oaks, at some distance from any tree or other object. As to the locality chosen, it is sometimes in the deepest, darkest portion of the woods, again in open and much-frequented spots. Before she has deposited the full complement of eggs the grouse usually keeps her nest covered with dead leaves. After she has commenced to set, however, when at intervals she goes in quest of food, which she generally does toward evening, she does not always take pains to hide her eggs from view.

After the first egg is laid the bird is generally found lurking near her nest. To a bird dog she is for now as well as at any other season. Later, however, when she has commenced incubating, no effluvia emanates from her motionless body, and the keenest nose dog may pass close to the spot where she crouches without detecting her presence. This curious habit is, I believe, common to all game birds; but, strangely enough, all ground-nesting birds are not possessed of like ability. I have frequently seen my setter come to a dead "stand" upon a towhee bunting, the nest of which I would not otherwise have discovered.

To return to the grouse. Her usual complement of eggs is about a dozen, but I have seen as many as twenty-two in one nest. In this case, however, two hens may have laid together, as the quails sometimes do. Generally the grouse will not bear hearing her eggs molested; sometimes the mere discovery of her nest will cause her to desert. Yet one of the most persistent setters that I ever saw was a bird of this species. She was, I think, a young and inexperienced bird, one upon whom the maternal cares had never previously devolved, else, it seems to me, she would never have selected such a situation for a building-spot as that in which I found her. The nest was in the very open woods of basswood and large oaks, near a small dry creek. On one side, at a distance of about one hundred yards, was a traveled highway; on the other, only a few yards away, a dense growth of young poplars. Not the slightest attempt at concealment had been made, except that the nest was placed at the foot of a tree. On three sides it could be seen at a distance of several rods. Why she had come out of the poplars to build I cannot imagine. Being a few yards nearer to a road could not possibly afford her much additional security from prowling "vermin," while the exposed situation certainly rendered her much more liable to be discovered by other enemies than if in the thicker growth.

Be this as it may, there she was, and there a friend of mine discovered her one May afternoon. She had not then finished laying and, as several of the eggs were taken, I had little doubt she would desert. Considerably to my surprise, however, on visiting the spot some days later I found the bird upon her nest. I walked directly toward her and she flew when I came within about fifteen yards.

As the locality was one that I frequently passed through during my rambles, I determined to experiment with the bait. Accordingly, the next time I visited the spot I appeared not to notice the grouse, approaching her indirectly and whistling carelessly. The ruse was successful. I passed

and, turning, re-passed again and again, so close to her that I might easily have touched her with my foot, yet she did not move. Finally, satisfied, I paused and stood within two or three yards of the grouse, watching her closely from the corners of my eyes, though apparently gazing at some distant object. Motionless as a statue, her head drawn close upon her breast, she crouched, her bright, brown eyes watching me with a look that betokened mingled hope and fear. Presently I turned my eyes full upon her. Her "instinct" told her that she was discovered. Quick as a flash she left the nest and went humming off into the poplar thicket. I visited her several times after this, sometimes viewing at a distance, without molesting her, sometimes repeating my experiments, always with the same result. So long as I appeared not to have discovered her, so long she remained quietly upon the nest. Even though my dog followed close behind me as I passed within two feet of the mottled beauty, she did not move, and so well did her colors harmonize with those of the surrounding leaves that the setter never suspected her presence.

Nearly four weeks had elapsed since the grouse began to incubate. I knew that the young birds must be almost ready to burst the shell, and it occurred to me that I might not soon have a better opportunity to try my "instinct" on the grouse. Here was a bird in which the maternal "instinct" was very strong, and I doubted not that, should I succeed in hatching the eggs under a hen, the mother grouse would care for her offspring. Even if I failed in this, I should at least have the old bird herself.

Accordingly, as I came close by the unsuspecting creature, I stooped suddenly and she was mine. But my triumph was only for one moment, the next my prize had slipped through my fingers. When she came near me I held out my hand. Immediately I recalled the step I had taken and was glad that the bird had crept. But would she, I wondered, after three long weeks and more of weary watching, relinquish her task, now that it was almost done? I sincerely hoped not. A few days later the nest contained naught but broken shells; and as I looked at them I breathed a wish that the young birds might ever pass as safely through all perils as they had done at birth, which threatened them before their eyes first saw the light.

H. S. W.

A TRUE SNAKE STORY.—MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have been greatly interested by the stories of snakes that I have seen in your issue, a good deal of my time to wandering around the woods this last summer, and I have had the chance of seeing a good deal of snakes. One day while out walking I came to a small pond, and it being very warm I sat down on the bank of the dam which leads off the water of this pond. While I was sitting there my attention was attracted by a small water snake swimming around in the water. I had not been long looking at it when the canoe came toward me, and I saw we were in the bank. All at once a very large frog jumped out of the pile of boards, and caught the snake and swallowed him all but the end of his tail. I could see by the way the snake was moving in him that the frog was in a great state of pain, so I went to get him before he went under the water, in order to cut him open and see the damage done by the snake. Not thinking that the frog would sink, I shot him through the head with a snipe with this aim of course to hurt him, and I could not get him that day. I came the next morning, and while looking for him I saw a very large black snake, which I shot in the back, and after a long while captured. I noticed he was very much swollen in one place, and I cut him open and out came a frog, the same one that I had shot the day before, for the bullet mark was on his head. On cutting him open, in the frog's belly was the small snake of the day before. The large snake had swallowed the frog, not knowing what the frog had dined on before him.

When I cut the snake open he had digested the frog's legs; all had disappeared but the bone. The small snake was eleven inches long; the frog, as near as I could tell, was nine; the large snake four feet eleven and a half inches. I think this was something that few people have had the chance to see. I hope I have not taken too much of your time with this story, but in fact I have seen a snake catch a trout, and have had a hawk taken away by a large snake while it was left in the water, for we were camping at the time, and had left some in the water to clean.

H. W. M.

HABITS OF SNAKES.—VERMILIONVILLE, LA., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have noticed with interest several articles in your columns concerning the "Habits of Snakes," and can substitute all that has been said in relation to the common garter snake swallowing its young or offspring. I have also had opportunities of observing the habit that the small water or moccasin snakes have of preying upon fish. This species of snake is quite common upon the low prairies of Texas and Louisiana, and it was in the former State that I one day found a small water snake lying dead upon the margin of a small pool, with a good-sized perch partly swallowed. The snake had very evidently failed in its effort to swallow its prey, and the perch was lying before it the fish became fixed in its throat and protruded through the skin. This species of snake is very destructive to small fry.

As already stated in these columns, the common garter snake is viviparous, and the mere fact of finding young alive within the mother has no bearing on the question as to whether snakes swallow their young or not. We refer our correspondent to Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown's very interesting and conclusive note on this point in a recent issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

DO CROWS REASON?—SOMERSVILLE, CONN., Jan. 29.—Last Wednesday one of our boys came into the mill and told me that there was a crow on the ice eating shiners, and wished me to shoot it. About fifteen rods from where I was I saw a hole cut in the ice on the pond for the purpose of catching shiners for pickled bait. The mode of taking them was to make a large hole and let a net down strung on a large hoop, sprinkle in meal and very soon a pallfull can be caught. Those too small for use had been thrown upon the ice, and

knowing there was a good supply, and remembering my earlier experience in shooting crows from a bait through a hole in the old barn, I decided to wait and see if the number would not increase.

The next day my attention was again called to the crows, and this time five were feeding, and one acted as guard on the tree not far away. When I turned from dinner I carried over my gun, and about four o'clock there was one crow taking a meal all alone. Thinking I had best commence business before the others came for supper I went for Mr. Crow with a charge of No. 3 which tumbled him over very quickly, but he was no sooner down than up, and off as fast as possible up the pond. He was surely carrying a load, for he flew up and then down and flew very low. He made for the fence, and when he struck it tumbled off to the snow. When I fired not another crow was to be seen, but before he reached the fence three others were following, and soon after two more were there. They seemed to be very uneasy, and evidently they realized there was trouble in camp for all, but one kept at a proper distance and soon departed. When I last saw them the crow shot at had gained the corner of the fence, and was on a low rail with the one which had been the smaller bird in the trap. Not a crow returned near the bait again that day or the following. Friday one was seen at a distance and to-day one has ventured nearer. Now, if crows do not reason and have some way of telling their experience in dangers and good luck how did the five know the sixth had found a feast and accompany him the following day or how did they so soon learn it would be best for them to avoid visiting that place again?

If we had been placed in similar circumstances we could not have acted more wisely. I have loaded some shells with No. 6 shot and powder sufficient to carry them, and expected to clean out some of the crows which are very plenty here, but the game seems to be up. K. R. C.

ALBINO RABBIT.—Feb. 18.—I was lately shown an Albino rabbit captured by my friend, Mr. F. Franklin, near Tanama, Pa. Mr. Franklin, although a sportsman, was visiting the mountains on business in January. Locomotion was almost impossible on account of the heavy snow and dense fog, so he carried himself the pleasure of a day or two's tramp, resulting, I am sorry to say, in frosted feet and a severe cold that may result seriously. The bird was taken alive, and although able to flutter only a short distance seemed otherwise full of vitality. It died in about an hour after being placed in the cot pocket, presumably from the too sudden transition from the extremes of cold to heat. It is almost as large as a king rail, and has unusually heavy feathers, even for a bird of its size. In January, I cannot recollect the bird with its surroundings. Its very helplessness seems to preclude the possibility of its being able to exist in a region so adverse to its habits and so remote from its natural haunts. Yet there is no doubt of its identity. Will you do me the favor to explain. R. G. W.

Philadelphia, Pa. We should be very glad to receive further particulars of this alleged capture, and especially to know whether the bird was preserved. As told, our correspondent's story is a remarkable one. Will he advise us further in the matter?

AN INTELLIGENT CRANE.—An exchange tells a remarkable story of the patience and intelligence of a crane. We have often seen these birds in confinement, and can testify that they are expert mousetrappers, but we must confess that the statement that the bird connected the trap and the mouse stagers us a little. Listen to the tale:

A large and handsome whooping stork can be seen daily strutting around the yard at the residence of Prof. Paige, in Council Bluffs, Ia. The bird was purchased by the professor during a visit to Mexico some months since, and has become quite tame. Among other food that the stork relishes is a good fat mouse. Mrs. Paige has a small wire trap in the house and whenever a mouse happens to wander therein he becomes a sweet morsel for his stockship. The other day Mrs. Paige noticed the bird standing near the barn watching intently at a small hole leading beneath the building. The stork remained in an attitude of watchfulness for nearly half an hour, and Mrs. Paige, becoming curious, concluded to watch and see what followed. Finally she saw a mouse creep into sight from under the barn, and the same instant the intelligent crane sprang down upon the mouse and took him in its beak, eating it first then eating it. After performing this intelligent feat the stork resumed his vigilance at the mousehole and after watching sharply for over an hour he seemed to grow weary of his work or set out of patience, and marching to the house entered the kitchen, and picking up the mouse-trap from which he had so often been fed he returned to the barn and set the trap down near the hole, evidently appreciating the use of the trap and believing that it would catch a mouse for him.

A LARGE PANTHER.—The following account of the capture of a large panther was contributed to a new Westminister (B. C.) paper by our talented correspondent, Mowitch, whose interesting articles on the game and fish of that distant land have so often given pleasure to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. The extract is as follows:

A very large panther was killed near Burnaby Lake, in the vicinity of this city, and brought to town on Wednesday. Perhaps the most beautiful of any I have ever seen, and of a range as this. It is found on both sides of the continent of North America and is distributed from the 56th parallel of North latitude to Patagonia, although it is not so abundant in the tropics as in temperate zones. The species which is being an inhabitant of so many countries accounts for its many names, which are Panther, Painter, Puma, Cougar, California Lion, Catamount, Carajou. Its technical or scientific name, as classed by Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, is *Felis concolor*. By others it is classed as *Panthera concolor*. In this food in sparsely settled countries is deer; but when these become scarce it takes wild, and in some places is a perfect scourge to the stock raiser. It is very blood-thirsty and is not content with killing sufficient to satisfy its hunger. In some cases it's keep have been killed in a night by a single panther. It is by no means abundant on the mainland of B. C. The one in question was an adult male, considerably over the average size, which will appear from the following measurements: Total length from tip of nose to tail, 80in.; length of tail from insertion to tip, 30in.; girth of body, back of fore-shoulder, 32in.; height at fore shoulder, 35in.; weight, 132 pounds. Animal in poor condition, not at all fat. This splendid feline specimen has been secured by the managers of the Mechanics Institute, and Mr. John Fisher, the assessor, who has so ably and manfully assisted, has undertaken the duties of taxidermist for that institution.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.—A collection of John Ruskin's letters, extending over the period between 1840 and 1880, has been published in a volume entitled "Lectures of the Chace." These letters cover a wide variety of subjects, having originally been printed in the daily papers. On page 204 of the American edition (published by John Wiley & Sons, Astor Place, New York) we find the following terse letter on the study of natural history:

"It would be pleasing alike to my personal vanity and to the instinct of making myself serviceable, which I will fearlessly say is as strong in me as vanity, if I could think that any letter of mine could be helpful to you in the reconstruction of the study of natural history as one of the best elements of early as of late education. I believe there is no child so dull or so indolent but it may be roused to wholesome exertion by putting some practical and personal work on natural history within its range of daily occupation; and once aroused it, few pleasures are so innocent and none so constant. I have often been unable, through sickness or anxiety, to follow my own art work, but I have never found nature's history fall me, either as a delight or a necessity. We must know them things, not tell them names. A deal chest of drawers is worth many books to them, and a well-guided country walk worth a hundred lectures."

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—At the annual election of the American Microscopical Society of the City of New York, held February 9, the following named board of officers was elected for the year 1881: President, John B. Rice, M. D., 12 East 23d street, N. Y.; Vice-President, John Fry, Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.; Secretary, O. G. Mason, Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.; Treasurer, T. d'Orcmenet, 7 Withpoor place, N. Y.; Curator, George Wale, Paterson, N. J. Communications and packages for the society should be plainly addressed to the American Microscopical Society of the City of New York, care of the Secretary. The time of the meetings, eight o'clock p. m., the second and fourth Wednesday of the month, at No. 12 East 32d street, New York City.

EXPLOITATION OF AN OTTER.—Westfield, Mass., Feb. 4.—Messrs. Pember & Douglass recently shipped a fine female otter to Charles Reiche, of New York, and it is now on the way to Germany, where it is to be used for breeding purposes. The otter was caught last winter with seven or eight others, and has since been kept in Mr. Pember's place of business, with a pair of playful cubs, a twelve-pound silver cat, and an aquarium of fish, which have attracted many curious visitors. The number of live fish the otter will eat in one day is astonishing, and we fishermen owe thanks to the above gentleman for thinning out the stock in this locality. What is the weight of the largest silver cat caught? G. A. S.

The largest cat we ever saw weighed only twelve pounds. The one you speak of is a giant.

PINE GROSBACKS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Boston, Feb. 8.—Since my letter to you of the January 17th of pine grosbeaks being shot in Massachusetts, my friend J. says they have been very common in the woods of Brookline; in fact being almost the only birds to be seen. Last Saturday I went out to where they feed of fine trout and salmon and could not find any more. I came across one all by myself, which I secured for my collection. The weather has become milder and I suppose they have gone back North. FEED LEWIS.

SPRING NOTES.—Elmhurst, L. I., Feb. 18.—The robins and blackbirds have been with us for a week. W. A. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOREST AND STREAM'S pamphlet on the "Dittmar Sporting Powder" having been exhausted, a second is now ready. Copies will be mailed free upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

Sept. 23, 1880—"The 'Dittmar Sporting Powder.'"
Sept. 30, 1880—"Evading Detonations."
Oct. 7, 1880—"The Detonation of 'Dittmar Sporting Powder.'"
Dec. 9, 1880—"The Dittmars' Abreacadabra."

WHAT TO DO WHEN LOST.

I HAVE both read and heard of individuals, hunters and trappers, who in fair weather or foul, by day or by night, could find their way with unerring directness through the trackless wilderness to any desired point, and who were never known to get bewildered and lose their bearings. I have heard men declare that it was simply absurd to suppose that the woods were the least danger of their ever getting lost; that the woods were full of "guide boards" giving such plain and explicit directions that "a wayfaring man, though a fool," need not go astray.

Unfortunately, I have never come personal contact with such a highly-esteemed narrative though a great many localities have heard the crack of my rifle, and no inconsiderable portion of my life has been spent "far from the madding crowd." Frankly, I do not believe the man lives who is not liable to become uncertain about the right course to pursue, bewildered, demoralized and lost, when in the woods or on the prairie, and that, too, when on even comparatively familiar ground.

One when in the Adirondacks with a friend our guide, one of the very best, got lost between Long Pond and the lower end of the "Sixteen-Mile Level," and he had been over the ground, he said, at least a hundred times.

A year ago last fall I camped with two noted hunters. It was their tenth annual hunt over the same range of country.

At 3 o'clock one afternoon we separated, they to follow one direction to camp and I another. I got in before sunset; they came out near all night wandering about, and when they finally reached the house of a settler, found that they had traveled six miles directly away from camp.

Within the past two years I have seen quite a large number of persons crippled for life from sufferings endured when lost; have heard of many others who, utterly bewildered, have wandered round and round in a circle until exhausted

with hunger, cold and fatigue they have fallen down to die. From conversations with persons who have been lost, as well as from an unpleasant personal experience of my own, I am of the opinion that almost invariably when one realizes that he is lost and in danger he loses control of his mental faculties and becomes actually insane.

I have recently heard of a young man, of at least average intelligence, who lost his way when within two miles of home. He wandered round in a circle for four days; when found he seemed to be entering most from the fact that one of the persons who found him said: "We will build a fire the first thing."

"Yes, do," said the sufferer; "I've got some matches," and he took them from his pocket. When asked why he had not built a fire he declared he had never thought of it, though his feet were badly frozen.

He also told how many deer and how much other game he had seen and, though carrying a loaded rifle all the time, he had not thought to shoot anything for food, though he had killed his dog with his hunting-batchet and eaten the liver.

This man's actions were no more at variance with intelligence than your actions might have been, my friend, under similar circumstances.

The main danger when lost is in losing one's self-control; the right thing to do is to prevent that mental demoralization, which, as I have said, actual insanity.

My method is this: I tell myself I am "out of my reckoning," and I know where I am and begin to feel a bit nervous, instead of rushing about and so becoming more and more bewildered, I lie down flat upon my back and close my eyes, or only look upward, and endeavor to fix my thoughts upon something beside my situation. For instance, I commence to quote poetry, Scripture, something I have committed to memory and which always interests and pleases me to repeat; or I imagine an interested audience and talk away like a candidate for Alcorn.

At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes I can get up with a perfectly "level" head, examine trees to see on which side the moss grows, or on which side the branches are longest and most plentiful, decide upon a course and go directly where I wish to go. This plan has helped me out so nicely that I give it to my brother sportsmen, asking them to remember it and give it a trial if they ever get seriously uncertain of their whereabouts.

One should start off for a tramp in the woods with an excellent idea to kindle a fire, then if you travel in a circle you will know it. And always, if night is coming on and you cannot decide with reasonable certainty upon your course, build a fire and stay by it until morning, or some one comes in search of you.

Lost or found, shooting or fishing, a sportsman's motto should be "Keep cool." J. FRANK LOCKE.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN TENNESSEE.

THE close season has begun in most places, and as this is an "off time" in shooting matters, perhaps the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may wish to know something of the manner in which we shoot *Ortyx virginianus* in this section. In this part of the State quail is doing better than at any season. In many of the fields there are, or formerly the birds are plentiful in the bottoms, the rough nature of the fields, cut up by sloughs, encumbered along their edges with weeds, cane and dense undergrowth of all kinds, renders shooting impracticable. The majority of the upland farms, thanks to reckless methods of cultivation, are worn out, and the rising grounds, hillsides and higher levels are abandoned to the broom sedge and blackberry briars, which are sure crops at all seasons. In most of the fields there are low places, basins or "hollows," in which the evil from the hills has been caught, rendering them moderately fertile. Here are planted cotton, corn, oats, sorghum, etc., and here also are the feeding grounds of the quail. It is lost labor to beat over the sedge, for in the shooting season, unless disturbed by some vagrant cur or wandering hawk, the birds are always, when "at home," to be found feeding somewhere in the small portions of the field under cultivation.

The dog most in favor here for this sport is the native pointer. Owing to the prevalence of burrs, which, wherever they can find a foothold, grow and flourish with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, a long-haired dog is at a great disadvantage. What one needs here is a hardy, close ranging, indomitable dog of medium size, one that will face briars rather than a rapid and wide ranger. A good nose is an imperative want. In the thick sedge, where the birds lie so close that the sportsman may almost tread upon without flushing them, and where, when pointed, one has literally to kick them up, nothing but a careful dog and one endowed with scenting powers of the first class can insure sport. A field trial winner, despite his high speed and perfect style, would be at as great a disadvantage here as the best of our small dogs if he put down a Minnesota or Kansas prairie to hunt for grouse. We require here not so much what is known as a good covey dog, but rather what is denominated a single bird dog. We endeavor to obtain a dog that will hunt carefully through the tangled thicket and bush-encumbered wood, where the startled birds have taken refuge, will point staunchly and truly indicate the position of the bird. As the largest part of my shooting has been done in covers, I have learned a few lessons about this style of shooting which may, I trust, prove of interest to others beside myself.

It is a matter of the utmost consequence to determine, as nearly as possible, the exact spot on which the bird is lying. When this is known and your point of approach determined upon, the line of flight to be taken by the flushed bird can be closely approximated, and cover shooting may be brought within the pale of even moderate success. The method I adopt is the following: when my dog finds the bird I approach cautiously and, after satisfying myself as to the position of the bird and his probable course of flight, I fix my eye upon some opening along that line and flash the bird myself or make my dog flush it. If the bird crosses this opening it is apt to come to grief, otherwise it will stand a show to afford me a chance of a shot on another day. If

WAS IT A WITCH?

A TEST GAME LAW DECISION.

"THE PEOPLE VS. MAGNER"

ACTION was brought against one Magner, a Chicago game dealer, in January, 1880, for selling quail out of season, and judgment obtained in the Justice's Court and in the Criminal Court of Cook County. Upon appeal the case was taken to the Supreme Court of Illinois, last March, and the decision of that court has just been handed down sustaining the decisions of the lower courts.

The Magner case was an important one because it had purposely been made a test of the constitutionality of the Illinois game law. The published report of the case states that by an agreed statement of facts the following points were covered:

"In case No. 1, the defendant bought and sold quail, during the prohibited season. The entire transaction taking place within the State, and confined to Illinois. In case No. 2, defendant bought one box of quail in the State of Kansas during the open season, had said case shipped to Chicago, and sold the same during the prohibited season to a citizen of Illinois. Case No. 6, same as No. 2, except that defendant sold the package to a citizen of the State of New York. Case No. 10. Defendant sold quail at Chicago during prohibited season to citizen of New York, said quail having been killed in Kansas, and shipped to defendant in Chicago. These three cases were so framed to test the authority of the State to pass the law. Cases No. 3, 4, 7 and 9 contained the same statement of facts, except that the game was purchased in Kansas during the close or prohibited season by the laws of that State, and raised the question of the right of a citizen to deal in goods, when the law of the place of contract has forbidden such dealings. Cases No. 5, 8 and 9 represented similar facts, except that goods were sold in smaller parcels than original packages, thereby raising the question, as to what the original packages had been broken, the quail had become 'merged in the mass of property of the State,' and the State could then regulate its sale; even if it could not regulate Inter-State commerce.

The argument upon the part of the State was briefed to evidence the following propositions, viz.: First. That game of all kinds is the property of the State, and that the State has full power to protect its property by statute even to the effecting of a complete severance between the various States, and that such law will not be unconstitutional, unless the opposition between it and the constitution be clear and plain. Second. Showing that the highest courts in the States of New York and Missouri have decided a similar law to be constitutional. Third. That the power of Congress, under the Constitution, to regulate commerce among the several States, is not exclusive. Fourth. That Congress having for over a century failed to pass a game law, it may reasonably be inferred that a "national rule" is not required, and in such a case the State may act. Fifth. That the States having always protected fish and game, the acquiescence of the Federal Government admits their rights so to do. Sixth. That the States can better control this question than Congress. Seventh. That Congress has no power over the subject. Eighth. That this law can be upheld under the police power of the State. Ninth. That goods contraband to the States cannot be the subject of a legal contract elsewhere. Tenth. That the comity of States requires each to assist the other in preserving its game. Eleventh. That game and fish are of great importance to the country. Twelfth. That the quail were bought in Kansas when such purchase was then and there prohibited, should not be received as a defense in the courts of this State. Thirteenth. That the practice has become general by which courts of justice examine into and enforce contracts made in other States, and carry them into effect, according to the laws of the place where the transaction took its rise; subject only to the exception that such contract should not either in itself, or in the means used to give it effect, work an injury to the inhabitants of the country where it is attempted to be enforced. Fourteenth. That even if another State was bound to permit the sale of the subject of contract in the hands of its importer, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, or to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary to guard the health or property of its citizens, although the effects of such legislation might discourage importation.

The opinion rendered by the Supreme Court sustains these arguments. It is so comprehensive and so important that we publish it entire as printed in a Chicago paper:

STATE OF ILLINOIS,)
Supreme Court,)
Northern Grand Division.)

At a Supreme Court, begun and held at Ottawa, on Tuesday, the seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, within and for the Northern Grand Division of the State of Illinois.

Present: Hon. T. Lyle Dickey, chief-justice; Pinkney H. Crab Walker, justice; Berni R. Sheldon, justice; Alfred M. Crab Walker, John Scheldel, justice; John M. Scott, justice; John H. Mulkey, justice; James K. Ealsall, attorney general; Rufus C. Stevens, sheriff; Everett F. Dutton, clerk.

Be it remembered, that afterward, to wit: On the third day of February, A. D. 1881, the opinion of the Court was filed in the clerk's office of said court in words and figures following, to wit:

James Magner, vs.) Appeal from Civ.)
The People of the State of Illinois.) and Court of Cook)
County.)

Opinion by SCHOLFIELD, J. :
The grounds upon which it is argued the judgment below should be reversed, are:

- 1st. Because the statute does not condemn the possession or sale of quail taken and killed beyond the limits of the State, which is subsequently shipped into the State for sale.
- 2d. Because, the statute shall be held to condemn such possession and sale, then in its enactment, so much of § 13, Art. 4 of the State Constitution as requires that the subject of every act shall be expressed in its title, was disregarded, and hence it is not law.
- 3d. Because, if the statute is free of all other objections, still shall be held to condemn the possession and sale of quail taken and killed beyond the limits of the State, it is void, and not law, for the reason that it is in contravention of the 3d clause of § 8, of Art. 1 of the Constitution of the United States, which confers upon Congress power to regulate commerce with the foreign nations and among the several States.

They will be examined in the order stated.

1st. The first section of the statute under consideration makes it unlawful for any person to hunt, pursue, kill or trap, net or ensnare, or otherwise destroy any quail or muffed grouse, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October, in each and every year, and in each and every year.

The second section makes it unlawful for any person to buy, sell, or have in possession, any of the wild fowls, birds, etc., mentioned in section one, at any time when the trapping, netting or ensnaring of such wild fowls, birds, etc., shall be unlawful, which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provisions of the Act. This is manifestly but equivalent to saying that it shall be unlawful to buy, sell, or have in possession, any of the wild fowls, birds, etc., mentioned in section one, at any time when the trapping, netting or ensnaring of such wild fowls, birds, etc., specified in section one, which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provisions of that section. Very clearly this section has reference only to wild fowls, birds, etc., within this State.

But section six is more comprehensive in its language than either section one or section two. It is: "No person or persons shall sell or expose for sale, or have in his or their possession, for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one of this act, after the expiration of five days next succeeding the first day of the period in which it shall be unlawful to kill, trap or ensnare such animals, wild fowls or birds," etc. No exception whatever is made with reference to the time when or the place where such "animals, wild fowls or birds" shall have been killed, trapped or ensnared; but the language, as plainly as language can, includes all animals, wild fowls and birds.

That this was intended, is further manifest from the language of the seventh section, which declares: "The provisions of this act shall not be construed as applicable to any express company, or common carrier, in whose possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds herein mentioned shall come in the regular course of their business for transportation while they are in transit through this State, where there is no law of the State, where the killing of said animals, wild fowls or birds shall be lawful," thus, in effect, declaring that but for this qualification the provisions of the act would be applicable to such express companies and common carriers.

But, it is argued, this cannot be the correct construction, because such a prohibition does not tend to protect the game of this State. To this there seems to be no answer. First, because the law is clear and equitable, and in such case there is no room for construction. The language must be held to mean just what it says. Second, it cannot be said to be within judicial cognizance that such a prohibition does not tend to protect the game of this State. It being conceded, as it tacitly is, by the argument, that preventing the entrapping, netting, ensnaring, etc., of wild fowls, birds, etc., during certain seasons of the year tends to the protection of wild fowls, birds, etc., we think it obvious that the prohibition of all possession and sales of such wild fowls or birds, during the prohibited seasons, would tend to their protection in excluding the opportunity for the evasion of such law, by clandestinely taking them beyond the State and afterward bringing them into the State for sale, or by other subterfuges and evasions.

It is quite true that the mere act of allowing a quail netted in Kansas to be sold here, does not injure or in any wise affect the game here, but a law which renders all sales and all possession unlawful will more certainly prevent any possession or any sale of the game within the State than will a law allowing possession and sales here of the game taken in other States. This is but one of many instances to be found in the law, where acts, which in and of themselves alone are harmless enough, are condemned because of the facility they otherwise offer for a cover or disguise for the doing of that which is harmful.

A similar objection to the construction of the Act, it seems, was raised in *Whitehead vs. Smithers* (2d C. P. D. 553), 21st Monk 458; but Lord Coleridge, C. J., said: "I am of opinion that that argument is not well founded. It is said, it would be a wrong thing for the legislature of the United Kingdom to interfere with the rights of foreigners to kill birds. But it may well be that the true and only mode of protecting British wild fowl from indiscriminate slaughter, as well as of protecting other British interests, is by interfering indirectly with the proceedings of foreign persons. The object is to prevent British wild fowl from being improperly killed and sold under pretense of their being imported from abroad." In that case, the wild fowl was shown to have been of a consignment of dead plovers, received by a pothunter from Holland, and it was held that its sale was prohibited by the general law which forbids the sale of section under consignment, prohibiting all sales of such fowls.

In *Phelps vs. Royce*, 60 N. Y. 10, the language of the statute was substantially the same as that of the 6th section. The defense there was that the bird—a quail—had been killed in the proper season, but had been kept, by a process for preserving game, until after the season expired, and then offered for sale. The Court said: "The penalty is denounced against the selling or possession of the bird from any species of game, at the time of its killing. The additional fact alleged that the defendant had invented a process of keeping game from one lawful period to another, is not provided for in the Act, and is immaterial."

2d. The title of the Act is "An Act to revise and consolidate the several acts relating to the protection of game, and for the protection of deer, wild fowl, and birds." We think this fully expresses the subject of the Act, and upon this view expressed under the first section, it follows that we are of opinion that the prevention of the possession and sale of all game during the periods designed to protect the same in this State from being taken or killed, may reasonably be regarded as a means necessary to the effectual protection of the game of this State. It was unnecessary to state the mode by which the game was to be protected, or the reasons which influenced the legislature in making the enactment.

3d. *Blackburn vs. The People*, 129 Ill. 137. *People ex. rel. vs. Lowenthal et al.*, 93d Id. 191. *Johnson vs. The People*, 83d Id. 431.
3d. No one has a property in the animals and fowls denominated "game" until they are reduced to possession. 2d Kent's Com's (8th Ed.) 416 et seq. *Cooley on Torts*, 455. While they are untamed and at large, the ownership is said to be in the Sovereign authority—in Great Britain, the King; in this country, the State (*Shurwood's Ed.*) 409-10; but will be in the people of the State. The policy of the common law was to regulate and control the limiting and killing of game, for its better preservation; and such regulation and control, according to *Blacks' com.*, belong to the police powers of the government". 4th Com's (Shurwood's Ed.) 173.

So far as we are aware, it has never been judicially denied,

As a boy no stories fascinated me so much as those that told of witches fattening roaming through the green forest under the form of deer, and long after the illusion of fairy-land had been dispelled I listened in wonder to the hunters who told me of invulnerable deer supposed by them to be witches. Few game localities indeed are without such traditions. Now I am not going to emulate Munchausen, but I crave a short space to record a very singular case of impregnable buckskin.

Last summer I was enjoying the amenities of a mountain resort in a neighborhood frequented by deer. Through the kindness of friends living near by I was enabled to indulge my fondness for the chase. To be brief in detail, one rainy day found me stationed at a runway on top of a long ridge. The deer were to be driven by dogs. Let no arrogant still-hunter sneer, for I must tell him that if he hits a deer flying through the red brush in September he will have to do better work than ever he learned at still-hunting in open woods. At my side stood Jim B. Jim is a little deaf, and only watched to see me shoot, so he said at least.

Nevertheless Jim carried across his shoulder his well-beloved "Aunt Hannah." "Aunt Hannah" was a remarkable specimen; she was about six feet tall, and in her capacious double-stomach she carried an immense quantity of powder and buckshot. Jim said she was perfectly safe, but death to deer.

A few minutes before the welcome cry of the pack, and in an instant I found the brush crackling as I had never heard it before. A five-prong buck rushed heedlessly toward us. It seemed to me neither bound would bring about a collision, but before I could raise my gun "Aunt Hannah" burst forth with a roar like the bolts of Jove.

The buck turned at right angles, and I fired twice. "Did we kill him?" said Jim. "Yes," I said, "he dropped in that brush." Could I but paint the painful disgust depicted on Jim's face when he saw that the buck had not been killed again. I ran up the path to head him, but back he came and almost jumped on the spot where I had been standing. Getting in range as quickly as possible I fired twice with all the deliberation of which I was master. What a pang I felt when I saw him go off unharmed. This strange beast then proceeded to exhibit himself to three other watchers, all old hunters.

He ran back and forth through the stands like a frolicsome boy at play, and wound up his fun by driving off the dogs. I almost swore never to shoot at another deer, and nursing my chagrin I fled from the mountains. Now the denunciation. A resident sportsman informs me by letter (and gladly to my consolation) that five different hunters have stood in my tracks and missed that old buck (undoubtedly the same). Moreover, he continues to offer all waters a shot, and in the sport he has enjoyed through the brush again. I ran up the path to head him, but back he came and almost jumped on the spot where I had been standing. Getting in range as quickly as possible I fired twice with all the deliberation of which I was master. What a pang I felt when I saw him go off unharmed. This strange beast then proceeded to exhibit himself to three other watchers, all old hunters.

A SOUTH CAROLINA RESORT.

THE birds south of Chester, S. C., have not suffered much during this cold winter. We found them quite plenty about there, and also at Summerville, 22 miles north of Charleston on the South Carolina Railroad. If any of our friends are near this point they can be sure of good sport, and if fortunate enough to obtain board with Dr. White, near the depot, will have the best of fare and a comfortable home at reasonable prices. Woodcock, snipe and quail in season can be found within two miles of his house, and deer and wild turkey within five miles. Never shall I forget the drives through the pine woods in the deep, worn road filled with water, under the dripping branches that shut out the sun, and presently a large buck started in front of our most enthusiastic sportsman, who had prepared himself for just such game by loading several shells with buckshot. When his attention was called to the buck, he says, he attempted to charge his shell, but from his description of the animal afterward we all doubted him, but believe he had a bad attack of buck fever. He was willing to bet or swear that it was all white, weighed three hundred pounds and had a tail as long as his arm. The next day we returned to the same vicinity and engaged some drivers to "jump" deer for us, and in less than one hour after the dogs were let loose the same gentleman shot his first deer, weighing about 120 lbs., of a dun brown color and with a tail about eight inches long. As the darkies express it, you can most always find them here, especially if your dogs roll over in going into the woods—"Deer, shuck." You cannot always, however, depend on the game by the name the natives give it. We invited if there were any woodcock about and were told that there were "oodles" of them. "Where did you see them?" "In the woods, mostly up in the trees." They know the tufted woodpecker here as the woodcock, and you must get up soon to find them.

INDIANS STEAL DUCKS' EGGS—Carson, Nev., Feb. 8.—Guns have been very scarce for some time, but there has been seen but one strong flock of ducks (our principal shooting) all winter. Now we have plenty, indeed too much of 'em, and all the feeding resorts are overflowing. However, by the 1st of March the spring flight will be along, when we anticipate some good birds. Were it not for the miserable and destructive brutes of Indians this would be a fine field for duck shooting in the early fall, but the Indians—bucks, squaws and papooses—use the eggs of the birds to rob them of all but the eggs, and thus, by thus destroying what would otherwise eventually be thousands of young ducks. And we are unable to prevent this slaughter, for the Indian in this country is a privileged character as far as game is concerned. SIVARD.

that the government, under its police powers, may make regulations for the preservation of game and fish, restricting their taking and molestation to certain seasons of the year, although laws to this effect, it is believed, have been in force in many of the older States since the organization of the Federal Government. On the contrary, the constitutional right to enact such laws has been expressly affirmed in regard to fish by Massachusetts, in *Burhan v. Webster*, 5 Mass. 266; *Nickerson v. Brackett*, 10 Id. 212, and by Indiana in *Genette vs. The State*, 20 Ind. 409; and in regard to game by New York, in *Phipps vs. Racey*, *supra*; and by Vermont in *State vs. Norton*, 45 Vermont, 259; and upon principle the right is clear.

The ownership being in the people of the State—the repository of the sovereign authority—and no individual having any property rights to be affected it necessarily results that the Legislature, as the representative of the people of the State, may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game, or qualify and restrict it, as in the opinion of its members will best subserve the public welfare. Stated in other language, to hunt and kill game is a boon or privilege granted, either expressly or impliedly by the sovereign authority—a right inhering in each individual, and consequently nothing is taken away from the individual when he is denied the privilege, at stated seasons, of hunting and killing game. It is, perhaps, accurate to say that the ownership of the sovereign authority is in trust for all the people of the State, and hence, by implication, it is the duty of the Legislature to enact such laws as will best preserve the subject of the trust, and secure its beneficial use in the future to the people of the State. But in any view, the question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy and not of private right.

Our attention has been called to no law of Congress, and we are aware of none, in regard to the transportation of game; still, if this law may be regarded as a restriction upon inter-State commerce, that is of no importance, for it was held in *Welton vs. The State of Missouri*, 91 U. S. (1st Otto) 276, that the non-exercise by Congress of its power to regulate commerce among the several States is equivalent to a declaration by that body that such commerce shall be free from any restriction. The inquiry then arises, is the prohibition of the possession and sale of game as enacted in this State a restriction of inter-State commerce?

In *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, 9 Wheaton, at page 203, Chief-Justice Marshall classifies as belonging to and forming a portion of that "immense mass of legislation, which embraces everything within the jurisdiction of the United States, in so general a government, all which are the most advantageously exercised by the States themselves," "inspection laws, quarantine laws, health laws of every description, as well as laws for regulating the internal commerce of a State, and those which respect turnpike roads, ferries," etc. And he adds: "No direct general power over these objects is granted to Congress, and consequently they remain subject to State legislation." So in *The Daniel Ball*, 10 Wallace 504, the Court said: "There is undoubtedly an internal commerce which is subject to the control of the States. The power delegated to Congress is limited to commerce among the several States, with foreign nations, and with the Indian tribes. This limitation necessarily excludes from Federal control all commerce not thus designated, and of course that commerce which is carried on entirely within the limits of a State, and does not extend to or affect other States." And in *United States v. Dowd*, 9 Wallace 41, it was held that a statute of the United States, making it a penal offence to mix sulphuric and illuminating oils, was beyond the legislative authority vested in Congress, and it was said: "But this express grant of power to regulate commerce among the States has always been understood as limited by its terms; and as a virtual denial of any power to interfere with the internal trade and business of the separate States."

In the celebrated license cases, 5 Howard 504, laws prohibiting sales of liquors except in large quantities and under stringent regulations were sustained as within the police power, notwithstanding they interfered indirectly with inter-State commerce. Ch. J. Taney said: "Those State laws act altogether upon the retail or domestic traffic within their respective borders. They act upon the article after it has passed the line of foreign commerce, and become a part of the general market of property in the State. These laws may, indeed, discourage imports and diminish the price which ardent spirits would otherwise bring. But although a State is bound to receive and permit the sale by the importers of any article of merchandise which Congress authorizes to be imported, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary or advisable to guard the health or morals of its citizens, although such a law may discourage or diminish the revenue of the importers, or lessen the revenue of the General Government."

So, upon like principle, it has since been held that as a measure of police regulation, looking to the preservation of public morals, a State law entirely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is not repugnant to any clause of the Constitution of the United States. *Boymeyer vs. Iowa*, 18 Wall. 129. *Boer Co. vs. Massachusetts* (97 U. S.) 7 (2 Otto) 25.

Very clearly this law relates only to the internal commerce of the State in the article of game. As in the license cases, it acts altogether upon the retail or domestic traffic within the State, and as there said so it may be said: "The State is not bound to furnish a market" for game; and by parity of reasoning is not bound to furnish game for a market.

And it would seem to be a legal truism, if a State may constitutionally prohibit the killing and possession of game during certain seasons, the prohibition of the transportation of game killed and possessed in violation of such prohibition cannot be unconstitutional. There cannot be a constitutional right to transport property which cannot legally be brought into existence.

The principal dissent in *Munn vs. Illinois*, 94 U. S. (4 Otto) 113. *Slaughter-house cases*, 16 Wallace 36. *Fertilizing Co. vs. Hyde Park*, 97 U. S. (7 Otto) 659.

The birds which are here admitted to have been brought from Kansas, as appears by the laws admitted in evidence by the agreement of the parties, were there killed and possessed in violation of a law of that State, and hence never legitimately became an article of commerce.

There is no question here of discrimination in favor of the game of this State over that of another State, or to go to apply the doctrine of *Welton vs. The State of Missouri*, *supra*, and kindred cases. Nor is there in *R. Co. vs. Husen*, 95 U. S. (5 Otto) 465, and other like cases, any question of the right to transport commerce from one State to another.

For the 7th section of the statute expressly provides that: "The provisions of this act shall not be construed as applicable to any express company or common carrier into whose possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds herein mentioned shall come in the regular course of their business transportation." It is in transit, therefore, though this State from any place without this State, where the killing of said animals, wild fowls or birds shall be lawful."

And herein our statute is directly the opposite of the 6th section of the Kansas act, which was held unconstitutional in *The State vs. Saunders*, 19 Kansas 127. There the prairie chickens were lawfully killed and lawfully became an article of commerce, and their transportation was prohibited. Here the quail were unlawfully taken and killed, and their possession and sale in this State were unlawful. But had they been lawfully taken and killed their transportation to a place where they might be lawfully sold could not be interfered with by the statute.

The questions we have been considering were all raised in *Phipps vs. Racey*, *supra*. The opinion in that case, by the late Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, is well considered and reaches the same conclusion at which we have arrived. The judgment is affirmed.

EXPERIENCE WITH A SWAB.—Rockingham, N. C.—While in Arkansas a few weeks since an incident was related to me by a friend and confirmed by two other gentlemen who were present, which, as I have never heard of the "like before," may be something new to perhaps many of your readers. My friend, while in Colorado last summer on a hunting excursion, was attempting one day to wipe out his Sharp's rifle with an ordinary insect-killing swab. The swab became detached from the rod and landed at about an inch or two from the end of the chamber. Ineffectual attempts were made to drive it out with an iron rod, alternating first from the breech and then from the muzzle. Not succeeding in this, about 20 grains of powder, Eagle ducking No. 4, was put in a shell, the shell inserted, and with string tied to the trigger and gun placed at a short distance, the string was pulled and gun fired. A little noise was heard; the gun was taken up and unbraced, a little smoke was seen to come out of the muzzle, but the swab was not moved. Thinking it probably best to fill up the space between the end of the chamber and the swab, in order to succeed in driving it out, they did so with paper driven in tightly. Twenty grains of powder were put in shell and gun again placed off and string pulled. This time no noise was heard. The gun was unbraced and with a considerable report the shell passed out at the breech to a distance of 100 yards or more, where it determined to blow it open at all hazards, so they filled the shell with about seventy grains of powder and placed the gun a little farther off, again pulling the string. As before, no noise was heard, but in very cautiously unbracing the gun a very loud report was heard, and the shell was sent killing to a very great distance. The swab still remained in its former position. The barrel was then put in a stove, where it remained several hours, was taken out, being red-hot, and the swab having been burned to a crisp, it was removed. TEEBELL.

PINNATED GROUSE PROPAGATION.—Philadelphia.—You will be pleased to make known to your readers interested in the stocking of our Eastern grounds with the pinnated grouse that our mutual friend, Mr. John S. Davis, of Philadelphia, "put one up" late this fall, five miles from Hammondtown, N. J., while quail shooting. I had the pleasure of questioning Mr. Davis regarding what he had gathered relative to other birds of the kind while on this trip, and learned that one or two had been seen and I think one killed in the same neighborhood by a native. This is the section of the country where the West Jersey Game Society liberated their grouse several years ago, the region being covered with scrubby oaks and dwarf pine trees. This report coming from so reliable and well-known a gentleman as Mr. J. A. Davis, who has the writer has killed many "a chicken," and knows the bird as well as he does the quail, should cause it to be recorded that the experiment of the West Jersey Game Society has proved a success.

Capt. A. H. Clay, who was present when my correspondent and Mr. Davis were conversing, stated, relative to the "Pinnated grouse" in Maryland, that while duck-shooting on the Sinepuxent Sound he killed a prairie chicken on his way from Taylor's Creek to the town, not knowing what it was when it jumped. This was three or four years after the birds were planted; furthermore, he stated that he saw a broad rise some distance from him and make a flight of nearly half a mile as far as he could judge, and that the oystermen had killed not a few at different times and did not observe the mutual agreement of the inhabitants of that section not to molest them. HOMO.

TRAPPING HAWKS.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I am glad the hawk question is so thoroughly handled by you, as I have long observed the terrible decimation of partridges where they are. Our club (Sterling Shooting and Fishing Club) and others made up a sum of money to reward the killing of them, paying twenty-five cents per head, and it is astonishing how many the country boys find. One of my sportsmen took to the trap, and killed five large hawks, another has trapped eleven this winter. We take an old weather-beaten pole about twenty feet long, six inches diameter; saw one end square, mud it to make it look odd, set a small steel trap on top with three or four fence rails driven so the heads will hold the trap secure, then we hoist it in a convenient place for the birds to alight upon in their accustomed haunts, and have out long to wait for a chicken.

I have trapped two in this way, and the partridge here has not suffered in this locality as much as was feared, owing in a great measure to the large amount of corn left in fields ungathered, as winter came in much earlier than usual. It has been very severe; one farmer informed me three coveys in all about seventy came to his stock feeding grounds daily to get their rations, and became so tame that he could shell corn and throw to them without their flying away.

ANTWERP.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—This winter has been a peculiarly good one in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for hunting, and for a number of years there have not been as many hunting and trapping parties through the Provinces as there were this year. Moose have been quite plentiful; caribou very numerous, and numbers of animals that are scarcely ever seen so far South as Nova Scotia have also been seen. On the 22nd of January last we left eleven caribou, which weighed from 18 to 40 lbs. each. The meat was sold in Miramichi markets at eight cents per lb. A good many moose have been got, and the game protectors have had to put forth strenuous efforts to

prevent moose-snaring. There seems to be an unusual abundance of black foxes about the north of the Province, and several have been captured about Newcastle, and a number in different parts of Nova Scotia. Eight skins were sold to a Halifax furrier the other day at \$1.25 each. A good many sportsmen have gone out from St. John, and if they didn't all first get black foxes and moose they all came back with unusual large supplies of the smaller and more common game.

St. John, N. B.

ROBIN ROOST.—A Glasgow, Kentucky, paper, has this report of a robin roost in that vicinity, which is very like the one reported in this Journal last week: "A cedar thicket of about sixty acres furnishes the birds a lodging place. About sundown every evening constant streams from every direction pour into the grove and almost obscure the heavens in their flight. Night finds almost every bush in the thicket bending with its red-brea-ted load. For the past few weeks lovers of sport for miles around have visited the place and every night the thicket is illuminated with the torches of every night bird, and besides gathering the feathery harvest. Mr. Smith has killed over two thousand, and hundreds are carried away every night, but they don't seem to decrease. There are millions of them. Large quantities of them have been sold in town. They are very fat and make, when well cooked, a dish good enough for anybody."

NO MOOSE LIVE QUAIL.—Shelbyville, Tenn., Feb. 12.—I have been informed by some forty or fifty persons all over the United States (or rather Northern and Western States), and parts of Canada, that a notice appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* on Feb. 5 that could furnish live quail to parties wanting them. I am fully convinced of the wide circulation of your paper. I am doing all I can to fill orders received, but owing to the season being so far advanced, will not be able to supply one-twentieth part of birds wanted. If I had heard of them earlier with a little effort could have furnished all parties, as I have, without any exception, handled some 5,000 birds.

H. C. RYALL.

Live quail can be procured of Mr. W. W. Tins, Monticello, Florida, at a cost of ten cents per bird.

THE PROVIDENCE BRANT CLUB organized February 4 and elected A. B. Gardiner, Esq., President and J. H. Palmer, Treasurer and Secret. The club at present consists of the following gentlemen: C. H. Perkins, A. B. Gardiner, H. R. Barker, J. E. Allen, J. H. Palmer, R. H. Purrington, F. J. Rabbeth, Peleg Lippitt, Francis Colwell, L. Vaughn, Jesse Howard, John Howe and D. H. Smith. The club-honors, which is on a small island near Chatham, Mass., has just been put in complete order and newly-furnished and the season will soon open. A. D. COY.

OHIO.—West Liberty, O., Jan. 15.—We have plenty of quail and rabbits, some few snipe and pheasants and an occasional woodcock. Squirrels by the thousands abound in the forests during the summer season. Geese and ducks fly south in great numbers in the spring and fall, feeding in the large fields. The winter here has been very hard on the game. In Ross County, O., the winter has been very severe also for game. While walking over some of the high hills I found a great number of dead quail. H.

ENSWORTH ASSOCIATION.—Emsworth, Pa.—At the second annual election of officers for the Emsworth Sportsmen Association held last night the following persons were elected: President, W. C. Herrick; Vice-President, W. D. Courtney; Secretary and Treasurer, Jno. S. Robb, Jr.; Executive Committee, D. D. Arthurs, W. M. Newbold, Chas. Crawford.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB.—Montreal, Feb. 17.—At the annual meeting of the "Montreal Gun Club," held on the 11th inst., and held at Colonel Frank Bond's, the following persons were elected: President, W. C. Herrick; Vice-President, F. X. Orphanault; 2d Vice-President, Alf. T. Rudoll; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Blackwood; Committee—Chas. S. Ritchie, P. E. Nonnandau, R. A. Allan. SIO.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING.—If "Aon" will select a lens to suit him and have it put in a Lyman peep-sight with an extra large peep-hole, and have it attached to his gun, he will always find it in the proper position to see. S. J. S.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SPORTSMEN propose to bring from the West several varieties of live game birds, such as pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, mountain and valley quail, and to free them, with a view of establishing one or more new varieties of birds there.

RHODE ISLAND.—Newport, Feb. 15.—The mild weather last week allowed the ducks within gun shot, and one hundred were killed by Peleg Carr and Herbert Rice, of East Greenwich.

KENTUCKY.—Quincy, Jan. 31.—We sometimes have as good duck and quail shooting here as that afforded by some of the famous shooting grounds of the West. D.

ILLINOIS.—Anora, Feb. 6.—Our prairie chickens seem to get along all right. Rabbits are very abundant. I don't see any quail; an arrival of the weather has been too cold for them. In Adamsville, Jan. 24.—Ducks and geese have been very scarce in this part of the State this winter; partridges are plentiful. R.

KANSAS SHEEP FARMERS are calling for a stringent dog law to restrain the roving of dogs on their flocks at night. It is claimed that the sheep-raising industry is undeveloped because land-owners are deterred from engaging in it by fear of losing their stock in this way. Dogs which destroy sheep should be killed. That a community should suffer such an abomination at the expense of a profitable industry is outrageous. There are many counties in the different States whose hills should be covered by feeding flocks and would be free the regions not infested by hordes of cur dogs. The first step to develop the agricultural resources of many of these sections must be to kill off the dogs.

GARFIELD is said to have been a good deal of a sportsman in his younger days. When a student at Hiram College he used to spend his Saturdays hunting, discussing politics in the evening and preaching the next day. In the field he was generally successful and usually laid out the rest of the party in his traps after game.

That indigestion or stomach gas at night preventing rest and sleep will disappear by using Hop Bitters.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

FRESH WATER.

- Pickereel, Esox reticulatus. Pike of Pickereel, Esox lucius. Pickerel (wall-creeper), Esox niger. Sitostethium americanum, S. priscum, etc. Yellow Perch, Perca flavescens. Striped Bass, Morone chirocentrus. White Bass, Ammoxenus hypoxyphus. Rock Bass, A. rupestris. (Two species.) War-mouth, Cheimichthys gulosus. Crappie, Pomoxys nigromaculatus. Bluegill, L. maculatus. Chub, Semotilus corporalis. Smelt, Osmerus mordax. Fathead, Pimephales carolinaria.

SALT WATER.

- Sea Bass, Centropristis striata. Striped Bass, Morone chirocentrus. White Perch, Morone americana.

THE GAMY RAINBOW TROUT.

THAT the latest importation from California, the beautiful Salmo irides, is a thrifty growing fish for the fish-culturists has long been known, but little has been said of its game ways and its grit. The Sun sent a reporter down to Fulton Market to interview Mr. Blackford on this subject, and this is what Mr. Blackford said:

"We expect to display some large trout of this kind on our stand on April 1, some that will weigh five pounds apiece. As they run in the California streams they average about four pounds in weight. Ours will come from the United States hatching works on the McCleod River. Some trout will come, too, from Mr. F. N. Clark's fish hatching works at Northridge, Mich. Of course they are native in California, and those in Mr. Clark's hatching works were produced from spawn brought from California."

"It is only two years since fish-culturists in the East have received the eggs of the trout. This is to be the first year in which the United States Fish Commission is to turn loose small California trout in our streams. The culture of these fish has hitherto been carried on by private enterprise. In the California mountain trout lakes its name, rainbow trout, from the beautiful band of colors that runs along the side of the fish, and is as broad as the fish. There are no red spots on the body, as in our brook trout, but there are a few black dots near the head. When the fish is first taken from the water this band has all of the pinks of a rainbow. After it is dead it becomes a uniform red color, but shading to a lighter color underneath. We had a rainbow trout about a year ago at the B. Redding, Commission of Fisheries in California, that was small, over two and a half feet long, and that weighed five and three-quarter pounds. It was well-shaped and plump, with large black dots thickly sprinkled on the shoulders and tail. The operculum was decorated with a bright, red tint, blending into a greenish brown, or olive toward the eye. A broad, red dash or strip of color stretched from the tip of the tail to the check. It was a gaudy-looking fish."

"They are many, many, many far more than the common brook trout. At the fish hatching ponds in Caledonia, N. Y., last spring, I caught with a fly several rainbow trout weighing from a quarter to half a pound. Each time that the trout struck my hook I thought that I had a pound trout on my line. Why, they strike a hook like that." Mr. Blackford, to illustrate, brought the palms of his hands together with vigor. "Then they are off in a flash, with the wings coming so rapidly in and out that you can't see the friction. Although the average weight when full grown is about four pounds, yet they have been taken as large as six pounds, while in a lake near Bellingham Bay, on the Pacific slope, the trout are said to grow to be ten or twelve pounds in weight."

"As to their reproduction in New York State waters, the New York State Fish Commission in 1875 obtained 500 eggs from the McCleod River, from which in 1880 there were 15,000 trout two years old, and 34,000 one year old. They can be raised from the egg much more easily than the common brook trout, and experience shows that the rainbow trout is the hardiest fish in every way. Not half so many rainbow trout die in artificial life as their cousins in the East. They grow rapidly, too. In 1878, in the Caledonia Spring Creek, 2,000 young rainbow trout were set free, and last year a fisherman had no difficulty in raising a dozen with a fly in space of an hour. They remain in good condition for the table much longer than the brook trout, which spawn in the fall or beginning of winter, and are lean, slab-sided and tasteless from September to February, while the California trout begins to spawn about two months later than the Eastern brook trout. The female produces about 1,500 eggs. The males are ferocious. They fight with one another all the time. It is in this aggressiveness that makes them take the hook so savagely."

"Are they as handsome as the Eastern brook trout?" "No," the Commissioner replied; "no fish is handsomer than a Long Island brook trout, unless it is the 'Dolly Varden' trout. They are also a California trout, and are frequently found in the same stream with the rainbow trout, and are of about the same shape, plump, round and full. They differ from the rainbow trout in having all over their sides brilliant iridescent spots from one-eight to three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The spots on the Eastern brook trout are only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. This season, I think, there will be distributed in New York streams from 75,000 to 100,000 small rainbow trout. They mingle amicably with the Eastern brook trout, but they will not be put in streams where these run in great numbers, because we want to keep the species distinct from each other. As to their habits, they are, unlike our trout, fond of moderate currents of water or still places with the surface of the water shaded. The Eastern trout, on the other hand, love to hover under a waterfall or to skip from ripple to ripple in the most dashing rapids. Fishermen who have killed them on the Pacific coast say that the rainbow trout is most plentiful along the Western coast of California and northward. All of the true brook trout West of the Mississippi River have black spots. Fishing is very fine in nearly all of the rapid streams of the Coast mountains and the Cascade mountains in Oregon. At Fort Dallas trout fishing is good in April, May, June and July. The rapid snow water streams that flow from Mt. Hood abound in these trout, but the innumerable rattlesnakes interfere with, and in places prevent, angling. The fisherman has also another foe in the cottonwoods, willows and squaw bushes that make fly casting all but impossible. When a fly does reach the water, though, it is snapped up greedily. The fish is delicious eating, but that section most of the fishing is done with bait. The fish takes common raw meat, the tougher the better. Crow meat

is generally used, and crows are shot for bait. This flesh combines a vivid redness with a rank smell and a powerful toughness. All of these qualities are desirable for bait that is most taking. Like their Eastern relations, the California trout are sometimes capricious, and then a piece of a red fin from a dead fish will often lure them to destruction."

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Since the announcement in our last issue of the arrangements made for the coming tournament in connection with the opening of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in June, many letters have been received.

Loonis & Plumb, Syracuse, N. Y., have offered one of their newly-invented "automatic" reels to be made with a hard rubber shell or disks, gold mounted and appropriately inscribed and decorated, worth fifty dollars.

B. F. Nichols & Co., 36 Beach street, Boston, Mass., offer several of their "hexagonal" split bamboo fishing rods as prizes.

The Syracuse Journal says: "President Crook and the officers of the State Sportsmen's Association associated with him have done themselves much credit in their selection of Mr. Fred Mather to have the sole superintendence of all matters at the next meeting relating to the rod and reel. Mr. Mather is an assistant to the United States Fish Commission and editor of the angling department of Forest and Stream, and is well known to all anglers related to his profession. For many years past fly casting at the conventions of the association has been a burlesque, and as a consequence gentleman who are true descendants of Isak Walton have declined to participate in the contests. Such men do not care so much for the prizes as for the credit of having honorably won distinction in an art for which they have so much fancy. Under Mr. Mather's direction the contests will be honorably, honestly and intelligently conducted, and it is fair to presume that there will be a large attendance of fly casters, many of whom will for the first time attend a convention of the association. The thanks of every expert and amateur in the State are due to President Crook and his associates for the admirable choice they have made, showing at once that the strictest fidelity is to be one of the guiding principles of the next meeting."

MAINE NOTES.—We learn from the Belfast Journal that the Maine House has passed to be engrossed an act for the protection of trout and landlocked salmon in Kennebec and Rangeley chain of lakes and streams; an act for the protection of fishing in Hosmer's pond in the town of Camden; and an act to incorporate the Piscataquis Game and Fish Protective Society. Mr. C. G. Atkins has forwarded to New York State Fish Commissioner Blackford 25,000 salmon eggs, collected at Grand Lake Stream. Smelts are scarce at Warren. The petition to the Legislature from the shore towns prohibiting the seining of mackerel off the Maine coast will be confronted by remonstrances from the seiners of Portland and other fishing places, claiming that the fish are not diminished in numbers or the fishing interest impaired by seining. The Portland Press says that the mackerel fisheries of Portland are valued at half a million dollars a year, and that as the treaty with Canada allows seining within three miles of the shore, the only result of not allowing our vessels to seine mackerel would be to drive them under the English flag, sailing under which they would continue the business, and thus Anglicize more of our commerce. The Waterville Mail says a petition for shortening the close time for perch has received many signatures from sportsmen in that place, who argue that the spawning season is over before the first of June, which is one of the nicest months in all the year for fishing. Tom cods are plentiful in Bangor and sell for 50 cents a bushel. Some of the down river fishermen select and dress the finest fish and ship them to New York city, where \$3 per bbl. is paid for them.

FISH HATCHING BY AN AMATEUR.—The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM interested in fish culture will remember perhaps an article stating the success of John N. Bennett, of Stamford, Delaware County, New York, in hatching over 10,000 brook trout in his cellar last winter. Those trout are now over four inches long, doing well in one of his five trout ponds, situated on his beautiful estate adjoining the Delaware and Ulster Railroad in Stamford. In one of these ponds he has breeding trout that range from a pound to six pounds in size. The other ponds are well stocked with smaller ones.

This past summer Mr. Bennett built a large and fine hatching house just below two large and running springs, and is now hatching out (a part are already out) nearly 50,000 of the Salmo fontinalis for the free stocking of the west branch of the Delaware River here and adjacent supplying brooks. I have the promise of 15,000 eggs of the California mountain trout which Mr. Bennett is to hatch for the same purpose. We hope to have a law passed this winter protecting our streams for two years, and if we do, with over 200,000 fish stocked therein during the past and present year, this part of Delaware County will again hold its old prestige of good trouting waters in the season.

Mr. Bennett deserves great credit for his taste, energy and perseverance, for impure water from a creamery once emptied into the stream since I ever saw—one, 3,000 of his trout being of large size. Mr. Bennett takes the FOREST AND STREAM and enjoys your fish department vastly.

NED BENTLINE.

HOW LARGE IS A QUARTER-POUND TROUT?—New York, Feb. 10.—Will you ask your correspondent, "Mandaban," whose communication appeared in to-day's issue, what are the dimensions of a trout which weighs one-quarter of a pound? I highly approve of "Mandaban's" indignation at fingerlings being caught by boys or by would-be sportsmen, and it recalls to me that a few summers ago, at Pol Smith's I one morning caught from one locality, and put back alive, nineteen baby trout, and then went farther. On my return to the hotel at evening I found a "sportsman" displaying his great catch of about fifty "trout" the size of your little finger, caught the afternoon at the spot I had left, and among them, I do believe, those I had put back—they were the same size anyway—and the whole fry could easily have been eaten by one man at a meal, and not much of a meal, either; they did not weigh two pounds. But if there is to be a penalty for a trout under a quarter of a pound in weight, what is its size? and what is the girth of a trout eight inches long and what will it weigh? No guess work, now.

Geo. W. Van Siclen.

SPORT AT FONDA, N. Y.—If I were a journalist I would tell you of the fun we had last fall catching plike from four to

six pounds in weight, and how in hooking a three-pound bass we were compelled to send the boy we had to row for us in about five feet of water to retrieve him for us after he (the bass) had taken two or three turns of the line around a snag that was imbedded on the bottom, and a-o of the exciting times we have had running Reynard and how one of our Nimrods has the brush of eighteen hauging in his wigwam—the result of our full running. But, as I say, we are not journalists; notwithstanding all that, we are as tickled as a child with a new toy when, on Thursday of each week, we march down from the news office with a copy of the current No. of the FOREST AND STREAM.

A. B. J.

RANGE OF THE CATFISH.—Cleveland, O., Feb. 2.—"Lex," of St. Paul, Minn.; W. L. Carpenter, U. S. A., Port Omaha; and Lieut. Asa Wall, of Winchester, Va., have given interesting and valuable information regarding the northern range and value of catfish in those localities. It would be of interest to hear from some of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the Southern States giving their knowledge of the habits of this fish, its size, and reputation as an article of food and how they cook it. We often hear of its enormous size in those waters, but it is usually spoken of as coarse and rather inferior food. The yellow and bluecats are of the same species, merely differing in color and size, the yellow rarely attaining the weight of fifteen pounds, while the blue variety, full grown, weighs from forty to one hundred pounds and over, according to the waters most favorable to its development. This fish pairs in the spawning season, and on several occasions I have reason to know that the two varieties bred with one another.

DR. E. STERLING.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Mr. R. H. Kilby, of Montreal, Canada, the handsomely illustrated catalogue of his cricket and fishing goods. Mr. Kilby's stock is extensive and comprehensive, and his establishment is well known throughout the Provinces. Mr. Kilby is well known as one of the active officers of the Fish and Game Protective Club of the Province of Quebec.

SMALL STRONG HOOKS.—A London correspondent writes that Florida fishermen can get small hooks, which are strong enough, and says that small ones are to be had in London which are as strong as cod hooks, and are known as "Malscor" hooks. They are used for fishing in Hindostan and prepared to resist the crushing power of a 60-lb. mabseer, while small enough to be used for smaller fish.

SENDING FISH BY MAIL.—A halibut of one and a half pounds was recently sent from Gloucester, Mass., to Mr. Blackford, in Fulton Market, by mail. It was then the smallest on record, but one of three-quarters of a pound has since been taken.

THE Saturday Review, speaking of fishing, says that the Scandinavian rivers, like the Scotch streams, have passed into the hands of millionaires.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONCLUDED.]

MR. FAIRBANK: There is no doubt about the evil influence of the pound net, and Mr. Green is right in his views on it.

MR. CLARK: How can the pound nets be abandoned and yet leave the herring fisheries profitable?

MR. BOOTH: No trouble about it in most places, for there are but few localities where the herring are caught.

MR. BARTLETT moved that the thanks of the Society be tendered to the railroads which have done so much in affording facilities for the transportation of fish and fry, and also carried them free of charge. Carried.

THE SECRETARY then announced that a paper had been received from Dr. Nahum E. Ballou, of Sandwich, Ill., a gentleman who had the cause of fish culture at heart, but who was prevented from attending the meeting. It was read as follows:

FISH CULTURE IN THE PAST AND FUTURE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Central Fishcultural Society:

I regret exceedingly that I cannot be in attendance at the meeting of your Society which convenes to-day at the Grand Pacific Hotel, owing to sickness in my family and professional engagements, which entirely preclude absence from home.

But if I were to say a few kindly words in connection with my regrets on the great and important topic of fish culture, it is possible it would be better than absence and silence, twin aids to masterly inactivity and most obvious hindrances to progress in this busy world of ours. In reference to the world-wide interest which now attaches to fish culture, I have read that it was the opinion of Pliny "that nature's great and wonderful power was more strikingly manifest in the sea than on land." If the "Harvests of the Sea" constitute a large portion of human subsistence, and the sea is thus a vast reservoir of human food, the writer fairly estimates its wonderful power as a food resource. It was also a remark full of meaning imputed to Capt. John Smith (the original Smith of our country), which may now be quoted as prophetic language: "Therefore, honorable and worthy countrymen, let not the uncareness of the word fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guiana or Potosi, with less hazard and change and more certainty and facility." Although these words were spoken or written more than two hundred years ago, they are strikingly significant, and seem to have been tinged with more than a shadow of truth, as current events of to-day, in connection with fish culture, justify. The mines of Guiana or Potosi may become exhausted by man's eagerness and avarice for gold and gems, but when exhausted they cannot be replenished, cannot again be charged with golden sands or golden ore, or planted with diamonds, but the exhaustless rivers, lakes and oceans may be restocked by artificial production, and impoverished though they may be, again augmented by abundance of the choicest of human food.

In 1833 Dr. Theodorus Garlick and Prof. H. A. Ackley, of Cleveland, Ohio, first demonstrated in our country, by careful and successful experiments, the validity of Messrs. Gehin and Rheny's discoveries in the streams of the Vosges mountains of France. Messrs. Garlick and Ackley were the fathers of fish culture in the United States. About sixteen years since New Englanders began to experiment, for they had become convinced that the artificial propagation of fishes by extraneous vitilizing of their ova was founded upon an embryological fact, which seemed to be in imitation of a natural law, and hence began the work of stocking streams and fish farms.

Closely following these successful experiments State commissions were organized under special statutes, and one State after another, attracted by the contagion of success, has adopted fish culture, until more than one-half the States of the Union have enlightened commissions engaged in restocking thousands of lakes, rivers and crystal streams. Meantime Mr. Green discovers that by using boxes that are susceptible of undulatory motion shad-hatching is made a success, and Mr. Fred. Mather, assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, has invented the "Conical System of Shad-Hatching," which now very much facilitates the production of young fry. The state method is largely used in the United States.

Very soon after many of the States had inaugurated State Commissions, far-seeing men taking a look forward, the United States Fish Commission is organized, with Prof. Spencer F. Baird as its head. In the selection of Prof. Baird for the head of the National Board, no more valuable person could have been selected, for all of his labors are subjected to the scrutiny and close examination of science. His reports are the best repositories of natural history in connection with fish culture to be found in the languages, and will do more for the advancement of the study of natural history in this department than any work written. Mr. Livingston Stone, one of Prof. Baird's assistants, is also an eminent fish culturist, and through him the country is familiar with the embryozoued ova of the *Salmo quinnat* of the Pacific coast, together with European nations and the distant islands of the ocean. Not the least among the developments of our scientists is the discovery of Dr. Brooks, of the John Hopkins University, of Maryland, how the oyster may be increased by artificial propagation.

Prof. Baird has also brought the codfish into the domain of pisciculture, and is now producing the fry in millions to supply the immense falling off of our cod fisheries. Major T. B. Ferguson, of the Maryland Commission, has also subjected the herring to the artificial process, and his experiments in this respect have been largely increased by this method. The U. S. Commission has also succeeded in propagating the mackerel by this process.

I can only say that hybridizing is also going on, and it looks as if it could be practiced *ad infinitum*. Now, gentlemen of the society, we are only learning the alphabet of fish culture, for we have already "budded better than we knew," wonderful developments are yet to come. The henry results of fish culture are yet to dawn upon very largely the poor man's food. We have such rich fields for pasture upon the vast plateaus of the ocean, that in the near future we are to be furnished with food-fishes of right royal flavor, almost without price. NAHUM E. BALLOU.

Sandwich, Ill., Dec. 15, 1880.

MR. CLARK: If there is no discussion following the paper just read I would like to call the attention of the society to the subject of retarding fish eggs. It is something on which I have worked for the past five years. All who have been interested in the culture of whitefish know that there have been long and warm discussions on the propriety of hatching the fish in spring water and so bringing the fry out in mid-winter, when some people claim there is no food for them in the lakes. I have now eggs of the whitefish on flannel trays, in a refrigerator, which have been there since December with no water on them and will not be placed in water until spring. Neither is there any fungus or dead eggs, nor has there been any picking of dead eggs. I do not expect to pick out any until April. The box maintains an even temperature of about 30½ degrees Fahr.; the highest has been 31 degrees. I have kept the eggs in former years until April and have no doubt they can be kept a month longer. After the first lot of bad eggs are picked out there is no further trouble than to keep the ice chambers charged. The eggs appear as if frozen, but only the moisture on the egg is turned to ice, the embryo being able to resist freezing at that temperature. In fact they will survive down to 25 degrees, but below that will freeze and die.

MR. BOOTH: It is strange that the eggs do not freeze.

MR. LITTLE: At Green Bay I took five trays and left them in the fish-house. The eggs upon them were frozen in solid in the ice and were shipped to Mr. Douseman, who wrote that they were his best eggs.

MR. CLARK: The record of my clerk shows that 25 deg. is the lowest that they will stand.

MR. MILLER: Our water at the Detroit hatchery was colder than at the Pokagon house. It is lake water, and many have said it contained no food in winter. Mr. Chase experimented with a very fine screen placed at the inlet to the troughs, and in the coldest weather there was plenty of animal life of minute forms. We held the young whitefish in the house, and they found food and grew finely on it.

MR. CLARK: I don't want to be too positive, but incline to think as Mr. Miller does that there is always minute life in the lake water.

MR. MATHER: The minute insects commonly known as gnats which are seen early in the spring spend their winter as larva in the water. Their eggs must be very small, and so must the worm which hatches from them. These eggs must be laid the year previous at least to the appearance of the insect, which lives and grows through the winter.

MR. FAIRBANK: Spring water does not contain this life when it emerges from the ground.

MR. CLARK: No, but we can very well hatch in spring water and plant in the lakes.

THE PRESIDENT: If there is no further business before the meeting, I will call for the report of the Treasurer.

The Treasurer reported as follows:

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1880.	
The Central Fishbureau Society in account with A. Booth, Treasurer.	
1879.	Cr.
Oct. 3—By cash	\$81 00
Nov. 17—By subscr. S. A. Forbes, Normal, Ills.	3 00
	\$84 00
1879.	Dr.
Oct. 3—to cash F. Mather	\$16 20
Nov. 17—R. O. Sweeney, cash paid by Prof. Forbes, used for postage and stationery	3 00
	\$19 20

Balance on hand	\$64 80
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The report was accepted.

MR. BARTLETT moved that the thanks of the Society be tendered to the proprietors of the Grand Central Pacific Hotel for courtesies extended to the Society and the use of its club room. Carried.

On motion the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Executive Committee.

REPORT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

THE Eighteenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is before us. In addition to their previous duties they have been charged with obtaining statistics of the shore and river net fisheries. The owners of about 1,000 weirs, seines, gill-nets, etc., have made returns, and these show a falling off in number which is not ascribed to a falling off in the fisheries, but from the fact that many of the men have given up the trade and their successors have failed to apply for papers. The use of ponds by the State is practiced, and thirty-five have been leased within the past five years, and one has been reserved for experimental purposes. In the same year there have been distributed of eggs or young fish: Salmon, 333,000; California salmon, 727,500 (these two kinds were placed chiefly in the Merrimack and its tributaries in connection with New Hampshire); Atlantic salmon, 163,775 in 131 localities; trout, 39,560 in 11 localities; carp, 900 in 10 localities.

The building of fishways has been encouraged, new ones erected and antiquated forms replaced by new models. The restocking of the Saguenay River with alewives is thus announced in a letter to Commissioner Brackett:

WAKEFIELD, MAY 3.

MR. E. A. BRACKETT—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure of informing you that the reopening and stocking of the Saguenay River is a success. Yesterday thousands of alewives were seen in the river in Wakefield above all the fishways, and no doubt they are in the pond before this. The first alewives were planted in the pond three years ago this month, and those seen yesterday are the first that have been hatched by their own accord for about thirty years.

Very respectfully,
S. W. SCROVING.

A large run of salmon in the Merrimack is recorded, but owing to drought and deprivations of men, but few reached the spawning-grounds, being kept back by low water. They congregated near North Andover and at the mouths of brooks between there and Haverhill and became a pest to the peacher in the night. This was not known until too late to remedy the evil. Massachusetts has its fish-hatching done jointly with New Hampshire, and Mr. A. H. Powers, of the latter State, gives an account of his work. From nine salmon he obtained 600. The 100,000 eggs mentioned in his last report hatched with a loss of four and a quarter per cent. The Superintendent of the Lawrence fishery reports more fish in the way the first part of the season than ever before, and that in June the river full of alewives were seen in the month of August, September and October previous. All run of fish and the Commissioners believe that the land-locked salmon is being successfully established in many of their ponds, as individuals have been taken weighing from one to three pounds; 174,000 of them were hatched and distributed the year previous. Mr. J. W. Clark, of Cham. G. Atkins writes them that he will probably have 300,000 for them.

Nothing has been done in the Connecticut River on account of the differences between the fishermen, Massachusetts and Connecticut—differences which, we are sorry to say, extends to the Fish Commissioners of these States. The carp has been extensively introduced, and in the appendix an account of its culture by Mr. Hessel, extracted from the report of the U. S. Commissioners, Part IV., is introduced.

FISH CULTURE IN ILLINOIS.

THE Quincy *Whig* recently published an account of the work and prospects of the Fish Commission of that State from which we extract the following:

The rivers, as a rule, overflow their banks every spring, and out into the shallow lakes, ponds and low places created by the overflowing fish go to deposit their spawn; and as the water recedes the fish find their way to deeper water, the spawn is in the mud, it is hatched, and when the water has fallen within its banks and these shallow places are cut off from the river and lakes, they commence to dry up, so that unless rescued countless thousands of young native fish contained in these would perish. To save these fish, selecting the game fish, such as bass, croppie, walleyed pike, etc., and putting the rest, such as catfish, buffalo and sunfish into the nearest deep water, has been largely the work of the commission.

The game fish were put into ponds and live boxes until they could be distributed to other portions of the State.

All applications for fish for private ponds were supplied free of charge, at the ponds, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity of procuring a stock.

During the month of September of this year the commissioners were tendered the use of the steamer Daisy and crew by the owner, Capt. Henry B. Corley, a generous sportsman. The boat was used to work the Mississippi River and Illinois River, the northern part of Hancock County to the mouth of the Illinois River, and by the Illinois River to Peoria, and was under the immediate control of Mr. Bartlett, the member of the commission from Quincy, who carried great quantities of these valuable fish to the streams and lakes, and proved himself most efficient and successful in the work. The extent of his labors will be appreciated from the statement that the commission have saved, distributed and put into deep water, from July 1, 1879, to Oct. 31, 1880, nearly 6,000,000 young native fish, every one of which would have perished had they not been taken from the ponds and holes where they were found; and yet but a small portion of the work that ought to have been done has been accomplished. Millions of fish perish and will do so this winter that ought to have been cared for, but with only \$1,000 to work with, and the other fish interests of the State to look after, the commissioners have been unable to do more.

In November of this year the commissioners secured 500 German carp direct from the United States ponds at Washington, which, with the exception of those delivered to parties holding regulations for them from Prof. Baird, have been placed in the State ponds at Fall creek, built for their use. The greater portion of the State is admirably adapted for their successful propagation.

The State ponds are situated two miles west of Fall creek station, on the C., B. & Q. R. R., a few miles below Quincy, inside

of the Sly levee embankment, and consist of a series of ponds supplied with living water. The carp ponds are natural ponds or lakes, supplied by deep water from the river, well protected by the levee, and the water is constantly flowing into them. The larger ponds will be constructed as to admit of the natural flow of bass, croppie, etc., being a continuous flow of water for one and three-quarter miles, varying from one to twenty feet in depth.

The commission have on hand in their ponds and live boxes in the river, for distribution, 30,000 young bass and croppie, which will be sent to inland streams as soon as possible. When it is taken into consideration the large territory over which the commission are expected to work, and the limited amount of money they have at their disposal, it will be seen that their work is not creditable. The management of affairs has certainly been excellent, and while the commission as a whole is entitled to credit, the active services of Mr. Bartlett have been especially apparent to all interested in the subject of fish culture.

The commissioners have under consideration a plan of work for next year by which it is expected that every stream in the State will receive its share of young native fish. The railroads will be asked to co-operate with them, and if an appropriation is secured large amounts of success may be carried out. There is, however, plenty of fish in all our streams and lakes will only be a question of a few years.

An effort will be made by the commissioners to secure such legislation as will make it possible to enforce existing laws, or have such laws amended, making them stringent enough to protect the fish. It is a fact not generally known that the decrease in the supply of native fish has been over one-half in the last ten years, and that a marked decrease can be noticed every year, which decrease is to a great extent due to the unwieldy use of the seine and net.

GROWTH OF CARP.—Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 1.—Seeing the report from various sections of our country in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the growth of the German carp, I thought I would let you know how they grow up here in our cold climate.

Last May, when the 29th, our first fish-keeper, Mr. J. T. Welton, obtained from the New York Commission eleven young carp, the largest of which did not exceed two inches. They were put into a pond of running spring water, about forty by seventy feet, and in less than three foot days with a mud bottom. These never have been fed, only for a few days after they were first introduced into their new home.

October 1 some of them exceeded a foot in length, but none of the males have been weighed and we do not think that any of them spawned last season.

Thank you very much for the exposure of the Dittmar powder. Also, I think it the duty of every citizen to lift his voice against the "refrigerator act."

DAMAGE TO THE U. S. SALMON-BREEDING RANCH.—Advice from California says that all of the low lands of the Sacramento Valley are under water from the flood. There has been no mail from the northern part of California for more than a week and only one telegraph line in operation. On the 8th a telegram was received that the Ft. McJannet and Sacramento rivers were very high, forty-hundred weeled and all communication interrupted. The report is that all the Government fish-hatching works on the McJannet River, including all the buildings, have been washed away by the extraordinary flood.

Our informant says he has had means of knowing, but estimate the loss there will not be less than \$25,000. This is based on the statement that all the buildings have been washed away. If the altitudes had not been probably some of the property might have been saved, but until the mails get through we cannot get the particulars.

Later advice says: With the exception of the Post-office, all the buildings of the U. S. Hatching Station, eight in number, were carried away by the flood. The loss will amount to about \$15,000.

TRANSPORTATION OF CARP.—That carp can be sent long distances without an attendant is demonstrated by the following: On the 21st of January, N. Y. State Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford sent to Mr. E. Ulrich, Sanford, Orange Co., Fla., two ten gallon cans, each containing ten carp six inches long, and they arrived without loss. They were sent from New York by steamer, which fed the cans every day on the way. The cans were ordered, the cover of the cans being perforated to admit air. Mr. Blackford has also sent carp to Cincinnati and Chicago without an attendant.

THE NATIONAL CARP PONDS.—The damage reported by the floods was much exaggerated. Advice from Washington says that the carp are not seriously injured. How many of the carp have been lost it is impossible to say until the ice melts and the water can be drawn off. It is believed that there are enough left for immediate practical service. Their habit of bedding in the mud in winter has probably saved the most of them.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. West, Jr., winner.

April 26, 27, 28, 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Best Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue, 5th-6th Street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 133 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,060, New York City.

HAVE DOGS AN EXTRA SENSE?

THERE IS SOMETHING about that which is commonly called the scout of the dog, more particularly the hunting dog, but the acute power of view is not only interesting but, perhaps, little mysterious.

We are accustomed to accept the theory that a dog follows birds and other game by the aid of the sense of smell very much as we accept a great many other—notably theological—notions and for the same reason—namely, that he has no other sense before us.

In calling this the sense of smell we are forced to wonder at the exceeding fineness and delicacy of a sense which can distinguish the track of a bird long after it has passed along, when even the bird itself held to our nostrils gives out no perceptible odor.

Not only is this sense in the dog, but it is distinguished by it the track of a bird some time after it has passed by, but it is very much finer than simply that, for, of a very short series of such tracks, the dog will tell which was made last and thus follow the trail *forward*, instead of away from, the bird.

If it be the sense of smell which enables our canine friends to do all this, it is evidently a so much finer sense than a man possesses, the difference in degree is so great, that it practically amounts to a different sense.

Is it the same even in kind?

If it be by the sense of smell that a dog thus pursues the track of a bird, it follows that the canine sense of smell is so keen and delicate that odors which our human mind is not to be perceptible to him are so strong and pungent that he can follow them. The human senses are quite tangible and so much more to be perceived to the human sense, but faint to that sense, disappear in the presence of stronger odors; a faint odor of cologne is neutralized and destroyed in the presence of the odor of musk, and this fact is a well-known one and needs no further illustration.

The sense of smell in the dog, if it be the same in kind with that of man, however much it may differ in degree, must need be, if it were so, that the dog would be able to follow the track of a bird or other game.

On applying this test to the case where the dog follows the track of a bird his sense does not seem to be obedient to the law.

Almost every hunter who owns a bird dog has seen this test applied, but has not been specially observant of it. It is not an unimportant one, and it is one that is not to be taken upon a word (and run) and in error but it is one that is the fullest of interest.

ries, and still he gives off an aroma in the presence of which no other ordinary odor is perceptible to the human sense of smell. If this odor of carbon can thus drown, neutralize and destroy other odors powerful enough to affect the sense of smell in man, how much more overpowering and delicate it must be to those odors which are so faint and fine that the human sense cannot detect the odor.

Reasoning from analogy there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the mere odor of a bird track can have no practical existence in the presence of an overpowering smell of carbon, and that the mere sense of smell could enable its possessor to follow such a track.

The fact in such a case is that the offensive envelope of the carbon of carbon that the dog carries with him does not, so far as the human sense is concerned, prevent the dog's ability to pursue the evanescent trail; leading to the conclusion that the dog, at least, that the dog follows the feathered game through the possession of some other sense than smell, some sense that man does not possess, and does not know the name and character of.

It is quite conceivable that things tangible and things intangible possess properties and attributes that we do not perceive, simply because we are not equipped with the sense necessary to such perception. For myself I little doubt that there are many senses which I do not possess, and which I would have possessed had the Creative Power so willed.

If this proposition is a little negative, perhaps I can make it clear by an illustration from daily life.

When we are in a room, we can feel the air with sound vibrations, but they are as though they did not exist to the deaf man, for he does not possess the sense requisite to their perception—for him there is no such sense as that of sound. A beautiful picture in front of a blind man sends forth outline and color, but they do not exist to the sightless man, for he does not possess the sense which would enable him to perceive them—for him there is no sense of sight.

In certain mental conditions, which are probably abnormal, we all develop a sense which might not immoderately be called the sense of angels. For he who is not the sense which would enable him to hear their wings." In some persons this sense is almost present, in others rarely.

When we are in a room, pure and simple, does not seem to be adequately account for the canine power of tracking birds and other game, it does not seem unreasonable to at least ask the question, "Have dogs an extra sense?"

WM. EDGAR SIMMONS.

HYDROPHOBIA.

ON the occasion of a very interesting report of a case of hydrophobia, by Prof. Haverly to the Acad. de Médecine, St. Louis, inspector general of the veterinary schools of France, formulated this great truth:

The best way to prevent attacks of this redoubtable malady is to avoid it.

This knowledge, the readers of *Hypocrite for All* will have the good fortune to owe to M. Bouley himself, who has kindly authorized our editor-in-chief to reproduce the resume of his work on hydrophobia, and to assure of its dangers, and of preventing its propagation.

Here is the tableau of the characters of hydrophobia, as the eminent professor of the museum has so fully indicated them.

I. The disease of the dog is not characterized by fits of fury in the earlier stages of his malady. On the contrary, it is a disease of benign appearance at first; but from its beginning, the dog is circling, that is, it contains the inoculable germ, and the seizure is then much more dangerous from the excesses of its tongue than from the violence of its teeth.

II. At the beginning of its madness, the dog changes its temper; it becomes sad, sober and taciturn, seeks solitude and retires into the most obscure corners. But it cannot remain long in one place; it is inquiet and agitated, cannot rest, lies down and gets up, runs around, sniffs, lunts about, scratches with its fore feet. Its movements, its attitudes and its gestures seem to indicate that, for the moment, it sees phantoms, for it bites the air, springs forward and howls as if it were attacking real enemies.

III. At the height of its madness, it expresses a sordid and something of the ferocious.

IV. But in this state the dog is not at all aggressive toward man; its character is what it was before. It is docile and submissive to the touch, and as persons are looking in this direction, let us keep alive the habit and not neglect to care for him, and begin in time.

V. Instead of aggressive tendencies, they are often the contrary, they are manifested in the first stage of madness. Affectionate sentiments toward its masters and familiar about the house are exaggerated in the mad dog, and it expresses them by repeated movements with its tongue, with which it is eager to lick the hands or faces of those it can reach.

VI. The mouth is highly developed and very tenacious in the dog, dominates it so much, that in many cases it respects its masters, even in a paroxysm of rage, and so much that they, moreover, preserve great control over it, even when its ferocious insanity compels it to manifest themselves and the dog abandons itself to them.

VII. The mad dog has not a dread of water; on the contrary, it is eager for it. As long as it can drink, it satisfies its thirst which is always great, and when spasms of its fancies prevents its swallowing, it will force it to do so, and will even try to swallow the liquid which it is unable to swallow. The mad dog then is not hydrophobic; hydrophobia is not then a sign of madness in the dog.

VIII. The mad dog does not retract its food in the first period of its malady, it eats voraciously, and with its usual voracity.

IX. When the desire to bite, which is one of the essential characteristics of the disease at a certain stage of the development, begins to manifest itself, the animal satisfies it at first upon inanimate objects, such as the feet of furniture, the corners of carpets, shoes, grids straw, hay, hair, wool, between its teeth, eats the ground, and the dung of animals, even its own excreta, and accumulates in its stomach the debris of anything with which its teeth have come in contact.

X. The attitude of the animal is not a constant sign in the mad dog. Sometimes the mouth is saliva, sometimes dry. Before the period of fits, the secretion of saliva is normal; it is exaggerated during this period and dries up at the end of the disease.

XI. The mad dog does not retract its food in the first period of its malady, it eats voraciously, and with its usual voracity.

XII. The mad dog does not retract its food in the first period of its malady, it eats voraciously, and with its usual voracity.

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XV. The mad dog does not retract its food in the first period of its malady, it eats voraciously, and with its usual voracity.

agent, by the aid of which one may nearly always, with very great effort, bring out the mad dog still concealed in an animal which has fit.

XVII. The rabid dog often leaves its home at the moment when, in the progress of its malady, ferocious instincts develop in it, and begin to emanate after one or two or three days of wandering, during which it has sought to satisfy its rage upon all living beings which it has encountered, it frequently returns home to die with its master.

XVIII. When the madness has arrived at its period of fury, it is characterized by the impression of ferocity which it gives to the physiognomy of the affected animal and by the desire to bite which it satisfies every time an occasion for it is presented; but it is always against one of its species that it directs its attacks by preference to any other animal.

XIX. The rabid fury is manifested by fits, in the intervals between which the animal, exhausted, falls into a state of relative calm which may cause a doubt as to the nature of its malady.

XX. Healthy dogs seem to be endowed with the faculty of driving the rabid state of an animal of their species, and, instead of quarreling with it, they seek to escape its attacks by flight.

XXI. The rabid dog, when free, attacks first, and with great energy, all living beings it may meet with, but always by preference a dog rather than other animals, and these rather than man. Then, when it has exhausted its fury by its attacks, it goes forward with a vacillating gait, with tail pendulous, head inclined toward the ground, its eyes looking wild and morbid opacities from which escapes the light long covered with dust. At this state it does not have any aggressive tendencies, but it still bites everything, man or beast, that comes in its way.

XXII. The mad dog which dies naturally succumbs to paralysis and as a result of the action of the toxins which it has produced, it and it should be feared even when exhaustion seems to have transformed it into an inert body.

XXIII. At the autopsy of a rabid dog there is nearly always seen in the stomach some of the remains of its food, such as hay, straw, hairs, wool, shreds of cloth, pieces of leather, remnants of twine, tow, excrement, earth, leaves, grass, stones, everything which, by their presence together, have a great prohibitive value of the existence of rabies in the animal without food.

XXIV. The treatment of the disease of rabid incanulation is innocuous cauterization, preferably with the red-hot iron, or lacking this, gunpowder or caustic agents. The sooner this cauterization is made the more one can count on its efficacy.

XXV. If the dog is not cured, if possible, a citizen has duty to arrest the circulation of the blood, Chicago Medical Journal and Examiner.

BREEDING, TRAINING AND CARE OF BEAGLE HOUNDS.

IN the year 1851, I became possessor of a pair of beagle hounds. Since then, I have owned and bred them continually; for my own use mostly, occasionally pairing with some, presenting them to my friends, and of late years selling my surplus.

At that period, I began to be interested in getting good specimens of this breed of other class. I shall hereafter mention in detail. But as my shooting goes in favor, this strain of dogs with but comparatively few exceptions was superseded by pointers at all times, and more recently by the setters. The dog of this kind of sport, and the rapid extinction of all winged game has led sporting men to look to other fields for sport, and the bare and rabbit comes in. In almost all sections they may be found in suitable localities, for this prolific race is very tenacious, and the rabbit cannot become so scarce, unless in number. I find that if trapping and ferret hunting are allowed, it will soon clear them out. In keeping a record as to sex killed by the gun, two thirds or more are males, while those sexed by ferret and trap are mostly females; going to show that the males are, in the day time, either in holes or some secure place. I should like very much if others would give their views on this very important matter. As the little hound is rapidly coming in favor again, and as sportsmen are looking in this direction, let us keep alive the habit and not neglect to care for him, and begin in time.

As to this coming little beagle, I fail to find but two classes; first, the true English beagle. He should be not less than twelve inches at shoulder, nor more than fifteen inches. He should have a good, round, deep chest, with a spread of from fourteen to eighteen inches from tip to tip of neck. The most suitable color is white, black and tan or ticked. Then he will be more readily seen on grass or snow. He should have straight, clean legs, and a long, deep chest, and a good, round, deep chest. He should have given entire satisfaction wherever he has been introduced, and I might here mention some kennels of such dogs that I know well and favorably. Those of J. N. Dodge, Detroit, Me., N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., and General Bonner, are second to none. Then come the little basket or toy beagle, never exceeding twelve inches at the shoulder. I have had them as low as eight inches. They are nice little pets, but too small and delicate for practical purposes; and I should be sorry to see this strain lost.

There is one other class, the pointer, which I have had in a new class. I think it would have been much better to have made two classes in the dachshounds, for most assuredly he belongs to that strain.

As to breeding, select those that are without doubt pure in blood and well trained, as this feature is vastly important. There seems to be no doubt that it will be imparted to the offspring in a large degree. Such has been the experience of breeders. In order to who have and can secure to be the most fashionable, I am breeding some now that are ticked all over. They are beautiful and as readily seen on ground or snow as the white black and tan. I select for breeding those with a good, clear eye, this is the music for the sportsman. It is well to have it well developed, and without this very important feature, the sport would be monotonous. I accustom my puppies to follow me at an early age, commencing their training at about three or four months old, taking all the puppies out together. In that way they learn to run together, and they learn to follow me, and they learn to hunt. The very best thing to train a young dog on is an English rabbit, and they are very easily obtained, and the scent is the same as a wild rabbit or hare. I am now breeding the genuine English rabbit, for the reason that the rabbit can be trained to follow me, and they will be sure to strike a fresh trail and start the rabbit at once. I never follow my dogs, but take a position near where the rabbit has been started, for if not killed or taken to hole it will be sure to return to me, and I will be sure to find it. I usually make a quarter circle, and you can encourage your dogs as they pass you by in their rounds, but never call them from the track. Should they make a loss and you see where the rabbit has gone, do not be in a hurry to assist them in taking up the track again, but let them work it out, so they may assist them in finding it. It is generally do this by calling them to me and waving my hand smartly along where the rabbit has gone. They will soon learn to take up scent in this way readily. In running them frequently in this way, I have had dogs run over a mile at less than a year old, when I have had only at the proper age.

son for shooting rabbits it might take you two or three years to train them properly.

The best article on food for dogs was written by Everett Vos Cullen in FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. 15, No. 15 (Nov. 11, 1880).

(Geo. Townsend.)

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

IT has been decided to hold the fifth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, as already stated in last week's issue, at the American Institute Building, the dates set apart being April 26, 27, 28 and 29. Mr. Charles Lincoln, who has kindly suggested these shows from the first, arrived in New York on Thursday last, and at once opened an office at No. 133 Fulton street. There is no man in the country who has had as great experience as these matters, and the happy possession of a facility to systematize the classification of the dogs and the management of all details. The arrangements will be on a much larger scale than heretofore. This year there will be 93 classes, against 75 last year, 92 in 1879, 91 in 1878 and 71 in 1877. Champion classes have been provided for Weasfers, St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers (both dogs and bitches), pugs and Yorkshire terriers. There will be one class for field spaniels over 28 lbs. in weight, one for cocker dogs under 28 lbs., and one for cocker bitches under 28 lbs. Two terrier breeds above and under 25 lbs. in weight respectively, and an extra class for Irish terriers, of which there are now a number in the country.

The building where the show is to be held is much larger than the Madison Square Garden, where the shows before this have taken place; the ventilation is superior, better arranged, and there will be a large portion of the building set aside for the exercising of the dogs. It has been decided to select American judges for the sporting classes, and the single-handed system will take the place of the old way of having three judges. Not until to-morrow will it be made and the number of judges chosen, and the pointing of the different classes together, which every judge is to be allotted, decided upon. Different plans have been suggested, one that there be a separate judge for each of the following classes: English setters, Gordon, Irish and pointers; one judge for the English and field spaniels, and one for the non-sporting classes, making six in all. Another plan under discussion is to make four divisions and to place together (1) the English setters and pointers, (2) the Gordons and Irish, (3) the English and field spaniels, and (4) the non-sporting classes. It is thought that four judges, and although there will be room to have three rings going at one, yet we would prefer to see the more expeditious and less laborious method of having six judges adopted.

STERLING DOG SHOW.

STERLING, ILL., Feb. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the premium list of the first exhibition of the Rock River Valley Pony and Kennel Club, C. B. Whitford, of St. Louis, Judge. The weather was fearful all the week, it could not have been worse.

- English Setter Bitches—1st, T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) Daisy. Irish Setter Dogs—1st, T. Donoghue's Irish Fritz; h c, J. E. Corbett's George.
- Irish Setter Dog Puppies—1st, A. Fulton's (Rock Falls, Ill.) Darby; v h c, H. J. Penase's (Rock Falls, Ill.) Turner; h c, W. H. Miller's (Sterling, Ill.) Raw Hee.
- Irish Setter Dog Puppies—1st, W. H. Wheeler's Lady Wheeler. Gordon Setter Pups—1st, F. J. Covey's Don.
- Pointer Bitches—1st, E. May's Jessie; v h c, A. Williams's Nell. Pointer Puppies—1st, T. Donoghue's Princess Nell.
- Black and Tan Dogs—1st, W. H. Wheeler's Lady Wheeler. English Bull Dogs—1st, R. B. Comerford's Jack.
- Mini Terriers—1st, J. E. Kelley's Joe; v h c, A. Adams's Jack. Skye Terrier Dogs—1st, E. H. Hall's Jack.
- Skye Terrier Bitches—1st, A. Kiefer's Flossy. Black and Tan Dogs—1st, W. C. Keefer's Tip. Black and Tan Bitches—1st, C. A. Keefer's DuBois.
- Black and Tan Puppies—1st, C. A. Keefer's Buster; v h c, C. A. Keefer's Cuppie.

Special Prize—Fulton (Rock Falls, Ill.) takes one of your special, the FOREST AND STREAM prize, for best Irish setter pup dog.

T. Donoghue (La Salle, Ill.) takes the other for best Irish setter dog.

"The other was not taken as there was not a Llewelin shown. T. Donoghue's Irish water spaniel secured the highest of any dog on exhibition. There was a large number of exhibitors with their dogs that could not get here on account of the bad weather, and there will be a large show next year. Allow me to thank your paper for what you have done for the society in advertising the show, also for your special of the FOREST AND STREAM.

R. B. CUMMERFORD, Secretary.

Although the above communication is dated the 14th the post mark on the envelope shows that it was not mailed until the 18th thus accounting for its non appearance in last week's issue.

CORRESPONDENTS' COMMENTS.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS.

WE publish below some of the many responses which have come to us since the publication in this journal, February 3, of the article "Jockeying at Field Trials." Numerous private and public correspondents, breeders and owners of dogs are of the same tenor.

A Philadelphia correspondent says: "I am very glad to see your article on jockeying at field trials. Unless field trials are run in the interest of the dog, and not for the money, it will soon be found gentlemen will not support them.—G. E."

A Hudson, N. Y., letter says: "Am glad that the cold snap did not prevent you from showing up the jockey. He deserves it all and more.—G. H."

A New York letter, Feb. 10.—Your answer to Whitford gives general satisfaction, and the opinion is that it will block that little game of circling a dog ahead of another at field trials. I am glad there has been some one who dared to show up the trickery of the thing.—W. S. B. F.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Allow me to express to you my hearty thanks for your masterly article on jockeying at field trials. In doing this I believe you have the thanks of all well-wishers of the dog. It is a pity that so many dogs that have been hunted in the field by gentlemen in a sportsmanlike manner and are known to be good are often bent in field trials. We see now that it is not necessarily because they have met a superior dog, but that the defect is in many cases entirely in the hands of the jockeys. Why are the jockeys loved by the judges? Don't you think the field trials would be more largely attended by lovers of the dog and with many more entries if owners would hunt their own animals? I have heard many say they would like to enter, but decline doing so on account of meeting and a finer dog, but a dog-jockeying shark. I see that this Whitford is to play the role of dog judge at the Sterling dog show.—T. H. W. T.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 8.—I have carefully read your able reply to the above article, and can say that you may safely trust you are as stated before the sportsman of this country. The one of the matter is sparsely placed where it belongs, i. e., on the judges, and they should define the difference between hunting the dogs in a sportsmanlike and a gentlemanlike manner.

"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER"—Havaw, Cuba, Feb. 12.—The following is a strange case of a mother being jealous of her puppies. She was a black and tan and had a grey and black young friend of mine, but after she had pups, three in number

the boy gave his whole attention to the pups, and when they were about ten days old the mother kept whining one day so much that it attracted the attention of the family. She went and laid them out and shook them to death and buried them in a row, and for more than a week she was in a rage, and at last she was found where she had buried the puppies and whined constantly. The only way I can account for it is the effect of the climate, for all of her sex are jealous in this country. J. W.

(All animals die in the condition of newly-born offspring period. We have heard of similar cases with dogs and cats.)

GUSSE.

Our illustration this week is of the red Irish setter bitch Gussie, owned by H. Pierce, Beckwith, N. Y., and formerly the property of H. P. Dorch, of North Carolina. Gussie was awarded first prize at the recent Pittsburgh Bench Show, and is a large, handsome bitch, standing fully twenty-five and one-half inches high at shoulder. She is of good color—all red, with white frill—an own sister to Champion Arlington, at Boston and St. Louis, 1873, being out of Hobart's Ruby, by Judge Frazer's Dan, by Scott Rodman's celebrated old Dash.

Gussie is thoroughly trained in every particular and very obedient and has excellent reputation as a remarkably good field dog; has great speed, with a remarkably keen nose and very steady, which she uses to perfection, and is perfectly staunch and very steady. She is also the dam of some excellent field dogs.

THE COCKER CLUB COMMITTEE.—In the election of the Club committee Messrs. Cummings and Kirk received precisely the same number of votes, and the matter was referred to a ballot. As it was impossible to decide which should belong to the committee, the names of both were announced as having been chosen. We have received a letter from Mr. Cummings, in which he states that owing to faintness he was unable to accept the position. This, while it will be a matter of regret to many cockers, will leave the committee seven in number, as originally determined.

READ THIS NOTICE.—The Columbia Veterinary College, No. 25 East 31st street, this city, has kindly offered to make *post mortem* examinations of any animal that may die, and to report on the same through our columns. The animal must be boxed and sent to the college by express, charges prepaid. This arrangement will admit of our treating diseases of an epidemic character in the most direct way, and will lead to the saving of many valuable animals of the same kind.

MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB.—Vice Presidents for 1881, Edward E. Hardy, Edward P. Brown. At the annual meeting the President and Secretary were appointed a committee to represent the club in the coming year. For suggestions should aid in procuring a better law for the protection of our game birds.

THE BLUE STAR KENNEL.—Mr. M. P. McKoon, the proprietor of the well-known cocker spaniel breeding kennel, unforl his flag in another column. Long may it wave!

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

99 J. H. A., Foughtheepke, N. Y.—I had a cocker spaniel bitch, eight months old, taken five weeks ago with a kind of gauging. A little silvery mucus would sometimes be vomited. Diarrhea set in, and her breath was very stinky. Her nose began to run a little, and was at times hot and very dry. There was considerable fever, and for two weeks she drank water freely. She became very weak and her eyes began to protrude. There was considerable cough, a noise in breathing and a sort of growling and rattling, she could not eat without compulsion. After doing everything for her she died. I have now two very fine pups, and the same complaint, but only they are free from diarrhea and do not make as yet, but are breathing. One has vomited a worm about five inches long. They seem to make very good pups. I have had a pup that died that died was suffering from gastric irritation. Treat with linseed oil. Five drops of laudanum, two drops of fluid extract of ergot, and three in table-spoonfuls of castor oil. Diarrhea is stopped, keeping up the strength in the meanwhile with nut vomica or any tonic in increased doses. Food: best tea and milk in table-spoonfuls. Give one or two grains of salicylate of iron. 2. First try for worms. Give in milk the following vermifuge after twelve hours fasting: Powdered worm seed (fresh), sixteen grains, and two grains of salicylate of iron. Give in milk the following: olive and castor oil mixed. To strengthen, begin to give five drops of tincture of nut vomica in half an ounce of water three times a day. Add one drop of each dose until the doses are increased to ten drops. Write result.

70 J. T. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The following is a good cure for mange: Powdered bi-carbonate of potash, one ounce; powdered white soap, one ounce; and castor oil, one ounce. Rub in the night, and wash with water in the morning. Rub with the same mixture in the morning. After five or six days, give in milk the following: olive and castor oil mixed. To strengthen, begin to give five drops of tincture of nut vomica in half an ounce of water three times a day. Add one drop of each dose until the doses are increased to ten drops. Write result.

71 J. A. W., Fargo, Dakota.—I have an Irish setter, black, eight months old, that is troubled with a nervous affection of some kind, and, as I think a great deal of her, and what I have done seems to be of no avail, and she is very nervous. When I stand or sit, she is lying down her body jerks. She has been this way for some time. If you can tell me what is the matter with her from my description, and what I can do for her, I will be very glad to pay you for the state the treatment which has failed, we are not as well informed as the subject as we would wish. Your bitch is probably smitten with some kind of nervous affection, and she is very nervous. Feed her well on good, sound and stimulating food, and give her exercise. If the following preparation may assist her, will we can hear more definitely of her. Give in milk the following: one drachm, two drachms; make into twenty pills and give two a day.

72 A. P. S., Boston, Mass.—My Gordon setter, almost three years old, has had the rheumatism, for which I gave him the prescription suggested in *Stoneheaver*. He now seems to be nearly free from trouble, but is in very poor condition and wretches his left hind leg and hip frequently. Ans. Keep your dog dry and warm, giving moderate but gentle exercise. Feed him on laxative food, such as oat meal, and give him a good tonic may be of use; break an egg in an ounce of sherry, and beat until thoroughly mixed; give this in morning and evening. Give him a good tonic may be of use; break an egg in an ounce of sherry, and beat until thoroughly mixed; give this in morning, two drachms; made into twenty pills, three of which to give every day, one morning, noon and evening. Write result.

73 HAYWARD.—From your description the dog probably has chorea, or nervous colic, or some other kind of general health, and especially see that the bowels are in a proper condition, and avoid, however, any resort to physic, but rather accomplish the object by a careful use of the pills. It is a very serious disease, and the dog may live for years and prove a useful animal. It is best to keep the dog well fed, and give him a good tonic, and give him exercise. If the following preparation may assist her, will we can hear more definitely of her. Give in milk the following: one drachm, two drachms; make into twenty pills and give two a day.

74 F. G., Saratoga Lake, N. Y.—What can I do for my four-year-old hound who has been sick for three days? He seems stiff in the joint connecting head and neck, and holds his head forward in an unnatural position, resting on his breast. The head downward, which apparently gives him much pain. He has a very dry nose, and is erratic. He shows a disinclination to move, lying most of the time extended either on his side or on his back. There is a discharge, a slight discharge, are sunken and expressive of pain. No other signs have been noticed a very little discharge. Appetite fair; tongue pinkish. He has vomited a worm, and appears to be somewhat better, though he had seemed well the night before. He has had a diarrhoea for two or three weeks, during which time he lost in flesh, but seems to have gotten nearly over it. He appears to be somewhat better. Ans. The dog probably has rheumatism of the muscles of the neck, or inflammation of some of the glands about the neck; it is better to give him a good tonic, and give him exercise. Give in milk the following: one drachm, two drachms; made into twenty pills, three of which to give every day, one morning, noon and evening. A light diet and a dry hound are desirable.

75 M. O. S., Owen Sound, Ont.—Two of my foxhounds are continually shaking their ears; when they scratch them or are touched they howl. Is it not canker? In every other respect

they are in first-rate order and hunt two or three times a week. I feed corn meal, scraps, and when meat always well cooked with potatoes or oatmeal mixed. I have used a syringe with warm water and a little salt water, but it has not done much good. I have used so far without success. I am using an injection of strong salt water for my young dogs as a remedy for canker. It is far ahead of internal medicine. Ans. Your dogs are afflicted with canker, but from your description it is impossible to know whether it is internal or external. Canker is a term of very general application to many affections of the ear, and it is equally applied to a disease of the foot of the horse, to that disease of the feet of cattle sometimes called "foot" and also to the disease more generally known as "rot" in sheep. In the case of the dog, the disease is usually confined to any disease of the foot of the dog. Internal canker consists of inflammation of the lining membrane of the passage to the ear, which runs on to ulceration and suppuration, and when of longstanding a blackish offensive discharge takes place and accumulates in the passage, and on examination the interior of the ear will be found to be red and inflamed. The dog thus suffering may be observed frequently scratching his ear with his paw, holding his head on one side and giving it a violent shake as though to empty something out of the ear. We believe external canker never exists except as a consequent and concomitant of inflammation, ulceration, or suppuration of the internal passage. We have seen cases where the whole of the external ear has become swollen and tender and the flap thickened and filled with fluid between the skin and the cartilage of crista. In such cases the first plan is, after bathing the ears well, to cut them with a lancet, press out the bloody matter and, having again well washed and softly dried the ears, touch them with the following liniment: Four-lands extract of lead 1 oz., glycerine and carbolic acid 1/2 oz., sweet oil 1/2 oz. The bottle must be well shaken before the liniment is used. For internal canker syringe the ear with lukewarm water and with a camel's hair brush paint the inside of the ear with the following lotion: Sulphate of zinc 1/2 grains, water of quina 1 dr., water sufficient to make 1/2 oz. In treating canker of the ear give the dog a purgative such as senna, castor oil, or in water once a week. The diet must be light and consist partly of boiled green vegetables. The meat should be given. A injection of salt and water are good to rid animals of parasites, but for round and tap worms medicine must be administered internally.

76 T. A. A., Tarrytown, N. Y.—We must refer you to articles on dog breaking published in this paper last year, in March, April and May.

77 F. H. H., Lynn, Mass.—Mange: Feed no meal and rub the parts afflicted with Glover's Imperial Mange Cure, which you can procure of Messrs. John P. Lovell & Sons, Dock Square, Boston, Mass. Please, per bottle, 50 cents. The description of White's cure given by the owner is correct. There are a number of nostrums advertised for the destruction of lice, some of which are quite as likely to kill the dog as the parasite. A safe and effective remedy is the sulphate of calcium (lime and sulphur lotion) which is made as follows: Take flowers of sulphur, 2 lbs.; unrefined lime, 1 lb.; water, 2 gallons. Dissolve the sulphur in the water, and add the lime to the mixture; let it stand till cold, pour off the clear liquid, and make the quantity up to five quarts with cold water. Saturate the coat and skin thoroughly, and, if left so for ten minutes, it will kill the lice, and all that will be left of the vermin will be shrivelled carcasses. Wash the dog then with soap and warm water, and brush and comb him dry. For dogs with ear canker return the lotion. Perhaps it may be well to try a weaker solution first and watch its effects.

of gastritis; that when gastritis is caused by a poison the bowels, as a rule, are relaxed.

79 R. F. P., Louisville, Ky.—Your four-year-old setter dog is probably suffering from rheumatism, a common disease in dogs. The bowels should be freely acted on, and for this purpose use the following pills: Take podagryllin 6 grains, compound extract of colobus 20 grains, powdered rhubarb 6 grains, extract of henbane 3 grains, mix and divide into six pills. Give one pill three or four times a day, according to age and size; a little warm brandy given afterward will assist action. Administer internally a large half teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in water three times a day. A light diet is advisable.

80 J. H. B., Philadelphia.—Having removed the worms in your dog by freely-powdered area and salicylate, we would advise you to give him two grains of quinine twice a day and in addition a dessert-spoonful of cod-liver oil once each day.

81 M. D. G., Boston.—See answer to M. O. S., Owen Sound, in this column.

KENNEL NOTES.

** Breeders and owners of sporting dogs are invited to send memoranda of names obtained, bred, pedigrees, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. It makes no charge for the publication of such notices; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain in which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Willow—Mr. J. B. Robinson, of Philadelphia, Pa., claims the name of Willow for red Irish setter puppy, whelped July 8, 1880, by Rory O'More out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Gussie. Purchased from Mr. W. A. Gallener, Albany, N. Y.

Tag for liver and white setter dog puppy out of Mr. Walter G. Murphy's Elena by his Ben.

Jupiter—Mr. E. M. Moscrop, Hamden, Delaware County, N. Y., claims the name of Jupiter for his liver-colored cocker spaniel dog, three years old, out of Fannie by Curly.

Daisy—Mr. M. Mack W. Minor, Waukegan, Ills., claims the name of Daisy for black setter bitch puppy by Mr. D. W. Johnson's Gordon setter bitch out of Col. Griffin's Belle.

Duke—Mr. W. P. Davidson, Lockport, N. Y., claims the name of Ted for his red setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1879, out of Mr. T. P. Montgomery's (Newburg, Pa.) Belle by same name Charles.

Dante—The Molawik Kennel, Chardon, Ont., claims the name of Dante for white, black and tan puppy, six months old, by Dash III. out of Miss, purchased of Mr. Walter H. Beebe, of New York city.

Naisy—Mr. J. E. Donovan, of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Naisy for his red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 4, 1880, out of Elena by Ellen.

Big Boy and Long Tail—Mr. M. W. Miner, of Waukegan, Ills., claims the names of Big Boy and Long Tail for the two Scotch deerhound puppies, four and half months old, of Jesse by Grace, purchased Mr. J. H. Whitman, Chicago, Ill.

W. H. PIERCE'S GUSSE.

Ray—Mr. Edward S. Bradford, of Holyoke, Mass., claims the name of Ray for pointer dog formerly the property of Mr. T. M. Aldrich, of Providence, R. I., out of Lincoln & Holly's Daisy by Whiting's Duke. Owned by Mr. J. E. Thomas, of West Whitland, Pa., claims the name of Frittle for liver and white cocker bitch, four months old, out of Nellie by Rex, purchased of Mr. Robert Walker.

Squaw—Mr. J. E. Thomas, of West Whitland, Pa., claims the name of Squaw for black cocker bitch puppy out of Jose by a male.

Duke II.—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke II. for leonard and white pointer dog by owner's Joe out of his Nell.

Garfield—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Garfield for leonard and white pointer puppy by owner's Joe out of his Nell.

Hancock—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Hancock for leonard and white pointer puppy by owner's Duke out of his Nell.

Jim—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Jim for red Irish setter bitch by Stewart Robinson's St. Patrick II. out of Mrs. Mary.

Tommy—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Tommy for imported blackish out of Diana by Drummer.

Queen—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Queen for his dachshund dog out of Lucretia by Ben. Rover arrived in Germany on Feb. 10.

Queen—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Queen for his dachshund bitch by Edward Saxe's Wetmer out of same owner's Queen. Queen arrived from Germany on Feb. 10.

Duke—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke II. for leonard and white pointer dog by owner's Joe out of his Nell.

Fan I.—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Fan I. for English setter bitch by owner's Duke out of his Fan.

Duke—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke for imported leonard and white pointer dog by owner's Joe out of his Nell.

Out and Loaf—Mr. H. Marconi, of Baltimore, Md., claims the names of Out and Loaf for puppy and stud for glee puppy out of his Dream II. (Toledo Kennel Club's cross-Breed II) by owner's Matcon (Miss's Duke—Thilly's Dream).

Paul I.—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Paul I. for English setter bitch by owner's Duke out of his Fan.

Wanted.

WANTED—Live Brant (Anser bernicla) decoys. Any person having one or more of these decoys will receive a good price on application to W. HAYGOOD, 11 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb14, 1881.

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3. DAISY LAVERACK, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped June 19, 1879; winner of second prize in the Nat. A. K. C. Derby, Vincennes, 1880. Daisy, I consider, a first-class field dog; has a remarkably keen nose and is very fast.

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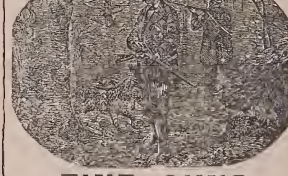
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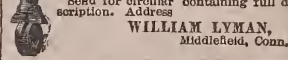
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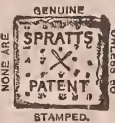
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Table of contents for the last issue of Forest and Stream, listing articles like 'The Last of the Aquarism', 'The Sportsman's Tourist', 'Nesting Habits of the Unfed Grouse', etc.

THE KENNEL.

Have Dogs an Extra Sense; Hydrophobia; Breeding and Care of Beagles; New York Bench Show; Sterling Dog Show; Correspondents' Comments; Gussie; Notes; Kennel Management; Kennel Notes; The English Pointer.

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The Two-Tonner; Measurement; Hamerly's Naval Encyclopedia; Nonparrels and Sharpies; Challenging and Keels; Challenging to Flat Bottoms; Yachting News.

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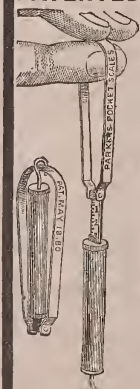
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 3.

WESTERN BIRDS FOR EASTERN SHOOTING.

A BRIEF note in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM called attention to a proposed movement of very high importance. A number of gentlemen, of Springfield, Massachusetts, have signified their intention of procuring from the West game birds of different species, which are to be liberated here in the hope that they may firmly establish themselves and serve to replenish our now depleted covers. Such a project deserves every encouragement, and we thoroughly believe that if this matter is taken hold of in the right way, and the importations are made on a scale sufficiently large, there is no reason in the world why it should not succeed.

Among the birds which first suggest themselves to us as desirable, and at the same time sufficiently hardy to bear our climate, are three species of grouse. The prairie hen, as is well known, is indigenous to Massachusetts, and was exterminated there, on Long Island and in New Jersey simply by overshooting. The sharp-tailed grouse is still more hardy than the pinnated, is more a frequenter of the timber and, so far as can be judged from the facts at our command, a bird likely to do better here in the East than the prairie hen. It is found of cover, though found also far from the timber, and we have frequently in the Rocky Mountains killed it far up the mountain side among the quaking aspen sprouts and in high willow undergrowth. Along the Missouri we have often found it among tall timber, but it especially delights in the undergrowth that always fringes the streams in the country west of the Missouri. This species is indigenous to Wisconsin, Minnesota and to the high dry plains of the West, and its range extends into British America far to the Northwest. It is thus able to endure a temperature much more severe than anything to which it would be exposed here. Whether the low elevation and more humid atmosphere of the Eastern States

would operate unfavorably against the species is a question that can only be decided by experiment. We hope to see it decided.

From the time when we first became familiar with the dusky grouse in the grand old mountains of the Territories we have felt that the introduction of this superb species to the Eastern covers was something greatly to be desired. It is an inhabitant of the higher mountains of the West and seems to prefer just such localities as are frequented by our own ruffed grouse. Like the latter it is a swift flyer, and the man who starts a bird in the thick cover has no very great amount of time in which to decide whether he will or will not shoot. As a table bird it is quite the equal of its New England cousin and, like it, is white meat, well flavored and game. It is, however, more than twice the size of the ruffed grouse, weighing up to four pounds. On the whole, it is one of the very finest of North America's game birds and, if it could be naturalized in the East, would soon be as highly prized by sportsmen as any bird we have.

Besides these three grouse there are two of the Pacific Coast quails, the Mountain and the Valley that we feel confident would do well in sections of the East suited to them. But about these two species we have already expressed our views.

The first question that arises with regard to this proposed importation of game birds relates to the possibility of obtaining them in any quantity, but we think that in regard to the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse and the two species of quail there should be no difficulty whatsoever in securing all that might be needed. It would be well, if possible, to obtain this spring eggs of the grouse, as well as to secure, at once if possible, a number of the old birds. No better time than the present could be chosen for the latter purpose, for in many parts of the country where they are most abundant the snow lies deep on the ground, food is scarce and the birds might be trapped without difficulty. We have no doubt that many of those who read these lines are in a position to furnish our Springfield friends with birds at a moderate cost. A few years ago live pinnated grouse could be bought in large numbers in this city, and we have no doubt that by a little exertion they might now be obtained. As to procuring the dusky grouse or their eggs, we confess that we are unable to give any suggestions. We know many localities where the birds breed, but they are not within easy reach of the sportsman now, or during the breeding season. If there are any of our readers who could obtain either the birds or the eggs we should be glad to hear from them on the subject. The California quail could be obtained without difficulty and if properly treated would very likely breed in confinement.

If the eggs of the grouse could be obtained they might be hatched under small hens and attempt made to rear the young in confinement. We have no doubt that the pinnated grouse might be reared in this way, and in that case they would become as tame as ordinary fowls and would probably breed regularly. Some wild prairie chickens which we kept through part of a winter, a few years since, became so tame that in spring they came close to a man who was spading the garden and scratched in the fresh earth at his feet. We presume that the sharp-tailed grouse would be less easily tamed, but it seems reasonable to hope that they might eventually breed in confinement.

We know too little of the facilities which the gentlemen who propose to undertake this excellent work have, for keeping the birds in confinement, or for carefully protecting them, if they are to be turned out to shift for themselves, to be able to predict the success of this experiment. Surely, however, it is worth a trial. To undertake it with any hope of carrying it to a happy termination, however, it is essential that the work should be undertaken on a large scale. To turn out ten or twenty pairs of birds will simply be to waste so much money. We would not think of commencing operations with less than fifty pairs of each species, and one hundred pairs would be better. We are convinced that there are very many sportsmen in Massachusetts and indeed throughout the New England States who would be glad to contribute liberally in support of such a movement as the one contemplated, and we sincerely hope to see it carried through. Should it take definite shape and the managers proceed to secure their birds we shall be pleased to do anything in our power to aid them.

OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

HOW many an old angler's heart will leap as he sees this heading! How visions of former seasons fit down the trail of memory of those who recall a half a century of trouting! Scarce a moccasin track is to be observed close at hand say for ten years or so, but with a raised eye the veteran glances past these and observes the trail broadening into a path which is well defaced at a distance of three to five decades, and then slowly fades into the prairie grass of oblivion. The last figure is of a barefooted country boy who has thrown away his alder sapling and triumphantly brings home a string of trout on a piece of his fish-line. The boy looks as wholesome as the trout and his flush of health is not dimmed by the contrast as he lifts his prize to the height of his shoulder to show it to his mother, who has brought her knitting to the door in answer to his triumphant whoop. Blessings on his happy heart; that innocent face under the ragged straw hat does not look like the face which the old banker sees in the glass; is it possible that one has grown into the other? The boy is gone; he died when he first went to the city to dabble in other pools than those where the trout live. He did not feel the change, but as he now sits in his easy chair with a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in his hand announcing the trout opening, he feels that he was the boy who died and his heart beats as it has not beaten in months, and forgetting his gait, he opens a drawer and looks over his tackle.

The opening brings other views to the naturalist and the epicure who think of the display to be held in Fulton Market and how it has grown in size and interest from a few specimens from Long Island to its present state when the amber specimens from Long Island lie side by side with the dark Canadians and the rainbow-sided gems from California with perhaps a few specimens from abroad. Here our fishculturists love to congregate; and this reminds us that this year it is the intention of Mr. Blackford to make a display of fish-cultural apparatus as well as fish, and he invites loans or contributions. Other species of fish which are cultivated will also be shown, if sent, but we caution our friends not to have their trout arrive in New York before the 1st of April or they will not be received, no matter where they are caught.

AMATEUR HANDLERS.

IN this country, and more especially in our large cities, where time is money—and there is no denying that much of that valuable commodity is egregiously cut into ribbons by "going a-shooting"—the task of training one's own dogs is no easy matter. Dog-training, therefore, has to contend against mercantile business habits and has become a business of itself. Most of our city men have not the time to train their own dogs nor are there within the easy access of our cities favorable localities which afford them opportunity for working their dogs. Therefore a very large class of men, lovers of the dog, turn over their puppies to be handled and brought up in the way they should go by professional dog-breakers, and indeed without this useful class of men many good sportsmen would either forego the pleasure of breeding their own stock, and relinquish the field altogether, or they would be entirely dependent upon the market which offers "full-grown and well-trained dogs" for sale.

In vast sections of our country, however, and in the rural districts, where there is time to breathe and where everything is out on the bounce and everybody on the bonnet, there is a large class of amateur sportsmen who can take a few hours almost at any time from their business and who do take a pleasure in breaking their own dogs. To those who can devote their leisure moments to the high art of dog-breaking we will say that if they choose they can learn much while giving instruction, for if the task of training a dog inculcates anything it preaches and practices patience, it enforces self-control, it eliminates irascibility, it displays the excellence of discipline and it is the "open sesame" to the field where the highest quality of sport is to be found.

To determine whether the amateur is content to give his dog an inferior education, or whether he will acquire great proficiency in the art of dog-handling, we cannot think of any better plan than the one suggested by us a few weeks ago—the offering of prizes for amateur handlers. We believe that this should call out a number of proficient who up to this

ture have hid their light under a bushel. Much may thus be learned in such competitions, and the various systems for the education of dogs can be practically compared. There are many men in the United States, natural geniuses, who have never seen Col. Hutchinson's book or other dog-breaking manuals, who have from innate intelligence turned out dogs of the most killing qualities. We have known many such, and with whom it was a pleasure to shoot, for the most enjoyable dog to shoot over is one that the owner has well trained himself. At the same time we must not forget how great a debt sportsmen at large owe to the professional dog-handler, and how much the latter have done for our dogs. Some of these men are among our very best sportsmen, and their services can scarcely be over-estimated.

OUR FOREIGN MATCH.—Earl Stanhope has received an answer from General Wingate, the Vice-President of the National Rifle Association of America, in response to his note of invitation sent in November last. This reply will be found in our rifle columns and represents the sentiments of the not inconsiderable section in the National Association who are such sticklers for form and order that they stand a good chance of being overwhelmed by their own foolishness. The Palma obstacle rises up to balk every good intention that they might have, and now when the simplest possible form of an invitation is sent for a friendly match this rusty, dusty old piece of junk is hauled out of its oblivion and thrust forward with the taunt, "Come and take it, if you can." It is entirely overlooked that Earl Stanhope's note was for an international match, while the Palma, according to the original programme about it, issued on March 6, 1876, is the trophy of "an international long-range match for the championship of the world." According to the views embodied in the Wingate letter, there is never to be another long-range match in which American riflemen can with propriety engage unless the Palma be the object shot for. If so, then the prospect is a sorry one indeed, after the long chapter of wrangles and misunderstandings, of complications and even misrepresentations, which have formed to large a part in the history of this centennial offering. There was no suggestion of the Palma in Earl Stanhope's letter. America holds the championship in long-range team shooting, and would continue to hold it even if an American team had accepted the invitation of Lord Stanhope, visited Wimbledon and been defeated. British riflemen have themselves fixed the status of the Palma as the championship token, but they have what our American managers seem to lack—sense enough to see that many hearty matches may be shot outside of the championship records.

QUAIL, PARTRIDGE, BOB-WHITE, COLIN, or whatever we may choose to call him, there is no doubt that the little brown bird ought to have a settled and determined name and appellation by which it may be known throughout the land. The attempt of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association to furnish for the favorite little fellow, at present so overweighted with names, a designation at once suitable and likely to be generally adopted is most praiseworthy, and deserves warm support. We question, however, whether the recommendation of the association will be able to effect so desirable a change. The usage of two countries has established the name "quail" in the North and "partridge" in the South so firmly that we see little hope of the general adoption of the name colin.

When sportsmen generally will consent to call our little cotton-tail a hare, and not a rabbit, and will speak of ruffed grouse, instead of partridges and pheasants, then we may hope to hear that field trials are to be run on colins and not on quails.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL FOR THE SOUTH.—The mountain quail referred to in our issue of two weeks ago as being at Ogdensburg, N. Y., have been sent south and are to be turned out in Alabama. They are at present in the hands of President Spear, of the Montgomery Shooting Club, and will, in a short time, be put down in some favorable locality, where it is hoped they may do well and breed.

It is a pity that a good number of both mountain and valley quail could not be secured and introduced in various sections of the country. The former, being quite a hardy bird, would no doubt do well in our middle states, while the smaller but not less beautiful valley quail would with proper protection, we think, become acclimated in the Southern States.

The testimony of Mr. F. J. Thompson, whose careful and accurate observations are always so interesting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, shows that these birds can endure a very severe temperature without any very great degree of inconvenience. Will not some of our gun clubs or game protective societies take this matter in hand?

JAMES R. TILLEY.—Very busy of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will learn with sadness of the death of James R. Tilley, at Locust Valley, Long Island, last Sunday, Feb. 27. Mr. Tilley was widely known and highly esteemed among the sportsmen of the United States, and many a scene of most pleasant companionship in the past will be recalled by this note of the lamented death of a genial, whole-souled man.

STANDING COMMITTEE OF STATE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Abel Crook, President of the New York State Association, has ap-

pointed Mr. M. A. Stearns, of Danville, N. Y., a member of the Standing Committee of the Association, in place of James F. Williams, deceased.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—We continue this week the report of the Michigan Sportsmen's Convention at Lansing. For the minutes of the meeting we are indebted to the courtesy of Secretary II. B. Roney. The various reports presented by the special committees, in particular those relating to the protection of game, reflect the highest credit upon the Association. We congratulate the sportsmen of the State of Michigan on the noble stand taken by their representative organization, and we premise that as the character of the Association becomes more clearly understood and better appreciated throughout the whole State, its influence for good will be advanced in equal ratio.

THE HAPPY SUGGESTION to the Cocker Club, printed in our kennel column, deserves the immediate attention of the members of that body. The gentleman who makes it is one of our best-known and most highly-respected authorities on kennel matters, and the recommendation presents an easy way out of such difficulties as may arise in the way of the formation of a standard for the cocker. There is plenty of time between now and the inauguration of the New York show to arrange all matters of detail as to standard and judging.

The Cocker Club unquestionably includes a majority of the breeders of this strain in America, and whatever this body has to say in regard to the cocker is entitled to great weight.

The Sportsman Courier.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE RUNNER AND THE WHITE BEAVER.

IT was near the close of a beautiful August day that I awoke from my afternoon nap and stepped out of the lodge. Calling to my little servant—an orphan whom I had picked up in camp—I bade him light my pipe, and seated myself against the lodge for a quiet smoke and enjoy the beautiful scene before me. Our camp, composed of about a hundred lodges of Blood Indians under the lead chief Running Rabbit, was pitched at the foot of the Black Butte, a rocky spur of the Snowy Mountains. How picturesque, how primeval it all seemed. The smoke rose in graceful curls from the lodges and slowly drifted up the mountain side. The shouts of the children at play and the scrape, scrape of the flesher, as the women faithfully worked on buffalo robe, filled the air.

On the sunny side of some of the lodges a group of men could be seen smoking, chattering and idling the hours away. Up on a little eminence a whole family were mourning for a lost one, who had been killed by the Sioux a few days before. "Oh, Bone-ah! I bade him light my pipe, and seated myself against the lodge for a quiet smoke and enjoy the beautiful scene before me. Our camp, composed of about a hundred lodges of Blood Indians under the lead chief Running Rabbit, was pitched at the foot of the Black Butte, a rocky spur of the Snowy Mountains. How picturesque, how primeval it all seemed. The smoke rose in graceful curls from the lodges and slowly drifted up the mountain side. The shouts of the children at play and the scrape, scrape of the flesher, as the women faithfully worked on buffalo robe, filled the air.

Looking away to the north I could see a vast, boundless prairie, dotted here and there with several bands of buffalo and antelope, and on the very verge of the horizon the outlines of the Bear Range, Little Rocky and Hairy Cap mountains could be seen, rose colored in the setting sun.

It was getting dark. From all directions the hundreds of horses were being driven into camp and tethered by the lodges of their owners. With them came mine, two beautiful wiry pintos, renowned as the best buffalo horses in camp, and they seemed to know it, for they shook their heads and switched their tails as if to make us make the little bells tinkle, which had been placed in their hair as an insignia of their prowess. What sport I had had with them as I swept over the prairie in pursuit of a band of buffalo. I seemed to hear the thunder of the many feet pounding over the turf, the crack of rifles, the thud of the falling, the shouts of the dilated nostrils—I seemed to see the spirits of blood—the red, flashing eyes and the angry tossing of the shaggy hair, as some monster, leaping upon me, bellowed, "Can't be that there is any more sport than this, more mud, breathless excitement? To me it is the most enjoyable of all sports. The very thought of it excited me, and I resolved that on the morrow I should try it again. "To-morrow goes!" I said to myself, and went into the lodge to eat the simple meal of boiled "boss rib" and bacon, bread and tea which had been prepared for me.

After supper the head medicine man, Pe-nuk-wi-nm, sent for me to pay him a visit. Going over to his lodge I found it filled with the renowned warriors, medicine men and chiefs of the tribe, smoking and telling stories. After saluting Pe-nuk-wi-nm ("Pe-nuk-wi-nm" means "I stand on a hill and, far off, see a single moving object") and being assigned the seat of honor by his side, a fresh pipe was handed me which I lighted and, with the utmost gravity, repeated a prayer to the Sun commencing with the usual words, "Ha-hay-nosee Kim-o-ke," meaning "Take pity on me, Oh, Sun," at the end of which all exclaimed "Ah," as the Methodists do at a prayer-concluding.

"Ap-we-cnn-na," said Pe-nuk-wi-nm, "have you ever heard the beaver story?" I replied in the negative. "Then I will tell it to you," he said, and every one being comfortably settled and attentive, he began.

THE BEAVER STORY.

Long ago, before the white men came, the Bloods were camped one year at Yellow Creek, on the south side of the Missouri. At that time the ceremony of the Medicine Lodge was going on, and many valuable presents were given to the Sun, among which were thirteen white buffalo robes, so plenty were buffalo in those days.

Now, in the camp was a great medicine man named Wolf-Tail, who had five wives. The youngest one, who was very handsome, was named Antelope Woman. There were also in the camp two young men named The Runner and White Elk. The Runner was a very poor young man, and as he had no relations he lived about from one lodge to another. He and the Antelope Woman had always loved each other, but her father had obliged the poor woman to marry Wolf-Tail, who gave ten horses for her. Now the last day of the

Medicine Lodge had come, when the women, dressed exactly like the one she spoke of, entered the lodge and told what brave deed their husband, lover or relation should do to keep their affections, for women do not love a man who is not brave.

The Runner had sat in the lodge all day waiting for some one to come and say what he should do, but no one came, and he began to feel very badly, thinking that no one cared for him, when all of a sudden the Antelope Woman came in and touching the medicine, said, "He who wears clothes like mine, he whom I love, will swim across the Missouri next spring, when the ice is running out, kill an enemy and bring his head back to this lodge." Having said which she turned and went out. What joy The Runner felt when he saw her come in the lodge dressed exactly like him. But what was his grief and despair when he heard what she wanted him to do. "He thought it impossible, and going out he sought a hill-top and commenced to lament and pray the Sun to help him.

Day after day he wandered among the mountains, on the prairie, along the rivers, asking each animal to object he met for help. He became poor and weak, and at last in despair lay down beside a spring to die. Just as he was becoming unconscious he was startled by the Spring speaking to him, saying, "Get up, you crazy man; what are you doing here? I know what is the matter with you, but cannot help you. Do you see that big beaver lodge over there?" "Yes," the poor boy replied, "I see it."

"Well," said the Spring, "go over there and perhaps the King of Beavers will help you."

Trembling and weak, the young man arose and did as he was bid, and coming to the lodge tore a hole in the top, entered and closed the hole up again. What was his surprise, on looking around, to see a great White Beaver sitting on the logs, singing the most beautiful songs he ever heard. Presently the beaver stopped singing, and asked the young man what he wanted. "The Runner told him his story.

"And how came you here?" the Beaver asked.

"The Spring sent me," The Runner replied.

"Ah! the Spring sent you, did he? The Spring is our very best friend; he furnishes us water to live in; it floats our food and we build our dams across it, but your people are not so good. They break our dams. On one condition I will help you. You must promise that your people will never molest us again."

"I promise," said The Runner.

"Well, then, take this little piece of wood and wear it at your side; never take it off. With it you can swim like a beaver. When you have killed your enemy and start to come back, your friend White Elk must run down to a bend in the river and call to you, and you must come to the end of the water. Now eat these berries," giving him a great dish of bull-berries, "go to sleep, and to-morrow go home."

Next morning he returned to camp and found the war party all ready to start; so, putting on some war paint and his little flinty, he joined them. While they traveled he told White Elk all that had happened to him, and earnestly enjoined him to follow the Beaver's directions about running down to the bend and back to the big rock.

When they came to the Missouri they saw a large band of Gros Ventres trying to cross, but the river was so high and so much ice running that they could not do it. One young Gros Ventre, more brave than the rest, stood up to its waist in water, brandishing his spear and yelling at the Bloods.

"Yes," he will kill me," said The Runner to White Elk, and dove into the water like a beaver.

Then the Gros Ventres laughed, thinking he was drowned, but he soon appeared right beside the young Gros Ventre in the water, who was very quick and threw his spear at The Runner, but it struck the medicine wood at his side and glanced off. Then The Runner threw his spear and killed the Gros Ventre and, grasping him by the hair, disappeared under the water. The Gros Ventres saw this and ran down to the end of the river and back to the big rock, arriving there just as The Runner came out of the water with the body of his enemy. When the Gros Ventres saw this they commenced to howl and lament for their dead companion, but the Bloods only laughed and started back for home, The Runner taking his enemy's scalp with him.

"Why they are in camp they all commenced to sing war songs, and The Runner went ahead, telling of his victory, and tossing the scalp in the air. The whole village came out to meet them, and Wolf Tail coming up, embraced The Runner and took him to his lodge. Giving him the best seat, he turned to the Antelope Woman, saying, "Why don't you go and sit by your husband?" But she thought he was jesting and began to cry. "Do not cry," he said, and, turning so that she saw him, he said, "I give you the Antelope Woman; she is your wife. I give you my lodge, my horses, my medicine; and all I ask is that you allow me to live with you and teach you the Beaver medicine songs."

So ended the Beaver story. I looked at my watch; it was 11 o'clock. Pe-nuk-wi-nm had been three hours telling the last story, of which I have given only a synopsis.

"Is it a good story?" Pe-nuk-wi-nm asked.

"It is good," I replied, and went home to bed.

Next morning I still felt like a hunt. The camp had decided not to disturb the buffalo till the next day, so I took my rifle and started up the mountain after deer, elk or anything I could get sight of. For an hour I hunted and I took up the steep rocks and through the underbrush. Then I got sight of a few elk scuffling over the ground. They had wounded me. I did not want to kill an elk anyhow. Of course not. "By George," I thought, "there must be sheep in this mountain. I'll see," and I kept on climbing, resting now and then to get my breath, for it was pretty steep work.

At last I reached an open space not far from the summit. Strong enough, the wind on the summit and on the west side of the point. At the utmost caution I proceeded, keeping a large boulder between them and me. I must see if they are there yet. I stepped one side. They saw me and bounded off down the mountain side. I felt anxious. I sailed sweetly to myself and said—never mind what. The sheep were gone. I climbed up to the place where they had stood. It was a satisfaction to know that they had been there. I sat down on a bed of larch, leaned my back against a rock and was soon asleep.

When I awoke it was near evening. I started to get up when I saw a sheep coming straight toward me up the mountain. When he came within range I fired and he dropped right in his tracks. It proved to be a fine fat yearling buck. Quickly cutting off its hind quarters I started for home tired, hungry and just in time to enjoy a meal of fat-buck-and-potatoes.

AR-WEST-NO.

Port Benton, M. T., 1880.

JACK FROST IN A FLORIDA GARDEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the visitors this season at St. Augustine, Fla., was his honor, Jack Frost. He was a belated traveler, for the thermometer at 11:30 midnight quieted all apprehensions of his visit, marking 34 degs.—two degrees higher than his entrance ticket numbered.

I arose at 6 o'clock, to find the thermometer at 20 degrees. I reached the orange grove. Alas for human hopes! Frosty leaf withered by our frosty herald. He had rubbed his clammy hands over the cheeks of every orange—sending back to their very hearts the core vestige of their glory. The curled leaves to stand a prelude of the destruction to follow. Orange leaves admire to stand straight out, lifting their glossy faces to the sun. Curis didn't suit, and they would rather be cast out altogether than to seem to be what they were not.

This leads me to my garden. Pass this little wire gate. The first invitation is: Look at these black guavas! They were my pride. Two years they have fought with all the variations of weather, having recovered from a well-nigh death blow in '78. There they stand, 15 ft. high, as dead as your walkingstick, and the fruit, which was ripening on Christmas Day, still clings ruined. This tree, rearing its head above its leafless neighbors, is a "green bay tree." The fragrance of its lacinated leaves suggests bay rum. Like the orange, the leaf is dark green and glossy, and so are many of the trees in South.

Here is a shrub of two summers, *Duranta*, which bears long sprays of lavender-colored blossoms, the yellow waxen berry at the base end contrasting finely with the petals at the tip. It too shares the fate of the guava. Possibly both may struggle for re-life, but it will be at the very root of themselves.

Through trellis holds a vine grown from Hawaiian seed. Although coming from the tropics it holds its own, and next summer you will see large clusters of bloom with white petals and pink stamens.

Had you been here last winter you would have seen all these geraniums intoxicated with their own vivid colors. Ball-groves will find few bloomers this winter to light up their raven tresses.

This broad-leaved plant, with each leaf sharpened to a pin point, is the *American aloë*. Its sister, the century plant, has long, pointed leaves, and will not grow so fast. Near by is the *Yucca Flaccidula*, bear grass; this and the aloë each sending up a flower stalk which I have seen grow a foot a day—the aloë stopping at thirty feet, the bear grass at ten feet.

The aloë throws out on its flower stalk lateral branches at right angles with greenish, yellow flowers, the bear grass flower stalk forming a pyramid of pendant, tulip-shaped white flowers, base of the pyramid a foot in diameter. The succulence of this *Myrsiphyllum* (Asparagus) Smilax vine drooped as old Jack suddenly passed by her, and again fairy dresses will miss the green festooning amid their folds. It was wonderful to see how the Olea (olive-leaf) laughed at Jack's cold looks. She peeped out from behind her glossy sentinels and kept her own white petals pure and sweet as ever, as did her cousin.

Thus, where Jack had all his own way. He took full possession of that group of Alpine nutans, and the broad leaves are dried up as though a furnace had found shelter in its thick foliage. As late as November I cut from it one of its own beauties. The blossom shoots from the base of the terminal leaf on a pendant spike with amber and creamy shell-tinted flowerets. The helmet shape of the floweret gives it its common name of dragon plant. Fortunately the beautiful *Nassau* was covered so it will not again with its odd shaped flowers, its bracts forming a half open mouth showing the rows of white flowers within; these bract cups growing all around the plant, hugging close to its border under its purple-lined, lance-shaped leaves. These contents of "witch lilies"—so called because the flower shoots up in a night after a summer shower—around the beds, were saved from the ravages of a curious caterpillar, long, smooth, black, with the rings of the entire length of the body.

That reminds me, strangers from the North have most amazingly crude ideas about raising oranges or roses, or anything else. Just as though Genesis 11, 19, did not apply as much to the tiller of the ground below Mason and Dixon's line as above it. One thing convinces me of the utility of the race: that culture is shared alike by all mankind. "Do you enrich the soil any?" they ask me. "Do you have any manure?" there is a pinch on God's ear where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is here in Florida. You admire the oranges, the roses, the lilies; but you shall go to your garden some lovely morning and find a cluster of rarest rose buds girdled-bored to the very center by some patient insect. One side of your bud shall look so tawny, and the other is pierced to the heart. You shall find the caterpillar crawling leisurely along the edge of your lily leaves. You shall imagine to yourself that next fall you will have a peach tree to make sport for you as did the hickory tree in your youthful days at the North, but suddenly you awake to the fact that a secret foe is getting his fun first, and despite your efforts at discovery he day by day cuts off branch after branch as clean as could your pocket knife.

There are half a dozen acacias, some bearing white button ball flowers, of Northern white clover fragrance. This shrub, with black tree foliage, clusters of gay yellow and red flowers, called by the Spaniards *Walkaniana*, and by the South Sea Islanders *Pride of Barbados*, the *Rousselia juncea*, with its sprays of red fairy drops and needle-like leaves, is burned like a wisp of tow, but here and there a green shoot tells us it was not quite conquered. The Virgin lilies, called so from blooming in Mary's month, convince doubting critics that the artist in the figured long tube of the lily was true to nature. In the month of May high carnival is held among the flowers in honor of Mary, and the cathedral is a fount of lilies.

Here, too, on Easter Day, in striking contrast with the snowy rosebuds, you will find the *Amoralydis Johnsonii*, with its outspoken crimson face penciled with white. Those treces, with grace in every branch and twig, are the pepper from California—not the pepper of commerce, though its leaves are very aromatic, but the native *pepper* of various varieties; and St. Augustine has a modern Jericho. Must I tell you of the banana! If there was anything above another to give you a glimpse of a South Sea island home it was the waving fronds of the banana, standing fifteen feet high. But they lifted their obeisance to the northern king and have not dared to lift their heads again.

Right there, to combine utility with beauty, to gratify the palate as well as to aid the nose—right by the side of my roses—I had strawberries. We were on a strike, my neighbor and I, to be first to set out the luscious fruit on our table in December. But they, too, have stopped back-

ward. It was the safest way to avoid being annihilated by that cold foot.

There was one flower, so modest that Jack did not deign to notice her—the English violet—so she laughs merrily at the joy she perfumes through the air. There was one glory in my garden that defied the artist's brush—the *Poinsettia*, ten feet high, with its great feet of scarlet bracts and yellow flowers. It must have made old Jack exult to see how easily he could just blot those beauties out of my garden picture.

This front piazza stands a monument to the energy of Jack Frost. He was not satisfied with walking over the grounds, but climbed these vines and tent their hanks from top to toe; and the bignonia, with its dark foliage and scarlet trumpets, and the Mexican creeper, with its almost ethereal sprays of rose-colored dots, will not cheer us again this winter, though the festooning ivy mocks at the cold intruder.

I suppose some people will say there was a great spot on the sun's face that made this cold wave, but I know one thing—it will take months and years to undo what the chill king did in a few hours, though doubtless he has killed some insect pests as well. I cannot speak of the Japan plum, of the *Pibiscus*, of the "carnot turban," etc., etc., that fell victims to his cold sword. But Florida does not despair, for the rose bushes only gave their roses and buds to the destroyer. There was one, however, that saw the youngsters lying in the grasses in every direction, at every conceivable target. "In that day shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel," etc. The Doctor calmly pockets his loss. 'Twas all Jack left for him or for the oranges he ate. ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

"Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaining west."

"FOR I AM NOTHING IF NOT CRITIC."—QUELLO, ACT II, SCENE 1.

To my amiable critic, "Mic-Mac," I heartily commend the above texts suggested by the perusal of his article in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 concerning mine of Feb. 10. He evidently belongs to the same school of criticism as my quondam reviewer, "Manhattan," and by his own confession approves of this method of imparting information to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

If it shall happen that anything I have written shall mislead or deceive any brother sportsman no one can regret it more than the writer. If stating my own experience as a fact and giving "hearsay" as hearsay is misleading then I will be glad to see the same school of criticism which your criticism is just. First, with regard to salmon, "Mic-Mac," in assuming the role as critic, exhibits his credentials to the effect that he has "passed the last three autumns in the country spoken of." Well, the writer has also spent three seasons there, and traversed almost the entire line where salmon abound, and with special reference to fishing. "Two occasions were in the spring and one in the fall. Upon my fall trip which was my informant's week was another hearsay." His informant, I advise him that there are few or no salmon, and mine, that there are many, coupled with our experience of taking eight salmon, each of which weighed over twenty pounds save one. "This was in 1876; has it been noted in any sporting paper that that was an exceptional year? Is it so that salmon catching is so rare that to have a fair catch is an exception? Then truly those New Yorkers who paid "thirty odd to the Brothers" and "any yet there are numbered among them" deserve and need to be numbered among the deceived and misled. But they are probably deceived, misled perhaps, by my former article, and went straightaway and fished away \$30,000 on six miles of waste water where salmon are rarely taken. And yet the fact still stares us in the face that New Brunswick also sends more salmon to market than all Canada and Nova Scotia combined. It is useless to discuss the question as to whether salmon abound in considerable numbers in the Restigouche, Miramichi and Nepisiquit rivers of New Brunswick. To deny it shows a woeful lack of information. For authority that they do I would refer my critic to "Hallock's Gazetteer," pp. 200, 201; "App. Cyclop." vol. xv, p. 569; "Forest Life in Acadia," by Hardy, p. 298, etc., and insert to every sporting book published; and every sportsman knows that no streams in N. A. are more noted than these. I have named. I appeal to authority because my assertion is attacked.

Now, with regard to fishing them. I fished upon all of the rivers named without objection and without license, except on the Restigouche, in 1876, and both the Restigouche and Miramichi last year without license or pay whatever. A nominal license is required, and a gentleman I met showed me one given him by the warden of the Miramichi, but for which he said no fee was exacted. Our party had none and no questions were asked.

But enough upon this head, my article guaranteed nothing and advised nothing—I simply said, and repeat again, that previous to last year salmon were yearly taken with a fly in the rivers named in sufficient quantities to repay the sportsman and that one experienced no difficulty in obtaining permits. Now, I will venture that if I never took a salmon, I would be just as well satisfied for personally I know little of the rivers named as regards their fishing qualities.

A word in regard to hunting in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Personally I know nothing about it and did not profess to in my article, and the careful reader knows it; and a critic certainly should. I wrote: "Moose and caribou are said to be plenty; deer not quite so much, etc." As to the place to go for game, I was told you can hardly go amiss.

Will I critic point out wherein the "way of misleading" occurs?

But will my friend deny that game is very plenty there of all kinds except "deer" and "quail"?

The very number of FOREST AND STREAM in which his criticisms appear, on page 70, is a communication from St. John, N. B., in which appears, viz.: "Moose have been quite plentiful, caribou very numerous and numbers of animals that are scarcely ever seen so far south as Nova Scotia have fallen before the hunter's gun. John Council, of Bartibogue, in two days last week killed seven caribou." My dear, my amiable Critic think the reader would deem himself misled by the writer if he found no deer if he got caribou? As to feathered game, does Critic mean to insinuate they are not plentiful?

If so, then his experience has been "exceptional." The only trouble is its tameness, and you may pass near to it without putting it up unless you have a dog. "Three years ago a party all of which came upon some partridges and we shot them all, one by one, before they would fly; and that has always been my experience in the deeper wilderness. And in conversation with the natives upon my last trip they advised bringing bird dogs for bird shooting. They said the dogs there were "no good," and I fail to see why, if we go West with our dogs, which is getting to be quite common, we should not—if my purpose is bird shooting—take our dogs to New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, where Critic may view it. "I have seen a party with several of the best dogs required, etc. First as to time. Critic is very sollicitous of the happiness of our "hard-worked young clerks," etc.

Now I assume that the outlet that there are as many hours to the day in New Brunswick as in the United States. Hence if a clerk has ten days, or two or three weeks for Cape Cod, he has the same number for New Brunswick. My article, however, was written for the especial attention of those who yearn to go to the woods, and as only one day more is counted each way in going to New Brunswick, than in going to Rangely, for instance, I see no special difficulty as regards time, as the sporting grounds of the rivers named are all within three hours' ride from the stations on the Inter-colonial Railroad.

With regard to expenses of the trip. When Critic says he is in doubt whether I meant \$100 "apiece" or \$100 for the "whole crew," he displays the same lack of careful observation as he does elsewhere. A school-boy, by adding up the fares and hotel charges, would learn that it meant "\$100 apiece." When I gave in my table the distance "Boston to Bangor, 244 miles," I meant that each man must travel 244 miles, and the other tabulated items are equally plain to any one not willfully critical. But he says if I mean \$15 per day for three, then trout "does not seem to me to be so very cheap." Well, suppose it is a whole lot of what you "clerk" don't impose upon me by thinking a trip from Bangor to St. John, Halifax, and return to Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence to Quebec and through White Mountains back to Boston, covering three weeks' time and 1,757 miles, is cheap, if Critic don't. Try a trip in the States covering that period of time and distance, stopping at hotels, and see if by comparison this is not cheap. At all events, if one can get a three weeks' vacation for that amount of money, in this to him *terra incognita*, to may like to know it. Hence I gave it, and will leave the reader to decide that question for himself.

"But I do not care to discuss this matter further. I simply wrote this, hoping I might add to some one's pleasure and possibly profit. I wrote for neither money nor fame. I believe the FOREST AND STREAM to be doing great good in many ways. I have experienced much profit from it, and would repay in kind if in my power, and I have not assumed to take any authority in New Brunswick, and so no one knows it better than Critic."

If all the writers of FOREST AND STREAM confined their articles within the narrow limits of criticism—and that behind the mask—what an interesting, entertaining and instructive sheet we should have. In a short time we should have another edition of "Junius' Letters."

My esteemed friend and critic assumes in his article to be deeply concerned in the welfare of "the number of hard-worked young clerks in shops, railroads, insurance offices, banks," etc., whom he is fearful will be "swindled out of their short annual holiday."

"Now, are you as anxious they should have a good time as you profess? If so have you given your mind to aid them? You assume to know it all, why not try your hand at an article which shall give me just facts with no "rose coloring," and you know, just what they can go, what game they really and as what will cost? Such articles are always welcome, and then you hold a ready pen, you know. You would not have us believe, I suppose, that you have fished for "five, six and seven weeks in the country spoken of" for "the last three autumns" and found no game or fish. O, no! Of course not. Now, tell us frankly why you went the second and third time, and especially tell us if you do not intend to make another trip, and tell us first what you got for game and second how much your trip cost for each day, and how the "clerks" may venture being swindled out of their holiday. It is too generous a thing upon your part, this vicious sacrifice and reminds me of the scene in David Copperfield between David and the water concerning one "Top Sawyer—perhaps you know him."

"He came in here," said the water, looking at the light through the window, "and ordered a glass of this ale would order it—I told him not to drink it and he fell dead. It was too good for him. It oughtn't to be drawn, that's the fact. Why, you see," said the waiter " * * * our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it if you like I'm used to it, and it is everything! * * * But it didn't hurt him, on the contrary I thought he seemed the fresher for it." Perhaps my friend will make the application of the moral.

I have been a sportsman in a humble way some twenty years, have visited most places in the northern United States where fishing is desirable, including Adirondacks, Moosehead, Rangely, Parmechee, etc., and have learned two things at least, that nowhere is everything rose-colored. Good fishing is seldom to be had without more or less tramping and fatigue, and oftentimes not then; much depends upon the condition of the water etc. But this much I have seen, that it is not at all true that the water is larger also than in the lakes and rivers. However, he who goes into the woods must prepare for disappointment wherever he goes. He is no more liable to disappointment in New Brunswick than at Moosehead or Rangely, and perhaps no less so.

I have also learned that there is a class of sportsmen who always decry places they visit themselves. We had that experienced Restigouche angler, an Englishman, camped at the junction of the Restigouche and Metapenac, and during the run of salmon; they seemed quite disappointed when we arrived, assured us we should take no salmon, etc.; that we had better go on than waste our time; and afterward they were very much chagrined and vexed at our success. I

learned subsequently that they had fished this same pool some twelve years running.

Now, I trust my esteemed friend and critic does not belong to this class, but is really a friend of the overworked "clerk," and that he will add a leaf to the sportsman's library by giving us from his facile pen the result of his experiences de a laud of which little is written.

He can maintain his *inoc*; we shall relish the truth even if we don't know the author, whom it would give me great pleasure to meet notwithstanding his criticism, of which I will not complain if only he will supplement it with a version of his own.

I intend to visit New Brunswick again soon, and hope to try for salmon at Gaspe Point, and I have no doubt my friend can furnish valuable information de the country with which he is so familiar.

In conclusion, let me ask my friend not to "go for him" in his pretty, it savors too much of a hostile spirit; but let us rather initiate the spirit of good old Ik. Wallon, and endeavor to disseminate charity and brotherly kindness. Let's shake hands and be friends.

GEORGE A. FAY.
Meriden, Conn. Feb. 28.

Natural History

MICHIGAN GAME NOMENCLATURE.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMENCLATURE OF THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The careful analysis of classification with reference to certain genera submitted by your committee on nomenclature at the session of 1880 will, we think, sufficiently indicate the methods adopted by your present committee in arriving at the conclusions and nomenclature, "both popular and scientific," recommended in this report. It will therefore be unnecessary to occupy your time in the enunciation of our analysis of the genera heretofore considered, and we will proceed at once to our task, and continue the work of making a correctly named list of Michigan game animals of "fur, fin and feather," by naming a portion of our waterfowl. We do not intend to make a complete list of any order or family, but confine ourselves to such species as occur either habitually or accidentally in our State. As belonging to the latter class we may mention the swans. There are but two species that can be considered as belonging to our fauna, even accidentally. These are the whistling swan (*Cygnus americanus*), also called the American swan, and the trumpeter swan (*Cygnus buccinator*).

Of the goose family there are but two genera containing species likely to be found within the borders of our Commonwealth.

The goose genus, proper, all having bright or light-colored feet and bills, and a much varied plumage—namely, the white-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons*), also called prairie-brant and speckle belly. This is probably identical with the white-fronted goose of Europe.

Snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*), also called white brant. Lesser snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*), variety *albatris*. Like the snow goose, only smaller.

Blue goose (*Anser carolinensis*), also called black brant. The appropriate name for this species is the black brant and bills, and the head and neck black with white spaces, the general color of the body being gray, namely:

The Canada brant (*Branta canadensis*), also called Canada goose, gray goose and common wild goose. This is the only goose, or, properly speaking, brant, that is common in Michigan. There is a variety, *leucoparia*, which is not known to have occurred in this State, while the Hutchins brant (*Branta canadensis*), var. *hutchinsii*, is quite generally distributed, and is smaller than the Canada brant.

The brant (*Branta bernicla*), also called brant goose, barnacle goose. There is a well-defined variety of this brant, viz.:

The black brant (*Branta bernicla* var. *virginiana*), as more than one of our contributors have written.

Of our ducks there are three sub-families—viz., the *Anatinae*, the river or fresh-water ducks; the *Fuligulinae*, the sea or deep-water ducks, and the *Merginae*, the fish ducks.

Of our shoal water or river ducks we will enumerate as belonging to our avi-fauna:

The mallard, *Anas boschas*. The male is also called the green-head, female the gray duck.

The black duck, *Anas obscura*, also called dusky duck, and black mallard.

The pintaded duck, *Anas aousa*, also called the sprigtail. The gadwall, *Anas streperus*, also called gray duck.

The widgeon, *Anas americana*, also called the American widgeon, and baldpate.

The shoveler, *Anas clypeata*, also called broad-bill. The wood-duck, *Anas sponsa*, also called summer duck and tree duck.

Of the teal genus we have here:

The green-winged teal, *Querquedula carolinensis*. The blue-winged teal, *Querquedula discolor*.

Of the deep water or diving ducks found more or less habitually on our waters during their migrations, we notice:

The canvas-back duck, *Fuligula valisineria*. The red-head duck, *Fuligula americana*, var. *Americana*, also called pochard, red-headed widgeon and rufus-necked duck.

The blue-bill duck, *Fuligula marila*, also called big black head, greater scaup duck, raft duck, docking fowl and shuffler.

The little blue-bill, *Fuligula affinis*; with the same local names as are applied to the next preceding species, with the word little pre-posed.

The blue-necked duck, *Fuligula collaris*; sometimes improperly called blue-bill.

The golden eye duck, *Fuligula clangula*, also called garrot and whistle wing.

The buffle-headed duck, *Fuligula albeola*, also called butter-bill, spirit duck and dipper.

The Lake Haron scoter, *Fuligula bimaculata*, also called American black duck, and copper-crested.

Of our fish ducks we have three species—viz.:

The gosander, *Mergus mercanser*, also called merganser, fish duck and sheldrake.

The red-breasted merganser, *Mergus serrator*, also called fish duck and sheldrake.

The Hooded Merganser, *Mergus cionellatus*. Also called saw-billed diver.

This list embraces the more important species of the waterfowl that frequent Michigan marshes and waters, or that will

be likely to be captured by the duck shooting members of this association. Yet there is no doubt but others do occur, and we here beg the privilege of requesting members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association who may chance to secure any rare specimens of ducks or waders, or other birds, to send them with a statement of the time and place of capture and as near as may be the number of the same kind observed; also the color of the eyes, bill and feet when first taken. The specimens will be returned to the sender if desired. If we would all cultivate the habit of observing and carefully noting novelties, anomalies and unusual occurrences, it would add much to the interest of our sport, and would give us something to think of besides slaughter and a "big bag."

Your committee ask the further attention of the association for a few minutes while we review a portion of the report on nomenclature made last year, which was accepted, and the recommendations adopted, excepting that part pertaining to *Ortyx virginianus*, called at the north and partridge in the South. We do not propose to enter into a minute description of the three birds involved in this question, as they are too well known to intelligent sportsmen to require it. But we wish to submit a few generalizations. The name quail has been applied to the *Coturnix communis* for ages. No one disputes its correctness. It belongs to the European bird that has been quite largely introduced into this country within the last few years. It is equally true and undisputed that the quail, *Coturnix communis*, sometimes called "migratory" quail, is distinct from our American bird *Ortyx virginianus*, not only specifically but generically distinct. In habits these two birds differ as essentially as the barnyard fowl from the Guinea hen. It is manifestly improper to call two entirely different birds by the same name, and as the name quail properly and indisputably belongs to *Coturnix communis*, it certainly does not belong to *Ortyx virginianus*.

Again the name partridge as indistinctly belongs to *Perdix cinerea*. No one disputes it. Now, although *Ortyx* is nearer to *Perdix* than it is to *Coturnix*, yet it is likewise essentially different from the former. Ornithologists acknowledge it to be generically different. And as *Perdix* was christened partridge in the vernacular long before *Ortyx* was known to civilization, the name partridge as applied to him, it is not his. It is, it is manifestly improper to call two distinct birds by the same name. Therefore our *Ortyx* should not be called partridge. In the light of this simple logic we see why the controversy that has been so warmly carried on for years as to whether our bird should be called a quail or a partridge has been so entirely unsatisfactory. The simple fact is, he should not be called either—nor should he be either. The controversy has had just this much point at would a discussion of the question as to whether man should be called an ape or a baboon. He should not be called either, because he is neither.

Then what shall we call our *Ortyx*? The term Bob White has been proposed for him, and is occasionally used, but it is not euphonious, and does not seem to meet with favor. Although it is not improper as applied to him, it is not his either. It would be manifestly improper to say the California Bob White, and the mountain Bob White, etc. Their voices would belie the name. But the name recommended by your committee last year is not liable to any of these objections. It is euphonious, it is short, easily written and easily spoken, it is appropriate to all our American birds, of which has been called the quail goose, and is the appropriate name for the Virginia colin, the California colin, the mountain colin, the Messena colin, etc. Then again, the name *Cotix* has the right of priority. It was used in probably the earliest descriptions of our bird. It is given in both Webster's and Worcester's unabridged dictionaries as the name of our bird. Also in Chamber's Encyclopaedia, and in Henry Thornton Wharton's "List of British Birds," which is authoritative, we find "*Ortyx virginianus*—Virginia colin." It seems quite important that an undisputed name should be adopted for all our game, so that when they are named in our laws there will be no ambiguity about the meaning of those laws. We therefore respectfully recommend the adoption of *Cotix* as the vernacular or common name of *Ortyx virginianus*. All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. S. HOLMES,
J. C. PARKER,
A. J. HOLT.

Moved by Mr. Higby that the recommendations embodied in the report of the committee on nomenclature be adopted as the sense of this association. Carried.

MASTICATING POWER OF SNAKES.—A valued correspondent calls our attention to the fact that in a recent article on the rattlesnake, the blacksnake is reported to kill the former, and after "biting off his head" to swallow him.

It will be evident to any one familiar with the dentition of serpents that the feat mentioned is one which could never be performed. The teeth of snakes are used solely as aids to swallowing and enable the snake literally to crawl outside of its prey. A snake holds its victim and can puncture and scratch his food, but cannot masticate it.

The same writer notes that more than one well known authority on Natural History state that the rattlesnake is a tree climber. Our correspondent decidedly doubts the truth of this statement, and in this we believe him to be right. We think that the fact that the rattlesnake is not a tree climber is well established. Many of our readers, however, will remember Audubon's spirited plate of the rattlesnake attacking the nest of the mocking bird.

FOX FEEDING WITH RAVENS.—No. 4. Feb. 15.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: A few weeks ago two dogs chased a large buck on to the ice of one of the lakes near here and killed it. The carcass remaining on the ice soon attracted many ravens and foxes. Wishing to secure a raven for the purpose of having it mounted by a taxidermist, I thought this a good opportunity, so returned to the spot for that purpose. On approaching the place where the buck lay I saw five ravens taking their morning meal, but was much surprised to see a fox also with the ravens, all feasting upon the same carcass at the same time. They did not appear to have any enmity or fear of each other, but were all huddled together, and seemed only intent on securing a good meal, each requiring its share of the poor raven's yard associating with fowl; or is it common for them to mingle with carnivorous birds without any desire of molesting them? Can any of your numerous correspondents inform me.

C. FENTON.

The occurrence reported by Mr. Fenton, though unusual enough here in the East where the carcases of game animals are rarely permitted to lie on the ground, would not surprise any one used to hunting in winter in the country west of the Missouri River. It is no unusual thing in the Rocky Mountain region to see ravens, coyotes and foxes all feeding on the same carcass. Moreover, the wolf poisoners often find lying about an animal that they have put out as bait, gray wolves, coyotes, foxes, eagles, ravens and magpies. Hunger makes strange combinations.

We do not think that the fact that a fox does not attack a raven feeding with him on a deer is very remarkable. We should lose a considerable portion of our respect for the judgment and acuteness of Reynard if he were to waste his time in killing ravens when he had an opportunity to fill his belly with good deer meat.

PINE GROSBACK (*Pinicola enucleator*, (L.) V.) AND ROBIN (*Turdus migratorius*, L.) IN WINTER.—I am somewhat surprised to observe from the notes of certain correspondents that have been published in your columns of late that they consider the occurrence of the pine grosbeak during the winter months in the State of Maine and Massachusetts as something unusual. Their observations must surely be confined to the more cultivated and populous districts, which the birds rarely care to visit unless forced to do so by extreme severity of weather, from its usual haunts in the deep forest. It is quite a common bird in this Province all the winter, generally keeping in the woods, but in time of deep snow visits our gardens to feed upon the dried berries of the white pine and mountain ash. I also observe that the wintering of the robin in Maine is considered unusual. Here we have small flocks frequenting the spruce woods every winter, especially in Point Pleasant Park, a tract of a few hundred acres covered with spruce and pine, which forms the northeastern portion of our Halifax peninsula, and is washed by the waters of the harbor on both sides. I often perceive straggling robins about the shore and I have an idea that when berries fall short they try the shore at ebb tide for amphipods or any small marine invertebrates they can find.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 22. J. MATTHEWS JONES.

ELMIRA, N. Y., February 22.—I secured yesterday, the 21st inst., a young pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*) from a local hunter about a dozen miles from Elmira, on the edge of the evergreens in our grounds. This is the first specimen I have secured or observed in this locality during the last four years in which I have been a collector and observer of birds. They were very tame and fed on the trees close to the house, uttering a soft, plaintive note as they moved about.

E. B. GLEASON.

HOW CALIFORNIA QUAIL STAND COLL WEATHER.—On Sept. 30, 1880, the society received by mail, from San Francisco, (three pairs each of the mountain quail (*Oreortyx pictus*) and valley quail (*Lophortyx californicus*)). They were placed in outside aviaries, the sides and backs of which were of plank and the tops and fronts of wire netting. As they were exposed to a small wind on both sides, with one end entirely open, and placed in each aviary to serve as a hiding-place. When the cold weather commenced I felt no uneasiness about the mountain quail, as I had shot them in the Carson Valley, Nevada, in six inches of snow and the cold so intense that I got a frosted ear. About the valley quail I did not feel so sure, but determined to let them alone, and to-day they are all alive and in good condition. Three of the mountain quail killed themselves by floundering, the remainder are doing well, but remain as shy and wild as when first received. Therefore I cannot agree with "Chico," who says: "There is no doubt about it, the birds (valley quail) cannot stand the cold weather." If it has not been cold this winter I would like to know the definition of the word.

Zoological Garden, Cincinnati. FRANK J. THOMPSON.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS FOR PHILADELPHIA.—Some time since Mr. A. B. Brown, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, at Fairmount Park, purchased the female hippopotamus which last year was such an attractive feature of Cooper & Bailey's Circus.

The animal is now at the Central Park menagerie, in this city, where it will remain until the advent of warm weather. It will probably be sent to Philadelphia in May.

A Philadelphia paper thus describes the quarters which it is to inhabit at Fairmount Park:

The unwieldy creature, when received here, will be placed in the elephant house, where a cage has been prepared next to that of the rhinoceros. It is a roomy apartment, formerly occupied by the giraffes, but has undergone considerable alteration. A division has been made in the centre and one-half the inclosure converted into a tank, which will hold seven feet of water. The bottom has been cemented and along the sides of brick are steam pipes, with which the water will be kept at a certain temperature. At the rear end is a platform, which leads from the tank to a platform above, covering the other portion of the inclosure.

SPRING NOTES.—Saw first blackbirds in large numbers January 80; since then our section is immersed in another cold wave, which will make them wish they had remained a little longer in the land of Dixie.

W. N. B.
Buffalo, N. Y.—The first robin of the season was noticed here this morning, February 24, at 8 A. M., while the thermometer was four degrees above zero. The bird was by no means subdued, but sang cheerily.

CHARLES LINDEN.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING.—Lockport, N. Y.—I noticed "Anon's" inquiry for shooting goggles. I thought he would find relief by using spectacles framed with a very low "nose piece." If he wears straight "temples," for an experiment he can put them on upside-down. If he uses "riding temple" (which he should do while shooting), he will have to get frames made to order with low nose pieces. If his eyes are both alike he can have frames made with double nose piece—one long and one short. Sometimes persons affected with myopia require lenses of different focus, when the latter frames would not answer. If "Anon" finds any relief by the above suggestion I hope he will acknowledge it in *FOREST AND STREAM* for the benefit of many of its readers similarly afflicted.

J. L. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOREST AND STREAM'S pamphlet on the "Dittmar Sporting Powder" having been exhausted, a second is now ready. Copies will be mailed free upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

- Sept. 23, 1880—"The Dittmar Sporting Powder."
- Sept. 30, 1880—Eviding Detonation.
- Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."
- Dec. 3, 1880—The Dittmars' Abracadabra.

HOUNDING DEER.—Three communications on this subject are deferred until next week. The discussion promises to be an interesting one. The points on which the experience of deer hunters is asked are as follows:

- 1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
- 2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
- 4th. Describe in like manner still-hunting and its effects.
- 5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would residents sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would they object to it?
- 7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
- 8th. What is the open season for deer?
- 9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?

"FLORATION CAMP, OR THE RIFLE, ROD AND GUN IN CALIFORNIA," is the title of Mr. T. S. Van Dyke's excellent book, a review of which will be given next week. We can supply the book at \$1.50.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

[Tuesday Session, Continued from Page 40.]

THE Secretary's annual report gives the best of evidence that the Association is gaining the estimation of the people of the State, and thereby largely increasing its opportunities of usefulness. We give the greater part of the report as follows:

TO THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION:—Reviewing the work done by this association the past year, your Secretary would join with you in mutual congratulations upon the unmistakable evidences of the result of our work, which present themselves on every hand. Notwithstanding the increased edition, the demand for copies of our annual book for 1880 has been greater than ever before, so that of the 2,000 books published I am able to report but seventy-five copies left for future demands. This little missionary for good has been sought for far and wide, and wherever it has gone a better public sentiment is sure to follow. The past year has witnessed a marked change in public sentiment generally in relation to this association and its objects, and in no way is this more plainly manifested than in the discriminating and commendatory notices received from the State press. To our staunch friends, the leading newspapers, including the sportsmen's journals, our allies and supporters in the dissemination of knowledge and the overthrow of ignorant prejudice concerning this association, we return grateful thanks for their appreciative and encouraging utterances during the past year. It is but a few years since the term "sportsman" was considered in this State a synonym for all that was lazy and irresponsible, not to say dishonest and immoral—a gambler or vagabond without the pale of good society. There are too many so-called "sportsmen" still who but too closely fill this description, but thanks to the men of character and influence, who have stood at the helm of this association since its organization, and to our friends everywhere, the public have grown to recognize a vast difference between a "sportsman" and a "sporting man."

From a small beginning the Michigan Sportsmen's Association has grown to be an acknowledged State institution, respected and commended for its spirit of humanity, friendship and protection toward our game animals, birds and fishes, while its sincerity of purpose is no longer doubted. From friends and strangers in the East, West, North and South have come voluntary words of praise and encouragement for the good that is being achieved and the faithful manner in which this society lives up to its professions and the purposes of its organization. It is not with any feeling of vanity or vain glory I recall the many complimentary words that have been spoken of this body since its last meeting, but rather with a feeling of thankfulness and deep satisfaction that the disinterestedness and sincerity of purpose, or, in other words, the spirit of the greatest good to the whole race, which actuates each and all of us, has succeeded in making its influence felt, not only at home, but far beyond the confines of the peninsula State. Your Secretary has kept no record of the number of letters answered the past year, but they must amount to several hundred. Information has been asked upon every conceivable subject, and sometimes a stamp for reply was also sent. Several requests have been made for a form of constitution and by-laws for game protection clubs, both in and out of the State, which suggests that it would be desirable to have printed an approved form of articles of organization for the use of auxiliary clubs that may be formed. About 1,000 circulars for different purposes were printed during the year and mailed.

Our book for the current year promises to be larger and better than any of its predecessors, and judging from the material now in sight, will comprise two hundred pages or more, or about double in size the book of last year, while the edition will be doubtless increased to 2,500 copies.

This will enable us to carry out a plan we had arranged for the past year, but which, failed owing to the great demand for copies, viz., the sending of a copy of our book for 1881 to the editor of every newspaper in both peninsulas, on the line of and north of the Flint & Pere Marquette R. R. These pioneer papers, the molders of public sentiment in their respective localities, could they receive even a copy of this book, would soon become disabused of the erroneous idea which so many

of them advance, that this association is endeavoring to secure game legislation for the benefit of a favored few at the expense of the hardy pioneer and actual settlers. And the co-operation of the settlers on the frontier of our pineries will never be secured until they can be made to see the wisdom of stringent laws to preserve for years to come this abundant food supply, to themselves and their families, against the wasteful slaughter of their neighbors or outsiders, and until they learn that the members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association are the best friends they have, and not their enemies.

The outlook for our usefulness was never more encouraging. The public is becoming aroused to the importance of protecting and preserving the noble denizens of our forests from the insatiate rapacity of outside market hunters, and the feudal waste of beasts in human form, for the paltry shillings the hide may bring, kill during nine months in the year, and leave to rot on the ground the entire carcass of the noblest animal that roams the Michigan forests.

For years we have labored assiduously, expended time and money to no small extent, to procure a code of laws for the protection of game and fishes, that would wisely perpetuate to us and to our children, the finny, feathered and antlered tribes with which we are bound to Creator, and with so largely we had stocked our forest and fields, and our lakes and streams. Let us hope that the near future may bring the consummation of our cherished plans. H. B. ROZEY, Sec.

REPORT OF THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Your publishing committee would respectfully report as follows: They procured the publication by the "Saginaw Courier Company" of 2,000 copies of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association's third annual book, containing the transactions in full of the fifth annual session at Bay City, Feb. 3 and 4, 1880, the game laws, etc., at a cost of \$1.50 per page. The book contained 116 pages, making the total cost of publication \$174. To meet this expense, advertisements were secured amounting to \$175.50, entirely paying for the edition of 2,000 copies and leaving a surplus of \$1.50, which was applied on expense account for stationery, circulars, etc.

The books were distributed as follows, in every instance a circular being sent requesting the recipient to distribute them with judgment and without delay:

St. Johns	25	Evart	12
Saginaw City	50	Delta	20
Eastland	5	Monroe	6
Eaton Rapids	6	East Saginaw	100
Pokagon	100	Indian Point	10
Grand Rapids and Western Michigan	375	Dowagiac	12
Hovell	40	Metcalfe	40
Jackson and Grass Lake	50	Orleans	12
Coldwater	7	One to every fish commissioner in the United States	100
Detroit	12	State Legislature	150
Bay City and vicinity	115	Sent to State press, sportsmen's papers in England and articles and notices in sporting journals throughout Michigan, the U. States, Canada and Great Britain	339
St. Clemens	30	On hand	75
Lansing	25		
Port Huron	12		
Traverse City	25		
Detroit	50		
Flint	50		
Marquette	12	Total	2,000

Two hundred and fifty circulars soliciting advertisements for the book were printed at an expense of \$1.25 and the cost included in the Secretary's bill of expenditures.

Respectfully submitted, H. B. ROZEY, D. R. BROWN, C. M. NORRIS, Publishing Committee.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION—JAN. 26, 1881.

The chairman of the Missionary Committee, Mr. S. A. McLean, of Bay City, made the following report of the Missionary Committee:

"Owing to the late appointment of this committee we were unable to put into execution the plans agreed upon at Bay City last year, and owing to the unwillingness of the majority of the committee to do and we have practically ineffective. We have made some progress, however, and would recommend the following as one of the ways of making our laws more effective."

Mr. Higby, of Jackson, another member of the Missionary Committee, and chairman of the Committee on Enforcement, then read the following, as a joint report for both committees:

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

This association is organized for the purpose of securing the enforcement of the law and effective laws for the protection at proper times, of wild game of fur, fin and feather.

While this association has been diligent the past six years in preparing and presenting wise and judicious amendments to our game laws, it occurs to me that we have lost sight of, either directly or indirectly, one of the principal objects—the protection, at proper time, as before mentioned.

Gentlemen of the association, now is the time. Then let us cast about, one with another, that the best means may be devised for protection at proper times. There can be no better method than the enforcement of the law. We should not stop to scrutinize. A weak law, well enforced, is far more beneficial than a radical one by default. If we fail in so doing we belie one of the express objects of this association.

It is useless for me to enjoin upon you the great necessity of immediate action in this direction. There is not a gentleman upon this floor who does not see the wanton and wholesale destruction of every species of game in and out of season.

It lies within the power of this association to say: "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther." I think I have not overdrawn the estimate. Let us fight it out on this line if it takes all winter.

The most effective way would be to establish a State game warden, an officer independent of any police or other measure—with salary sufficient to make it effective, with power to appoint one or more deputies in every county in the State, and to remove for disability or incompetency. In order to bring this matter properly before this convention I have prepared and hereby offer the following resolution:

WHEREAS, this organization is organized for the purpose of securing the enforcement of judicious and effective laws for the protection, at proper times, of wild game of fur, fin and feather; and WHEREAS, for want of proper protection by enforcement of the laws, the game birds and beasts are becoming depopulated by wanton and wholesale slaughter; and

WHEREAS, it becomes an important duty of this association to consider the means by which we are to protect, by making some special provision for the enforcement of the law; therefore

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the President to confer with the State Warden and his deputies, and to advise the appointment of a State Game Warden, thereby creating an independent office, with salary sufficient to make it effective, said Game Warden to have power to appoint one or more deputies in every

county in the State, and to remove the same for disability or incompetency. The said committee of three to prepare and draft a bill defining the duties of the State Warden and his deputies; also the amount of compensation and manner of paying the same.

On motion the report was accepted, and the resolution looking to the appointment of a State Game Warden adopted. Action was introduced by Mr. A. J. Kenney, and was carried, as follows:

Resolved, That the Legislative committee be and are hereby instructed to draft a section of the recommended game bill for the consideration of this association to prevent the shooting and killing of game in this State on Sunday, and providing for the arrest of offenders against the same.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LAWS FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME ANIMALS OF FUR AND FEATHER, AND INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

To the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.—Gentlemen: Your committee "On laws for the protection of game animals of fur and feather, and insectivorous birds" beg leave to report as follows:

We have put our recommendations largely in a practical shape, and herewith submit to the consideration of the association drafts of two bills prepared for enactment. These bills upon a comparison with existing laws show the changes proposed thereto.

The object of the first bill is to amend the provisions of existing statutes.

The object of the second is to define the purpose for which game may be killed, and to prevent the killing of the same, or the shipment of the same if killed, for any use or purpose not permitted by law.

The association at its meeting in 1880 substantially passed the consideration of the subject referred to your committee until this session of the association. And these proposed bills are an outgrowth of the bill which met the approval of this association in its meeting of 1879, improved, it is hoped, by amendments, mainly suggested by considerations which have arisen since that session.

And we take occasion to say here respecting the amendments proposed that they do not in any sense embody ideas original with your committee, for they may all be found embodied by able argument in the published proceedings of this association for the years 1878, 1879 and 1880, and we hereby thank the assistance derived from reading and considering the said proceedings, and hope we have embodied the ideas already advanced in a practicable shape for successful enactment. The necessity of their enactment needs no argument at our hands. A stronger argument than we can present is the knowledge which every member of this association has that our game, particularly our deer, are meeting with wholesale slaughter, largely to supply the pockets of non-resident market hunters who hunt in other States for sport, in Michigan for the market, and to enrich non-resident game dealers and tickle the palates of non-resident epicures. In fact, it may not be considered as stating the question too strongly to state that the above causes account for the greater portion of the unnecessary killing of deer.

A word as to the changes and the reasons for the same made in the bill of 1879, which, with the exception of a few purely verbal changes, are as follows: First, so much of the said bill as relates to elk is stricken out, for the reason that an act of the legislature of 1879 prohibits the killing of elk for ten years from the passage of that act.

Second. The amendment proposed by that bill to section ten of the existing law is dropped, and an additional clause drawn by Judge Holmes, of Bay City, is added to section one as amended, to take the place of said amendment to section ten. We call special attention to this valuable amendment.

Third. The subject of the shipment of game from the State is eliminated from the bill and we indulge in the hope that the purpose of the clause on that subject is more fully met by the second bill herewith reported to this association.

The object of this second bill as well as the first, and indeed of the existing game laws, is to preserve and protect game.

There is nothing better settled than the position that laws enacted with such an object will be upheld as constitutional, unless they contain provisions which are unconstitutional for other reasons.

Is the second of these bills unconstitutional? It has been decided that a law which prohibited the shipment of game, lawfully killed, was unconstitutional, and it may be urged that the bill is unconstitutional upon the same reasoning. Weaving the point as to whether our Supreme Court would make the same decision on a similar law, the bills are clearly distinguishable on principle. And the bill proposed by me, I think, be upheld by our Supreme Court, if enacted and called in question.

The following positions are well settled and have been sustained and declared constitutional by the highest courts of the land, viz.:

(1) It is permissible for the Legislature by legislation to entirely prohibit the killing of any given species of game, or any species of wild bird or animal.

(2) The Legislature may likewise define, limit, shorten or lengthen the time in which any species of wild game may be killed.

(3) The Legislature may prohibit the killing of all of any given species of game, animals, fish or birds under a certain given age or size, or prohibit the killing of any but males of a given age. There are numerous instances of such laws on the statute books in various States.

(4) Statutes prohibiting the killing or capture of given species of game and wild animals in a certain manner declared to be by such act unlawful, have often been held constitutional.

(5) An act prohibiting the having in possession of birds of a kind specified in the act has been upheld even when it appeared that the birds in question had been lawfully killed in the open season either in the State where the stub was brought, or some other State.

The principle on which such decisions could have been and doubtless were largely based as applied to our own State, may be stated thus: It is within the constitutional power of time in which, the manner by which and the purposes for which, wild game and wild animals may be killed; and to make unlawful the prohibited killing, or the having in possession, or the transportation of such as have been unlawfully killed.

Under the bill proposed there can be no lawful killing for any purpose except: (1) For within the constitutional power of the State, it will, we think, be a presumption of law that dead game in the possession of parties, consigned to parties out of

the State, or actually being transported out of the State, will be presumed to have been killed for that purpose. That the bill can be improved we have no doubt, and we hope it will be considered by the association for that especial purpose. It may be by the association deemed best to amend the bill by adding to it provisions which shall provide—

(1.) That it shall be *prima facie* evidence of the fact that game has been killed for other than its proper purpose to find it in the possession of persons, consigned to persons, or being carried out of the State.

(2.) Providing for the confiscation of game consigned to parties, or being carried out of the State.

As to what species of game shall be inserted in the blanks in the said bill herewith submitted, whether other than deer, such as ruffed grouse, quails or graylarks, for instance, we submit to the good judgment of the association.

A general revision of the game laws, including a condensation and simplification of the same, and an improvement in many items of detail, for instance, inserting the correct scientific name of each species or kind of game protected, defining the meaning of "close season," "open season," etc., is desirable. It has not been attempted by our committee, for the following reasons: The suggestions herein proposed embody radical changes and additions to existing laws, some of which are of a radical nature, and it is desirable that a part of these changes be enacted if all of them cannot be placed on the statute books.

Such a revision, embodying all of these suggestions and a simplification and condensation of all existing statutes, might fail to become a law, when all or nearly all of the same, if separately presented on their own merits, might be enacted. An such revision might be vetoed after its passage by the Legislature for a single objectionable clause—the bill would be no stronger than its weakest point.

Revision is the proper course, when no radical changes are contemplated, and simplification and condensation are the main objects. But separate and independent acts which can be separated and independently considered and acted upon are the proper mediums for engraving new and material amendments on existing laws.

Respectfully submitted,
C. L. COLLINS,
R. J. BERRY.

(Judge Shaw, of Eaton Rapids, the second member of the committee, was not in attendance at the convention.)

The drafts of the two bills, as reported by the committee, were then read by sections and full and extended discussion followed and was participated in by nearly every person present.

The result of this discussion were the following changes from existing and recommended laws adopted by the association, viz:—

1. Making the legal season for killing deer uniform as to time in both peninsulas, on the ground that the climatic differences between the two sections were not sufficient to warrant the legal season in the upper peninsula opening six weeks in advance of that in the lower peninsula.
2. Striking out the words "buck, doe or fawn" and inserting the words "deer, *Cervus virginianus*," it being held that the correct scientific name was essential to indisputable clearness.
3. Opening the legal woodcock season upon August 1, instead of July 5.
4. The interdiction of the killing of any prairie chicken until after September 1, 1883.
5. The commencement of the legal coon or quail season upon November 1, instead of October 1.
6. The prohibition of shooting from batteries and sink-boxes.
7. The prohibition of shooting ducks after sundown.
8. Allowing but five days for the transportation of game after the expiration of the legal season, instead of fifteen, on eight days in which to sell or expose for sale, instead of fifteen.
9. Prohibiting the taking or killing, save for the purpose of consumption as food, within the limits of the State, any deer, ruffed grouse, coon or quail, pinnated grouse, wild turkeys, speckled trout and grayling except such as are the product of private ponds or hatcheries or State or United States hatcheries.
10. The prohibition of killing deer in water in any of the ponds, lakes or streams in the State.

The bill of the Secretary for expenditures since September 13, for \$17,061, and bill of the President for expenditures, \$19,36, were allowed and ordered paid.

[To Be Continued.]

GAME AND SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND is a country where a good deal of genuine sport may be had. Sparsely populated by fishermen, who reside near the coast, its vast interior abounds with wild animals, the chase of which often provides splendid sport to the hunter. Large herds of caribou (*Cervus tarandus*), a species of reindeer, still roam comparatively unharmed through its glades and woodlands, their only enemy, besides man, being wolves, which must be pretty numerous in the island, though our knowledge of the latter is very meagre. The flesh of these deer furnishes the choicest venison, pronounced infinitely superior to that of the moose or elk. Nova Scotia and other parts of the North American continent by persons who have shot and eaten of both. Our caribou is not nearly so large an animal as the latter, the maximum weight of a fat stag being about four hundred pounds, while the bull moose reaches double that.

Sporting gentlemen from Great Britain come to this country every fall to hunt the deer, and among others, we have had more than one visit from the sporting and distinguished author of "The Great Divide."

It has sometimes (whether rightly or wrongly) been laid to their charge that, not content with satisfying the demands of legitimate sport, they have slaughtered in some cases many head of deer that could not be utilized as food, these animals being most frequently shot in parts of the island, to and from which there are no means of transport save the backs of those who may happen to form the hunting party.

I regret to say that our own people do not always discriminate between what is rational and what is waston in dealing with the caribou, for it is said that large numbers have been slain for their skins in some parts of the island remote from settlement, those skins and antlers having a small commercial value.

There can be no question that deer-stalking in this country affords the sport, but requires stout thews and some means to prosecute it thoroughly, owing to the rugged physical character of the country and the absence of facilities of communication between the various parts of the interior and the

seacoast. A set of antlers of an old stag caribou is a trophy fit to adorn the halls of the palace of a king.

The Mac Indians, who have a small colony in one of the southwestern bays of the island, are generally employed by deer-hunters as guides and porters, being best qualified for their knowledge of the interior, acquired in their constant pursuit of hunting and trapping, which they have nearly all to themselves.

It would be more than a pity if those noble animals should ever become extinct from indiscriminate slaughter or other cause. Each successive year the army of hunters, still very small, appears to increase, and the number of deer which they have already occupied the field seem to simulate others to prove themselves as doughty Nimrods as those who preceded them. These agencies, in concert with the exploration of the island now going on, and its future opening up and settlement, will, at some future time, accomplish the extermination of the deer of Newfoundland.

It would be surprising to be able to form a tolerably accurate idea of the number of deer remaining throughout the country. The area of Newfoundland is about 42,000 square miles and the population dwell along the coast line, in scarcely any case more than half a dozen miles from the salt water, so that the vast interior still remains almost a *terra incognita*, through which many herds of deer may range in safety and undisturbed from year's end to year's end. It has been supposed by the number who have been shot, but whether it was becoming very much reduced, by a friend and writer, who crossed the island the summer before last, told me he was informed by two of his Indian guides that in the preceding spring they had seen, from a rising ground on the southwestern part of the island, deer passing north in thousands; that they had leisurely watched their migration, which could not possibly have been observed for hours.

Such being the case, there need be no apprehension of their extinction for many years if ruthless slaughter be avoided and practical protective legislation be brought to bear against it.

St. Johns, N. F. TERRA NOVA.

THE PAST SHOOTING SEASON IN VIRGINIA.

NEVER has the season in this portion of Virginia opened with better promise of a good supply of birds, and never have sportsmen as a general rule been more bitterly disappointed. The disappointment, however, cannot be put to the birds themselves, for a source that in these favored localities we are hardly accustomed to, and which is usually manly, the unprecedented and relentless severity with which the weather dashed hopes and plans to the ground.

To many sportsman this quail season has been an absolute blank. Those whom business arrangements compelled to pin their faith on December or January, which in an ordinary year is perfectly safe thing to do, were almost entirely cut off; while in November and December, when the birds are usually ever made its name dear to the sportsman, that the latter end of it, which the writer devoted to his annual hunt with a small party in the counties of Pittsylvania, Halifax and Campbell, produced less than one-half of the birds per gun that under exactly similar circumstances and over similar grounds the last three years have done. The week's shooting in November and December produced only 400 quails per gun. The same week in '79 to the same three counties 400. The same week in '80 to the same three counties 400. The same week in '81 to the same three counties 400. The same week in '82 to the same three counties 400. The same week in '83 to the same three counties 400. 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He nearly jumps out of the boat, and levels his gun. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! That's not a beaver," whispers the guide. Slowly he lowers his gun, tries in vain to draw a long breath, and wonders how in the devil a beaver can kick up such a commotion as that. He is just beginning to breathe regularly again, and his heart doesn't jump often than every sixth beat, when all of a sudden—"Slopp-quork-quork," and he just gets a glimpse of something he is sure is a moose. Up goes the gun again. "Hold on, that's not a crane, it's a moose," says the guide. The gun is again lowered, and a little more than half a minute follows.

Time and canoe pass along and for a time he sees and hears nothing. He is beginning to ache a little in his cramped position, is not sitting just right and carefully lays his gun across the gunwale of the canoe just ahead of him, places his elbows on the same and shifts his position a little; after waiting a minute or two, that does not feel just right and he changes back again. Soon he draws up one leg, then the straightens out again. The guide whispers: "You've got to quit that if you want to get anything." He then sits still for a few minutes, which seems like hours to him. Occasionally he finds his eyes closed, try hard as he will to keep them open. He tips his head back, looks at the sky and makes up his mind that it is going to rain and that there won't be any deer to-night. He drops his head and makes a few more nods, then turning half round toward the stern, places his gun and eyes up to the corner of the canoe and whispers loudly: "I think its going to rain, hadn't you better go to camp?" The guide whispers back: "No 'tain't, neither. Lets hold on a little while longer; I'll bet there will be one in inside of an hour." The hunter straightens himself round again, squirms down into the bottom of the boat a little snigger and says to himself that "he will bet there won't be one in the next six years. He is soon nodding again, and at length his head tips forward again and does not come back again—his round asleep.

After a while the guide hears a deer and gently shakes the canoe, the signal agreed upon to let the hunter know that that's a deer and not a muskrat; but his man feels it not. Again he shakes; but with the same result. He then draws his paddle silently from the water, leans forward and gives the hunter two or three good pokes in the back with it. This brings him back to earth again and the guide softly whispers: "I hear a deer." After some hesitation the hunter or picks up his gun and makes ready.

The guide begins to work the canoe slowly toward the head of a little cove. Soon the nipping of a lilypond is heard, and the splash, splash, splash of some heavy animal walking in the water. The hunter hears it, and he cannot draw a long steady breath to save his life. He finds that the canoe as well as himself is shaking. He ain't scared, but he is awful cold. The animal stops walking, but the canoe glides slowly along toward the place whence the sound proceeded, and after a little stops. The hunter strains his eyes but can see nothing. At length the guide whispers, "Can't you see that deer right straight ahead, not two rods off?" He won't stand there more than a year longer." Still the hunter does not see him. He changes his gun a little and accidentally hits the breech against the side of the canoe, then something which he had seen all the time, but had no idea it was a deer, gives a jump and a snort. He sees him now and he looks bigger than a meeting-house. The hunter blazes away without getting the butt of his gun near his shoulder and shoots a limb off a tree above ten feet above the deer. The deer bounds away into the bushes and the hunter lets drive with his second barrel, if anything a little straighter into the air than the first.

Up the side of the mountain goes the deer snorting at every bound. The guide now suggests that they might as well go to camp, while the hunter, as he is paddled back to camp, would give his best breech-loader for a chimney to try that over again. He has had his first night's experience in floating, seen a deer, and it did not look a bit as he expected it was going to, and he has also had a very fair touch of the "meek fever."

The above I have given as nearly as possible in the exact language used by the lecturer, that you might gain some idea of the value of these lectures, as he was very careful to give a clear and detailed account of each separate topic taken during the course.

By the way, my friend and former guide of the Coburn House, Eustis, Me., Mr. O. A. Hutchins is to have a cook at his large camp at King and Bartlett Pond, and is to furnish sportsmen with board, lodgings and the use of boats, all for \$125 per day, which is wonderfully cheap, considering that he has to transport his provisions six miles through the woods on a sled, over the new roads opened by himself and fellow-guides last fall, a description of which I sent you last September and which appeared in your issue of September 9, 1880. Trusting that this may be found worthy a place in your columns, I remain, E. D. Hyde Park, Mass.

DAKOTA GAME.

I VERY much fear that the quail in Dakota and some of the adjacent States and Territories will be completely exterminated by the extreme cold and snow that covers our prairies from a foot to eighteen inches deep on a level.

Reports come from all directions that whole coveys of quail are being frozen to death. Prairie chickens are also frozen to death, but I do not anticipate that any large number of chickens will perish from either cold or starvation, because, in the first place, they are a hardy bird and can endure an extreme degree of cold and, secondly, because large fields of corn remain ungathered in this territory and the prairie chickens need no invitation to help themselves. If, however, Vannor's prophecy of eleven feet of snow should be fulfilled (and at this writing it looks that way, judging from the manner in which it is falling) pinnated grouse will be scarce in Dakota next year.

We have had a severe fight in our Legislative Assembly to kill a bill presented by a granger allowing hunting, trapping, snaring, etc., of prairie chickens, quail, etc., for shipment and market purposes. I am happy to be able to record the fact that half an hour ago that bill was defeated by a decisive vote.

I am not ashamed to say that I lobbied against this infamous measure with all my ability. Our Territorial Game Protective Association requested me to draft a more stringent act than the present law, which, although admirable so far as it goes, does not cover the whole ground. I have done so, but the average legislator is scarcely educated up to the point of perfect game and fish protection, as understood by the most advanced associations, and I fear that bill will not be adopted. If not, we shall try again at the next session.

Our markets are filled with jack rabbits, many of them with hair or fur white as snow.

The depth of snow prevents the bringing in of deer and antelope. Usually at this time our markets are glutted.

Preservation of deer, antelope, jack rabbits, etc., will soon become a necessity with our people. In 1870 Dakota had less than 15,000 people; by the census of last spring she had over 135,000, increased to, by this time, probably 150,000. Naturally the destruction of game has been, and will in the future be, correspondingly larger as the population increases. I. E. W.

Fankton, Dakota, Feb. 14.

[Dakota, in common with the other Western States and Territories, must before long adopt stringent laws to limit the market exportation of game. The Territorial Game Protective Association will find that they must take the lead and be prepared for persistent and determined effort.]

HOW TO AIM THE HUNTING RIFLE WITH OPEN SIGHTS.

IN order to more clearly explain this mysterious subject, let us take four shots with an average hunting rifle and partially point out the course pursued by the ball along the range, that we may note the standing errors of the rifle as they appear in a drawing of the trajectory. The same elevation and charge will be used. I select for my illustrations the 100 yards range, because, by common consent, this is the most important all for general purposes, and I will here add that to this range the open sights of the hunting rifle should be accurately trained and firmly fastened to the barrel. When once well adjusted they should not be altered, but remain as standard sight.

100 YARDS. At this point blank range let the rifle be aimed with a fine sight at the centre of the bullseye and fired, and let the centre be struck. By this shot the exact conditions of the best sight for the rifle are attained. The wind here being on the centre, and the centre struck, this constitutes a true point blank shot. The novice with the rifle, in making this shot, would exclaim: "My rifle holds up right on the centre and shoots as straight as a line!" This exclamation is not surprising, for from this shot alone it would appear that the rifle does shoot straight. This calls for another shot.

8 YARDS. Now let the position of the target be changed to about 8 yards from the piece and let the centre of the bullseye be fired at with the same fine sight as at 100 yards. The ball will strike the centre at this short distance the same as at 100 yards, because at 8 yards is the near point blank; it is here that the ball, in ascending from the muzzle of the piece, first cuts the line of sight. But this point blank is not the one recognized in science. The recognized one is at the end of the range, where the ball, in its descent, cuts the line of sight the second time. The 100-yard shot affords an example of this. The novice, in making this 8-yards shot, will exclaim: "You see that my rifle carries straight to the centre again!" From these two shots, made with the same fine sight, it would appear as if the rifle did shoot straight. But this is a common delusion which I wish to expose by a clear analysis of the subject. These two shots present the following important truths, which should be recognized by every one who professes to shoot the rifle understandingly, for they are strictly in accordance with the laws which govern all rifle shooting:

First. That the rifle which makes a centre shot (or "holds up") at the end of the range will also make another centre shot (or "hold up") near the piece. The principle is general. The near point blank will all occur within the extreme limit of about 30 yards. This limit has regard to rifles sighted high with peep and globe sights. For hunting rifles with low sights the limit is about 50 yards. It is a quantity which varies with different guns and charges. Near points blank vary in distance from the piece with the elevation; the greater the elevation the closer to the piece is the near point blank, as, for instance, it is about 1 yard distant under an elevation for 1,000 yards, while under a low elevation it vanishes at 30 yards.

Second. That the same uniform sight, whether it be fine or coarse, is required for both distances, 8 and 100 yards, in order to strike the centre. The principle is general.

This fundamental truth shows why the rifle, with the same aim, will kill a little sparrow when near by as well as at 100 yards away. At both distances the bullet cuts the line of sight, hence the two centre shots. Thus far in our experiments the rifle appears to carry straight, therefore another shot becomes necessary.

55 YARDS. Now let the target be removed to 55 yards from the stand. This distance is selected because at about 55-100 of the range the greatest error in the flight of the ball occurs. Let the rifle be aimed and fired as before, with the same fine sight on the centre of the bullseye; the bullet will not strike the centre as before at 8 and 100 yards. It will strike about two inches above it, measuring always from the centre of the bullet-hole; and mark, these two inches are a standing error of the rifle at this particular point of the range.

By this shot the novice with the rifle will learn that the rifle does not shoot straight; no, not for one yard. The standing error of the rifle is practically the same for 50 and 60 yards, for the path of the ball along this range very closely approximates to a straight line. At 30 and 50 yards the standing error is about one and a half inches, and from these points the errors diminish to zero, both at the near point blank 8 yards, and at the true point blank 100 yards. To correct these errors of shooting too high a finer sight (than the standard) is required along mid range than for the first 30 and the last 20 yards of the range. We thus see that the aiming requires to be varied to "counter" the fact that the game is off "to the right." The trajectory changes in curvature at every point, and strictly speaking, the aiming should change with it, but in practice this is impossible, nor is it always necessary. Between the two points blank, a distance of 92 yards, the rifle shoots too high, and this fundamental truth explains why, in our misses of game, we shoot over instead of under four times out of five. The prevalent belief and common rule for aiming is to take a "coarser" sight the farther the game is off "to the right." The consequence is that millions of game have escaped with their lives. The very essence of this article is to point out a remedy for this great evil of shooting over.

We have now shown how the rifle shoots when the ball cuts the line of sight, also when it is above it. It now remains to be shown how it shoots when the ball is below the line of sight. It is below it until, under the elevation of the piece, the rifle strikes the true point blank. If the shooter could see the bullet at this instant its centre would exactly cover the centre of the bullseye a hundred yards away; it

would eclipse it. After this it would be seen to rise a little above the line of sight, then to fall and approach it, and lastly to merge with it in the centre of the bullseye. Thus we have a true point blank shot, while the barrel points nearly 9½ inches above the centre of the target.

1 YARD.—If the rifle be aimed and shot as before at the target placed at but 1 yard from the piece, the ball will strike below the centre of the bullseye, varying in distance according to the construction of the rifle, whether it have high or low sights, or a thick or thin barrel. No practical aim, however coarse, will enable one to make a centre shot so near the piece. If such a centre were made, the elevation of the piece would have to be so great (as in Creedmoor shooting) that it would produce a point blank nearly 1,000 yards off, for every near point blank, be it remembered, has always its counter-part, the true point blank. From this shot the novice will again see that the rifle does not "shoot straight." We see that it shoots too low near the piece, hence a coarse sight must be taken here in order to get the best shooting possible. We all aspire to this, therefore we should know exactly how it is to be reached.

Beyond the Range.—Beyond the range the ball is found below the line of sight, and lower and lower as the distance increases. To correct these standing errors of shooting too low, we must sight coarser and coarser or aim higher and higher, the farther the object is off. All sportsmen will readily agree in this respect.

Having now quite fully shown the path of the ball along the line of sight, which I make the prominent line in this article, as it truly should be, I will next embody some primary rules, which if followed in practice will give the very best results.

First. To avoid shooting over a finer sight than the standard is always required at about 55-100 of the range than at any other point in it.

This same sight may safely be used also between 40 and 70 yards, since the trajectory is very flat.

Second. The same uniform sight used at all distances up to 100 yards will give no greater error at any point than the greatest error of the rifle (two inches in this case). Bro.—The greatest error of the rifle is known, the same uniform sight may be used throughout the range, unless a finer sight is necessary to obtain the desired result.

On large objects such as deer and turkey a finer sight is not necessary, but on smaller ones, as the squirrel, robin, crow and hawk, it will be if they are at mid range.

Fourth. In hunting the same uniform fine sight may generally be used within the first 30 yards, and also at a distance of from 80 to 100 yards.

This is because the standing errors (1.50 and 1.40) of the rifle at these distances vary from only about 1¼ inch to zero, and hence may be entirely disregarded unless the game is very small.

SUMMARY. The sight should be coarse very near the piece (within 8 yards), changing to fine at 8 yards, which is the near point blank; then to very fine at 55 yards, which is the point of greatest error; from this to fine at 100 yards, the true point blank; and from there to coarse and coarser, the further the object is off.

Different rifles produce different errors, but the distance differences to be very small at this short range. They will all fall between 1¼ and 2½ inches, which is the greatest error at 55 yards. This includes the military, long range, mid range, express and all good hunting rifles, which I suppose to be well loaded.

There are two methods of aiming the rifle among sportsmen: One by changing the sight isken from fine to coarse and vice versa, and the other by not changing the sights, but by aiming higher or lower on the object. Which of these modes is the best I will not pretend to decide; each has its advocates. For myself, I never vary the sight, but aim higher or lower as the case may require.

I have omitted to state that 52-100 yards approximately should be used in the range where the trajectory is the highest and 55-100 the point of greatest error.

The distances I have given above are approximately correct, but will vary slightly under different conditions.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Feb. 14. Maj. H. W. MERRILL.

CORRECTION.—The words "blank range" in the second line of my definition for "point blank range," in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3, are superfluous and should be omitted.

HINTS ON URBAN SHOOTING.—Chicago, Ill.—I have a well-trained French poodle dog that retrieves very nicely from the water. Do you think it will be worth my while to take him to North Carolina with me this spring, where I intend going for trout and fish shooting? Is the shooting done from the shore or aloft? By answering the above questions you will oblige an old subscriber. FOWLER.

Many years ago in England, France and Holland the French poodle was used by amateur sportsmen, but the professional fowl shooters of the coast used Newfoundlanders. For inland ponds, marsh and narrow stream shooting the poodle could, of course, be used; but an Irish water spaniel is preferable. The poodle is useless for inlet and deep channel shooting. It is apt to become wild and chase lines of dogs for this work are Chesapeake Bay dogs and Newfoundlanders. From seventy to one hundred and twenty decoys or "stools" are used for one "rig," according to the weather and making of the tides. In rough, windy weather the smallest number should be used, as they are difficult to handle—that is, to set out and take up. To set stool in broad waters, bays and channel edges, have all the stools stowed in the boat tails to the bow, with the anchor lines wound loosely around the bows of the decoys. As stools are always set to windward of the blind in sea shooting, row up to the point to windward where the head of the flock should ride and plant a long pole firmly in the mud; around this pass a small line, one end of which is fastened securely to the bow of the boat, and the rest coiled in the bottom. With one hand toss the stools from the boat, between it and the pole, and with the other play out the line. You will thus be enabled to control the stools and set your stools at regular distances apart, and if properly managed a large number can be set out in this way in a very short time, without fear of fouling them and tangling the lines, and moreover they will ride in the proper position. When all the stools have been anchored, draw the line in the boat and take up the pole. The stools can be picked up in the same way. The shooting is done almost entirely from blinds made of canvas or cloth, and is called on the shore "flour" or "blowing," that the gunning skill will fit very tightly inside.

DEER KILLED WITH NO. 9 SHOT.—Toma River, N. J., Feb. 23.—There appeared in your issue of Feb. 17 an article

from Mr. Geo. Lyman Appleton, of Byron County, Ga., in which he states that he had killed a deer with No. 9 shot, and that this is the only case that he ever heard of where a deer was killed with that size shot while on the run. During the winter of 1877 I was located in Salinas Valley, California, shooting for market. Part of the season I shot with a gentleman, Capt. P., who has made a business of shooting in that section for a number of years. One evening about dusk we parted company, having been quail shooting all day, he going to his cabin, I to mine. We had been separated but a few moments when I heard the report of his gun. On visiting his house a day or two later I observed a fresh deer skin thrown over the limb of a tree. On inquiring of him where it came from he informed me that the shot which I heard a few moments after we last parted was the death signal of the deer; that his dog started the deer, which ran directly toward him, and that he had killed it within five yards, and himself with a charge of No. 9 shot, which size we used exclusively for quail. Capt. P. used a 63 pound gun, and I will say was the best shot on California quail that I ever had the pleasure of shooting with. Let me here remark that the California quail is a much more difficult bird than his eastern brother. H. C. G.

WORK OF THE GAME PROTECTORS.—Utica, Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—The State Game Protector, DeLoe, of Prospect, has been bringing the game dealers of Utica up to the "Captain's office to settle." Last Saturday he had four of them before Justice Edwards for examination, two of them settled by paying \$25 and costs, which they ought to consider getting off easy, for the full penalties in these cases range from \$50 to \$750. The other parties got an adjournment for a few days, but they will pay their debts as they have no possible defense. Other parties in Utica have been seen for selling game out of season, and their cases will come off this week. The only excuse that has been offered thus far is that they were ignorant of the law, and for that reason they have been favored as above stated in the settlement, but for a second offense they must expect to suffer the full penalties. These cases, together with indictments found against six offenders at Onondaga, and who made no plea, were demonstrated last fall, tend to give the people in this part of the State to understand that the game laws are going to be enforced. We hope Mr. Dodge will continue the good work, and that all true sportsmen will lend him a helping hand. MACK.

NEW JERSEY GAME LAWS.—Newton, Sussex Co., N. J., Feb. 17.—I must say the proposed new laws astonish me, am glad to see the opinions expressed by the FOREST AND STREAM, which I consider the foremost of sporting journals. As far as my experience goes, most, if not all, illegal shooting occurs just before the season opens, and just after it closes. For, if one season is to be divided into two, it does not require such a great knowledge of higher mathematics to see that the amount of illegal shooting in the first case will be to that in the last in about the ratio of one to two. If I am not mistaken, the chief, or perhaps one of the chief objections raised to the last law was that it could not be enforced. Now how much harder will it be to enforce a law which allows a deer to be killed in the month of January, for ten weeks, and finally permits it again. I believe it to be generally conceded fact that the more complicated a law is, the more difficult to enforce. In my opinion, any same law, properly enforced, will do more for the preservation of game than all the worthy, voluminous bills that ever passed the Legislature of a State. It's protection the birds want, not legislation. M.

THE SOUTHERN DOG FABLES.—Jacksonville, Fla. Feb. 19.—I think your correspondent's (Kenore) letter published in your issue of Feb. 10 apt to mislead the Florida bound sportsman. It met my eye on the eve of my departure for New York for this State where I have stayed two days prepared for war on the quail. The charges though high, are not, according to my experience, so excessive as to warrant the "throwing away" of three tickets from Charleston to Jacksonville as Kenia and who made no plea, were demonstrated last fall, tend to give the people in this part of the State to understand that the game laws are going to be enforced. We hope Mr. Dodge will continue the good work, and that all true sportsmen will lend him a helping hand. M.

THE GAME LAW TINKERING.—*Editor Forest and Stream*. I see in the FOREST AND STREAM that the annual tinkering of game laws has commenced and, judging from what has been done by some "associations," legislation upon the subject is to be rigorously pursued. Now, in the name of the public and the sportsmen of the State, for one I protest against any changes of the laws. As a rule they are explicit, the penalties are right and the manner of enforcement is sufficiently plain. There are not enough important changes needed to again take the time and subject our Legislature to further enactments. What is needed is the enforcement of present laws. In this one thing lies the important part in protecting and preserving the game and fish of New York State. Let the New York State Association, the Long Island Sportsmen's Association and all the numerous clubs say with one voice and do it, too, that our present game laws shall be enforced, and I will guarantee there will be no more raids upon the Legislature for changes in the law, and that within two years a bill for the protection of game and fish will have no hearing in our legislative halls, because there will be no necessity for it. SYRACUSE.

MAINE.—Marshfield, Feb. 4.—Woodcock are scarce in this vicinity. One may travel through our woods from day to day and see and seldom get one. Ducks are quite plenty in some of our lakes during September and October. Quail are now birds of our people, having been introduced into the State within two years. Last summer, for the first time, their notes were heard and now then a stray one seen in the hay fields. But we trust that they will rapidly increase. I think an amendment to the deer and moose law, as proposed by Messrs. Stillwell and Smith, making the time for killing September 1st to November 1st, would be a good move, for the reason that sometimes in December the snow gets so deep—at Machias River, for instance—that lumbermen have run down deer on snow-shoes. H.

"A WINTER VISIT TO THE ADIRONDACKS."—A party of young men, consisting of John D. Marie, J. Abraham Thero, Edward P. Coogan, G. A. Williams, Francis E. Splain, Harry Hilliard, Joseph M. Adair and Hamilton Parker, started last evening for the Adirondacks and Lake George, where they will spend a week or ten days hunting. Just before their departure they dined with several friends at Delmonico's.—*New York Sun*, Feb. 20.

As these young gentlemen must now have returned from their hunting trip, will they inform the POSENER AND STREMBER what game they found in the woods which they could lawfully kill?

IOWA.—Glenwood, Iowa, Feb.—Judging from the reports of many sportsmen and farmers and my own observations, the quails and chickens have weathered the winter so far. We have not had any deep snows, and the birds have obtained food; but it has been far different fifty miles north. There they have suffered greatly and great numbers have frozen. The quail's greatest enemy here is the prairie wolf (*Canis Latrans*). But few birds are trapped, I am glad to say. As the blizzard (*S. Seals*) has arrived we expect the ducks and geese soon and anticipate rare sport this spring. W. H. R.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Our fly and river is now full of marsh ducks and shooting is good. Purple grackles and bluebirds have appeared. Yet to-day we are having freezing weather, but when spring comes it will usher suddenly, and we look for a quick passage through our section of all migratory birds.

Joe Kridler is about starting on his collecting tour to the Northwest. If he had not decided to take the journey, Uncle John, old as he is, would have attempted it and succeeded, for all say he has a new lease of life. HOMO.

GALVESTON GUN CLUB.—Galveston, Texas, Feb. 19.—At a regular meeting of the Galveston Gun Club the following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year: President, H. A. Seigriston; Vice-President, H. P. Richmond; Secretary and Treasurer, W. J. Hughes; Directors—C. Pettit, D. Hall, A. Cannon, H. DaPointe and W. H. Hodges. We claim for the Texas State Tournament to take place in this city, commencing May 3 and lasting four days. W. J. HUGHES.

A MICHIGAN POACHER'S PLEA.—Menominee, Mich., Feb. 19.—A hunter arrested for killing a deer out of season—offense proven—J. P. allows the prisoner to be sworn. Prisoner swears that he was out with his gun, and he saw a deer coming at him with his mouth wide open, and he was afraid the deer would hurt him, so he shot him. The prisoner was discharged. Is that good law in the "White Settlements?" I think the J. P. should have one-half of the deer at least for conscience sake. GUYON, JR.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—Meadville, Pa.—The name of our club has been changed from the Madison Sportsmen's Club to the Crawford County Game and Fish Protective Association. The State Association meets in our city on the 7th of June next, and we would like to see all of the clubs of the State represented. O. H. K.

LOUISIANA.—Mile Creek, Feb.—We have game here in abundance—deer, turkeys, quail, ducks, fine fish, worlds of game in the streams. This is the sportsman's Paradise. M.

My wife and daughter was made nearly by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

FRESH WATER. White Bass, *Roccus chrysope*. Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species). Rock Bass, *Chromobrycon palomus*. Crappie, *Pomoxis nigromaculatus*. Bachelors, *Pomoxis annularis*. Catfish, *Silurus cornutus*. SALT WATER. Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*. Striped Bass, *Roccus americanus*. White perch, *Morone americana*.

FISHING RODS.

THEIR MANUFACTURE, CARE AND PROPER USE.

(Read by S. W. Goodridge before the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.)

Timber for making all fishing rods should be selected with great care; the varieties of timber used or recommended are almost endless. I shall confine myself to such as I consider the best.

For butts there is nothing superior to white ash, although one of our most common woods, is not always what the rod maker would have it, and it is at times extremely difficult to procure an article suitable for fine fly rods. Our experience teaches us that the best is from small second growth trees not over one foot in diameter. It should be grown in a sheltered position, protected by the surrounding forest from high winds, which are the cause of crooked and cross-grained timber to a much greater extent than is thought. The grain should be fine and straight, and should be springy and recover its place at once after being bent. The white part (the sap) only should be used, and that taken from not too near the bark. The heart is liable to be too heavy, and will warp, which is not desirable.

Hickory and maple are much used by English rod makers for second and third joints, but these woods do not find much favor with American anglers, or rod makers for fine work.

Bornbeam has been highly recommended, and does very well for large joints, but when worked down for second joints and tips does not keep its place, but will warp and not recover itself.

Green heart was much sought after several years since, but does not appear to hold its own against lance wood. We have used specimens from several lots and have never been able to find that which is reliable, and have therefore given it up.

Lance wood is imported from the West India Islands; the best comes from Cuba, and is now generally admitted to be the best timber that can be procured for fly, bait or black bass rods. It is sometimes very difficult to procure this wood of

the best quality, and its imperfections can only be discovered by actual working it on the beach under the plane. This wood is frequently full of minute knots no larger than a pin, one of which passing through a second joint or tip weakens it greatly; these cannot always be discovered until a joint is nearly finished, and then only on the closest inspection. It is also sometimes cross-grained, the grain crossing a small piece, a tip for instance, within an inch or less of its length. By working by hand all such imperfections are discovered, and by remaining in a lathe the tool will go over it leaving it perfectly smooth, and to appearance a sound and good piece of timber.

THE TROUT FLY ROD.

This rod should be in length from ten and one-half to eleven and one-half feet, and should weigh from eight to ten ounces. The reel should be placed behind the hand near the extremity of the butt. The handle above the reel should be one inch in diameter and eight inches long. Immediately above the handle of the rod the size should diminish suddenly for about two inches, and from that point run on a perfect taper to the end of the tip.

The rod should be made of three joints—viz., butt, second joint and tip. The joint ferrules on all rods should be made seamless; all soldered or brazed ferrules are liable to open on the seams and cannot be made as smooth on the inside as mandril drawn ferrules, and consequently as good fits cannot be secured. The second joints and tips should be made of one piece of wood, and if any imperfection should show itself it should be rejected as possible. The tips are usually made of two or more pieces spliced. It is claimed for them that they keep their place better, and are not as liable to warp with use. I do not think that there is any objection to the spliced tip.

The rings on the rod should be two on butt, four on second joint and five on each tip. There should always be an extra tip on each joint.

The joint ferrules should never be riveted on a fly rod. They should be closely fitted and set with the best orange shellac, which should be applied to the wood over the flame of a spirit lamp, and the ferrule then crowded on, heating the ferrule over the lamp. Whenever a ferrule thus set becomes loose it can usually be tightened by warming it in a flame revolver or by using a gas jet. It may be necessary to draw the ferrule off and apply a new shellac.

All rods of whatever kind should be made with close-fitting metal dowels, and the sockets into which the dowels fit should be accurately bored to the size and taper of the dowel.

Rods should have their handles wound with fishing line or split rattan, either of which gives a good grasp.

The split bamboo fly and bass rods when made by a good maker are as near perfect as possible. The best are made from selected Calcutta bamboo, and should be what is known in the East Indies as the male bamboo. They should be made in six strips and all the enamel of the wood preserved; cutting away from the inside all the softer parts.

These rods can never be produced of good quality at a low price, but there are thousands of inferior rods of this kind on the market which are saved out of bamboo promiscuously without any selection. Such rods are worse than useless, as they soon come to grief.

THE TROUT BAIT ROD.

Taking the fly rod as a standard of excellence we should look for something as nearly like it as may be consistent with the additional work which the bait rod is expected to do.

This rod should also be of three joints made of ash and lance wood. The handle should be below the reel seat, one inch in diameter, and from eight to ten inches long. The taper should commence immediately above the reel bands, and run as in the fly rod to the extremity of the tip.

Ferrules on the joints of bait rods are smaller than formerly. In the old style of four joint rods, there was but little elasticity in butt and second joint, nearly all the spring coming on the third joint and tip, and many cheap rods both of three and four joints are now made in that manner, the lower half being firm and rigid, while the upper part is withey but limber. Such rods are to be avoided. They are a source of vexation and annoyance to anglers, and are smaller than formerly. By using smaller ferrules and dividing the strain throughout the rod, a much larger fish can be landed, and much more pleasure derived, as by a properly constructed rod every movement of the captive is as distinctly felt by the angler as with the delicate fly rod. The bait rod should be from ten and one-half feet to twelve feet in length and from twelve to fifteen ounces in weight. Such a rod will do as much for the angler as any other rod, and is probably the most much heavier one of the old pattern. Such a rod as I have described is amply strong for all ordinary bait or pond fishing for any kinds of fish that do not weigh upward of twelve to fifteen pounds.

The demand for rods suitable for black bass fishing has within a few years been greatly increased, and it has not until recently been very well understood what constitutes a good bass rod, and there were until recently about as many different ideas on the subject as there were different fishermen. Rods were ordered by anglers of all descriptions from a light bait rod to a salmon rod of twenty feet in length.

It now, however, appears to be pretty well settled that a short stiffish rod is the best for bait fishing and throwing the bait to the black bass, and anglers are under great obligations to Dr. A. Henshall, of Cincinnati, for his ideas of what a perfect rod should be. Through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM he has given much valuable information on the habits of the black bass and the best methods of capturing them.

He recommends a rod of three joints, ash butt second joint and tip of lance wood. The handle one inch in diameter and eight inches long. The reel seat to be placed immediately above the handle, and the taper of the rod starting directly above the reel, and continuing true to the end of the tip. The length of the rod to be eight feet and three inches, and the weight to be from eight to ten ounces. With such a rod a very long cast can be made with bait or minnow, and in striking and killing the fish it is very efficient. This style of rod is now coming into general use. Some, however, insist on a longer rod. Ten feet, I think, as long as they ever should be made. When one once becomes accustomed to Dr. Henshall's pattern, we think they will thereafter use no other.

The country is perfectly inundated with cheap rods, with a good outside finish, but made from worthless timber, stained and varnished so as to conceal all imperfections, they are made entirely by machinery, and many are sold at high prices.

While gentlemen anglers who can afford it will always have a well balanced and highly finished and high cost rod, there are thousands who cannot afford such, and it is next to impos-

possibility for them to procure a maker rod at any price which they can afford to pay. The makers who make as good a rod for service as brass mounted, and in every way as strong as the best for from \$5 to \$6, which is as low as good work can be furnished.

THE CARE OF FISHING RODS.

More rods are ruined by the want of proper care than in any other way. In joining up a rod for use it is a good plan to first put together the second joint and tip, as you will not be so liable to strain the lighter joints as when first (as is usual) putting the butt and second joints together; before putting on the reel see that the joints are firmly together, and never under any circumstances allow a rod to be handled when showing or using it without it is firmly put together. When drying your rod, first wipe it to remove all moisture, then lay it out so that each joint is straight, and if not, straighten it at once. Don't fail to keep and use the plugs which belong in the joint ferrules; they keep out moisture from the most exposed parts of the rod (the dowel sockets), also the dust and dirt. A single grain of sand will ruin the fitting of the best rod. Never put a rod away in a damp case, tie it loosely in the case; tight tying will bend the tips and second joints. When laying away at the end of the season's fishing, place it where it will be as nearly as possible in a uniform temperature. Never stand it in a leaning position, but lay it down.

The best of all varnishes for rods is simply shellac dissolved in alcohol. It is perfectly waterproof, dries immediately, and is easily applied with a bit of soft sponge. A coat of this applied once or twice during a season will add greatly to the appearance and durability of your rod. It should be used quite thin. By following these directions you will always find your rod in a serviceable condition.

HOW I FOUND A NEW LAKE.

READING in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM about the supposed discovery of a lake never seen before by a white man, in the Adirondack Region, put me in mind of a discovery I made one bright October day there that country was new to me. It was late in the month, there were about six inches of snow on the ground, and I was out on a still hunt. I had struck a monster deer track near the mouth of Cascade Brook, which empties into the upper part of Lake Utowana, and followed it up far in the mountain to the east, where it joined a couple more smaller tracks. I wanted that buck. I had promised a big pair of horns to a friend in New York and believed I would find them if ever I drew sight over my Lewis rifle on the animal that made the track. The day was fearfully cold, but I kept in motion and hardly felt it.

Reaching the crest of a steep ridge, along which the tracks led, I looked down over what seemed to be a small beaver meadow, covered with snow. There, about two hundred yards away, on an opposite ridge, nearly on a level with me, was my buck and two does, all picking away at some moss in a rocky ledge under which they stood.

They had not seen or heard me, and I took a good look at them while resting to steady my nerves for a sure shot.

The buck was the largest I had ever seen in the North Woods. His horns spread out like a brush-head. I knew that if not hit exactly in the right spot he would carry off all the lead I could put into him. So I made up my mind to take a dead rest and to shoot as fine as I would in a rifle match. And we had some sharp shooting up there in those days.

My rifle, made by Lewis, of Troy, was a muzzle-loader, double-barreled. One barrel was smooth-bore, carrying nine No. 1 buckshot, or, as it was then loaded, an ounce, round bullet. The other barrel carried a half-ounce spherical ball and was good for five hundred yards range when held well up. I never raised a surer-sighted gun to shoulder. It weighed fourteen pounds, having the metal for a good charge of powder with light recoil.

Watching a chance when the buck stood about half front, with both barrels cocked, I aimed high for his shoulder with the smooth-barrel and let drive. Without wearing it, some way I touched the other trigger too and off went both barrels at nearly the same time.

The buck gave a tremendous leap and, fairly turning a somersault, came plunging and rolling down the side of the ridge toward me. I saw that while the frightened does scudded off with white flags flying behind the ridge.

Seeing the buck yet struggling and plunging to regain its feet, I hurried a load into one barrel of my rifle and started down the steep ridge to get one where he was. Seeing a place clear of underbrush (I expect it had been an otter slide in summer), I sat down, leaned back and, holding my rifle well up, slipped down the soft snow just as easy as "sliding" in a "bullet door" in a hayrack. A little caster in fact, for I went down that thirty or forty yards like an arrow shot from a well-strung bow—went down quick as thought, and brought up at the bottom of a "new-found lake." Yes, up to my neck in ice-cold water, for the thin ice softened by snow broke easier than pie-crust under one hundred and sixty pounds' weight of sorrowful humanity.

I have taken cold baths by choice, but never one quite as cold as that. Luckily I was within reach of some overhanging birch limbs, and I pulled myself out of that icy surrounding as quickly as I could, hanging to my rifle all the while. Then, with the thermometer at zero or thereabouts, every thread on me wet and freezing as I came into the air, I was anything but comfortable. Fortunately I saw dry ground under a huge ledge of rocks near by, and I got to that as soon as I could. I stripped some birch bark from trees close by, got some twigs, and with a wrench from a waterproof box that I always carried with me, got fire. Not until I had every dry limb within reach of me piled on a huge pile did I think of looking for my buck. But he was safe. He lay stark and stiff on the further edge of the little lake which I had supposed to be an old beaver meadow.

I did not trouble him, however, for the next two or three hours. It took all that time to dry out my soaked clothes, get a good fire for use all night for my "baggie." Next was three or four miles off, and I knew I could never get home that night if I started. And I was bound to carry those horns with me when I went.

After I had dried out, collected a good lot of dry wood and made all snug for camping, I went around the little lake, cut a good lot of steak from the buck, got the horns and came back just in time to see the light fade away into darkness with the dawn.

That night a gang of wolves took care of the rest of the venison, making such noisy work over that I could not have slept had I tried. I had to keep my fire up any way or freeze.

Any one who now follows Cascade Brook to its source can find where I had that adventure and got the seven-pronged horns which for years adorned the sanctum of a Sunday newspaper in Gotham. But I would advise the seeker to look for the lake in the summer time, with a good rod and hook of fins in his possession, for he will find it well stocked with speckled beauty, or it was, the last time I was there.

NEB BUNTLINE.

THE GREAT FISH EXTERMINATOR.

WITHIN six miles of this city (New Bedford, Mass.) there are to be at least fifteen ponds, traps, wires—nets running out from the shore to a pound or pocket at a distance of six hundred feet to twelve hundred fathoms. These are put into the water in the early spring and kept in until fall, catching everything except the very smallest fish, waging a continual, uninterrupted warfare on everything that swims—fish that are good for food and fish that are not. The rules to keep the food fish and let the others prey upon the fish of prey are protected to continue war on the food fish that escape the traps. Each year sees a great diminution of the best food fish along the whole Atlantic coast, where nature had been so prolific—more so than in most any part of the civilized world. This great enlightened government, when wise legislation is boasted of all over the world, allows a constant war of extermination to continue without an effort to check it.

The FOREST AND STREAM of December 2 is an article on "A Gigantic Fish Trap," where fish are to be kept yarded to supply and control the fish market. When the price is too low for profit they propose to hold back the supply until the price rises, then draw from their large yard—a rich harvest, no doubt, if it works well. Having seen a good deal of this sort of thing—keeping fish in weirs alive—I will give you a faint idea of one where fish have been kept a few days. On first going alongside, you are surprised at the dense mass of fish moving round and round together. From time to time, so that you cannot see the bottom. You will notice light spots on them—some well covered—and wonder what they are, having never seen them on fish caught with hook. As you watch more closely you will notice some that move more lazily than others and will discover the spots around or near the gills, the eyes are discolored and that the fish are blind. Occasionally catching a sight of the bottom, you discover dead and diseased fish, some with a disagreeable odor arising from the water; your presence has frightened them, and in trying to escape they have stirred up the vile, decayed and decaying mass on the bottom. Take one of these and examine the spots and you discover them to be a fungus growth similar to what the physicians describe as a sure sign of diphtheria in the human being, only much larger. These live fish the weir owners propose to send to market for fish-eaters, providing they will stand high enough. Take these fish, clean off the fungus, pack them in ice and you will ever know the difference, for whoever examined to see if the fish was in a healthy condition or would know after the fish was dressed.

Again, if the fish have just got into the trap and are taken out to send to market, the mashing and dashing about, trying to escape, cutting and piercing each other with their sharp spines, then piled together and taken away in this manner, will bring in their ailment, which works into the fish, they become heated and diseased in dying and are delivered to market in this shape and disposed of to the consumer. If carried alive in wells or cars, of course they are much better off until kept in the dirty, filthy water about the piers of a city to sicken in the sewer-poisoned water. The largest catches are in the spawning season, when, moving along the shores for places to shoot their spawn, they are driven in incredible numbers. Whoever has seen the herring run up shallow streams to spawning beds can form some idea of the spawning fish along our sea shores. Millions of fish loaded with spawn are killed every spring that never find the way to market, but are turned out to die along there. Such is a faint idea of the destruction going on around us that is surely exterminating the food fish of our coast.

Is it not time to awaken the public to this question, that there may be some wiser legislation in the matter? For one State to move will not amount to anything—there must be a national law, applicable to the whole coast, either to prohibit trapping altogether or have the traps taken up, say from Thursday to the following Monday of each week. In localities where the traps have been set for several years the fish have been so generally exterminated that it only pays to set traps in localities where, before traps were used, a boat could load any day during the season with nice, large fish. They were sent to market fresh and only caught in such quantities as to keep the stock on hand fresh all the time.

I hope gentlemen interested will take this matter up, and that the papers—the principal dailies—will take hold, for surely it is high time a move was made, or our fish supply through our efforts, and I beg the FOREST AND STREAM to use its utmost efforts in the matter, and also all gentlemen, whether fond of angling or not, for it is a matter of political economy. Where fish are caught in large quantities with nets, weirs, etc., they are never, nor can they be, cared for so that they are safe to market in prime first-rate condition—they are sure to become heated and injured. I have the word of some of the most experienced of mackerel fishermen and successful owners of the craft used for the fishing, and they tell me they only pay No. 1 mackerel when they are caught with hook, and that the catching of them with seines has ruined the business, for their former customers cannot be furnished with the real No. 1 fish, because the fish are all caught in such quantities with seines that they become more or less heated before they can be taken care of. If this is so with mackerel when the crew of the fishing craft are right on hand to care for the catch, how much more so will it be with fish that are left to rot in the water for one or two days before they are taken care of the fish, which first to be taken from the pound, then packed into vessels or boats, then taken to the nearest point for ice, repacked and shipped to market?

I wish no injury to any one, but much benefit to many, to the whole fish-catching community in fact; and I believe the abolishing of pound-nets will be in the end of most pecuniary benefit to the trade also.

J. E. JR.
New Bedford, Jan. 8.

FLY FISHING.—A small volume entitled "Fly Fishing in Maine; or, Camp Life in the Wilderness," by Charles W. Stevens, is before us. It is not in the least technical, but is filled with anecdotes of fishing trips, camp experiences and stories of trout. A pleasant, readable book, for \$1.50. Published by Rand, Avery & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

STRONG BAIT FOR CATFISH.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

THE hunting season closed here on the 1st inst. The last two or three days of the season were too cold and disagreeable for a hunt, and now we have to sit around the fire and, toasting our shins, dream of days gone by and patiently await the return of better days. The FOREST AND STREAM reaches us regularly every Saturday, and is read with pleasure for the information it always contains, and we always rejoice in the experience of brother sportsmen chronicled therein. Perhaps you will be willing for us to add our note.

The catfish has been attracting considerable attention of late. Whether he will rise to a fly, I am not prepared to say. But know he will bite freely at grasshoppers. However, that has nothing to do with my story. It was my good fortune to be living in San Antonio, Texas, not a great many years ago, and I whiled away many a long day on the banks of the Leona and the banks of the Salado, streams which at that time were noted for black bass, called "trout" in that section of the country. Once I accepted the invitation of an old fisherman to go with him catfishing, deagreeing to furnish the bait. Leaving the old city one morning before sunrise, we journeyed down the road along the San Antonio River until we reached the old town of Comstock, Tex., where we found our starting point. Here we stopped and began the day's sport. Supplied with a jointed bamboo rod, reel and silk line, I approached that old fisherman and asked him for a bait. He gave me some, enough in fact to last all day. Ye gods! what stuff! How it did stink! I had never seen or imagined anything like it before. What is it? Linburger cheese and flour. "Will the fish bite that?" "Try it." "How do you put it on the hook?" The old fisherman drew a stream in swift water at the head of a deep pool. Hardly had it sunk below the surface before a long pull and a hard one informed me something had the cheese; a smart stroke with the rod fastened the hook, and in a short time I landed the first catfish with cheese bait, and it weighed something over five pounds. I continued the sport or rather slaughter for two or three hours, and then, as I never saw a catfish bite that bait again, I wrote this hoping some of my friends may some day have a like experience, but desire to warn them in time, to be sure to take along some one to handle the cheese and bait the hook. My wife would not let me come into the house for a week after that excursion.

It is an actual fact that in less than four hours that old fisherman and myself caught over one hundred pounds of catfish; they were nearly all large fish, scarcely any weighing less than three pounds, the largest between five and six pounds. The paste was made thusly: One pound Linburger cheese and two pounds flour, mixed and worked over until of the consistency of putty. For we break off a piece as large as a piece of chalk, flatten it between the thumb and forefinger, and fold it around the hook. The larger the bait the larger the fish; no gammon.

Now, to surprise the catfish. In Texas they are better than the black bass. When you get one clean it carefully, boil in water with a little vinegar added, just enough vinegar to blench the flesh and not flavor it. When cooked, put on a strainer; after all the water has drained off put the fish on the ice, and when it is thoroughly cooled and hardened cover it with a mayonnaise dressing greenish with pickles and chow-chow, and he is worth eating.

GIANGO.

GRAYING IN TROUT STREAMS.

THE fact that the grayling and trout are not found in the same stream in Michigan where the grayling streams contain no trout and vice versa, has been used as an argument against grayling being placed in trout streams. On this subject it is well to listen to what Mr. Francis Francis, the veteran fishery editor of the London Field, says of streams which have contained both fishes for generations. On the basis of his extensive experience, and the experience of the Ithen he has led to the observation that it is useless to try much for grayling, except about a particular date in the autumn, viz., Sept. 15. Others say after a frost, but their luck may have been different, as in a sport which requires so much of skill and observation is often the case. Is there any reason for this date? I think that, next to the trout, we have no finer fish. It is a pity to see it despised on account, as you affirm, of its being a poor specimen. The best of the spawning time is to differ from the spawning time of the trout, and leaving it free in September anything to do with the matter, or is it an authenticated fact that any of the Salmonidae relies on the spawn of each other?

To this Mr. Francis replies in an editorial note as follows:

"Our experience does not coincide with that of our correspondent. We have had good sport on the Ithen with the grayling quite in the end of October, and have heard of the baskets in mid-winter. In the best parts of the Ithen the grayling run often very large, and the large fish are not good risers at the fly, particularly the small winter duns. That grayling do devour a good deal of trout spawn we fear is true. They are in the height of condition and season when the trout are spawning, and naturally, being a ground-rooting fish, they would pick up all the spawn they could; but, doubtless, when the grayling have their run on the trout, the trout relative. We have always held that, for the sake of concentrating the season of fly fishing, and even for the sake of the grayling itself, which is an unquestioned delicacy, it is worth while to have grayling in your waters, and if it is found that the trout are too heavily handicapped with the grayling, it is the easiest thing in the world to start a little hatching apparatus and to rear a few thousand of fry, so as to put them past the notice of the grayling. Indeed, on every stream of any note or value should have such an apparatus established; by any chance, you get too many stores in the stream, they are an exceedingly valuable and marketable commodity."

This appears to us to hit the mark; and we especially commend the two last paragraphs to all who own trout streams.

VERMONT TROUT LAW.—Grafton, Vt.—We have lots of trout here (*Salmo fontinalis*) which come from Canada, the depot for the sale of them is said to be at St. Albans, near the line, and as we have no law to prevent the sale of them in this State, the dealers keep at it all the time. One dealer at Bellows Falls receives about 150 pounds per week, and they are hawked about in wagons all over the country.

They come from the lakes on the north side of the St. Lawrence, which are now accessible by railroad from Montreal to Quebec. I have fished one of those lakes in the St. Leon district for several years, and until last June we rarely success. In the fall of 1879 it was netted, and apparently

every fish over half a pound was captured. I was there in September last and found that the water making preparations for netting many of the best accessible lakes. The trout Carolus has been quite celebrated for its large fish, and has been a favorite resort for many Vermont anglers, Senator Edmunds among others, and I found that the poachers were preparing to skin it. S. W. Goodnow.

BROOK TROUT IN OCEANA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

(Read by L. G. Rutherford before the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.)

DURING the winter of 1877, L. G. Rutherford, of Hart, opened a correspondence with J. G. Portman, of Watervliet, upon the subject of trout growing in Michigan, which resulted in the purchase of a few thousand from the hatchery of the last named gentleman by a few of the citizens of Hart. Owing to an accident to Mr. Portman, the fry were forwarded to Hart in the care of another, and when they arrived fully one-half were found to be dead, and the balance of them were not in good condition. They were, however, planted in four different streams. This was a mistake. Experience has shown that one plant in large numbers is far better than to divide it up into many small ones. Every one of the plants have been heard from, but in two instances they are known to have thriven beyond the most sanguine expectations of those interested. Last spring (1880) two members of the Hart Club discovered in the largest stream in which they had planted young fry, showing unmistakably that the trout had not only thriven but had begun to propagate their species. The results of the first plants were carefully watched, but no more were planted until the spring of 1880. In the meantime Mr. Portman had become identified with the State hatchery, accepted an invitation to visit Hart, and here with his own eyes saw the result of the speckled beauties" (parson the term), but I know of none better than eighteen months old, which measured nine inches in length. Seeing was to believe; and to believe was to furnish the club with ten thousand fry from the State hatchery. These the club received at New Buffalo, and by dint of unceasing care they were safely deposited in their new home in Oceana. We were very expert in our work, and as usual, the plant was divided into three different streams, in accordance with their previous practice. Another mistake was also made in several instances the fry were placed at the head of very small streams and when the winter closed in they had not grown to more than half the length of those in streams where there is a strong volume of water, with holes of one or more feet in depth. We are forced to the conclusion that in the smaller brooks fish cannot put up and down with the same ease and consequently do not obtain the same amount of nourishment. In seven of the places of the last plant we know that the result is all that could be desired, and we have heard satisfactory accounts from two others. In some instances no fish have been seen. Two of the streams in November last exhibited fish four inches in length; they were only eight months old.

We are of the opinion that trout will flourish in nearly all the streams north of Grand River, unless such as the lakes, in which case the water becomes too warm in summer and it may be too cold in winter to suit their dainty tastes. The people of Oceana County generally are becoming deeply interested in this subject and are giving the club substantial assistance. There are, however, a few whom we will call "pot-hunters" who think it cunning to steal from the streams, thinking that they are thereby too smart for the club.

On the question of legislation, we think the law for the protection of game and fish should be more stringent. Some people need to be punished by imprisonment, as the payment of a fine is no disgrace, but while a discretion is left with the justice of the peace no one will ever go to jail for the violation of the game law.

All of the larger streams of Oceana County formerly abounded with grayling, but there is now none seen save in one branch of Pentwater River, which runs through Hart. They have been driven from the other by the use of dams for flooding in driving logs. This one stream shall not be sacrificed in the power of the club to prevent. Many are caught every year, but the supply does not perceptibly diminish. It is noticeable that more grayling have been seen in the last year than ever before. As to the second question, "What do grayling spawn?" we are not prepared to give any positive information. This, though, we do know, that they were taken every month of the last season with spawn in every stage of development.

THE COLORADO COMMISSION.

HERBERT W. I had your copies of four bills passed by our Legislative Assembly, which closed its session yesterday, pertaining to fish and fish culture. The measures proposed are of a more liberal character than those that have passed through only by persistent effort. They embody really the first effective laws we have ever had upon the subject, and make the first decent appropriations which will enable a start in the right direction.

W. E. Sisty was reappointed Fish Commissioner, as he deserved to be. The passage of the fish bills was due almost entirely to his efforts. Respectfully, W. N. B.

The following are the main points in the bills:

It shall be the duty of the Governor, immediately upon the taking effect of this act, and every second year thereafter, and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint a person skilled in fish culture and the habits and nature of food fishes, to be State Fish Commissioner, and who shall hold his office for the term of two years. And said Commissioner shall give bonds in the sum of five thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties. The Commissioner shall have supervision of all fish cultural matters of a public nature and shall receive and provide for the proper care and distribution of such food fishes or ova of the same as shall come into the possession of the State. He shall determine the necessity for fishways, the location, form and capacity thereof, directing their construction and maintenance. He shall furnish to any person, association or corporation owning any lake or reservoir or private property, such stock of fish as they may desire for the purpose of stocking such lake or reservoir at the actual cost thereof. The cost thereof to be determined by said Commissioner. All moneys received by the Fish Commissioner from sales of fish as aforesaid shall be returned by him to the State Treasurer to the credit of the general revenue fund of the State. Said Commissioner shall receive a salary of five hundred

dollars per annum and all expenses actually disbursed by him while necessarily engaged in the service of the State, which shall be paid for his expenses shall not exceed the sum of five hundred dollars per annum. The Governor shall have power to appoint deputy commissioners throughout the State and remove the same at his pleasure, who shall have full power and authority to enforce the fish laws of this State and prosecute any violators of the same, but such deputy commissioner shall serve without compensation from the State. All accounts under this act to be approved by the Governor.

The sum of four thousand dollars is hereby appropriated for the purpose of paying the salary and necessary expenses of the State Commissioner during the year commencing July 1, 1881, and ending June 30, 1882, in performing the duties required of him by law in relation to the propagation and preservation of food fishes, which sum the State Treasurer shall, from time to time, pay to the said Commissioner on the amount of his reports, or on orders thereon duly exhibited to said Auditor and approved by the Governor.

SECTION 2. The further sum of thirty-five hundred dollars is hereby appropriated for the above purposes for the year commencing July 1, 1882, and ending June 30, 1883, to be audited, paid and allowed in like manner.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the Governor, within thirty days after the passage of this act, to appoint a suitable person, resident of this State, who, with the Governor and Fish Commissioner, shall constitute a board, whose duty it shall be to select and purchase a suitable location for a State establishment for the breeding and propagation of the better class of food fishes adapted to the waters of this State and to erect thereon suitable buildings for said purpose at as early a date as possible.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. P. M., Harrisburg.—For five equal vials to W. W. Tins, Montello, Florida.

J. R. C. Somers.—For result of Carver-Scott match see last issue of this paper.

W. W. B. Boston.—The license fee for non-residents shooting in Nova Scotia is \$50.

S. A. M. Saginaw.—Prices of Knapp's books have advanced. Exact figures in a few days.

J. F. A. Alta, Iowa.—The process you refer to is probably the heaviest of the kind ever used by Quip's for the purpose.

W. B. C. Itasca, N. Y.—We know nothing of the rifle. There is a rifle attachment to the Baker gun, but it is not a repeater.

C. W. L. Northfield, Vt.—The game of good make and the attachment of the latter to Quip's are large game. F. B. Knapp.

Twenty-eight Free.—Our time is fully occupied for a month with similar work. Refer you to your district advertiser in our columns.

S. Troy.—The originator of the bullet can advise you best. It will be a good deal of an experiment. Write to the source of your information.

C. D. Portsmouth, Va.—See article in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 20, on "Breeding, Training and Care of Beagle Hounds." Please send full name and address.

J. H. M., Esq. Saginaw.—What kind of pistol, caliber, length of barrel and weight is used in the principal galleries of your city? Ans.—10 inch barrel, 22 cal., generally Stevens make, 7 or 8 lb. light.

A. D. E. Irvington, N. Y.—Yesterday while staghunting I saw five robins and a blue bird. Is it not unusual to see either of the above birds so far north of the equator? Ans.—Yes, but not particularly so. See recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM.

W. R. A.—Can a gun chambered for the long 8 cal. cartridge be chambered for the extra long cartridge of the same cal. and do so good shooting? If you are shooting with one large game and two small which would be lost from its original accuracy? Ans.—Yes.

1. What do you think of Quip's? Ans.—I like it very much. It is good enough for hunting and general purposes? Ans.—Yes.

2. Will fish after being frozen in a cask of ice be alive when thawed out? Ans.—Yes, if you are careful to keep them in the water.

3. Will a gun blast when fired off if it has only an inch of powder in the barrel? Ans.—Yes, if the powder is right. See FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. 15, page 425, 3. Extremely likely to.

S. Woonsocket.—You applied the correct recipe. Perhaps your canvas was to open a texture. Another recipe is: Boil 2 ozs. of saltpetre in four quarts of water until it is reduced to one quart. A third is to add a few drops of hard yellow soap to 1 lb. of water and when boiling add 1 lb. of ground sulphur ochre, 1 lb. of saltpetre and 1 lb. of soda ash.

S. J. Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have just bought five dozen of five quail. Please be so kind and let me know what month of the year is the best to put them in a land cage for stocking purposes and how to put them into, whether in pairs, or lots? Ans.—Do not turn the birds out before May and then four at a time; two months and two to make a hundred.

F. W. V. Elizabeth.—Two parties shot a patch at 100 birds, Burlingtonians rule to govern. They shot a tie, and no provision having been made for a tie, the referee declared the match a draw and all the birds were shot. The referee was a fair one, and the birds should have been divided, and not declared off. Will you please have the question decided. Ans.—The referee was right. Sets were off and each man's score should be 50.

W. H. V. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. Are the salmon rivers on the island of Anticosti leased to individuals? 2. Is the fishing (salmon) season open in your waters for any other fish, such as trout, and to compensate for the trouble of the trip? 3. When do the packers leave Gaspe for the island, or is the time uncertain, depending upon the low water? 4. How many canoes are necessary for a party of four, and how many Indians should we take? 5. Is it the best plan to take our tents with us from the States, or can we hire tents at Gaspe? Can we get any accommodations on the island in the houses of any of the settlers near the fishing grounds? 6. How is the climate? 7. Are the fish particularly fat? 8. Can you give us the name of any good hotels in your waters, or any other cities, and also the name of any island of Anticosti, or is posted in regard to the fishing? Ans.—1. They are offered each year for lease. They are controlled by the Government of the Province of Quebec. 2. Yes, if you wish to fish on the Ottawa, Ont., for special information. 3. Yes; if you like to go out of the beaten path. 4. They are irregular; they vary with wind, tide and passengers. 5. Yes, you can get them. 6. and 7. The number of canoes and Indians depends somewhat on your tastes and the amount of your baggage. Some parties take four or five canoes and two or three Indians, but this does not allow much baggage, four canoes and four men would be better, and you get more comfortable much clothing and provisions. 8. Yes, you can get them. 9. Yes, you can get them. 10. Yes, you can get them. 11. Yes, you can get them. 12. Yes, you can get them.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpenter, oil cloths, rags, etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Poir, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—Ad.

Holobird Shooting Suits. Uphigrover & McLean, Valparaiso, Ind. Old men, tottering round from Rheumatism, Kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost sure by using Holobird's freely.

Advertisements. It can be seen by reference to J. Palmer on Seal, containing all the FOREST AND STREAM advertisements in fact, is a useful and interesting reading. Mr. O'Sullivan would interest those who are contemplating the purchase of a fine gun.

See J. H. BARKER CO. of Philadelphia, Pa., have a select and extensive stock of fine guns of the best grade; and report Trade good in the City of Brothly Low.

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Fish Culture.

REPORT OF THE MAINE COMMISSION.

THE report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine, for the year 1890, has been received, and we have made some extracts from it, in a former number, relating to the game. They are mutual that the result of the year's work has been satisfactory and a substantial amount of work done. Four large fish ponds, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Passadumkeag and its tributary branch, the Mattawamkeag. Two have been built on the Kennebec, one at Augusta and one at Waterville, and one on the Androscoggin, at Denmark, where no salmon have been seen above the dam since its erection. The latter two ponds have been placed in the Kennebec and Penobscot and half a million of whitefish eggs have been received from the U. S. F. C.

The Commissioner disclaim having more to do with the sporting side of the game than the farmers have, their duties being to produce food, yet since their appointment there has been an increase of fish which has drawn anglers into the State who have left more money behind them than the value of the fish taken, to which they refer as follows: "For the importance of this travel, its gold-bearing results as compared to our mines, and to our other industrial resources, we must refer you to our hotel keepers and our railroad superintendents."

The run of salmon in the Penobscot in 1870 was larger than for many years, but the run of 1890 was greater, a fact attributed to artificial culture by Mr. James M. Treat, of Stockton, who owns the large salmon fisheries at Carpo Junction. There has been a large output of salmon to the Mattawamkeag, where they have been shot out for many years, which will be a great benefit to the fish return to their place of planting, and the Commissioners, to confirm this, quote from an article by Prof. Henry C. Anderson, on the "Egg of the salmon," written for FOREST AND STREAM in the number of October 1890.

Salmon have taken the fly on the Penobscot and the Wassataquoik, in spite of stories as to that they would not, the commission having so often taken as many as ten in one afternoon. A hotel at the front farm is almost entirely dependent on the fish trade, and is predicted over the railroad to Mattawamkeag and the East branch of the Penobscot. The success of salmon restoration is now beyond all civil an accepted fact, as much as wheat culture, and the Commissioner disclaims having more to do with the sporting side of the game than the farmers have, their duties being to produce food, yet since their appointment there has been an increase of fish which has drawn anglers into the State who have left more money behind them than the value of the fish taken, to which they refer as follows: "For the importance of this travel, its gold-bearing results as compared to our mines, and to our other industrial resources, we must refer you to our hotel keepers and our railroad superintendents."

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Several hundred salmon taken at Bucksport for purposes of propagation have been labeled with platinum tags affixed to the dorsal fin, a record of each of these salmon has been kept, and each tag has a reference number.

Any one obtaining possession or knowledge of any of these marked salmon at any future time is requested to send the tag to the Commissioner of Fisheries, Bangor, Me., and to send account of it as may be possible, and it is hoped by yearly marking all the adult salmon caught and liberated in the Penobscot River to learn more of their habits.

Whenever a report of every marked salmon that may be caught in the future, they wish especially that, when ever possible, some of these salmon may be delivered alive to Mr. C. G. Atkins, at Bucksport, to be placed in the breeding establishment at Orland. An extra price will be paid for those fish.

A TERRAPIN FARM.

A FEW days ago an article clipped from a Washington paper appeared in the *Register*, giving a description of the Dennis's terrapin farm in Maryland. As we have something of the sort to boast of in the neighborhood of Mobile, it may not be amiss to give our readers a description of Mr. Milford Dorlon's terrapin farm in the western shore of Mobile Bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster bucket in the Gulf States. The farm, which is located on the western shore of Mobile Bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster bucket in the Gulf States. The farm, which is located on the western shore of Mobile Bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster bucket in the Gulf States.

The cost of feeding the terrapins, which, as we have said, is only about one dollar per dozen, for the season, and the price per dozen in New York has varied from \$18 to \$5. The food, which consists of crabs and fish, is caught with a seine, in front of the farm, and really very little expense is attached to the raising and feeding of the terrapins. The first of the season, to ship about Oct. 1, and then out to about May 10. He generally sends his to Savannah by rail, and thence to New York by steamer, averaging about \$2,000 a season, and had it not been for a disastrous fire which washed out the farm, it would be to-day the greatest terrapin farm in the world. He can always slip all his eggs, for there is a ready market for these delicacies.—*Mobile Ala. G.* Register.

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- Class 86. Yorkshire Terriers, Blue and Tan, over 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, \$10, \$5, silver medal.
- Class 87. Chantrelle Terriers, Blue and Tan, over 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
- Class 88. Yorkshire Terriers, Blue and Tan, under 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, \$10, \$5, silver medal.
- Class 89. Toy Terriers, other than Yorkshire, under 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
- Class 90. King Charles or Blenheim Spaniels—Dogs or bitches, \$10, silver medal.
- Class 91. Japanese Spaniels—Dogs or bitches, \$10, silver medal.
- Class 92. Italian Greyhounds—Dogs or bitches, \$10, silver medal.
- Class 93. Miscellaneous (or Foreign Class)—Dogs or bitches, not specified in the above classification—\$15, \$10, \$5, silver medal, silver medal.

Entries close April 11.

NEWPORT DOG SHOW.

THE first annual Family and Bench Show held under the auspices of the Aquidneck Agricultural Society, was held at Newport, R. I., on February 23, 24 and 25, 1881. The following is a brief of the rules governing the exhibition:

All dogs must be at the hall at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February, when the entries will close. An entrance fee of fifty cents charged on all dogs, which includes their food, water and care, as well as ticket for the exhibition. Every dog must be supplied with collar and chain. Exhibitors will be permitted to take home their dogs at 10 o'clock, after receiving permission from the Superintendent. The judging in all classes will be done by gentlemen competent for the position. Dogs will be judged by rules of the Westminster Kennel Club, and poultry by the American Standard of Poultry. Mr. Michael McCarthy will have entire charge of the dog during the exhibition and has long experience will fit him for the position. The managers will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited, waggons being out on Friday day night.

Considering that only a few dogs were exhibited which did not belong to Newport, the show was really very good. There were about ninety entries, very nicely gotten up. Diplomas were given for first and second prizes, but no money. It is rumored that there will be another show in September. The judges of setters, pointers, foxhounds, New Foundlands, collies and spaniels, were Messrs. Russell Forsyth and George L. Collins, of Newport, R. I., and Dr. Handy, of Fall River, Mass. Of terriers, bull terriers, and other non-sporting dogs, Messrs. A. Watts and John H. Barnard, Jr., of Boston, Mass.

The judges from Boston stated that the exhibition in some respects exceeded any which have been given in that city for the past two or three years. In September, the number was much smaller. The show was governed by the following gentlemen who constituted the officers and committee of the society: President, Mr. Albert C. Landers; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George Bell; Judge of the dog, Mr. E. Kline, Newport, R. I.; Harbormaster, Howard Smith, William O. Green, John T. Trip, George P. Lawton, H. P. Hamilton, Henry T. Easton and James A. Greene, all of Newport R. I.

The Bench Building of Boston was represented by Mr. John P. Barnard, Jr. who exhibited three English bulldogs, Bouxboys, Southbrink and Jndy. A Yorkshire terrier weighing four pounds, the property of Mr. A. Watts, of Boston, attracted much attention; its hair which touches the ground after being parted on the back, measured seven and a half inches in length. There was a fine English setter bitch, Belfast, the property of Mr. H. V. Blankenship, of Fall River, Mass.

Subjoined is the full list of awards, the names of the dogs having been omitted in many cases.

LIST OF AWARDS.

- English Setter Dogs—1st, Dash (N. Hathaway, Fall River, Mass.); 2d, R. M. Livingston, New York; 3d, Count Morris (A. Mercer Pell, Newport, R. I.).
- English Setter Bitches—1st, Opal (N. Hathaway, Fall River, Mass.); 2d, E. Kline, Newport, R. I.
- Gordon Setters—1st, A. P. Baker, Newport, R. I. Puppies—1st, Geo. L. Collins, Newport, R. I.
- Irish Water Spaniels—1st, Sam, E. J., Newport, R. I.
- Cocker Spaniel Dogs—1st, E. Kline, Newport, R. I.
- Cocker Spaniel Bitches—1st, J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I. Puppies—1st, J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I.
- Um Dogs—1st, Kluta (A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I.).
- Um Bitches—1st, Wm. A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I. Puppies—1st, Poppy (A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I.); 2d, Sam (Mr. McCloed, Newport, R. I.).
- Newfoundland—1st, Ben, J. B. Gray, Newport, R. I.
- Fox Hounds—Dogs—1st, A. Wilbur; 2d, John T. Tripp, Newport, R. I.
- Dachshund Dog—1st, Wm. H. Mayer, Newport, R. I.
- Scottish Stag Hounds Dog—1st, to E. B. Harrington, Newport, R. I.
- Collie Dogs—1st, Wm. Maher, Newport, R. I.
- Collie Bitches—1st, Wm. A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I.
- Scottish Collie Puppies—1st, W. Andrews; 2d, Wm. Maher.
- Welsh Collie Bitches—1st, Mrs. Lily S. Clynner, Newport, R. I.
- Black and Tan Bitches—1st, James R. Palmer, Newport, R. I.
- Small Terrier—1st, Fox Terrier Bitches, with pups—1st, R. Foxhall Keene, Newport, R. I.
- Large Yorkshire Terriers—1st, Arnold Freeman; 2d, P. Fagan, Newport, R. I.
- Yorkshire Terriers—2d, Miss E. H. Stinson, Newport, R. I.
- Black Terrier Puppies—1st, James Cary; 2d, W. S. Cooper, Newport, R. I.
- Blue Terriers—1st, W. H. Demick; 2d, James Carey.
- Toy Terriers—1st, Robert Carey, Newport; 2d, W. S. Cooper; 3d, James Carey.
- Dalmatian Dog—1st, T. F. Bowler, Newport, R. I.
- Bull Terrier Bitch, with pups—1st, W. Davenport, Newport, R. I.; 2d, W. C. Davenport, Providence, R. I.
- Bull Terrier Dogs—1st, Wm. C. Davenport; 2d, William Slavin, Newport, R. I.
- Miscellaneous Class—W. P. Davenport, bull mastiff; John Blank, bull terrier; W. Swiss bloodhound; Samuel McCloed, one-half St. Bernard and Newfoundland; John Carman, Newfoundland bitch, with pups.

POINTS FOR JUDGING THE POINTEUR.

[From Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog-"]

The Head should be rather wide between the ears, and of substantial appearance. It should not be in one straight line from occiput to nose; on the contrary, there should be a decided fall at the stop, which should be well developed, as also the occipital protuberance should be prominent. The muzzle should be long, wide and blunt. The nose must be large and moist, not black, but dark liver or flesh colored. A black nose is an especial blemish in a lemon and white dog. The jaws should be powerful, with the teeth meeting evenly. The lips should be fairly well developed, but not so great extent as in the bloodhound. The Eyes.—The color depends upon the color of the dog, and are therefore either dark or light, as the case may be. They should be moderately well developed, as a pig-eyed pointer is an abomination for an stand. The Ears should hang flat to the sides of the head, and be soft and thin, low set on and long, may be to reach the throat. The Neck should be arched, and any dewlap is a serious fault. The Shoulders moderately sloping, and well set up. The Chest must not be too wide, as if so the dog's paco will be injured. It should be deep and broad. The Body must be powerful-looking, and not too short, which is a fault, and well ribbed up. Loins particularly strong, and a little arched.

Pore-legs very strong and heavy in bone, and placed well under the body. Fore-foot round and compact. Many authorities express admiration at the long hare-foot, but in our opinion there can be no question but that the short-foot is infinitely preferable. Hind-legs should be powerful, and turning inward very slightly, on account of the outward turn of the stifle joints. The Sters short, and thick at root, but gradually tapering toward the tips. It must not be set on too low down, and should be carried straight out from the neck. The Coat should be soft, but at the same time weather-resisting. Color as a point which has been already discussed above. Though many judges prefer to give considerable weight to the color, it is generally of the opinion that liver and whites and lemon and whites are by far the most preferable on the show bench, if only on account of their beauty.

In their appearance the pointer should show every evidence of a combination of strength and refinement. A coarse-looking dog should be avoided, as also should a light-boned one, for reasons already given. According to common we append a

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING POINTEURS.

Skull.....	5
Nose, ears and eyes.....	5
Neck and shoulders.....	5
Chest, depth and breadth.....	5
Body.....	5
Feet and legs.....	5
Stays.....	5
Stern.....	5
General appearance.....	10
.....	50

MORE COMMENTS.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 23.—I was disgusted at Whitford's own cheap advertisement; it was all about W. and what he could do. It was the emptying of coze and slime into the "New York Herald." I believe he never wrote a word of it. It is sufficient for me to write for but fifteen minutes to ascertain how illiterate the man is.

Columbia, Tenn., Feb. 10.—I have read with much pleasure the editorial comments on "Jockeying at Field Trials" in the Pioneer. As a sportsman of no mean order, the editor in behalf of all honest sportsmen for his well said and well-timed remarks, and the just rebuke he gave the dog-jockey Whitford. I hope he will handle all such in like manner.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 10.—I think you have done the fair amateur, gentled sportsman a signal service in writing up and down the sly trickeries of Whitford & Co. The trials should either be purged and purified utterly, and all such fellows cut off by the society of sportsmen, or the editor in behalf of the sportsman should snarl among and pry upon each other. As the trials were to be run as between two gentlemen shooting regularly alongside, it is plain no friend would throw his dog in ahead on another dog's trials already made, but would cause him to back or take the trail of side runners, not wearing another's laurels. I have heard others commend your article and many copies have been mailed to the sportsmen of the land, owners of the soil. You may reasonably expect to hear a howling wail from the strikers; the harder they are whipped the more they will cry for the trials where they are needed. The better and the larger portion of the sportsman are with you and the right.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 14.—I have heard many gentlemen express their dissatisfaction with your showing at the trials, and the way the sneaking trickery of Whitford. It will be agreeable to know you are sustained by those who are above all frauds, proven by stainless lives.

GORDON SETTERS. The origin of the setters goes back to a very distant period and one that is difficult to specify. They were used (says La Basse Couper) long before the dogs who were not known very much before the beginning of the century, and they appear to have always been taken great care of in England. There are many points of resemblance between the setter and our large French spaniels and it is very certain that the dogs have the same origin. By careful selection and judicious pairing the English have, however, succeeded in giving a more elegant shape, more silky hair and, more than all, a keener scent and swifter feet to the English setter. As the trials were to be run as between two gentlemen shooting regularly alongside, it is plain no friend would throw his dog in ahead on another dog's trials already made, but would cause him to back or take the trail of side runners, not wearing another's laurels. I have heard others commend your article and many copies have been mailed to the sportsmen of the land, owners of the soil. You may reasonably expect to hear a howling wail from the strikers; the harder they are whipped the more they will cry for the trials where they are needed. The better and the larger portion of the sportsman are with you and the right.

The Gordon setters must be placed in the first rank, because they appear to be the best of all the setters, and they are so service that the others on account of the facility with which they can accommodate themselves to our sports and to different ground. Gordon setters of pure breed are magnificent animals, vigorous, very energetic and quick in their movements, and of great elegance. Their hair, though rather coarse, is generally long, long than that of the other setters and this enables them to make their way more easily among the briars and furze, while, at the same time, as their feet are firm and real covers with rain, they do not get hurt themselves on the hard and dirty ground which they have to go over in the rougher spots. They are able to endure great fatigue and they can bear the intense heat of summer better than any other kind of pointer and they are very hardy and active. In the United States the Gordon, though extremely scarce, is well represented by the few that have been introduced of the country which is wise. These dogs are usually so mild and docile that it is exceedingly easy to tame them and most satisfactory results are to be obtained by those who are willing to give a little attention to the business.

The color of the Gordons is a fixed one. They are black and yellow and many of them have a white mark on the chest. Breeders appear to have given their attention for a long time toward obtaining this white mark, but they will find me with my dissent, however, well known that the setters of the Duke of Gordon were black, yellow and white and that the white color is only a sign of greater or less purity of blood. We think, therefore, that it is not reasonable to attach any great value to this white mark, and it is certainly no disfigurement to the animal.—Live Stock Journal.

GREATEST WEIGHTS OF DOGS.—San Francisco, Jan. 30.—I am a great lover of the dog and endeavor to be as far as possible my limited means will allow) the best specimens of certain breeds. My object in addressing you this note is to give the dimensions of a splendid specimen I possess of the speckles known in natural history as the Great Dane, and which you will find in the "Bloodhound" classed at bench shows as the "Sheridan blood hound." I am anxious to ascertain, through your courtesy and columns, if any of your many readers know of any larger dog, of any breed, and if so will be very glad to hear of it and they will be my guests. The dog I refer to took the first prize at the bench show in New York in 1879. His name is "Brace." He stands 33 inches high at shoulder, 32 at the rump; is 6 feet 5 inches long from end of nose to tip of tail; his chest is 34 inches in circumference at the chest. He weighs, when in good condition, 175 pounds. Just now he is in poor health, suffering from a skin disease, I have tried all sorts of remedies—sometimes with success. He is not very fond of water, and he will not swim, and he is not fond of soup meat and vegetables and cannot account for this loss. Perhaps one of your readers who owns this breed may know what causes it. His hair is a peculiarity of the species.—Brace is the greatest looking dog I ever saw, gentler than any I have seen, and he is young still when head and tail are erect. He goes into the water for sticks like a Newfoundland dog. I have seen notices of big dogs in your paper of the "Leonberg" breed, one of which was 4 feet 3 inches high and weighed 240 lbs. I have never seen so large a dog, and now write to call out some information on the subject. I am very fond of big dogs and want to own the biggest and think we should do all in our power to improve the larger

breeds in size and sagacity. A friend of mine is anxious to purchase an animal of this or any other good breed of grand proportions, and perhaps you can kindly assist him in his desire.

STUART M. TAYLOR.

NOTES FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.—The well-known smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Jura is dead. She was for a long time the property of the late Miss Agliony. At the time of her death Jura was in the hands of W. H. Goodwin, of the Downs, Farnham. She was the winner of fifty-one first and forty-nine second prizes and was ton and a half years old. It is said that the Rev. J. Cunningham Macdonald has withdrawn his name from the list of members of the Kennel Club.

On the 18th January a valuable Newfoundland bitch belonging to Mr. T. Leader Brown, of Chardleigh Green, escaped from a crate in which she was traveling and was lost in the snow. For several days notice was given by the warden, but no trace of her was found. The 25th, two laborers, while passing over Beaminster Down, discovered the poor creature in a snowdrift. The dog appears to have been skinned, the chain attached to her collar having become entangled in a large root, which she was unable to gain liberty, she had bravely gnawed through; but while doing so the chain became frozen to the ground within about six inches from the collar, so the poor animal was scarcely able to move. The men probed the snow with their picks, but the dog, not liking this mode of examination, growled and showed her teeth. The men then proceeded to dig her out. The warden and asked Superintendent McHale to bring a gun to shoot the "devil," who was surely out on the Downs. Superintendent McHale quickly comprehended the case and, accompanying the men to the spot, soon relieved the imprisoned dog. She was taken to its owner, apparently not the worse for her six days' fast in the snow.—Live Stock Journal.

Regarding the Alexandria Palace Show, a correspondent writes to the Editor of the Kennel Club, London, that the Kennel Club Committee elected seven of themselves as judges, while eight others of them exhibited thirty-four dogs and won £20. It don't look well.—Sirius, in the Nicks-Keeper.

Belmont, N. Y., Feb. 23.—The dog system of the Kennel Club for the past year have just been issued and there is a balance of £119 13s. 7½d. to improve the fox terrier.—The Nicks-Keeper.

BENEDICT.—We had a look the other day at the Lechne Kennel Club's recently imported black spaniel dog Benedict, Mr. G. Macdonald kindly bringing him, at our request, to our office. We were very much pleased to see him, and he was certainly a remarkably fine dog of his breed. He is about one year old. The Lechne Kennel Club imported him direct from the kennels of Mr. J. Jacobs, of Wottonborough House, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, England. Benedict is owned by Messrs. J. W. Deane and J. W. Benedict, is own brother to Squaw and Lass of Devon, and brother-in-blood to the magnificent Kadir, Zulu and Mr. A. H. Moore's imported Dash.

Subjoined we give the measurements of several celebrated English winners, contrasted with those of Benedict.

Brush Bona, Bitch, Penn. Cocker, England, bred or sold in U.S.A.	40 lbs.	32 in.	15 in.	15 in.	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Height at shoulder.....	40 lbs.	32 in.	15 in.	15 in.	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Length from tip of nose to set on of tail.....	38	35	32	30	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Height at withers.....	5	6	6 1/2	13	13	13	13	13
Length of head from front of nose to occiput.....	9 3/4	8	9 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4
Birth of chest.....	26	24 1/2	25	22	23	23	23	23
Birth of neck.....	16	14 1/2	17	15	14	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2
Birth of nose half way between tip of nose and tip of ears.....	9	7 1/2	9 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4
Birth of forearm.....	7	6 1/2	7 3/4	7 3/4	7 3/4	7 3/4	7 3/4	7 3/4
Height from ground to elbow.....	16	14 1/2	16 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2

We are very glad to see the chapters on Spaniards from the advance sheets of Mr. Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." Our readers will then have an opportunity of seeing what is said of this breed, which of late years has almost monopolized the classes of dogs shown at the various dog shows, and is especially popular with the breeders and Clubbers. As a beautiful dog the black spaniel ranks very highly, while as a companion to the sportsman he is invaluable.

PHILADELPHIA GOSSIP.—Philadelphia, Feb. 23.—The report is becoming quite general that a dog show is to be held in Philadelphia under the patronage and direction of a canine lover in our city. The name of the dog show is not yet known, but it is said to be Mr. Ches. Lincoln would be the Superintendent. It is given the news as I learned it—not on my own authority. None of the Philadelphia Kennel Club appear to know anything about it, nor do I think they are very much interested in it. The project is being carried out by the Industrial Art Building so thoroughly annoyed the gentlemen of the committee on account of its endless detail that it has several times been declared that nothing would induce them to take an active part in it. The gentlemen of the committee are so thoroughly disgusted with the project, and they were forcibly obliged to rescind unfounded charges made by dissatisfied exhibitors against the judges of their careful choosing—judges who were acting gratuitously and who were in every way entitled to the honor and respect which they were so justly entitled to. They were so thoroughly disgusted with the project, and they were forcibly obliged to rescind unfounded charges made by dissatisfied exhibitors against the judges of their careful choosing—judges who were acting gratuitously and who were in every way entitled to the honor and respect which they were so justly entitled to. They were so thoroughly disgusted with the project, and they were forcibly obliged to rescind unfounded charges made by dissatisfied exhibitors against the judges of their careful choosing—judges who were acting gratuitously and who were in every way entitled to the honor and respect which they were so justly entitled to.

VACCINATION.—Piermont-on-Hudson.—In your issue of December 9 "Homo" writes that the French have recently inoculated young hunting dogs with vaccine virus to protect them from a disease called "distemper" which they then when quite young, and it has proven quite successful. The French have been hardly clear in their discovery in the use of vaccine virus as a preventive to distemper, as "that price of sportsmen, Col. Hawker, speaks of it in his book on "Preventive Vaccination," and he says that it will prove a great benefit as a preventive, having vaccinated with my success many of the best for the last two years. Of those vaccinated none died of distemper; for the one neglected to vaccinate died of pneumonia. I have lately vaccinated Mr. F. Mayer's beautiful pure Laverack pointer puppy, and he has been vaccinated with the same vaccine virus and his lemon and white pointer bitch Snowflake, by Glenmark out of Quirk. The mode of doing it is as follows: Get the prints or glands, which generally have directions for use with them; but if they have not, dip them in clean cold water and lay aside; then carefully skin under the foreleg, close to the body, or, as I prefer, the small knob in the ear. Either should be scraped with a sharp knife until a very small quantity of blood appears through the skin. Then dip the needle in the vaccine virus and draw it up. Have dipped in water on the scarified surface about a minute and the job is done, not occupying more than three minutes' time. If you expect a large score and big ear you will be disappointed; it does have not dip them in clean cold water, and lay aside; then carefully skin under the foreleg, close to the body, or, as I prefer, the small knob in the ear. Either should be scraped with a sharp knife until a very small quantity of blood appears through the skin. Then dip the needle in the vaccine virus and draw it up. 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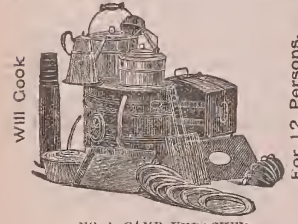
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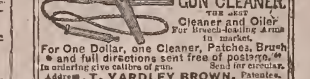


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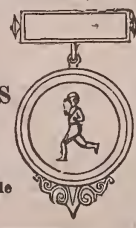
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondents' names will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 10.

NATURALISTS' PERMITS

IN many State game laws a wise and just provision is made whereby students of natural history and taxidermists are allowed to kill song and insectivorous birds "for natural history purposes." This privilege has been outrageously abused, particularly in the neighborhood of large cities. Long Island is infested the year round with song-bird shooters and nest robbers who slaughter the song birds and steal the eggs "for natural history purposes." The traffic in birds' skins and eggs is much greater than most people have any conception of, and the number of "specimens" collected by these vagrant robbers almost exceeds belief. The abuse is not confined to Long Island. In their very able report, the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners call attention to the same evil existing in that State, where, they say, "the office or license of taxidermist is more sought for purposes of traffic in the skins of birds and animals, and even for the destruction of game during close time, than the legitimate purposes of scientific study. Our song birds in particular are most eagerly coveted during the mating season, as they are then in their gayest plumage." Doubtless the same state of things exists elsewhere.

So great has been the destruction of song birds on Long Island that those who have framed the proposed new game law introduced a change in this respect, partially revoking this naturalists' license. This change, if we are not misinformed, was suggested by a collector, who, in his wanderings over the island, has learned the extent of bird destruction worked by the vagabonds from New York and Brooklyn. That these fellows should be debarred from their practices is

certainly much to be desired alike by the farmer, land owner and naturalist; but it would, perhaps, be wiser to have framed the law so that responsible students of natural history and bona fide collectors might still have the privilege of right belonging to them. They should not be made to suffer because of the lawless doings of the robbers who stray out from the city's slums. There are many gentlemen in New York and Brooklyn—the members of the Linnean Society, for instance—who ought not to be debarred from prosecuting their favorite pursuits. The best law on this point would be one still allowing the privilege and cutting off the possibility of its abuse. This may be done by providing for licenses and strictly regulating the granting of them to applicants. The control of the licenses should be put into the hands of responsible parties—preferably natural history societies and scientific institutions. The seventh section of the proposed Massachusetts law, quoted elsewhere, makes just such a provision. The only material change, which it might be wise to make in such a law, would be a limit of time to the certificates, so that the holders would be required to renew them at given intervals, when those which had been abused might be rescinded.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GAME BILL.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association represents, we believe, the best informed, most experienced and practical element of the sportsmen in that State. Its headquarters are at Boston, where, during the years of its existence, it has had an ample field for effort in the cause of game protection. The vigorous manner in which prosecutions for the violation of the game laws have been pushed and the determined activity of the society have inspired respect for its character and confidence in its judgment. The society has been engaged in the actual work of enforcing the game law, by experience and practical test it has proved the weak and the strong features of the statute.

As the result of this experience of several years we have the draft of the bill for a new game law—published in another column. This bill has been drawn by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. It represents what they believe to be the best game law possible and practical in Massachusetts. The bill has been under consideration by the members for a long time; unusual care has been taken to make it comprehensive and effective in its operation. It has been submitted to able criminal lawyers and indorsed by them as strong and without flaw.

Having been prepared in the manner designated, and embodying as it does the points acquired by the experience of the Massachusetts Society this bill should receive the hearty sanction of the sportsmen of that State. It may not suit all; in some points it is open to objection. To frame a bill which shall meet the unreserved approbation of all is an impossibility, and one great obstacle to efficient legislation in Massachusetts has been that hills which were good as at first presented have been manipulated to suit individual notions until utterly worthless.

The Massachusetts Association have fairly earned the confidence of the sportsmen of the State, and this confidence should be extended to their efforts in legislation. For this reason it is to be hoped that the sportsmen of Massachusetts will urge upon their representatives at Boston the passage of the bill as it stands. We understand that it comes before the House this week, and we hope in a future issue to record that it has become a law.

GAME BIRDS FOR MASSACHUSETTS.—It is satisfactory to learn that the movement of the Springfield sportsmen, which has for its object the stocking of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with game, is likely to be extremely popular in all sections of the State. Although the movement was inaugurated at the rooms and among the members of the Rod and Gun Club of Springfield, it has now so far exceeded the bounds originally marked out for it that it can be said to be under the auspices of no association. Contributions have been offered in the most liberal way by men who had no connection with any gun club, and it really looks as if the brotherhood of sportsmen in the old Bay State were going to carry this thing through with old-fashioned New England push and vigor. The fund to be applied to this purpose has already attained quite respectable proportions and is con-

stantly growing. Sportsmen hearing of the project for the first time instinctively thrust their hands in their pockets, fish out one, five or ten dollars and contribute it to the fund; so attractive does the project appear to practical sportsmen. We understand that the managers of the undertaking have already purchased in Tennessee three hundred quail and purpose, if it be possible, to secure as many more. They have obtained some plumed grouse, and have arranged for some sharp-tailed grouse and some California quail. They propose also to obtain some of the eggs of the sharp-tailed grouse and to hatch them under hantam hens, and will endeavor to rear them.

MIGRATION IS MADE EASY for certain birds, if all we hear be true, and if it be not true we have here a very curious similarity of belief in two widely separated and utterly diverse races. We venture to say that Dr. Mcrcill's note in another column will interest not our ornithological readers alone, but many others as well. That a belief of the Bedouins of Africa should receive confirmation from the savages of our Western wilds is a noteworthy if not a significant fact. Such a tale as that of the wagtails crossing the Mediterranean on the backs of storks, and the similar one of the sandhill cranes transporting the "cranes hawk" in their migrations would have been scouted a few years since. But in these days, while we may all doubt, he is wise who refrains from denying. While the story of the "crane's back" may be without foundation, it may also have a very substantial basis of truth. We shall watch with interest for further information on this subject.

WE NOTICE that the New York Herald is "down on" what it is pleased to term the pedestrian infliction, and it manifests its disapprobation of the walking matches by giving place to only exceedingly meagre reports of their progress. This attitude of the press is a pleasing sign of the times. If now our highly-esteemed contemporary will only curtail the space devoted to Philadelphia cock-fights and Long Island dog-fights that will be equally gratifying and significant of an increasing disregard for the indecencies which mar our civilization.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Among the names of the new Cabinet sent in by President Garfield and confirmed by the Senate was that of Col. Thomas L. James as Postmaster-General. This is a fit recognition of Col. James' ability and of the successful manner in which he has conducted the postal service of this city. The appointment is unqualifiedly indorsed by the business men of New York and the press of the country irrespective of party.

Col. James, although a politician of no mean order, has received this high honor strictly on his merits. With an executive ability almost phenomenal, courteous in hearing, and of a strict integrity which twenty years of political office has not tarnished, Postmaster-General James will enter upon his new and larger sphere of duty indorsed by the best men everywhere without regard to politics. Our best wish for him is that at Washington he may serve the whole country as faithfully and as successfully as he has served this city, and that the recognition of his efforts there may be as general and decided as that of his services here.

It is highly desirable that the efficient postal system perfected by Col. James in this city should be continued by those who have co-operated with him in the past. The hope is expressed in business circles, and we share it, that Col. James' able assistant, Mr. H. G. Pearson, may be put at the head of the New York Post Office.

MORE MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Many interested readers will learn with satisfaction from the letter published elsewhere that Mr. Horace P. Tohey, of Boston, again proffers his services to assist in the further importation of migratory quail. As we have already pointed out, the success of this enterprise depends upon conditions which demand that the importation should be on a large scale; and it is to be hoped that the response to Mr. Tohey's note may insure an importation equal to those of other years.

It should be understood that this is purely a labor of love on the part of Mr. Tohey, whose repeated efforts in this direction merit—and we trust receive—the very highest appreciation.

that I should not be able to accomplish more than twenty miles that day. The moist and slippery trail gave constant evidence that it was also a favorite thoroughfare for wild animals. The great cow-like footprints of the elk were mingled with the negro-shaped track of the black bear, and the broad, cork-like spoor of the moose or marten. In places the tracks of the moose, or marten, were twelve feet high, grew abundantly along the low depressions of the trail and the undergrowth in many places was as dense as any I have ever seen upon the Ishmus of Darien. Hour after hour passed and found me still toiling along the narrow trail, sometimes clambering over and sometimes crawling under those mighty prostrate monarchs of the forest, lying so frequently directly across my path. The forest was so thick that in that somber wilderness warned me that I must prepare to die as I might in the most primitive style possible, more especially as I had no blanket and nothing to eat but a few apples purloined from an orchard on the outskirts of Astoria. The first thought, after this became a settled conviction, was for fuel, and my anxiety in this respect grew greater every moment as I traveled mile after mile and could not find a stick that looked dry enough to burn.

The idea of lying out that night was certainly not a very inviting one. The numerous tracks of wild animals, of both the canine and feline orders, which I had observed upon every mile of the trail during the afternoon, suggested a possibility of unwelcome intruders, and the cold, moist and penetrating night air, whose influence already began to make itself unpleasantly felt, precluded, in my thinly clad condition, any very sanguine anticipations of the night's repose, even to the most voracious temperaments. My spirits, however, came to the surface with a bound when, upon ascending a slight swell or ridge, I saw the great, sail-like slivers of alighting-shattered tree lying in heaps about its stump, small enough to handle and apparently dry enough to burn. A short distance beyond two dead trees lay, crossing each other at right angles, and half an hour later I had a tolerably comfortable bed arranged for me in the corner, with a pile of silvers at my feet and a lot of wet catkins and birch bark for a pillow.

Slowly we rose the night away. The fire, unless frequently stirred, threatened to go out, and the strange noises of the night in those deep solitudes kept my mind so active that upon consulting my watch at nearly 12 o'clock I found the night was half spent and, weary as I was, sleep had not yet visited my eyelids. I sunk into a light slumber, however, and awoke with a start at 4 o'clock to find that the fire had not yet extinguished and that the stars were visible directly over my head, through the tops of the tall trees, were shining as brightly as ever. Anxiously I watched the pale light announcing the coming of the day-light over the heights, and as soon as I could fairly see the trail I was again on my way.

Two hours later found me standing in the doorway of the cabin I have already described, at the foot of Saddle Mountain, and finding the same bright and cheerful scene entering and nearly famished hunter! Dawson sat upon one side of an immense bed of lively coals, with a long-handled frying-pan, frying huge slabs of bear's grease, and upon the opposite side sat "Happy George," roasting and basting the fat ribs of an elk.

Will you set down and take a bite with us?"

Dear readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, devotees of the rifle and the hunting, the sports and the pleasures of the forest, grove and glen, it is superfluous to ask you if you have been there, for I know you have, every last one of you, and it is only necessary to say that on that particular occasion I was there too. Half an hour later, as I lay reclining upon a bear skin, and my entertainers put the use in order, I began to take note of my companions. Dawson was a light-built, light-complexioned man, of medium height, about forty years of age, had lost his left eye and was at that time the most famous hunter in all those parts. He carried the most terrific rifle I ever saw—muzzle-loading and throwing a round ball fourteen to the pound. "Happy George" was at least fifteen years younger, dark-skinned, broad-shouldered and evidently of herculean strength, having nothing peculiar about him, except, perhaps, the enviable disposition from which he derived his sobriquet. He was armed with a Springfield rifle.

The day was spent in eating, smoking, lounging, running bullets for Dawson's artillery piece preparatory to an elk hunt on the morrow and in general conversation, while my interest in this wild country and especially in its fauna was not easily appeased. The two hunters were equally desirous of hearing about the great silver-bearing lode of Nevada and the methods for its extraction, and the precious metals in vogue there. I found that the mountain was a favorite resort of some of the mightiest of wild animals to be found upon our continent. Deer were very scarce or entirely unknown there, but elk, bear, panther and cougars were to be found in abundance, some of the former of which would dress upward of 600 lbs.

We were off by daylight the next morning, our course being directly up the side of the mountain, which at this point was so steep that the climbing was exceedingly laborious. Not a word was spoken by either of us as we toiled slowly upward, for the fresh tracks of elk were visible in every direction. None of the animals themselves, however, were sighted until we had nearly reached the summit, where we emerged into a charming little glade with an area of about two acres. Here we beheld one of the most imposing sights it was possible for me to contemplate. Right in the centre of the little meadow, and in a favorable position, was a beautiful bed eroded with a magnificent pair of horns raised seven or eight feet high, his great nostrils and eyes distended in alarm, stood a buck elk of the largest size. He was standing with his side toward us, but his head was turned in our direction, and not being over thirty yards distant, I stood perfectly lost in the contemplation of the spectacle. Not so, however, with my companions, who, while I gazed almost unconsciously at the noble animal, with a bond that brought him to the edge of the meadow, plunged headlong down the almost perpendicular cliff with the blood spurting in purple streams from his side. We heard him go crashing down among the ferns and underbrush, and it being impossible to follow him in safety by the direct route we descended to the place where he had lodged by an easier grade. There lay the splendid fellow, which up to the foot of a great tree, dead, with his horns broken and ruined, and the situation was rendered it very difficult for us to get out with any considerable portion of the carcass.

We left him where he had fallen, and, ascending to the summit, crossed to the opposite side where we had a fine view of the dense forest around the sources of Young's River, far below us the clear, singular whistle or bray from a few porcupine bands, and elk. Bowed up to our ears from that vast sea of dense, dark green foliage, and went reverberating off

among the hills like the blasts from a hunter's horn. The descent upon that side was accomplished with great celerity, and in half an hour we were in the midst of the land which numbered thirty or forty elk. We got two shots apiece with our old muzzle-loaders before the hunt broke and ran, leaving us to follow the trail within 200 yards of where we stood, the timber being so dense that no shot was at a greater range than fifty yards. Here was meat in abundance, and it would be wasteful if not sinful to continue the slaughter. We therefore took the finest pair of horns with as much meat as we could conveniently carry and, hanging the choice portions of the remainder in the trees, set out on our return to the cabin, going around the mountain, however, instead of over it. We passed through a very rocky and even treacherous place where I learned from their conversation that they had been only once before, and we all arrived safely at the cabin an hour before dark, and the hunter's feast, the evening cigar and the wild tales of the honest, hospitable pair of leatherstockings made a fitting termination to my first and last day's experience upon Saddle Mountain.

Nothing astonished me more than the wonderful skill in woodcraft shown by Dawson and Happy George, the great fir and hemlock trees standing so thick and tall, not only looked alike to me, but rendered it utterly impossible to locate even the cardinal points of the compass; but they took their course with such unerring fidelity that could hardly have been surprised had they been walking the thoroughfares of a city. They recognized localities and even trees in places where I learned from their conversation that they had been only once before, and we all arrived safely at the cabin an hour before dark, and the hunter's feast, the evening cigar and the wild tales of the honest, hospitable pair of leatherstockings made a fitting termination to my first and last day's experience upon Saddle Mountain.

Mason Valley, Nee.

Natural History

VISITORS TO AN ENGLISH BACK GARDEN.

DURING our last hard winter my little back garden—rubbish, perch, pus, would be a better word—in the suburbs of London swarmed with birds eager to pounce on the crumbs and crusts, cold rice and potatoes, bones and scraps of meat thrown out to them. Nine blackbirds at a time—including hens—were to be seen down in the yard and even more quarrelsome than usual the golden-billed crows proved themselves, fighting the ground and leaping up blustering in a way that is hard to find in their own country. Brown-jointed wrens sometimes followed their bad example.

Part of the skeleton of a goose, well picked before it was thrown out, the blackbirds pecked at and instilled about in a most amusing fashion; and one big, bullying cock made a point of leaving the crust or scrap on which he might be feeding and deliberately shouldering away any of his fellows who attempted to feed in his neighborhood. A long, real garden stretches behind the little back garden of our row of houses, which in ordinary weather furnishes blackbirds with a pretty good supply, according to the season, of grubs, worms, snails, chrysalides, etc., although there are not many apples to give them their dessert for their meritorious labor in decouraging these gardeners' pests. Accordingly, the birds breed about the garden, and very pleasant it is to hear them piping in the morning and the evening tink—tink—that is, when they are full of food, and in their own voices. But for the most part they are very lazy. It is not only in summer that the "silver tongue" is dry, and when they do sing they are generally "hoarse as when a hawk hawks his wres." This hoarseness in these birds (the male being a great moaking-bird) I attribute to their imitation of the harsh scolding of a next door parrot. Under the slates of that next door house a pair of blackbirds nest, every year, just at the top of a water pipe, in company with a colony of sparrows, which slip in and out of the holes left in the side wall for the ventilation of the left under the roof like dingy Londoners in and out of the mouths of their dark courts. The country blackbird's nest is made of grass and roots and clay, plastered with smoother clay inside or lined with finer grass; but I have never seen any suburban neighbors carrying in clay for their housebuilding, although there is plenty of it about. When a bird is sitting on her eggs, which are laid in green eggs in from that in which a blackbird's nest rises in my mind's eye! A dunlop of hazels in a Welsh park, peeping over a rough, mossed, leached, ivied limestone wall upon a shaded, rocky lane, down which zigzagged a clear, tinkling rind, between wet, mossy rounded blocks of stone.

Bigger blackbirds visited us—rooks, probably, from Ken or Highgate Wood or Lady Burdett-Coutts's park. Now and then we had a pair of magpies, but they were not so frequent as in milder winters. A timonise often made his appearance. I saw him on the roof of the scullery, pecking away at a bone which bigger flesh-relishing birds, although bold enough to light upon the ground, had been afraid to touch because within eyeshot of a first floor window. He finished off his dinner with some little bits of cheese which for days the other birds—sparrows included—had left untested. All the birds have learned an almost scornfully cold shoulder upon cold potatoes as long as there was anything else for them to get. When water has run out under the scullery door into the frozen yard most of the birds have made a rush for it. A solitary, stray starling and bright-eyed, bold thrushes—the last looking like smart young men of the last century in their smooth brown coats and speckled waistcoats—were also on our visiting list, the thrushes three and four at a time.

But the sparrows were, of course, the most numerous. All round about they build. In the breeding season, ever and anon, down comes and smashes one of its spotted white eggs—perhaps ejected from the nest by a felonious neighbor abstracting its material; or an unfledged, white-nosed nestling drops gaping, and afterward when the young ones have begun to try their wings every now and then one umbles down the chimney like an inexperienced little swan. Bird at all times during the hard weather the sparrows have, when proving cats were in the way, shown themselves almost totally devoid of fear. They have leaped into windows and tapped with their bills upon the panes to call attention to their wants.

They have to rise up like barnyard fowls to snatch scattered crumbs, and scarcely take more trouble than pigeons to get out of the way when a hawk has been seen flying to get two of them at a time tugging away at a crust like rival porters at a passenger's portmanteau, and to note the insolent coolness with which every now and then one has swooped down upon and carried off for his own repast upon a distant roof that big scrap on which another has been engaged, the robber staggering along with his spoil like a ship "down by the head."

W. R.

Quebec, March, 1881.

THE "CRANE'S BACK."

NOTICE that in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 23 you reprint a letter published in the *Evening Post* on the backs of cranes and storks. This has the endorsement of the eminent ornithologist you mention, and induces me to report a general belief among the Crow Indians of Montana that the sandhill crane performs the same office for a bird they call *naple-shu-nite* or "the crane's back." This bird I have not yet seen, but from the description it is probably a small grebe. It is "big medicine," and when obtained is rudely stuffed and carefully preserved. I hope to have one brought to me soon for identification.

The Indian's account of the bird is as follows, and I give it for what it may be worth, adding that I have been assured by a very intelligent and observing hunter, who has lived in Montana for eighteen years, that he has noticed the same habit:

"The 'crane's back' arrives and departs with the sandhill crane, and except when nesting is rarely seen far from that bird. About ten or fifteen per cent of cranes are accompanied by the 'crane's back,' which, as the crane rises from the ground flutters up and settles on the back between the wings, remaining there until the crane alights.

Such is the Indian account, and many of their hunters and chiefs have assured me that they have frequently seen the birds carried off in this way. At these times the bird is said to keep up a constant chattering whistle, which is the origin of the Crow custom of warriors going into battle each with a small bone whistled in his mouth. This is continually blown imitating the note of the 'crane's back,' and, as they believe, preserves their parties and themselves from wounds, so that in case of defeat they may be safely carried away as is the *naple-shu-nite*. The Crow Indians are said to observe the same habit in the white crane.

J. C. MERRILL.

Fort Union, Montana, February, 1881.

JIM CROW.

THIS was his name. Andy was the name of the other. I had them from different nests in different years, and found them both most interesting and affectionate pets. I loved them living, I mourned them dead. I am a friend of the crow and would say a good word for him in spite of his unfortunate reputation. I would not shoot or kill a crow. They are useful birds and, I believe, honest birds and so entitled to live. Injustice has ever been done the crow, both in ancient and modern times. "Esop" has not only slandered him, but tries to make a fool of him by representing him as having wickeded out of his class by a fox. No fox ever outwitted a crow nor never will. He is a bird with brains and his eyes and ears are always open. I do not claim that he is a wit, but he is a wag, full of "infinitesimal jest and humor." Few birds are his equal, none are his superior. I presume that many, if not all, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM look upon the crow as vermin, destructive to game—an Ishmidid against whom the deed of every man should be mailed. If this presumption is correct I think it arises from a want of knowledge of his merits or a hereditary prejudice against him. He is called a thief and a robber, but he is neither, unless the taking that which satisfies his hunger, and no more, makes him such. He provides for himself and his household, as every good crow should—he does not steal for the mere pleasure of stealing. Every crow has his own indelible dual character; no two are alike; some are sober, others are merry, but all are fond of a little joking. He is as affectionate as a dog, and in the daytime quite as useful, for no tramp, stranger, dog or cat can come on the premises where he is that he will not give a note of alarm. I have said that I had two—Jim, named after the popular song, and Andy, after a prominent citizen who once sued well with his countrymen. Jim was a very sociable crow, fond of ladies and children, but not his favorites, and never hesitated in showing his likes and his dislikes. Jim was brought up in a Republican family, but, droll enough in one of his colors, he could never abate a negro, and while he would be chatty with white folks he would have nothing to say to a black man. He at one time formed a friendship with a workman who daily passed the house where Jim lived and wore a heavy white beard, which one day he had dyed black. This was too much for Jim; he looked at the old friend in silence and never after-ward took any notice of him. He was brought up and availed himself of every opportunity to give them a nip. He would sit in solemn silence near the front gate, apparently waiting for some dog with more curiosity than wit to thrust his nose between the bars, when he would give him a blow with his horny beak that would send him howling away, a sadder if not a wiser dog, to remember the difference between *one colour* and *two colours*. Andy was a comparatively new bird, but he was as articulate in intercourse with society, and was shy of the *u pallid*. He was fond of ladies, especially those who wore bright or gay colors. He was fond of flowers, but passies were his favorites. He would fill his mouth with them and strut around the garden walks in the sunshine as proud as a peacock. He was always perplexed with Sunday's stillness and the Sunday coat, gown and bonnet were too much for him, he was quiet and slow.

J. C. J.

Bangor, 1881.

We agree most heartily with what our correspondent says. We know of no bird that makes a more interesting pet than the crow, and there is none more easily reared or that better repays in intelligence and affection the care bestowed upon him. We remember especially two that we had one year—Jim and Sam. They were never confined, and as the weather in fall grew colder, and less attention was paid them they became wilder, and finally, one cold November day, flew away never to reappear. It was fun to watch these birds. They did not know what fear was, and their impudence was something sublime. From the time that they became able to fly they were the companions of the children, and would join in their games with as much spirit as any one. They were greatly attracted by any shining object and had to be carefully watched to prevent their stealing any object of metal and hiding it. When the children were not out of doors to play with them they used sometimes to amuse themselves by alighting on the backs of the gardeners working on the lawn or over the flower-beds, and then trying to remove the metal buckles from their vests or the bright suspender buttons from their pantaloons. With their stout beaks they would pound

and punchmill the irritated victim would strike viciously at them, when they would fly away with loud cawings of amusement and derision. If for any reason their meal was delayed beyond its accustomed hour the pair would proceed to the kitchen door and raised such a tumult as never failed to call forth some one to satisfy their wants.

OREGON QUAIL IN ALABAMA.

YOUR correspondent, "Morse," in your issue of the 17th instant, wrote in a descriptive way of a lot of what you advised him to call, *Oreophylax phasianus*. Very considerable interest has been created in the birds here, and despite the rigors of the climate many places were suggested for colonizing or domesticating them. These were but the expressions of enthusiastic wishes, however, serious thoughts of the birds passing through one of our writers being out of the question.

The gentlemen to whom they were sent here have finally sent them to the sunny South, and they are now in the care of the Montgomery Sporting Club, Montgomery, Alabama, of which Mr. Charles Spear is President. Advice they arrived there in fine condition and are greatly admired. The very of twenty-one are to be divided, a part liberated in a locality favorable to their propagation and protection, and a part upon private lands under the surveillance of the proprietor.

In the interest of true sportsmen and of all interested in colonization and domestication of foreign birds, please insert this in FOREST AND STREAM. It will surely merit the attention of the gentlemen having the birds in charge and secure in your attractive columns reports of this experiment.

The narrative of the advent of these beautiful birds, from their very inception to their capture, is a story of interest, and near Oregon City, Oregon, in late fall or early winter, that manner I know not where there cooped in a pine box about three feet square, with a single partition, or deck, slatted on two opposite sides, and shipped by steamer to San Francisco and thence sent by rail to this city. Two birds were missing on their arrival here and one was found dead in the cage. The twenty-one survivors were in good health and condition. They were liberated in a large cage constructed to receive them, with a floor, and of about twenty-five square feet, and about five feet high, slatted on all sides and the top, and with cross-pieces placed for the birds to roost on. The cage was kept in an apartment heated pretty uniformly above the freezing point, and a few days in this habitation restored the birds in spirit and appearance from the effects of their long journey. They were watched so far as could be for about six weeks with curious interest, and they developed, seemingly, every trait that could encourage hopes of their complete domestication.

What beautiful birds, to be sure! The first impression from them, seen huddled in fear and apprehension—heads erect, the slender plumes in their crowns at a perpendicular, nodding, flitting, their beautiful plumage displayed in their strut and shuffling movements. I wonder if this long, delicate plume is peculiar to the mountain quail?

In size, full-grown, the bird is about that of a pigeon. The breast is very full and dimpled and of a rich blue, fading into a dusky brown on the sides of the neck and upward over the crown and all over the back, wings and tail, save that the contour of the wings is marked by dottings of white. Below the wings the breast is of a lustrous moon, barred with white downward and backward. The throat is ornamented with lustrous maroon, shield-shaped, bordered with white, the upper points reaching the auriculars, and the lower point terminating about an inch below the base of the bill. The plume is about two inches long when fully developed, and when the bird is undisturbed slopes backward and close to the neck and back. When animated the bird erects it to a perpendicular, and is seen to consist sometimes of one and sometimes of two long, slender, dark brown feathers. To observers here there was nothing to indicate sex in the birds but a dominating action and expression.

What game to entice the true sportsman from office and shop! Dinmore, to whose attention the birds were fortunately committed while here, declares he will go to Alabama next season and identify his pets and the progeny. *Maio Ogdenburg, N. Y., February, 1881.*

THE GIANT SQUID ON THE GRAND BANKS.

BY QUINCY A. E. VERRILL.

FROM Capt. J. Collins, now of the U. S. Fish Commission, I learn that in October, 1875, an unusual number of giant squids were found floating at the surface on the Grand Banks, and mostly entirely dead and more or less mutilated by birds and fish. In very few cases they were not quite dead, but entirely disabled. These were chiefly seen between N. lat. 44 deg. and 44 deg. 30 min., and between W. long. 49 deg. 30 sec. and 49 deg. 30 min. 49 deg. 50 min.

He believes that between twenty-five and thirty specimens were secured by the fleet from Gloucester, Mass., and that as many more were probably obtained by the vessels from other places. They were cut up and used as bait for cod fish. For this use they are of considerable value to the fisherman.

Capt. Collins was at that time in command of the schooner Howard, which secured five of these giant squids. These were mostly from ten to fifteen feet long, not including the arms, and averaged about eighteen inches in diameter. The arms were almost always mutilated. The portion that was left was usually three to four feet long, and at the base about as large as a man's thigh.

One specimen of the squid was packed into a large glass head tub, having a capacity of about seventy-five gallons, which it filled. This tub was known to hold 700 pounds of cod fish. The gravity of the Archenthoris is probably about the same as that of the fish. This would indicate more nearly the actual weight of one of these creatures than any of the mere estimates that have been made which are usually much too great. After the tub containing the arms had been destroyed this specimen would perhaps have weighed nearly 900 pounds.

Among the numerous other vessels that were fortunate in securing this kind of bait Capt. Collins mentions the following: The schooner Sarah P. Ayer, Captain O'Kley, took one or two; the E. R. Nickerson, Captain McDonald, secured one that had its arms and was not entirely dead, so that it was harpooned. Its fore and rear arms were thirty-six inches long. The schooner Traugottzunda, Captain Maltry, secured three in one afternoon. These were eight to twelve feet long, not including the arms.

These statements are confirmed by other fishermen, some of whom state that the "big squids" were also common, during the same season, at the "Flemish Cap," a bank situated some distance northeast from the Grand Banks.

The cause of so great a mortality among these great Cephalopods can only be conjectured. It may have been due to some disease epidemic among them, or to an unusual prevalence of deadly parasites or other enemies. It is worth while, however, to recall the fact that these were observed about the same time in autumn when most of the specimens have been found cast ashore at Newfoundland in different years. This season may perhaps be just subsequent to their season for reproduction, when they would be so much weakened as to be more easily overpowered by parasites, disease, or other unfavorable conditions.—*American Journal of Science.*

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.—The March number of the *Journal* contains a number of articles of great value, most of them on physical subjects. The number opens with an article on the Photograph of a Solar Specter by Prof. J. W. Draper, following which is a discussion of the Structure and Affinities of *Eliophoberia* of Meek and Worthen, by S. H. Scudder. Mr. S. P. Langley writes of the Actinic Balance. The wonderful mineral deposit at Branchville, Conn., which has furnished so much interesting material to the mineralogists, calls forth two articles in this number. Mr. G. W. Hawes gives an interesting paper on Liquid Carbon Dioxide in Smoky Quartz, and Prof. Arthur W. Wright one on Gaseous Substances contained in the Smoky Quartz of Branchville, Conn.

Other articles in the March *Journal* are: Origin of New Points in the Topography of North Carolina, by W. C. Kerr; On the Solubility of Chloride of Silon in Water, by J. P. Cooke; Papers on Thermochemistry, from the Winchester Observatory of Yale College, and others.

Scientific Intelligence is very full and varied, and the number, as a whole, is extremely interesting.

UNUSUAL DEER.—Bozeman, Montana Ter., Feb. 18.—I have noticed in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM "Cork's" letter about a "horned doe." In the winter of 1873-74, while hunting at the mouth of McDonald's Creek, a tributary of the Musselshell River—Montana Territory, I happened to kill a large white-tail doe with four horns—or, rather, four spikes—each from 2 1/2 to 4 inches in length. They were produced in pairs, one pair on each side of head. In the fall of 1873, while trapping at the head of Flat Willow and McDonald's creeks, I also killed two large white-tail deer with a black line along backbone and two rows of white spots, the latter of the size of a copper cent, on each side. Have not seen any like this since.

In the autumn of 1878 we killed, in a dry lake, near the head of the Dismal River, Nebraska, the biggest and handsomest buck we ever saw. He had on each side of the backbone a row of spots somewhat smaller than a five-cent nickel, which were very much paler than the rest of the coat. We never saw one marked like him, though there is no doubt that adult deer are sometimes more or less spotted.

NEOTRUS LATERALIS.—Catskill, Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This afternoon while a party of men were fishing in the river they caught a very curious looking "affair." It looks about as I should imagine a cross between an eel and a lizard would. Is about one foot six inches long from tip to tip; is of a dark-rod color on the back; its sides are lighter and have small, dark-blue spots; its belly is light-yellow, and quite rough; has a broad, flat head, small, dead-looking, gray eyes; its legs are very much like a lizard's. Just ahead of forelegs are two spongy like substances (one on a side) of a dark-red color. Has a tail very much like a bullhead. "Is it as slippery as an eel." Is it fish or lizard?

W. C. H.

The animal which you mention is easily recognized from your description. It is neither a fish nor a lizard, but an amphibian, and belongs to the same class with the frogs, toads, sirens and so on. It is called mud-puppy, water-dog or neotrichia in the vernacular, and *Neotrus lateralis* by scientific men. It is not uncommon in the Northern United States, though not very often seen, and sometimes reaches a length of two feet. The "spongy-like substances" are the gills.

A TAME RUFFED GROUSE.—Cortlandt, N. Y., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have now in my possession a tame partridge. Hearing remarkable stories about such a bird having been secured, that having been placed in the coop with the chickens it had conformed to their habits and mode of life, but the only way to drive with a fencer about a mile from town to see this domesticated partridge.

Upon arriving at the house the farmer led the way to the hen-house, cautioning us, as we opened the door, not to approach too near the bird, as it did not like strangers. He had the grouse confined in a coop in one corner of the henery. Upon opening the lid the bird walked out, with the familiar knock, "k-k-k," and with many a flirt with its tail, flew to the floor, taking its place familiarly with the cock and hens, they seeming to recognize him as one of the family.

We were told that the bird had flown into the house about five months ago early one morning, the family supposing it had passed the night in one of the balsam trees near the house and that the cat, prowling about, had started him, when he flew blindly through the open door into the room. He was immediately placed with the fowls, with the result before stated.

He is fed only with the chickens and eats with them with apparent unconcern, and at night would take his place on the roost with them, but for fear of accident his owner has of late each night placed him in a small slatted coop. The bird allows me to take him in his hands to feed him in the quarters for the night. What seems to me the most remarkable is that the bird should know Mr. H.—from others, as it was very evident that he did.

Mrs.

ANIMALS BROUGHT AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK END.—RECORDED.—*Previous notice.*—Presented by Mr. Julius Grah, N. Y. city. One Horned Owl, *Bubo virginianus*, present

ed by Mr. G. W. Baxter. Captured at New Hamburg, N. Y. One Canada Goldfinch, *Erethiza griseus*, presented by Mr. Douglas H. Stewart, N. Y. city. Two Opossums, *Didelphis virginiana*, presented by Mr. W. Irving Snyder. Captured at Rutherford, N. J. One Long-eared Owl, *Otus velutinus*, presented by Mr. Charles H. Dordick, N. Y. city. One Four-toed Squirrel, *Carpocapsus palmeri*, Dr. C. W. Presented by Captain William H. Taylor, Barre, Vt. One

W. A. GOSWELL, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

"DITTMAR SPORTING POWDER."—THE FOREST AND STREAM's pamphlet, explaining the dangerous nature of the Dittmar detonating explosive, will be sent to any address upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

- Sept. 23, 1880—The "Dittmar Sporting Powder."
Sept. 30, 1880—Eradicating Detonation.
Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."
Dec. 9, 1880—The Dittmars' Abreudatura.

DUCK SHOOTING OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPES.

CAPEVILLE, VIRGINIA, October, 1880.

DEAR SIR: You asked me last summer to notify you when was the best time for duck shooting off the Capes. From all indications the brunt and black ducks will be in heavy force about the 1st of December. If you want good sport make your preparations to come about that time. Cold weather will have set in, and the birds will be young and not shot at. It would be necessary for you and your friend to board a schooner and anchor off near the bluffs so that in any weather you would be on the spot; for if you boarded on the mainland your expenses would be heavy and the shooting not worth the while, to say the least of it, for on windy days the ducks fly up to the decoys and you could not reach the blinds were you on the mainland. There are millions of winter snipe, too, so you had best bring a large supply of ammunition, and for the purpose of your trifling fare, but can give you plenty of good bread, butter, eggs, best, ham, oxen, clams, stewed terrapin, ducks, snipe and wild geese. Bring a heavy supply of ammunition, water-proof boots and clothing, and come down on the steamer Northampton on the 3d proximo from Cherrystone, and across the main to Capeville by the tidals. I will have an ambulance waiting for you and your embark at once.

My terms are \$4 per day each, I will furnish everything. All game can be expressed to any point you desire. It would be best for you and your friend to make some arrangement with a Baltimore commission house to dispose of your surplus game, for after your friends are remembered you can probably pay all your expenses and have enough funds left over for Christmas. I would expect you to remain at least ten days, as my expenses in getting ready for the trip will be considerable. Very truly yours, M. G.

Having no communications with you, as I am is apt to get so hot with rapid firing as to necessitate an extra piece, also, you must shoot at long distances at the wild geese. There are acres of them.

NOW, I appeal to every lover of the gun if his half-eat, not calculated to make any sportsman roof at this letter, to make business distasteful for the time and turn his thoughts, waking, and dreams, slumbering, to visions of slaughter, the wild fowl? With such a letter in his pocket a man might be pardoned for ignoring "the partner of his inson and the sweet offspring of mutual affection," as Mr. Mewber particularly expresses it, and his gaze wander lovingly and languishingly at his pet breech-loader that sits so solitary and alone in the corner.

Dark birds are made in the family circle of failing health and failing appetite, glowing descriptions of successful duck-hunts in the FOREST AND STREAM, from the pens of enthusiastic Nimrods, are read aloud and, like a skillful engineer preparing the approaches for the erection of his batteries, in his school and his friends, for his intended, and his departure, and then it becomes known that he is about to leave, on a great duck-killing trip. Like Hector preparing for a foray upon the Grecian host, he is surrounded by admiring friends, the warriors help him to arm—buckler, casque, javelin; the fair Trojans give him helpful words and smiles. And, like the favorite son of Priam, as he goes out to slay and conquer, he deals in liberal portions of his "fencer," though, in giving them a good look from Paris' brow, that looks through the Deuls' shield, or the gilt eagle that adorns the top of the Trojan standards; instead, he pledges his solemn vow to forward hampers of game to every acquaintance, a pledge, if carried out, would load down every steamboat on the Chesapeake Bay. But in the midst of all this exultant preparation comes the boring voice of some Cassandra in breeches, who croaks of bad luck, of wild shooting, of stormy days, of winter, biting weather, of colds, rheumatism and neuralgia, of false, fleeting and perjured guides, that make the word of promise to the ear only to break it to the hope.

But who ever heeds the warning voice when bent on an enterprise, whether it is of conscience, of our creditors or of our friends?—Allah Bakalam! What is to be shall be, and so we wait our fate, and our fate, in the hands of the gods, as it is, by the way of digression, I would like to ask my fellow-sportsmen why there is always such a wide difference between the estimated and actual expense of fitting out for a hunting expedition? It seems a very simple and inexpensive affair, powder and shot are not much. A mere bagatelle, not worth a moment's consideration. The hunter, the hunter, he stuffs his roll of notes in his watch-pocket, those same promises to pay bring the expenses of the round trip. A mere nothing, is it?—not worth a thought? Well, reflection comes when buying a ticket to your destination—Where is the money? Surely some of it is lost! 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Thursday evening we left the capital city for Norfolk, taking as a lesser of the two evils the all-rail route via Petersburg. The fare is more than twice as expensive as a trip, but no man who ever traveled by water would give up the name of the Chesapeake's spritely would ever knowingly or willingly take passage on her again. Gentleman sportsmen who love their comfort, their dogs and their guns, I warn against this ancient arctic hulk that plies between Richmond and Norfolk. Mark Twain's canal boat is a palace steamer in comparison. Come to think of it, the New York steamers that leave on irregular days or at high water are the only decent modes of communication between the two cities. On the Arcton you and your dogs will be treated like tramps or vagrant roustabouts, on the latter everything that can be done to make the passenger comfortable is carefully undertaken by the officers of the Old Dominion Steamship Company. This is not a puff, for I don't know any of them, I only write in the interest of my fellow friends of the gun, and *noblesse oblige* is nowhere stronger than among the votaries of the folk, forest and gun.

From Norfolk the route to the capes and to Cobb's Island is to Cherrystone, thence by land across the peninsula. Leaving the wharf at seven o'clock in the morning we reached Cherrystone by noon. This place is a little village situated on an inlet that runs into the Chesapeake Bay, but a few hundred yards distant. This same small hamlet, obscure as it is, has yet a name as much of a household word in America as Weymouth or Grimsby in Britain, for it is here that the finest bivalves in the world are grown. The Cherrystone oyster is a thing of joy and delight to every epicure and gourmand in the country. They sell at \$4 and \$5 a barrel, and the demand exceeds the supply tenfold. But few reach the public as private clubs, and customers generally contract with the oystermen for all they can gather.

Stopping at Cherrystone one only long enough to load our traps, and an attempt to dispose of a dozen on the half shell, a fat bivalve, fifteen miles brought us to the coast. Mac and the dog awaited us, and in a few moments everything was, to use a nautical phrase, "snug and ship-shape." Then we began to take in the surroundings. Our cabin was fearfully limited in space; like Captain Dick's apartment, it was so small that you couldn't swing a cat in it without bumping the cat; only a dwarf could stand upright, in fact, a big dry-goods box would not stand upon his feet. A wide berth was given to the centre; on each side were the bunks, and such sleeping accommodations! Not longer nor wider than a coffin, once in you were wedged tight, indeed, our Joe who has big feet could not turn over without getting out of bed. Our crew consisted of the guide, an ordinary looking man, and his mate Joe. Now, Joe was a character that Hogarth or Felix Darley would have loved to have limned and Dickens to have made one of his characters, and he was nearly seven feet high, but a constant life in the low-roofed cabin had so bent his body that he always walked, even in the open air, as if he had lost something and was looking on the ground for it. Joe confessed to be but thirty-eight years old, but he looked fifty, the heat of the stove that he was continually roasting over, for Joe was the cook of this craft, had seamed and lived his features, until he looked as if old Father Time himself had set his signet ring upon him. Joe's face was sandy, his hair was a half moon, with a nose in its centre that Julius Caesar would have been proud of; a huge nose indeed that sounded like a fog horn when Joe blew it with his fingers, which he always did. Underneath was a mouth that wise Dame Nature had made when she took in consideration the long, flexible body that had to be filled—for the larger the hold the bigger the hatchway. It was a mouth equal to the one that little Ned was used to, and with the same glibness he could pop her head out of the bedclothes. Joe's ears opened wide like a retriever on a dead stand, and his head was surmounted with the thickest, bushiest shock of hair ever seen. Joe was, albeit, not the gloss of fashion or the mold of form, yet has that sterling honesty, simple mindedness and perfect good nature which are better than outward show. If Joe had one fault it was that of Uncle Toby, and Heaven would forgive him, for he was a faithful dog.

Shortly after our arrival night set in, the solitary lamp was lit and by its dim light Joe proceeded to get supper. The little stove grew red hot, and the hatchway had to be opened. Coffee was boiled, meat fried and bread cooked, and the long ride giving us an appetite we crouched down and made a hearty meal, then a walk on deck with our cigars to give the guides time and place to eat their supper. After a comfortable night, calm, clear and mild; the broad firmament gowned, as Hamlet has it, with its golden fire; the air, laden with salt, is fragrant to the lungs; the bay reflects back the myriad stars. Across the way is seen the gleaming white light of Cape Charles, that every forty seconds revolves and flashes a broad pathway across the still, calm waters. It is such a night as Nature seemed to have clothed herself in a costume of spectral white, and around all her lines and curves a pale, clear and silver light. The noisome, muggy perfume of the bed clothes, the varied smells of damp oil, stale cooking, old clothes, all combined made a horrible mephitic odor that arose in heavy exhalation and could find no vent, for the door of the cabin was closed tight. To my comrade, all nursed to rough it, and a perfect Sybarite, the situation was tortuous.

Dawn came at last—a bright morning—but we did not get under way until nearly noon, and then slowly making our way along under a ripple of wind came to anchor off Smith Island, some ten miles from Cobb's, and about a mile from the mouth of the Chesapeake. A southwest wind now arising, we went to the blinds, placed out the decoys—but it was a bad day, and the ducks did not fly. Though we sat there until dusk only four cents rewarded our efforts. The next day we rested better, as the morning was good, and the birds were in the cabin. The second day it rained, and we took a tramp on the island—only getting wet and mad for our pains. The third we were putting up two hours,

and killed only one little deadpinner. The morning of the fourth was chiefly spent in trying to get warm, or rather Mac said it was too cold for ducks—and we crouled up waiting for the birds to fly. But it still keeping up we insisted on going to our blind. Phew! it was cold. The wind cut like a knife, and blew so hard that the waves were capped with foam. Still, we did not suffer. Each of us had on two pair of drawers, two pair of pants, and a pair of canvas breeches over them. Our bodies were covered with three woolen shirts, vests, coat and oilcloth. Three pair of yarn socks, over which our rubber boots were drawn, kept our feet comfortable. A pair of woolen lined mitts with lears when we faced the breeze. The decoys were put out, and we took our position in a small boat inside of the blind, and his large boat went to a blind some half a mile distant where he concealed himself. It was low water, and the bars around us were covered with snipe in numberless quantities; but we kept quiet, though we were sorely tempted to shoot. The wind was now rapidly rising, and at last a regular nor'wester was whistling around us. The tide was on the flood and rushing like a mill-race, and soon the brant, the gamest bird that flies, commenced to move. Here come four in one bunch. We fire, and three fall dead, the other dropping in the waves a couple of hundred yards away. Hardly had we slipped fresh cartridges in when a large flock was seen heading directly for our decoys. We crouched low and waited for them, with every nerve strung to a tension. They wheeled by on the pinions of the wind like a flash of light, but just here comes a single bird, who circles around and finally alights outside of the decoys. We did not waste a shot on him, for the brant now fly in squads, in couples, and flocks, and every few seconds our guns speak out. The sport was glorious and exciting, but it soon came to an abrupt conclusion—the stiff nor'wester was now changed into a gale, and it howled as if so many demons of the deep were unloosed. Just at this time McKown passed by, luffed and ran alongside of us. He cried out:

"Jump on board." We did so, and left our boat adrift. "Why don't you get the boat and the decoys?" said Fox. "The wind is too stiff," said McKown, who was undoubtedly scared and thought of nothing but safety. "It's blowing so that I won't try to reach the sloop, but will have to make a run for Smith Island." So saying, he placed her head before the wind, and in a few minutes the boat's head struck upon the sand. Now, neither Fox nor myself were sailors, but we had common sense enough to know that Mac was so timid that even a breeze made him look longingly at the nearest land. He lived in perpetual fear of storms, hurricanes and cyclones. He was always in expectation that the wind was going to blow into an everlasting tempest, and that he would be, like old Mrs. Gummidge, "blow down." And we knew there was no real gunnery in running into shore at a time when the ducks were just sailing around the decoys. "Four days gone," significantly said Fox, holding up his fingers of one hand, "at \$8 a day—and no ducks."

The keeper of the St. Charles Light-house received us most kindly and hospitably. He is an educated gentleman, having taken his degree of A. M. at the University of Virginia. Though surrounded by the sea, he is an interesting and shrewdly logical man of the 19th century. The days seem like weeks, the months like years, the time drags on with leaden heels, and the monotony is well nigh unendurable. Truly could he exclaim with Alexander Selkirk on his lonely island,

"Oh solitude where are the charms
That sagas have seen in thy face."

The eternal sameness and utter isolation from all mankind is hard to bear, for man is a sociable animal and needs company. It must have been such a place as this that caused the plaint in Locksley Hall:

"The weary waste of waters,
The barren, barren shore."

The next day, instead of being up and early at the ducks, it found Mac toasting his shins at the fire, and as it was near sunset before we were in the blinds, and in the meantime the wind had gone down, the result was nary a duck. "Another day gone," said Fox. Out of temper we pulled back to the sloop, and found that Joe had filled, as he always did, his contract, and had a hot supper awaiting us. After the meal over our pipes were smoked. Mac's vivid description of what he saw and felt, to Fox and myself glanced meaningly at each other, while Joe sat half enveloped in a cloud of smoke that poured from his mouth, his whole attitude expressing a perfect content, that it was none of his funeral as he wasn't after ducks.

"Joe," said my friend, "are you fond of gunning?" Joe grinned out a negative.

"Why?"

"Cause I most killed myself once, got nuff of guns to last me."

"How did you do that?"

"Well, it happened some years ago when I was a boy. The old man had an old ducking gun of No. 4 I believe, that always sat in the corner in the passage. He told me he'd thrash thunder over me if I ever touched it on the barn, and I run around the place meaning to shoot her any way, thrashing or no thrashing. I crept behind the corn-house and peeped around the corner, and there sat the hawk waiting for a chicken. I tried to draw back the hammer, but it was rusty and I couldn't, so I drops on my knees and pulled the butt of the gun against the pit of my stomach and pulled. I had nearly got it cocked when the hammer slipped off my fingers and it went off. At first I never knew out what happened, I thought that Mose, the brindle bull, had butt me, or that Sally, our old blind mule, had plugged me; then marm come running out screaming that I was killed, and the old man—here Joe stopped to fill his pipe.

"Well, Joe, what did he do? Did he scream too?"

"Scream!" said Joe with scorn in his voice. "he wasn't that kind. No; he picked up the old piece, rammed it in the house and walked off to the woods, and by the time that marm had got her trap out of my stomach he came back with a hickory sapling and just tanned the hide of me."

After an early breakfast we remained in the blinds during the flood tide, and had a sport of good luck, but the wind was not high enough, so we returned to the sloop early and passed the rest of the day after the guides' fashion—in the cuddly hole over the stove. "Another day wasted!" in the cuddly hole.

"Yes," said my comrade, "I remember that I was so tired of being in the hole that I was willing to give four dollars apiece and we don't get two hours' shooting a day, and it is fine fun for Mac to go over the fire all the time and play us off with what he is doing to do. Here are millions of snipe within pistol shot of

the boat, and he hasn't even deigned to carry us to shoot them. I'm going back home to-morrow."

"Yes," I replied, "the whole trip, is a fraud and I will go back too."

That night we notified the guide of our determination, and he promised to carry us to the blinds at daybreak, bait, rain, wind or sunshine.

"How's the weather Joe?" said Fox, poking his head out of the bunk as the gray dawn came stealing in the pane of glass that constituted the window.

"Yes," I replied, "but I will see," as—indeed Joe was unconsciously paraphrased the words of the game that children and even grown people are fond of indulging in called "The Shaking Quaker." So, yawning like Mommi Etina, Joe arose up and almost bare his skull against the low ceiling.

"Durn me for a fool," said Joe (*sotto voce*) "that's five hundred times I have done that; 'pears to me I never will learn sense. Wish my blasted head was off, anyhow."

"Raining like blazes," he shouted, after taking a survey of the weather through the cabin door.

So we remained in our shelves, watching the breakfast being gotten ready. Joe could scare one up in ten minutes when he was in a hurry, but this morning he took his time leisurely, and had a real artistic meal set before us. "I never have no appetite now when I have to cook," said Joe, and then he sits down and eats enough to make a half a dozen men with indigestion and a good deal of water.

Now by our watches—and still the rain came down with one of those steady poms that looked as if it meant business and did not intend to leave off. Cramped, cribbed and confined as we were in the cabin, we were glad to put on our waterproofs and take a trip on Shell Island. A tramp of a couple of miles showed us nothing, and so we returned out of sports and disgusted back to the sloop.

"Another day gone and nothing to show for it," said Fox. The morning was blowing great guns, and the ducks flew beautifully, but our guide Mac curled himself in the bunk, with a congestive chill, as he said; I and my comrade snaked our pipes in wrathful silence.

Both Fox and myself had enough of this, and we insisted on returning home. So Captain Joe commenced to raise the anchor; then by our assistance the sails were spread and then Mac coming out of the cabin, seized the tiller and steered. All went well until the sloop turned sharp to the right, up a bend in the river, where she ran right in the teeth of the gale. She could make no headway, so the anchor was dropped and the sails were reefed. Then she kept on her course; the wind shrieked, the cordage rattled, the sails flapped, the masts creaked, and the sloop, with the blast on the larboard side, cut through the water with the speed of a rackerback. The waves swept by like a deluge; the water-cakes went first, then all Joe's wood, next Mac's decoys, my hat blew off, and it was the biggest kind of a time. Inside of the cabin there was the devil to play; the boat careened so that the stove slipped aside and broke the pipe off, and the cabin was filled with a dense smoke. Then could be heard the crash of glass as the lamp slid off the shelf, the crockery clattered, the knives jingled, the pans rattled, and it seemed as if the last hour was at hand. Fox and myself stood in the cabin with our heads out of the door. Joe clung to the anchor chains forward, while Mac steered the boat by means of a rope hitched around the tiller. The water was rapidly shoaling now, but the wind still beat the waves up high and belled out the canvas to its fullest extent. Mac clung like grim death to the rope. All at once the line slipped off of the end of the hold, and the holder disappeared from view into the bubbling tide beneath.

"That's all right, and is gone," he said, and I said:

"How do that infernal question will intrude?"

"Was but that instant passed and there he stood, and now—"

"Save me, for God's sake!" came a cry from the stern. We looked over, and there swung Mac, the other end of the rope being tied fast. "Save me!" cried the pallid lips; "save me!" uttered the imploring eye, and now dead than alive we hauled him aboard. Scared? No, sir. He was only a little demoralized; he hadn't touched bottom all the time, but hung suspended by the rope. The water was only two feet deep and the keel hung sunk deep in the mud.

"That's all right, I've escaped from a watery grave," he cried, as he reached the deck.

"Dog gone it," said Joe, "he mont have waded in shore; the water ain't 'bove his boot-tops."

And so the trip ended, and we left him wiser, poorer and as Artemus Ward has it, sadder men. Yet we were safe; not the ill luck of Canon Klingey's "Three Fishers" was ours, only—

"Two sportsmen went out in a ducking sloop,
In a ducking sloop as the late went down;
They came back safe but thoroughly soaked
Of the cash they had, and the things they had bought.
But the guides must live and hunters must pay
When they go ducking near Chesapeake Bay
And the guides to nothing when they charge by the day
But to suck by the bar that's moaning."

CHAS. REE.

THE FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS.

MR. FAIRBANK, San Diego Co., Cal., Feb. 14.

The excellent article by Major Merrill in the above supplement calls up a question which has long puzzled me, and I should be obliged to any one who will satisfactorily solve it.

He says "It is as mathematically certain that the rifle does not carry straight for two yards, as that it does not for 1,000 yards. Gravity is always pulling the bullet down; its effect commences the instant the muzzle of the gun, and no velocity of the ball can cancel it."

This is the common opinion of the best authorities; but just for fun I propose to dispute a part of it. I have the highest respect for mathematicians, am not one of those who back their own "experience" (miscalled so) against all philosophy. At the same time there is some room here to doubt the proper application of our mathematics to other philosophy, in this case. That a velocity of bullet can cancel the effect of gravity is absolutely indisputable. But is it correct to say that the effect of gravity commences at the muzzle of the gun?

That gravity is acting upon the ball all the time of its passage up the barrel is undeniable. But are you sure that in other action produces downward motion instantly? In other words can force be conveyed to an action instantly? Can any force overcome instantly the inertia of the ball?

It is clear that at the instant of the ball's passing the muzzle that although it has its forward motion it is as regards its downward tendency in a state of inertia.

That inertia requires time to overcome it is as certain as anything in philosophy. I admit that ordinary cases of over

coming inertia by the sudden application of force, as the gas of powder, etc., are not analogous. The motion must therefore be imparted from molecule to molecule; whereas, in the case of gravity, the force is exerted upon every individual molecule at the same time. But can the inertia even of a molecule be instantly overcome?

You cannot escape this by saying that inertia is only a negative agent, and is already neutralized by the action of gravity. We all know that a No. 12 brass shell may be fired half full of powder, and it will travel a distance of 50 paces or over to force them through the barrel by hand. This pressure, too, would have to be constant. Yet a charge of powder will blow them out of the gun at a high velocity, and with very little recoil. Put in three ounces of shot so loosely wadded that one point pressure by hand will force it through the gun barrel and it will have little velocity and will nearly join up with recoil if you drive it out with powder. In the one case we have 50 pounds of constant resistance (to) of friction. In the other we have only one pound of inertia. The friction is truly a negative agent. But about the other there is a stubbornness that seems terribly positive when you come to experience a with it.

This is further exemplified by the fact that with no amount of powder, however quick or however arranged, to burn faster as the ball advances, you can impart the initial velocity to a ball twice the weight of round ball of same calibre that you can to the round ball with only a moderate charge.

Now, then, can gravity overcome this any more than powder? That gravity is constantly acting on every molecule is true. But the powder force when once developed and when the ball is half-way up the barrel is extremely near to doing the same thing. No. 10 in this case is very long, and the force is mainly lost in recoil. There is here some resisting agent besides the thin loss in imparting the increase of motion from molecule to molecule. That is not enough to explain the great difference between the velocity of one ounce of shot and one and a half ounces between a short ball and a long one; must not the extra resistance be looked for in the molecule?

I strongly suspect that the more philosophical state of the matter is this: The ball tends to fall at the instant of its escape from the muzzle, but as force cannot instantly be converted into motion it remains in equilibrium for a fraction of time during which it will be driven on a level line.

The experimental proof or disproof of this theory of course is very difficult. It is not, however, that it could be proved without great care or expense that would test the question. I suggest the following, however, as the nearest practical approach to it:

Take a very accurate rifle and sight it at ten feet with the finest globe or telescopic sights to a dark line the exact distance below another dark line that the line of the axis of the bore is below the line of sight. Load it with the heaviest charge of powder consistent with accuracy and a round bullet; none of the slow lumbering long range balls. If you do not know how to make a round ball work in a breech-loader whittle down a conical one to nearly the same weight, or, what is better, take a good muzzle-loader of large calibre, then sight at the upper line. In this way you will get the line of fire and line of sight very nearly if not perfectly parallel. Then begin shooting at any distance you wish, and as you pull, and in the distance until your first bullet drops, the drop of the ball. I will warrant you that there is a distance—much longer too than you would suppose—at which you can detect absolutely no fall whatever.

I have just tried this with a rifle which I have used for the past three years and which has gained me many deer by its immense level reach (practically so) which I would have lost if I had had to make any allowance for the wind. It is a breech-loading 16-bore (.65 cal.) double express, probably the first one made in America made to order for me by Nichols & Lefever. After trying everything else from .35 up, hunting with all the boasted American "sporting" rifles, having all the work in hunting crippled deer that I wanted, and having fed enough buzzards and coyotes. I have killed 150 odd deer with this and have never hunted with any other one that was as good as it in the body. I can truly say that I would not have it a single 100th part of an inch smaller. To the small-horn men who fed disposed to jeer at this I can only say I have tried all yours. Have you tried mine?

This rifle is extremely accurate, but as I had no telescopic sights and only coarse globe sights, and as I shot at considerable distances and had to use a fair-sized bulleye, the experiment was not as close as I would desire. But the following was the result:

Sighted to cut at ten yards the lower edge of an inch bulleye (so as to get the line of sight and the centre of the line of fire parallel) I could detect no drop at fifty yards. At seventy-five the ball was in the lower edge of a two-inch bulleye; at one hundred at the lower edge of a four-inch bulleye. This was with a hardened round ball, patched with heavy paraffin, well greased, with six drams Eagle Duck No. 2 and H. W. Ward's Electric (rust grain) mixed. The ball weighed just one ounce and went as true as ever ball went from any rifle, the horizontal variation of several shots being less than one inch at one hundred yards. It seems impossible for this ball to have touched the line of sight anywhere, though of course it may have risen a little owing to any want of facilities for getting very high sights. The result was, therefore, that the wards' electric bullet properly loaded for ducks. Length of barrel, twenty-nine inches; weight of rifle, eleven pounds.

A word as to point blank. Whatever may be a truth as to an actual natural point blank, or the throwing of a bullet on a level line for any distance, there is, in fact, as nearly all hunters with the rifle well know, a practical natural point blank. The above experimental sight of the rifle was such a "natural point blank" which has been so much ridiculed by the ultra-scientific, should be retained as expressing a practical and highly useful fact. I would define it to be this: that distance at which a rifle without any rise of the ball will strike the regulation bulleye for that distance. Under this definition the point blank of my rifle would be one hundred yards and much farther if held over the centre of the bulleye without any rise of the barrel. This would catch a screw.

Major Merrill has relaxed his usual caution about exactness in his use of words, etc. In speaking of trajectory he should have specified the rifle, ball and powder used. I get a very different trajectory with my rifle from the one he there speaks of. At one hundred and seventy-five yards, sighted level as before, the drop was only fourteen inches below the centre of an eight-inch bulleye.

Major Merrill had made it almost impossible to miss a deer up to one hundred and forty yards by my mistake of distance. In fact I hold square on everything with level sights right up to that distance.

The trajectory of a ball depends almost entirely on the relation of the weight of the ball to the calibre. The relation to the weight of powder is trifling compared with this. Balls may be designated as Nos. 1, 2 and 3. No. 1 would be the round ball, the lightest one ever used. No. 2 would be about twice its weight (of the same calibre of course). No. 3 would be three times its weight. No. 2 is about the size of the Winchester ball, while No. 3 is about the size of the Creedmoor ball. These proportions are perhaps not exact, but nearly enough so for the purpose of comparison.

Now, by no possible amount of powder can you drive No. 3 to one hundred yards on as flat a trajectory as you can No. 2. Nor can you drive No. 2 as far on a level as No. 1, provided that No. 1 is large enough to have sufficient actual weight as well as relative lightness. The more you increase the length of ball the less effect does the powder have upon the initial velocity and the more effect it does it have upon the shoulder. On the other hand, the larger the ball in proportion to the calibre the greater the effect of the powder in increasing velocity and the greater quantity you can shoot. Had the ounce of lead I used in the experiment above mentioned been cast into a 44 ball and fired from a Creedmoor rifle with six drams of powder it would have dropped at least eight inches under the mark at one hundred yards, and the man who fired the rifle would have dropped eight or ten feet somewhere else.

But unless the light ball has actual weight it will lose its velocity very fast. And this actual weight can be given only by enlarging the calibre. Any attempt to increase it by lengthening the ball only reduces its velocity at short range, increases the recoil and lessens the amount of powder you can use.

The trajectory you want must be governed entirely by your requirements of the rifle. You cannot combine a good short range and long range rifle if the calibre be small. The length of ball required to make it hold its momentum for a long flight will make entirely too much drop between 50 and 150 yards, the ticklish part (not where the most game is killed), but where the most chances to kill occur, and the most misses also from under-shooting and from overshooting in trying to avoid under-shooting.

If you lighten the ball enough to overcome this last trouble then it will be too short range. That is, it will not have enough actual weight to hold out well to 300 yards and over.

And this is one of the reasons why I don't bow in blind admiration to the wonderful .44. I'm out of the fashion I know, but I don't like the .44. It is not a shot, it is a slug, and of one-half of the time just fairly blemish, not only like to spare noble animals useless suffering and frequent waste, but I like a good long level range with the possibilities of shooting well up to 400 yards or over if necessary. I generally use a short conical ball 1 1/2 times the weight of the round ball with five drams of powder. This gives a better trajectory beyond 200 yards than the round ball, and under that distance enough to be for general shooting and is less affected by wind.

I agree with Major Merrill exactly as to the distance of shooting on game, but at the same time one should have a rifle that will perform well at double 140 yards. And to get a good 140 yd trajectory without losing it on the next 140 is the sole and only question as to the trajectory of hunting rifle, and I don't mind you trouble in solving it at least in my own satisfaction.

Since writing the above it has occurred to me that some will say a 16 bore gun cannot burn six drams of powder, and that it is of no advantage to be able to shoot such large charges. The answer to this is that though a less proportionate amount is burned in a large charge than in a smaller one a greater actual amount is burned, but to settle the matter I have just tried the round ball with five drams of the same mixed powder. At 100 yards the balls dropped off an inch from the place where six drams had placed them, and at 175 yards six inches.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

WHY DID HE DO IT?

THE EXPERIENCE OF A "DITTMAR SPORTING POWDER" VICTIM.

ALTHOUGH we have had information of many serious accidents with the "Dittmar sporting powder," which occurred previous to Sept. 23 (when in consequence of the honest Mr. Swain's death, the use of the powder in this compound its use was abandoned) we have thought that the publication of such accidents would be of little value. Were the powder still employed for sporting purposes these accidents might serve as useful examples, warning the foolhardy from risking their lives by the use of the Dittmar detonating compound. As the case now stands, to warn against the danger of that powder is to deal with a dead issue. For these reasons we have not published the circumstances of the following case, although the main facts came to our knowledge some months ago. They are now given only in response to repeated inquiries for the full circumstances and a request that they be put on record in this journal.

Briefly stated, as developed by personal investigation on our part and amply substantiated by the proper documentary proof now in the hands of the facts are as follows:

On the first day of last July a glass ball match was shot at "Buck's Hill," Summit, N. J. Among those present were E. G. Delany, Job Swain, George Sisco, C. W. Brainstead and J. Ahern. The contestants were all shooting under the same conditions of powder, shot, etc., and care was therefore taken to insure for each the proper charge. In deciding a hit was E. G. Delany's turn to shoot. The facts are as follows: The others Job Swain actually measured out with a Dixon's gauge 3 1/2 drams of "Dittmar sporting powder," with which George Sisco loaded the gun, a muzzle loader, putting in two wads over the powder and one wad over the charge of 1 1/2 oz. shot. When Delany pulled the trigger the gun burst with a terrific shock which hurled Job Swain violently to the earth. The second finger of Delany's hand and three fingers of the same hand torn open. No one else was injured. Delany's hand—that there was left of it—was dressed by Dr. Whittingham, of Milburn, N. J. It was entirely useless for several months, and is now (March 5) at times exceedingly painful.

The powder used had been procured at the office of the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company, No. 24 Park Place, New York, in the week of the 22d of last week in June. It was sold in a "sealed can," the seal being intact until broken by Job Swain, who himself took the powder from the can when the gun was loaded. The powder was that manufactured, sold and "warranted" by the present Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company.

The bursted gun belonged to George Sisco. In compensation for his loss occasioned by their detonating compound, the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company's agent, Justus Von Lengerke, gave Sisco another gun. "Why did he do it?" The Company must have known that this act was an acknowledgment that the cause of the accident was the detonation of their nitro-cellulose explosive.

The Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company's agent, Justus Von Lengerke, also immediately after the accident sent word to the man who had been maimed by their powder that the Dittmars would pay all his expenses. "Why did he do it?" They must have known that this too, was an admission that the man, who had been crippled for life, owed his misfortune to the detonating compound which had been sold by them in a "sealed can." The reason, probably, was that the manufacturers, who were just at that time endeavoring to explain away the Nash accident down in Mississippi thought that the best way to deal with this accident near home was simply to hush it up. However, the question quoted above is one which we will leave every intelligent man to answer for himself.

There is another question which is not more difficult of reply. Delany's "expenses" were to be paid by the Company. In addition to the physician's fee, the accident and the expense of enforcing it, including a loss to Delany of several hundred dollars; but up to the present (March 5), with the exception of a letter from the Company's agent, Delany has heard nothing more from them. When their agent promised to pay the crippled man's expenses, why did he not do it?

HOUNDING AND STILL HUNTING

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS, Feb. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noted in late issues of the FOREST AND STREAM quite a number of articles in relation to the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks. In most of which the writers are endeavoring to enforce idleness, and in some of the principal reasons that it is more destructive of the game than other ways of hunting them, drives them out of the country, and besides is an sportsman-like manner of hunting. All this I claim is not the fact by any means. There are three ways of hunting the deer practiced to any extent in the Adirondacks—still hunting, hounding and floating or jack-light hunting. In the first two the deer are hunted in the woods, and the hunter knows that it cannot be followed to any advantage before the leaves are off the trees, which is not much, if any, before November, at a time that but few, if any, sportsmen come to the Adirondacks from the cities and large towns. At that time the sporting season is considered over by the sporting lions in this part of the country at least. But very few sportsmen come here for the purpose of still hunting, and in the thirty years and over I have lived near and frequented the Adirondacks, I have not known of a dozen different ones coming here from a distance to still hunt deer, and have seldom known of any hunting being done in November, except by residents of this and adjoining counties, and a few market-hunters.

If by the two other modes of deer hunting, hounding and floating, the deer are far less destructive of the deer, will not any more tend to drive them out of the country and is a far more sportsman-like way of hunting. I was camped last season from the middle of June to the last of October on the 16-mile ledge of the St. Regis River, and kept a record of the number of deer killed while I was there, on the level and ponds in the vicinity. By floating in June, 17 were killed; and in July, 43. In the thirty years and over I have lived near and frequented the Adirondacks, I have not known of a dozen different ones coming here from a distance to still hunt deer, and have seldom known of any hunting being done in November, except by residents of this and adjoining counties, and a few market-hunters.

In August and September quite a number of parties came here and hounded deer that did not get one, although I knew of only one case in all where the dogs did not water the deer somewhere. I can say here that the matter of hounding as those who write against it would have one believe. It is seldom one gets a chance to "grab one by the tail" or "kneec it in the head with a club," before it is shot, and when a party puts out the dogs in the morning they are not sure of having venison for supper by any means, as many who tried it in the last of the last season season. I would like to see the ways of fooling both dogs and men, some of which I could give here, but space will not permit.

By hunting deer by floating, as it was practiced last season and always has been ever since I have been a frequenter of the Adirondacks, is the means of destroying half as many more at least as are killed at the time, because the fawns are left to starve when the does have been shot. I would like to see the ways of fooling both dogs and men, some of which I could give here, but space will not permit. I found a two-year old buck last season that had been shot and left in that way on the level.

As to driving deer out of the country by hounding, it is all bosh. I admit that where deer have been hounded in a locality for any length of time they will leave and go back into the unrequented parts of the woods, unless they are driven by the hunters, and if they are driven by the hunters they will notice but two deer killed in July, although there was more hunting then than in June, when so many were killed and shot at that they all left the level. But they will always return to their old feeding grounds after a while, as they did last season—the last of August and first of September. It is for this reason of hounding the case, wounded one deer, which was missing for a long time, and was found in a place where parties come near their vicinity and hunt with dogs, as they generally do the first of the hounding season, it drives the deer away from their vicinity, so that their guests don't have so good a chance to be buck-shot them by floating, and but few are killed in that month, which I consider all the better for the preservation of the game. I would like to see the ways of fooling both dogs and men, some of which I could give here, but space will not permit. I found a two-year old buck last season that had been shot and left in that way on the level.

Some may wish to know why I do not complain of those

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

IN my last preceding letter to FOREST AND STREAM I hit near the truth in respect of time than I anticipated in the matter of those then prospective changes in the laws governing the shoots of the Michigan State Medical Association. A meeting was held this week at which my identical prognostications were literally realized, that is to say, the handicapping experiment was abandoned by a nearly unanimous vote, the only opposition coming from Giff Stanton and J. V. D. Eldridge, both excellent shots, but somehow infatuated with the twenty-one yard range. The new rules are:

- 1. H. and T.-plunge traps at twenty-six yards for tame birds, usual rules to govern other points.
2. English rules, twenty-six yards rise for wild birds.
This action effectively seals handicapping by this association so far as concerns for its much coveted trophy are concerned. I am glad of it, and I am very sure that the association as a whole is glad of it too. It can well afford to drop everything that has the appearance of child's play, and permit its members to come to the scratch on their merits as workmen, and not by surferance of a too tender managing committee.

The Pacific Gun Club held its annual meeting last night at the residence of G. W. W. of the year as follows: President, John Demass; Vice-President, H. Gilmour; Treasurer, John Slutov; Secretary, Lyman Bran.

This club will give a shoot soon as the weather shall enter a favoring form. At present there is a complete embargo on sport. Even our usual fox-chasing has been laid on the shelf, and is snugly reposing there all because of the heavy snows which render it impossible to run dogs with anything like a compensating measure of success. Our seal sportsmen are busily engaged in their usual, however, preparatory to a seizure of time by the forelock when the sign is right.

Game legislation at Michigan's capital is in a reasonably satisfactory state of forwardness. There is considerable opposition to that clause of the bill prepared by the State Sportsmen's Association which prohibits duck shooting from batteries. The opposition comes from those who live near the big lakes who say that battery shooting is the only kind that can indulge in with any considerable degree of success. A committee of the association is in correspondence with Senator Gibson (who introduced the bill) advising him that there is no disposition to be tenacious about the objectionable clause if the bill can be passed and preserve intact its remaining features. G. P. G.

Detroit, March 5.

ENGLISH RABBITS FOR LONG ISLAND.

THE great profiessness and fine epicurean properties of the English as compared with the American rabbit have been the cause of many trials by American sportsmen and others to introduce it into this country, but invariably without success.

Mr. Leslie Ward, a well-known sportsman of Brooklyn, has succeeded, after much trouble and expense, in importing a number of these rabbits, and has presented them to the Southampton Sportsmen's Club, of which he is a member, to be turned out upon their preserve. By this instance of liberality Mr. Ward has not alone benefited sportsmen and the Southampton Sportsmen's Club, but the people generally, and especially the poorer classes, the increase of these rabbits being so rapid that in a very few years they will be plentiful throughout all parts of the State, and the wild lands will abound in a spontaneous production of fine meat.

The indefatigableness and efficiency of the efforts of this club in the promulgation and preservation of game deserve the acclamations not alone of the sporting fraternity but of the public generally.

During the whole of this severe winter the birds upon their preserve have been well fed and thoroughly cared for and are now all alive. New York.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MINNESOTA SHOOTING.—C. E. W., Troy, N. Y., asks (1) where he can find best deer hunting within 160 miles of St. Paul, Minn.; wants board, preferably with some one who understands sport; (2) Resort for trout, duck and game in Otter Tail County, Minn.; with board; (3) Sporting centre, with board, on line of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad.

BEAUFORT.—"Subscriber" asks: (1) What is the range of the thermometer at Beaufort, N. C., in winter and summer? (2) Is the climate healthy, or subject to malaria and fever and ague? (3) Is wild fowl and general shooting good in its vicinity?

TRAPPING THE CAT.—Our song and game birds have no deadlier foe than the common cat. The serpent destroys only when compelled by the pangs of hunger to seek his food. He fasts for more than half the year. The cat, cruel and cunning as the tiger, kills more than she can consume and, like the Boreas of old, is mad with the love of slaughter. prowling by night through trees and by sunny paths is dyed with blood. The cunning in the nest of the hare that escape her tiger fangs are fortunate. As a household pet she is a nuisance; as a destroyer of rats, a failure; as a companion, unsatisfactory and uninteresting, feeding but little affection for either friend or home; she is the sworn enemy of the farmer, killing the beautiful birds that are his friends and helpers; she is the unrelenting foe of the sportsman and should be hunted down and destroyed like the wolf. Almost any dog can soon be taught to chase and kill a cat: without this accomplishment he is but poorly educated.

The brace-loader can only be used effectually by daylight, or when the moonbeams are very bright; but as the cat prowls most when the nights are dark in the lonely woods, where the ruffed grouse loves to lead her young, and through the stubble fields, where the quail have their play-ground, a faithful dog can be taught to follow and guard almost sure to arrest the midnight marauder. If a stream flows through the grounds, throw a tree across it and set your trap there. The cat dislikes to wet her feet and will always use the bridge. As is well known, none of the feline race can resist the odor of valerian; to all the tribe it is the elixir of life and the fountain of youth, and they will rush into any trap where it lies. The skunk also loves it, and in his death agony will crawl to it, and even perfume with it. If you set a deadfall and sprinkle under it some of the essential oil of valerian no Thomas or Tobias passing near it will fail to enter and yield up the last one of the nine lives at the shrine of this great medicine god of the tribe. XII. YORRIS.

[Our correspondent does not tell how to take cats on fish-hooks, but it can be done, and has been done.]

PROPOSED MASSACHUSETTS LAW.

AN ACT FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF BIRDS, BIRD'S EGGS, DEER AND GABLE.

Be it enacted, etc.

SECTION 1. Whoever takes or kills any woodcock or any ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) between the first day of January and the first day of September in any year, or within said time sells, buys, has in possession or offers for sale any woodcock or ruffed grouse, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars and every such bird.

SEC. 2. Whoever takes or kills any quail between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October in any year or within said time sells, buys, has in possession (except alive) or offers for sale any quail, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird; provided, that any person may buy, sell or have in possession quail during the months of January, February, March and April if such quail were legally taken in any other State or Territory for the possession of quail during the four months aforesaid the burden of proof shall be upon the defendant to show that such quail were not taken or killed contrary to the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3. Whoever takes or kills any wood or summer duck, black duck or teal between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year or within said time sells, buys, has in possession or offers for sale any wood or summer duck, black duck or teal, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 4. Whoever takes or kills any Bartramian sandpiper (commonly called called mud-piper) between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of July in any year or within said time sells, buys, has in possession or offers for sale any Bartramian sandpiper, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 5. Whoever, at any season of the year, takes or kills any pinioned grouse (commonly called prairie chicken, except upon ground owned or occupied by him, and grouse placed thereon by the owner, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 6. Whoever takes or kills upon their breeding ground any wild or passenger pigeon, or takes or kills any Carolina or turtle dove, herring gull, least tern or white-bellied nighthawk, between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each such offence.

SEC. 7. Whoever takes or kills at any season of the year any unincorporated birds not named in the preceding sections of this Act (except birds of prey, crows, crow-blackbirds, jays, wild geese, heron, bitterns and such fresh water or sea fowl as are not named in the preceding sections of this Act), or willfully destroys, disturbs or takes the nests or eggs of any of the birds named in this Act, or the nests and eggs of birds of prey, crows, crow-blackbirds and jays), shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each such offence; provided, that any person above the age of sixteen years having a certificate from the Massachusetts Society of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, the Boston Society of Natural History, the Worcester Lyceum and Natural History Society, the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem or from any other institution of natural history or college in the State, to the effect that said person is engaged in the scientific study of ornithology or is collecting in the interests of and for said institutions or any one of them, may take the nests and eggs of or at any season of the year take or kill any of the unincorporated birds; but this provision shall not apply to the birds or eggs of birds named in the first five sections of this Act during the time they are protected.

SEC. 8. Whoever, except during the months of October and November, takes or kills any deer or kills any doe or stag (on his own grounds), shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of one hundred dollars for every such offence; and whoever hunts deer at any season of the year by the use of aid of dogs, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each such offence, and any person may kill any dog found chasing or hunting deer.

SEC. 9. Whoever, between the first day of March and the first day of September in any year takes or kills any gray squirrel, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each such offence.

SEC. 10. Whoever, at any season of the year, takes, kills or destroys any game bird, hare or rabbit by means of traps, snares, nets, snares or other devices, or who takes or kills any wild fowl or any of the so-called stone, marsh or teal birds, or who uses any game bird, hare or rabbit snare or trap or any net, snare, net or spring; or whoever takes or kills any hare or rabbit by the use of any ferret, or whoever shoots at or kills any wild fowl or any of the so-called stone, marsh or teal birds, or who uses any jack or artificial light, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each such offence.

PROVIDED, the provisions of this section shall not apply to the taking or killing of rail or grouse (commonly called partridge), hare or rabbit by any person upon his own land between the first day of September and the first day of January following; and provided, also, that owners of land shall not allow any other person to snare or trap upon their lands.

SEC. 11. The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries shall have authority to act as game commissioners also; and their authority shall extend to the protection and preservation of game birds and animals in like manner as to fishes.

SEC. 12. Any regularly incorporated association for the protection of fish and game within this State may appoint, with the approval of the governor and council, one or more persons for each county of this Commonwealth, to act as fish and game constables. Such officers shall have authority to enforce any and all provisions of acts relating to the protection and preservation of fish and game within this Commonwealth, and shall serve without expense to the State.

SEC. 13. It shall be the duty of every officer qualified to serve criminal processes, including the officers who may be appointed under the provisions of this Act, to arrest without warrant any person who they shall have reasonable cause to believe is guilty of any offence under this Act and shall bring such offender before the nearest magistrate. Any officer neglecting or refusing to do so shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars for each such offence.

SEC. 14. Any justice or magistrate, on receiving proof or having reasonable cause for believing in the concealment of any game mentioned in this Act during the time possession of such game is prohibited, shall issue his warrant to search for and seize any person in any house, market or other building, or in any boat, car or vehicle of any description whatever; and for that end may cause any apartment, chest, locker, box, crate, basket or package of whatever description to be broken open and the contents searched for and seized, and any person who is found in possession of any such game shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars for each such offence.

SEC. 15. Chapter 202 of the Acts of the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, and all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

A DROR BRIDE.—Port Royal, S. C., Feb. 14.—I inclose you a "dror bride." No man knowing the intelligence of the wild duck will shoot over dead decoys. With the old puddle duck, muddy gray, and the green-headed drake, 'mallards' drilled, placed as decoys, you can kill all the ducks you want. Take up the ducks by the two wings, as you would carry live ducks, place both wings through the slit, one part going behind the wings, the other in front of

parties who kill deer out of season. I will say here only that I have reasons that to my own mind I think sufficient, which is the same that most other residents besides myself have, who would be glad to have it stopped. In conclusion, I will say that if the present laws, with a little alteration in the time for hounding to commence, would be good enough, even allowing floating, if they could be properly enforced, and the deer would increase in the Adirondacks. And this is the opinion of fifty or more sportsmen, guides and hunters residing in this county who have talked with me on the subject within the last six months. Although they do not all live up to it they admit it to be the fact. Their cry is "the game is going and I am bound to get my share while I can."

ADONIS OSBORN

P. S.—A lumberman here to-day, who is cutting lumber between the middle branch of the St. Regis River and Meacham Lake, tells me that as many as forty or fifty deer are feeding every night on the tree tops which are cut down and piled up on the level. The deer come there instead of yarding. He would not admit any had been killed, but judge by his talk that the camp has a supply of venison. A. O.

The points on which the experience of deer hunters is asked are as follows:

- 1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in the manner still-hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

Boston, Feb. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of advices, under date of Jan. 25, from Mr. Carl F. Braun, of Messina, Sicily, by whom most of the migratory quail that have come to this country were shipped. He requests me to make public his prices and terms for the present season, which I gladly do through your columns. Mr. Braun offers to deliver the cages of one hundred birds each on board steamer, to provide food for the voyage, to prepay the freight to New York, and to effect marine insurance against total loss, all for the price of \$20 per cage of one hundred birds. He reserves, however, the right to cancel the orders and return the money in case the flight of birds during the coming season proves to be so small that he cannot execute the orders without loss to himself. Those who have received birds from Mr. Braun in previous years will bear cheerful testimony to the conscientious manner in which he performed his part of the contract, and to the excellent condition in which the birds arrived. The greatest loss that came to my notice was six from one cage; the average loss was less than three per cent, and in many cases not a single bird was lost.

The terms named by Mr. Braun are cash in advance; evidently the only terms upon which it is possible for him to deal with purchasers at such a distance. Upon the arrival of the bird-vey must be passed through the Custom House (duty free) and must be delivered to express companies, to be forwarded to their respective destinations. As this is a troublesome operation for parties at a distance, will, as in former years, if the request of Mr. Braun, and in order to facilitate the importation, attend to it free of charge; and I will also receive and forward to Mr. Braun any orders and money sent to me by parties desiring to import. No orders are received excepting for full cages of one hundred birds each, and the price of large and small lots is the same, to wit, \$20 for each cage. The latest time to forward an order with any possibility of having it filled is April 1; and the orders will be filled even though the orders received here so late as that cannot be filled.

Those desiring to order from Mr. Braun will please send to me as quickly as possible, and certainly before April 1, their orders with cash inclosed to the amount of \$20 for each cage, and with full address and name of express route preferred for shipping the birds from New York. I will buy the foreign exchange and send it and the orders to Mr. Braun, who will forward the birds to me by express, arriving in New York when I will see that they are passed through the Custom House, and given to the express company designated by the purchaser.

As some of your readers may be interested to know how many migratory quail have already been imported. I give below the exact figures for 1879 and 1880, and figures which I believe to be correct for 1877 and 1878.

1877, 10,000; 1878, 200; 1879, 9,000; 1880, 15,000; total, 33,346. HORACE P. TOREY.

17 Oliver street.

THE PROPOSED GAME BILL.—A meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association for the purpose of conferring with a committee from the New York Society for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at the rooms of the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, Monday, afternoon, March 7. The committee from the New York Association was composed of Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Senator Wagstaff and Charles E. Whitehead, Esq. Mr. Roosevelt pointed out the imperfections of the bill, and offered the following suggestions: That after which any request not be the same for the same crimes. That the word "willful" should be stricken out of the entire bill excepting in the clause relating to trespassing. That the law on ducks be changed so that the open season commences the first of September. That the law in regard to small fish should not apply to the fisherman who catches them with rod and reel; and that all contraband game should be surrendered to the officer appointed for that purpose in twenty-four hours after the receipt of the same, the party having the same would be liable to prosecution. The law on summer woodcock shooting is to apply to Long Island, also the words "voluntary surrender or," have been stricken out of the bill. The above suggestions are to be placed before the special sub-committee of the Long Island Association who pass upon them subject to the approval of the New York Association.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

FRESH WATER.

Pike-perch, *Esox radiolatus*.
 Pike, *Esox lucius*.
 Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike)
Stizostedion americanum, S.
in senes, etc.
 Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
 Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*.
 Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
 Striped Bass, *Roccus tinatus*.
 White Perch, *Morone americana*.

White Bass, *Roccus chrysops*.
 Rock Bass, *Ambloplites* (Two species).
 War-bunch, *Chonystichus guttatus*.
 Crayfish, *Pennacus nigromaculatus*.
 Bachelor, *Pomoxis anthurus*.
 Chub, *Semotilus corporalis*.
 Sunlet, *Omoxilus mordax*.
 Pollock, *Poliachius carbonarius*.

TROUTING ON THE UNKNOWN.

"LIVES there a man with soul so dead" that has not somewhere way over the hills and down into the valley a choice little bit of woodcock cover that nobody else in all this world knows of, or some trout brook hidden in the depths of the forest, where no one drops a worm or casts a fly but he to whom alone the brook is known?

The woodcock cover may be shot over by a dozen others, who each cherish the same delusion, still you long the fancy to your breast that you alone pull trigger there, and that for you the brown cock wait in sweet anticipation of being shot exclusively by yourself.

The trout stream may be fished by half the urchins in town; you won't believe it, but stealthily take a devious path through the woods to reach the sanctuary, known to none other among the sons of man.

Away in the vast forests of the North I know a lake, walled in by virgin hills, flooded with the sunshine of summer. Down through the woods a foaming river pours its swift current into the lake. There leap the great red trout; there you hear the partridge drum as you cast the fly, and there the carbon looks earnestly at you from out the thickets.

Where is that river? Alas! my friend, for you it is nowhere; it is in the vast, unexplored woods, in the very heart of the wilderness, for I alone know of its existence. It is my sanctuary. And I am sure I cannot disclose it to you until at least you tell me truly the exact locality of that new land where you shot a dozen cock one afternoon last fall, where no one else ever shot a cock before. But I will tell you of a day's fishing I once had on the Unknown.

We pushed on to the top of the hill at ten in the morning. Just as the bell on the little frontier church was ringing matins. Our boat was a tight cedar, lap-streaked canoe, twenty-three feet long. My guides, Jim and George, pulled a leisurely stroke, while I trawled with two light rods from the stern.

I soon reeled off a long line from each rod. On one line I trolled a cast of three brilliant flies; on the other an enormous trolling fly, with yellow body and red wings.

Out upon the great lake we rowed. The only ripples that broke the surface came from our boat and reached away toward the receding shore in long, diverging lines. The lake was yet asleep in the lap of her wooded hills, the morning sun shone brightly from a clear, blue sky; a great quiet filled the air, broken only by the distant dying peal of the church bell calling to early services.

The rarest thing of all the year—
 A perfect day in June.

Al! there's a rise—a tug on the line, the swift click of the reel and the line in the smooth water a hundred feet astern.

How it thrills one to be among the trout again. The little fellow fights gamely as I reel him in. Ziz-zag he rushes with the line and gives a pretty curve to it; then, as the line is pulled, he comes, the first trout, with more pluck than weight, for he falls two ounces short of a pound.

Three miles across the lake we pull. As we near the farther shore there comes a sharp jork on the trolling fly. My larger rod, of eleven ounces, buckles to the strain. I pass my disengaged rod to George, who reels in the line out to the way, and, standing up, he rises, a determined fish, to the bottom. The rod bends so sharply I am forced to give him line. Now he snags and I eagerly reel in great lengths of the silken cord. He shoots under the boat. Why will trout be so disagreeable? What an awkward head it gives your rod and what a miserable strain it puts upon it to have a big fish run under the boat, double up your little strip of wood, bring the line to its knees, and then tug, tug, like a great leader on an overworked horse-car stuck on a slippery, uphill grade! But now he gives a swoop out from under the stern and breaks water for the first time, flinging himself into air, shaking the drops from him. "A beauty, boys, a beauty!"

The tip of the rod drops a bit, the hook does not tear out and the big trout falls into the lake. "The hook still fast. Again and again he leaps into air, then seeks the depths once more, but this time so feebly that I snub him short, then reel him to the surface. A few faint rishes. Ah! he lies over on his side. What a picture on the surface of the water, his side all mottled with gold, gleaming with crimson points, his white throat and his red-tipped fins!

But it won't do to stop and admire till he gets his second wind. Jim stands up in the boat with the edge of the boat dipping in the water. Smoothly I slide my prey along the crystal surface of the lake, Jim gives a sudden dip with the net and aboard flops master trout. Pleased on the steelyards he weighs down just two pounds and three ounces. It is wonderful how the simple act of carrying scales with you reduces the weight of trout. Now, my guides and I would all have sworn this trout weighed seven pounds at the least, and he certainly had broken away.

Having landed him, had we only fortunately forgotten our steelyards we should have taken our solemn oaths that he was a five-pounder, but with that miserable little exact contrivance for reducing the weight of trout we find his weight to be just two pounds and three ounces. "You'd better take river weight," once said an old guide to me. "What's river weight?" "Guides!" "Oh, that's what we guides set the fish at without weighing 'em. It's always much more satisfactory to gentlemen, sir."

But I took my scales along, weighed every fish and entered the weight in my note-book. There were no five-pounders that the guide had promised me. At last he took up my steelyards with a contemptuous sneer, and looking straight at me, said, oracularly, "You'd better catch a big fish as long as you carry that d—d thing along with yer."

True enough; I have always carried that d—d thing along with me, and I have never caught one-half the big trout that most of my brother piscators who take river weight are ready to swear to.

"Show me a gunner and I'll show you a liar," was one of glorious Cale Loring's brevities. Ah, me! I must we also include fishermen. But my guides are pulling up the lake, my lines are scarcely reeled out, but I get a strike on my line, and after fine sport bring to basket a trout of a pound and three quarters.

We hear a gurgling sound; a little rill stealthily creeps out of the forest and trickles into the lake; Jim and George rest on their oars, and reeling in my line to twenty feet I make a cast and drop three flies fluttering down through the air to the margin of the lake, but where I drop them I do not know. I hold the little trout leap for the gaudy deceits. I hook and land one of three quarters of a pound, then another the same weight, then three more weighting, respectively, a half pound, six and five ounces.

The trout were still jumping in expectation of more flies, but the catch was getting too small, so we pulled away and soon reached the mouth of the Unknown River. Here I took the middle of our cedar canoe, and reeled in and stowed away my larger rod. Jim stepped into the stern, then the guides, taking their iron-tipped setting poles, forced the canoe steadily up the foaming rapids of the Unknown. Here we caught a few half-pounders; next we paddled through two miles of dead water with never a rise. Now, we come to a deep, broad, still pool. Great ash trees lean far out over the water, and the fly and dropped and canoe stiff as a stick. At the second cast an hook took the pond.

Next a bigger fellow rose to the lure. He weighed a pound and a half. Then a monster swirled up and quietly took the fly, but as he was fat and lazy, Jim soon netted him—a very handsome fish weighing full two pounds and a half.

It is true that one needs to be very quiet and circumspect in trout-fishing; yet it is equally true that it is not well to anchor your craft or cast all the time from one spot, even if that spot commands the whole pool.

I fancy that the trout, after a while, get accustomed to seeing the flies drop in the same way and pulled everlastingly in the same direction or toward the same point and so get educated up to your little game, or perhaps trout are not so easily frightened as you suppose. I once spent an hour floating slowly and quietly around a pool, with an almost imperceptible dip of the paddle, may stir them up just enough, without frightening them.

That a canoe and paddle do not always scare the trout I know full well. Indeed, I think the reason so many trout, when hooked, run under the canoe is because they mistake it for a log, and seek shelter from it. I have seen a trout that had been hooked by me, and that once when propelling his canoe with a red paddle slowly across a remote lake a large trout shot up from astern and bit his guide as it quietly moved through the still water.

So after landing the three trout we paddled cautiously around the pool. Now a ruddy hero catches the fly and bravely fights; run after he is hooked, the sharp click of his landing-net stands ready and open like the doom of fate and gathers him in. The fish weighs two pounds six ounces, but he was a male, and these fight hardest. Another rose; he weighed one pound ten ounces. Then, as we slowly moved about the pool, a grand old red-bellied snave broke water and took the fly in air.

As he rose the pool water began to swirl around, the light catching the water with a twang like the string of a violin, then diving to the bottom, bending the little rod to a keen tension, almost to breaking. Jim landed him at last and he brought down the scales to two pounds and ten ounces, but the scales did not do him justice. Nothing but river weight meets the requirements of such a plucky trout as this!

We had now reeled in a pound and three ounces, and that half an hour each weighing a pound or more and the six weighing eleven pounds and three-quarters. May this pool forever be unknown. We paddled on. Just above in a birching rapid we basketed a trout of two pounds and two ounces. At the first cast after landing him a dappled monster took the fly, cut across the rapids from shore to shore and fought me up every inch of line, reeling me in the big trout. The sharp click of his landing-net was heard like the great falling lung pendant.

"Why didn't he pull them down to three pounds!" "Hold on! hold on!" I cried to Jim, who held him, for the trout flapped his tail and the index on the scales seemed to move down a bit. But it was no use. No frantically hand was near to drop a charge of shot into the trout's gullet or stuff a stone into his jaws, so the scales remained inexorably at two pounds and three ounces.

But our sport here was not ended, for in the rapids we took two more which weighed two pounds seven ounces and two pounds one ounce respectively. Then we poled on, catching a trout wherever we chose to whip the stream.

Soon we hear a dull, distant roar that grows louder and louder as we pole up the rapid river. Counting a head we catch sight of a wide stretch of foam that we call the Unknown from bank to bank. These are the Unknown falls. The wild river pours over a ledge of rock and tumbles down a rocky incline for thirty feet or more. The whole fall is not more than ten feet vertically, but the rapid water is dashed into foam, and the white, tumbling line forms a pretty contrast with the dark pool beneath and the high, green woods on either bank. At the top of the falls we stop for dinner.

I caught the trout; there are thirty. The twelve largest weigh twenty-five pounds and two ounces. I lay out these dozen two-pounders in a row in the bottom of the canoe and a pretty sight they were as a fisherman may care to see. Two red-bellied, big-headed males had a whopper-jawed, horny beak projecting upwards from the point of their jaws which fitted into a groove at the end of their noses when their mouths were shut.

Meanwhile George had built a fire, hung the kettle and got ready the frying-pan. Jim lays violent hands and a sharp knife on one of my two-pound plets. The frying-pan sizzles and spatters, and fragrant odors are wafted from the teakettle. Soon, sitting on the bank under the shade of the forest looking out on the foaming falls, we ate a royal woodland meal.

After dinner I tried the fly at the foot of the falls. I hooked a very lively fish, that gave great play in the broken water, and ran out more line than any trout of the day. Brought in at last by Jim's inevitable "a"; he proved to be an even two-pounder. Quickly I catch thirteen little fellows in the spray of the falls. Then the guides seek me ashore and I

the wings; bring the two oylet holes together, make the cord fast, attach a weight (sinker) and throw out the sinkers far enough apart to keep the ducks separate. As soon as they are in the water they will commence washing and playing. You can sleep in your blind, for as far as the ducks can see they will not fly from the wing and will call them—the she one with a loud quack! quack! quack! the drake will do the same. Moored, us they will be by this means, they ride like a boat breasting the sea, and they will live five minutes any sea. Secured by the foot, they will drown in five minutes. I invented the duck bridge; use it for the benefit of sportsmen. —J. E. J.

The article sent by our correspondent is a bit of canvas one inch wide and fourteen inches long, with eyelid in each end and a slit six inches long in the centre.]

DEER KILLED WITH NO. 10 SHOT.—Tara, Iowa, Feb. 27.—In your issue of Feb. 17 I see that Mr. G. L. Appleton, of Bryan County, Georgia, tells of killing a deer on the run with No. 9 shot. I spent the winter of 1879-80 in Marion County, Florida. A gentleman from Connecticut also passed a portion of the winter in the same vicinity. One morning, while walking in the woods, I heard a shot near me and soon the Connecticut gentleman appeared with his gun in his hands. He said that he had just jumped a deer in some palmetto scrub and had broken her right hind leg with a charge of No. 10 shot. She got up about twenty feet from him. He then fired his shot, aimed at her body; this was also No. 10. She, however, got away. A few days afterward we passed near the same spot and found the deer, dead. She had got out of her sight in the thick scrub and he had not gone after her, as he supposed that his shot was too small to have killed her. H. R. E.

AUXILIARY BAREBEL—Belville, O.—I purchased one of Shelton's auxiliary rifles some months ago, with which I have done some excellent shooting up to three hundred yards, which is as far as I have tried it. Having failed to find a rear sight that would give good satisfaction in thick timber I have a sort of a peep sight which I made myself, but do not think that it would do for game as well as an open or sporting sight. Probably some one can give us some new ideas or experience in the matter. The winter has been so severe here that the quality of next fall's crop will be very doubtful. I know of half a dozen coveys last fall, but it is impossible to find a single bird. Ruffed grouse seem to have stood the storm exceedingly well; plenty of squirrels and rabbits.—W. S. C.

GOOD RECORDS.—Pittsburg, Pa., has a very large and active sportsmen's association; and is a centre for sporting matters. Among other evidences of this fact is the large sporting goods establishment of Messrs. J. and W. O'Neil & Co., who are displaying most commendable enterprise in providing for the demands of their trade. Mr. O'Neil not only knows what a good gun is, but understands as well how to use it. As a proof both of the excellence of the gun and the skill of the man, we refer our readers to the scores published elsewhere, which were made with the Westley Richards hammerless gun. The gun, the man and the firm have good records.

THE NOROMEGA SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, of Bangor, Me., held their annual meeting February 23, and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, John P. Tucker; Vice-President, H. N. Fairbanks; Secretary, Charles York; Treasurer, Fred T. Hall. Executive Committee—John P. Tucker, Charles York, Fred T. Hall, H. W. Durgin, G. A. Abbott. The club is prospering and in good financial standing. We have twenty-four members and some applications for membership now of good men. We propose to see the game laws of the State carried out to the letter. BANGOR.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN CLUB re-organized Feb. 1, 1881, formerly the North End Club. The law, as it now stands, prohibits pigeon shooting in Connecticut; but a bill is now before the Legislature which will repeal it. If repealed, a three days' tournament will be inaugurated, under the auspices of the club, to come off some time in the month of April. We have twenty-four members and some applications for membership now of good men. We propose to see the game laws of the State carried out to the letter. BANGOR.

THE KENNEDY RIFLE has of late won many friends because of its excellent performance. The weapon is manufactured by the well-known Whitney Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., and has become famous in the most eminent circles who believe in it building up a reputation for their rifle by its own record and merits. Those who are not familiar with the Kennedy rifle will do well to send to the manufacturers for a description of it.

PROF. HALL'S GUN.—Prof. Wm. B. Hall, of Indiana, Pa., is to be congratulated upon the recovery of his valuable gun, the theft of which was noted by us some time ago.

ARQUELY.—The Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. P. E. Peckard, No. 293 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, prepared to receive application from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association. As the grand annual meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of the National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applicants for membership be made as early as possible to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the constitution, by-laws, etc.

We have received a copy of what is perhaps the smallest newspaper published in the world. It is the *School News*, edited by a Pawnee boy, who is one of the pupils at the Indian school, Carlisle, Pa., and the pages—there are four of them—measure four inches by three inches. The editor addresses his subscribers to keep their undershirts on and to study hard. Napoleon is said to have feared a newspaper much more than a hostile army; if the young Carlisle editor learns his business he may yet play an important part in solving the Indian question.

THE FINEST NAME in the retail clothing trade is that of Baldwin, the Clothier. He has the largest establishment in New York and his one branch store—44 Baldwin Building, Brooklyn.

walk on along an old portage through the woods with a pistol cocked in my right hand ready for prowling bear or startled moose.

But no living thing appears. After walking half a mile, and passing over a little hill crest, I catch sight of bright water through the vista of the path, and soon am standing on a pretty bluff overlooking another woodland lake. To my left is the rapid flowing Unknown River, the outlet of this second lake. I hear a shout, then the regular click of the setting poles as their iron ferrules strike against the rocky bottom; then the canoe appears round a projecting point, bravely forced up stream against the foaming torrent. George and Jim, hair-headed, roeking with sweat, briskly ply their poles, and the canoe shoots up and on to the still beach at my feet. A hard time the boys have had of it. 'Twas well I lightened their task by walking the portage.

We pitch our tent on the bluff overlooking the lake, and as George gets ready for supper and cuts through for my bed I push out with Jim in the skiff. It is a great comfort to have two guides, for while one is at work you are not compelled to wait and loaf round and watch each slice of salt pork as it is put into the frying-pat and wonder if on the whole the cook is really neat and truly good, and when will that snapper be ready any way, but off you shoot with your second guide, and the time glides by as quickly as the swift flowing river till you hear the call for supper from the shore.

Where the lake drains into the river, and the low, quickening current glides smoothly like bent glass toward the foaming rapids, there lie the big trout behind great submerged boulders along the river bottom. Reeling off a long line I deftly cast my flies across the stream. Jump, jump, jump, leapt the trout. A taut line, a quick turn of the wrist and I hook them all three. 'Wish! wish!' How they buckle and twist the little snags on my line, and reel off fathoms at a glance. The middle fish looks the little ten pounder, the little trout on the dropper with his hands, and then we make short work with the two-pounder on the leader. So near the camp are we fishing that Jim flings our last capture over the bushes to George for our supper.

We take five more trout at the outlet, then pull ashore in the twilight. How brightly glows the camp fire! What green shadows the cook casts against the trees as he flits about the flames! How cozy looks the little tent illumined by the blaze—white canvas above and pliant green boughs beneath, and what a jolly supper we eat as darkness closes around us! Then taking out my note-book I reckon up my booty for the day. I reckoned up for my own satisfaction. I surely take no pleasure in deceiving myself, and though this is a fish story, it is also the exact truth, as are as follows: June 18, 1878, took with fly 15 trout, one pound and over; weight of same 31 pounds 9 ounces; 36 trout less than a pound; weight of same, 19 pounds—51 trout. Total, 50 pounds 9 ounces.

As I lie back on the boughs of the open tent, slippers off and feet toasting at the log fire, the full moon rises round and red over the wooded hills and looks us full in the face. I fall asleep content. MAISTRAND.

PANOR AQUARIA.—These household ornaments are not as common as they should be. It is interesting to interest the children in the habits of aquatic life, either marine or fluvial. We recently dropped into Greenwood's Aquaria depot, 41 College Place, New York, to purchase some nest-bredding sticklebacks for our little tank, but the cold weather had prevented their capture. Here we saw tanks of all sizes down to toy globes, plants and all the appliances of the aquarian lover. Upon inquiry for some short practical rules for regulating the life and animal life, we received the following: "A small dip net should be used for the purpose of extracting or putting subjects in the tank. The hand should never be used for this purpose. Always keep the aquarium where it will have plenty of light, otherwise it will be impossible to succeed with it. Water-plants require as much light as garden or green-house plants; also keep in as cool a position as possible, and above all things, do not oversock it; two small fish in one gallon of water is not too many in any weather, but in cold weather the number may be increased a little. Avoid all kinds of sea-shells and corals, as they contain lime and are injurious both to animal and vegetable life."

THE BANDED PICKEREL.—It will be remembered that some two or three years ago Judge Potter planted in various parts of the lake the fry of the land locked salmon (*Salmo sebago*). Most interest was felt among amateur and professional fishermen as to the result of this experiment, and the work has been carefully watched to see whether the young strangers have succeeded in escaping the numerous dangers that environ them. The fishermen in Manumee Bay have several times recently reported the capture of what they supposed to be young salmon, but as they had never seen the genuine nothing positive was known on the subject. The latest specimen, taken a day or two ago, was brought to Mr. C. O. Brigham by his request, and by him referred to Judge Potter. The Judge decides that the fish is the banded or trout pickerel, or in scientific nomenclature the *Esox americanus*, or otherwise the *Esox niger*, or black pickerel. The judge states that this fish is extremely rare, and that the specimen in question is the second he has ever seen. The banded pickerel seldom exceeds a foot in length, but is very green and almost black in shape, with a few white spots on the larger members of the pike family. It usually lies close to the bottom of the water, for which reason it is sometimes called the mud pickerel, and when it takes the hook circles about, affording little sport as a game fish.

Although in this case the supposed salmon proved bogus, it is interesting to learn that the fishermen at Pleasant Bay near Monroe have taken several of the true salmon in their nets. These were about a dozen inches in length and seemed to be thriving and successfully making their way in the watery world. *Toledo (Ohio) Telegram.*

This little nuisance is fortunately rare in Ohio waters, but is painfully frequent in the trout streams of Long Island.

POACHING THE FISH.—ITHACA, N. Y.—For some time past the local authorities of Springport, situated near the foot of Cayuga Lake, have been in a furor over the lawless raids made by unknown parties upon their fisheries. All attempts to check it seemed useless so well did the fish pirates cover up their tracks, and conceal all evidence of their methods. The matter being brought to my notice I went there, and after the most diligent search, with the assistance of a party of six inches thick—I succeeded in raising several nets which were set with the stakes chopped off below the ice in such a manner that only those who knew their exact location could discover them. The offenders have not been captured yet, but I have obtained evidence sufficient to warrant several arrests,

which I am about to make in a few days. The fisheries there are well supplied with trout, and no doubt the parties would have had a rich harvest but for the timely interruption of their plans. On Owaseo Lake similar attempts have been made, but receiving timely notice, I have to a great extent, if not entirely, prevented them. The offenders are desperate and cunning, and have recourse to the most subtle and daring schemes for the carrying on of their lawless traffic, and threats of vengeance should they be detected are often indulged in; but with the co-operation of local authorities we hope to be able to discourage the practice. A private fish pond near Springport will soon be opened to the public. It covers an area of a quarter of a mile square, and contains trout in abundance and of very rare quality. In this pond they may be caught with the utmost facility, and at certain outlets even picked up with the hand. In May the proprietor will allow people to fish with a fly.

D. B. NORRIS, State Game Constable.

THE BERLIN MEDALS



The medals awarded at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin have not yet arrived, but may be expected soon. We present our readers with a picture of the medal, which will be the same whether of gold, silver or bronze. We can furnish electro-types of these cuts if desired.

THE COD FISHERIES.—The use of the gill net for cod, which, though long practiced by the fishermen of Norway, has lately been tried here, at the request of Prof. Baird, who sends the implements in use by the fishermen of all countries to find the best methods, is fast coming into favor. The recent letter from Capt. J. W. Collins, the expert fisherman of the U. S. F. C., in our columns has familiarized our readers with its value. The Cape Ann *Advertiser*, in speaking of the introduction of new methods and the prejudice against them, says: "Now cod-nets have come upon the scene, and the trawlers are claiming that the nets drift down upon their tackle and cause them inconvenience and loss. But nets are fast winning their way into public favor and the indications are that the many-hooked trawl will take a back seat, and bait-hills be unknown."

In another article the *Advertiser* alleges that Prof. Baird is said to be "of the opinion that the only remedial remedy we can apply to Canada for cheating us in the fish question is to refuse to admit Canadian fish to our markets free of duty after the expiration of the treaty in 1855. He suggests that we impose a heavy tax on fish imported from the Dominion as soon as we can do so without violating the treaty. A retaliation by the Canadians in the form of the exclusion of our fishermen from waters within the three-mile limit will not, he thinks, be a serious matter. Our fishing craft seldom go within the three-mile limit, except to get bait, and the use of the gill net will make bait unnecessary."

In speaking of the cod fisheries, the Boston *Herald* says: "If Prof. Baird's colony of cods and other good fish out on the edge of the Gulf stream pans out all right then Gloucester can tell Canada to keep her foggy old banks to herself and be blessed therewith. Fishing on the edge of the Gulf stream would be a good deal more comfortable than on the chilly banks of Newfoundland."

SIZE OF TROUT.—New York, Feb. 28.—In reply to Mr. Van Siclen's query in yours of 24th, I would say that the limitation in the weight of trout allowed to be taken by the proposed game law to a quarter pound was fixed by the joint committee who had the matter in charge. My proposition was a limit of eight inches—in a weight of probably one-eighth of a pound. For many years I have persisted in returning to the water all trout under eight inches long—result (frequently), return home with a very poor score. But, if some concert and law are not adopted the result will soon be no score at all.—MANHATTAN.

"BODINES."—Now that the tramping, trouting and camping season is coming on, hooks on the subject are in order. "Bodines, or Camping on the Lycoming," is a volume which every angler ought to read. It is a good cup companion. Next to a trouting journal with his author is the reading of his description of how he and his friends found pleasure and profit along the Pennsylvania trout streams. The book may be ordered through us at the regular publisher's price, \$1 50 per copy.

HABITS OF THE GAR-PIKE AND DOGFISH.—Chicago, Feb. 5.—Do the gar-pike (*Lepidosteus*) and dogfish (*Amia*) hibernates? In summer they cannot long remain without air. In winter our inland lakes are entirely closed by ice, so that no air is accessible to them. How, then, do they exist through the long winters, unless upon the theory of hibernation? I do not see the above question answered in any work on zoology within my reach. A. M. WINSLET.

FLY FISHING IN JAPAN.—At the International Fishery Exhibition in Berlin there were artificial flies shown in the Japanese department. They were principally palmers with a gilded head, and we were informed by the Japanese Commissioner, Mr. Matsumura, that they were used to a limited extent by the gentlemen anglers of that country. Very good rods of bamboo and both silk and hair lines were exhibited, showing that the gentle art has its votaries in Japan.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—S. W. Goodridge, rod maker, Grafton, Vt., offers a rod as follows: "I am glad you are going to make something more than a mere side show out of the fly-casting this year. Put me down for a bass rod, one of Dr. Henshall's pattern, for throwing the minnow, just such a one as the doctor approves."

Fish Culture.

FISH CULTURE AND FISH LAWS.

(Report of the Committee on Fish Laws, presented at the Convention of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.)

The chairman of the committee on fish laws, including propagation as well as protection, I beg to report that the committee have done nothing as yet out of a meeting of the committee recently held at Detroit, at which meeting Mr. Portman and myself were present (Mr. Fitzhugh being unable to attend), it was arranged that Mr. Portman should prepare a paper to be read at the Association, giving his views in reference to the needed legislation for the protection and propagation of the food fishes of the inland waters of the State; while I would direct your attention more especially to the legislation needed for the protection and increase of the supply of the valuable food fishes of the great lakes.

My remarks then will be understood as having reference only to the great lakes.

I shall beg your indulgence but for a few moments, as my views as to the necessary steps to be taken to secure an unlimited supply of fish food can be briefly stated. That an inexhaustible supply of the valuable food fishes is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," none will deny.

But the question, as to the means to be employed to accomplish the desired end, is as perplexing as it is important.

Five years since it might have been said that "something must be done not only to secure an increase, but to prevent a decrease of this food supply." The statistics of the past decade will abundantly prove it. The same question will, to a certain extent hold true to-day, and although active measures have, since that time been taken to avert the evil, additional measures should, I think, be inaugurated.

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Most legislative aid be invoked to assist in perpetrating this food supply. As the matter now stands, no laws, either State or national, that I am aware of, are in effective operation, regulating the fishing industry of the great lakes. True, the States and general government are doing a magnificent work in the way of propagation, and in the way of general support of the national fisheries, but definitely, the problem would be solved; but these donations are an "unknown quantity," and may be "plus or minus."

The laws framed for purpose of inaugurating relief and infusing new blood into the fishing industry of the States, and the provisions of a compulsory nature as regards propagation, and therefore State and national aid in this respect is gratuitous, uncertain and liable at any time to be withheld. The life, growth, or future of this important industry should not hinge upon the uncertainty of legislative or congressional appropriations, but should, as far as practical, be independent and self-sustaining. Nor should we exact or expect to much aid from this direction.

No amount of sophistry can conceal the fact that the class of people most benefited by the results of propagation are those engaged in the occupation of fishing; and therefore they should, in simple justice, contribute to the maintenance of the source of their occupation and income.

But this law be regulated only by law, and we want a law that contains within itself ample provision for its enforcement. Again, the magnitude of the interests involved is, of itself, a complete argument that a system of laws should be enacted, regulating these interests. I ask your gentlemanly presence to name any industry of equal importance that is being neglected in this respect. It is, indeed, strange that in this great land of ours, with its numerous laws for the protection of property and the redress of grievances, that the fishing interests of the great lakes, representing a capital of \$100,000,000,000, should be so utterly strange, I say, that this vast interest should be practically without any legislative control of regulation. Such, however, is the case.

It is most to be patent to the most casual observer that this important commercial industry is, at present, but a suggestion of the gigantic proportions it may attain, if fostered and encouraged by judicious, efficient and enforced laws combining protection and propagation.

In view of these grand possibilities need the question be asked, are fish laws necessary? There is a law, the law of custom, which in some sections is observed, as which, so far as it is observed, regulates the rights of certain individuals to certain fisheries, but it is not a law. The States, too, have passed some laws affecting the interests in question, but from the want of enforcement are practically of no value; and until it is decided that they have supreme jurisdiction over the fisheries it is futile to expect any other measure to be a complicated question. Perhaps it is not within the domain of the States to legislate or control the fishing interests of the common waters of the United States, and therefore it is folly for the laws of any other State to attempt to attempt to adjust this important question to be determined.

It is folly to offer resolutions, to sign and present petitions and motions to our Legislature, for the conclusion of laws which, when passed, may be rendered powerless by a single Supreme Court decision. All our labor would then be in vain and our efforts neutralized. These things are, under the circumstances, of secondary moment.

But the question of jurisdiction stands out conspicuously as the one that should pre-eminently command our attention. The discussions of the measures to be incorporated in fish laws can be left for the future. It is enough for the present to take the necessary steps to fix the control of the interests in question rests, and this is of primary importance.

We want fish laws, and we want them enacted by that power, be it State or national, whose authority shall be supreme and whose decisions shall be final. It is the conviction of the writer that the writer from Professor Baird in relation to this subject, I had previously written him for an expression of his views as to the question of jurisdiction.

DEAR MR. CLARKE: The question as to whether legislation for the protection of fisheries of the great lakes and of the Ocean should be enacted by the general government or the States is a

Each team shot on paper targets, and exchanged the same by express to verify count, etc. Our club has maintained their previous record by winning the match having not a single miss. This is their ninth victory within a year. A challenge has been received from the Rhode Island Club, which they wish to meet and will probably be accepted. Below are the individual scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes teams like Wheeling Rifle Club Team, Springfield Rifle and Gun Club Team, and Mammoth Rifle Gallery.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Boston, March 4.—The following are the prize winners for the month of February in Everybody's Rifle Match: J. F. Richardson, 38.88 39.39 39—193 J. H. Williams, .87 87 37 37—183 J. M. Fitch, 38.88 39.39 39—192 J. Ames, .86 86 37 37—182 N. W. Arnold, .87 88 45 39—181 J. Warren, .87 87 45 39—180

PSHO MATCH.—Ellis N. Wilder, .85 85 39 39—185 F. J. Rabich, .87 87 37 37—111

In the pistol match for the month of March the Massachusetts Target Club, Cambridge, Mass., possible 90; three scores made to win or a possible 25. There have already been some of the best shots made by the several participants. The following are some of the best: J. H. Williams, .81 62 62—186 G. Warren, .84 69 69—178

CONAN'S SHOOTING GALLERY, 1223 Broadway, N. Y.—The seventh week of the pistol tournament terminated on the 4th inst. H. W. Wickham won the championship of shooting at Wimbledon target (3-bullet) on the 2d inst. Conditions of the contest were: 100 shots, 100 bullets and one center, being 45 out of a possible 50. Dr. E. T. Marsh made the same score, but according to the conditions, he lost the championship because he was unable to improve before the match.

At the New York Rifle Gallery during March \$50 will be given in prizes. In the February match the winners were as follows: W. M. Farrow, .48 48 49—192 P. G. Fenning, .48 48 48—191

ALBANY, N. Y., March 3.—A very enjoyable match closed today at the kennels-yacht range. The match in question was started at 10 o'clock, and the contest was a very close one. The match was the lover of rifle shooting, wishing that the practice should be continued during the winter, offered a prize of \$35 in gold to be shot for

FALL RIVER, Mass., March 1.—Regular semi-monthly shoot of the Fall River Gun Club for gold badge; Car duty trap, secured, 15 yards, 10 balls. 1111 1111 1111—15 Valentine, .0111 1111 1011—13

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 25.—The third and concluding day's shooting at Frogmore to-day proved quite interesting. The day was a favorable one, and, save for a few clouds, the weather was just what was needed. In several instances, however, the flying birds were carried out of bounds by the breeze. Pools were sold on the grounds, and the winning winner of a sublimed order, and no large amounts were realized.

First match.—Ten single rises, 21 yards: Franklin .7 Hoves, .81 81 81—5 Stump, .81 81 81—5 Chaudet, .81 81 81—5

Second match.—Seven single rises, 21 yards: Shaw, .7 Young, .7 Conson, .7 Masson, .7 Tunstall, .7 Jones, .7

Third match.—Double rises, 31 yards: Both barrels, miss and out. The contest finally narrowed itself down to Messrs. Hughes and Tunstall. Both were tied for the first prize, and who divided the money.

Fourth match.—Bats; three double rises, 15 yards: Hughes, .6 Conson, .6 Young, .6 Masson, .6

Prize was divided between Chaudet and Hughes, who were tied for the first place.

First match.—Glass balls, 15 yards rise: After the first five miss and out, Miles and Hughes made a clean score of 10 for the first prize. The result was a tie, as Miles and Hughes won the second prize by a score of 9, and Bush the third, scoring 8.

JAMESON, N. Y.—We are much interested here in looking over the report of the shooting contest, as we are doing some gallery work here which is not so very poor for learners. The other evening at the regular shooting of ties at 45 ft., some pretty good results were obtained, and some of our best shooters were present.

UNEXPLAINED ACCIDENT.—Saco, Me., Feb. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: Six weeks ago I was reloading shells for Springfield market, etc., using reloading tools made by the U. S. cartridge Co. of Lowell, Mass. When I was in the reloading factory, I noticed the flesh from second time of left hand to the nose.

THE TRAP.—COMMUNION.—Editor Forest and Stream: I wish you would grant me a little space for a statement of facts which may interest some of your readers. I have a fine, well-bred, two-days' pigeon and glass ball shoot at this place. As pigeon shooting is a direct violation of the law, I have had to be careful in my advertising.

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NEW CANOE.—Mr. Keuston has just returned to a lot of "double canoes" of 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

CONSERVATISM has at last been compelled to give way, and vested interests have been forced by the indisputable logic of evolution to yield to the more progressive and practical views of an auspicious day for British yachtsmen, for they have, with a stroke of the pen, freed themselves from the trammels of an unwarlike rule of water into the realm of the ridiculous.

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Docking and Canoeing.

THE TWO TONNER.

MANY inquiries will be found answered in this paragraph, the shortest method of complying with the requests of correspondents. The two tonner will readily accommodate a couple of hands, as she has a berth on each side. Opposite the bow there is a large port side of the cut is a similar one, the front reaching up half the height of the cabin, and forming a very good shelter for the crew during the cooking gear. We have some of the best of the kind in the world.

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SEAWANAKA YACHT CLUB.

WE have only a few words to offer at present concerning the decision of the club at the meeting last Monday to build a house as headquarters. It is proposed to lease Manning's Basin behind the first of the buildings on the water line, and to erect a new structure on the breakwater. A corporation inside the club is to be formed and will build a two-story house and lease the same to the club. The plan is to build a two-story house and lease the same to the club. The plan is to build a two-story house and lease the same to the club.

THE SCIPLE YACHT ENGINE.

NOT many years ago Bordenown, N. J., was in a fair way to achieve for itself a name in the nautical world as the home of high speed steam yachts. An enterprising firm had located on the river front, bought a fine lot of tools, and at one time steamed on the Hudson to success. They had their yard three vessels on the stocks, all of iron, the Continental, Miranda and St. George, which gave a good account of themselves when over the measured mile. But the "hard times" came along, people no longer wanted high speeds, and the firm dissolved and for a time Bordenown ceased to concern itself about the pleasure navy. Since those days, however, the old town has emerged from her temporary slumbers, and once more the blows of the hammer resound along the banks of the Delaware, as the river leads up the yacht river in the shell of a hull and the cutter drives the cotton boats in the well-furnished hulls of new steam yachts. The Bordenown Foundry, one of the oldest establishments of its kind in the country, long and favorably known in the iron world, has been working through attention of late to building yachts for speed and sporting purposes, and, judging from the favorable endorsements sent us, their work leaves nothing to be desired in

YACHT BUILDING AT BRISTOL.—Unusual activity is displayed at the Herreshoff works and much yacht work is in hand. The schooner "Lark" is about to be launched, and the cutter "Comet" and "Marcia" has been entirely rebuilt and the old sloop cannot be recognized except in name. The steamer "Camilla," built for Dr. J. G. Wood, of Bristol, is now in the hands of the Herreshoff works, and is to be refitted and run by the Herreshoff works. The cutter "Comet" and "Marcia" has been entirely rebuilt and the old sloop cannot be recognized except in name. The steamer "Camilla," built for Dr. J. G. Wood, of Bristol, is now in the hands of the Herreshoff works, and is to be refitted and run by the Herreshoff works.

CUTTERS IN BOSTON.

WHEN FOREST AND STREAM started the crusade against sailing machines and brought the "healthy" yacht prominently before the public, only two short years ago, we had but few followers and the violent opponents and doubting Thomases included 999 out of every 1,000 yachtmen in America. But in two short years how things have changed! The "healthy" yacht, and the sailing cutter have gained for themselves a name and reputation which insures for their type a permanent life in our fleet. Who will still maintain that the sailing cutter is no longer a sporting machine? The efforts in behalf of the cutter and the sailor yachtman, fairly earned the laurel it has taken as the organ of the sport in America. Says the Boston Herald:

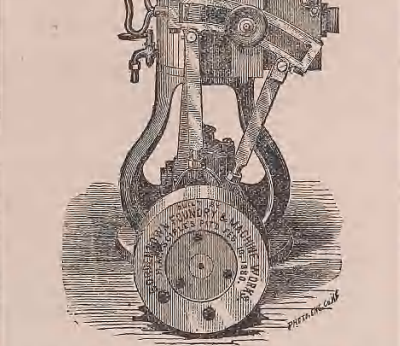
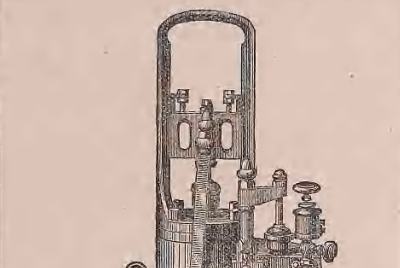
"LAWLER & SONS have laid the keels for two more English cutters. They appear to be getting favor with gentleman yachtmen and these will be the last of the kind. The cutter "Comet" and "Marcia" has been turned out. They all measure 30 ft. on the water line and 35 ft. overall. The keels and frames are of prime white oak and they are made of the finest materials. The hulls are of the best quality of iron, 5,000 lbs. of iron to render them steady and to enable a large spread of canvas to be carried with ease. And we add this is but the beginning of the reform."

A FUNNY RILE OF MEASUREMENT.

SOONER or later length measurement leads into the ridiculous. Mr. Robert W. Bunker, yacht builder at City Point, Boston, deserves the credit for seeing his way clear to the end of the rife, and this is the consequence: A new catboat, 26 ft. on keel, 20 ft beam, 10 ft. overboard, and 30 ft. high, was built for a customer. The hull was 36 ft. and a beam of 34 ft. 11 in. contained 10 yards, equal to about 150 square ft. Well, did you ever? And how will the rest of the catboats of the same size be measured? The customer, who had been before even the dulltest reasoning powers will comprehend the fallacy and the tendency of such a slipshod measurement as length? Proceeding without further delay, the customer ordered a new catboat, and his new wash bowl thin pieces of ink slip in FOREST AND STREAM and then for another revolution? We have been fighting for in the past for the sake of the sailor yachtman, but now we are fighting for our elbow, wants to know when yachts become broader than they are long, will the breadth become their length, and will such yachts be sailing sideways when they are sailing along?

YACHTING NEWS.

STEPHENS' CANOES.—Mr. Stephens, of Rahway, N. J., has just issued his new catalogue for this year. The rife pamphlet is a very useful guide to canoeists, inasmuch as it gives full directions for selecting the type of canoe according to varying wants, and also specific descriptions of the various makes of canoes. The catalogue is a very handy for paddling and sailing, his racing kilt Von kilt and crossing Sandy Hook. The catalogue contains valuable information on all matters pertaining to the canoe, and is a very useful guide to canoeists. The catalogue is a very handy for paddling and sailing, his racing kilt Von kilt and crossing Sandy Hook. The catalogue contains valuable information on all matters pertaining to the canoe, and is a very useful guide to canoeists.



the way of smoothness or of finish. They furnish their yachts with an engine especially adapted for the purpose, and different in design from all others, as the accompanying illustration serves to explain. The engine is built under the Sciple patent, and, in the arrangement of the guides and connecting rods, bears resemblance to the steamer engine, securing the necessary length of stroke with a low cylinder, light weight of frame and long connecting rods. The reversing and valve gear is of the simplest and strongest kind, and all the working parts can readily be got at without hammer while running. The workmanship throughout is of the highest class, and the engine runs smoothly from the first opening of the throttle. The thrust bearing steel and brass rings to take the friction, and stirring box and steam porting, being brass bushes. Concerning the boilers turned out by the same concern, little really need be said in the way of recommendation, as the firm has been too long in the business to require endorsement, as to quality of work at our hands. We give an illustration of the type adopted by them for yachts. They raise steam rapidly, owing to large area of heating surface and excellent draft, and, what is of great importance in high speeds, they never make steam rapidly and supply nearly a steady pressure, owing to the large steam dome attached. The weak point of fine boilers out of this kind is that they cannot make steam as fast as they will raise it for any length of time, and the gauge runs down on the run. Hence it is easy to maintain a high record for a single short spur, but which cannot be maintained with the throttle wide open, and will lose the steam to back you. Of all the shell boilers those built by the Bordenown Foundry are the most satisfactory, and, in fact, they are the result of considerable study and long experience. The yacht lately built for the Zip Yachting Club of Philadelphia, the hull was 32 ft. in length, 10 ft. in beam, 14 ft. 6 in. in depth, and 10 ft. in draft. The engine was 10 ft. in length, 10 ft. in beam, 14 ft. 6 in. in depth, and 10 ft. in draft. The engine was 10 ft. in length, 10 ft. in beam, 14 ft. 6 in. in depth, and 10 ft. in draft.

FLORIDA YACHT CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream: I send you the result of our recent election of officers. Commodore C. J. Kenworthy, Jr., Vice-Commodore, W. W. Good; Fleet Captain, J. C. Owen; Secretary, Geo. L. Ward; Treasurer, H. B. Barrett; Measurer, J. H. Woodhead. The Board of Officers and Members are: Commodore, C. J. Kenworthy, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, W. W. Good; Fleet Captain, J. C. Owen; Secretary, Geo. L. Ward; Treasurer, H. B. Barrett; Measurer, J. H. Woodhead. The Board of Officers and Members are: Commodore, C. J. Kenworthy, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, W. W. Good; Fleet Captain, J. C. Owen; Secretary, Geo. L. Ward; Treasurer, H. B. Barrett; Measurer, J. H. Woodhead.

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LIGHTS AND RED TAP.—Authority from Washington having decreed that all boats propelled by oars are to carry lights after sundown without exception, the Treasury Department has forwarded us a notice to that effect. Under the new rule the red light is to be carried, it will probably be honored more in the breach in the future as it has been in the past, but owners of boats will do well to bear in mind the penalty of \$20 attached for violation of the rule.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The new club house and grounds have turned out a great success, owing to the excellent management of the club. The new club house is a fine building, and the grounds are well kept. The club has been very successful in its racing, and has won many trophies. The club has been very successful in its racing, and has won many trophies.

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CANOEING AT GLENS FALLS.—A correspondent writes that a new canoe club has been formed at Glens Falls, N. Y., called the Lake George C. C., and that their first trip will be in force for the grand mid-summer meet on Lake George, N. Y. The credit of acquiring the canoeing spirit among its members is due to the efforts of the club. The club has been very successful in its racing, and has won many trophies.

COOPER'S POINT YACHT CLUB.—This club and the South Camden Y. C. will form a union, with Capt. J. R. Wilkins as Commodore. The union is a very desirable one, and will be of great benefit to the sport.

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NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream: A canvas case consists of a wooden frame (much resembling the skeleton of a wooden boat) with canvas stretched tightly over it. As the canvas skin gives no appreciable support to the frame a boat constructed in this way is very strong and stiff. The frame is made of the strongest wood in proportion as the wood was stronger, and stiffer than canvas. To make the canvas almost as strong as a cedar canoe it is necessary to strengthen the frame by the use of iron rods. The weight of the two boats would be about equal. Even if willing to sacrifice strength to portability, the cedar canoe will not meet all the requirements of a portable boat. The cedar canoe will not meet all the requirements of a portable boat. The cedar canoe will not meet all the requirements of a portable boat.

think its superiority in this respect is so slight that unless most of the canoe is to be made so as to be a railroad car or wagon, it need not be considered, the more so as it is far more important how a canoe will behave in the water. In streams where the current is swift and which are filled with boulders, against which the canoe is often driven by the current, a canvas canoe would be better than a wooden one, but these places are few and far between, and I have found that the majority of rapids and bights are from snags and sharp stones, the force being insufficient to injure the cedar boat, but just strong enough to make a rip in a canvas skin.

In my opinion the elasticity of a canvas boat is not only of no advantage in resisting the bows and strains given by waves, but is a great disadvantage. It is the water and not the boat that should yield. Taking, then, all things into consideration, I think the cedar canoe superior to the one made of canvas. A canvas boat is anything but a bad boat, and it can be built by amateurs more easily and cheaper than in any other kind, and enables numbers of men who could not afford the cedar to enjoy the delights of canoeing, of whom a large percentage eventually graduate into devoted followers of that sport of all sports—yachting.

F. M. E.

Their Sold South, to a woman, are for Hop Bitters, using them as their only family medicine.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

- B., Baltimore.—For working plans see our advertising columns.
- M. G. Groton, Vt.—We know nothing of the English gunmaker mentioned.
- G., Toronto.—May publish description of yacht such as you speak of in a few weeks.
- G. B. A. New York.—When does the trout season open on Long Island? Ans. April 1.
- K., Chester.—Hesians can be furnished as per advertisement. A fair price for similar yacht of 30 ft. is \$200.
- E. S. P., Boston.—The use of a single large bullet in your gun depends upon whether the gun is classed as "blow-by."
- E. J., City.—No detection machinery yet applied to launches or boats. Cost of producing the current is again success.
- F., Kittery.—Have not published any book. Write to Brentano's, Union Square, for "Neilson's boat Building," price \$1.
- W. E., Yorkers, N. Y.—Perussion caps are primed with fulminate at the factory. You cannot reprime them yourself.
- H. S. P., Andover, N. H.—The price of Green's new book will be announced in our advertising columns as soon as it is determined.
- Wyo.—1. The usual pull for a 19 lb. gauge gun is 4 1/2 to 5 lbs. 2. We have found the party referred to reliable in his dealings with us.
- W., Cleveland.—The boots you mention are well spoken of by those who have tried them. Think you will find the work of any good builder give you satisfaction.
- Don, Southfield, Mass.—There is no American gun on dog trail, log. The series of papers published in the FOREST AND STREAM March 15, April 8, April 15, April 22 and May 13, sent on receipt of ten cents.
- H., Constantinople.—Paper boats, if built in layers, receive a coat of varnish or marine glue between each. Pay outside with mastic, rub down smooth and shining varnish over it. Keep a good floating at all times.
- J. B. T., Endon.—1. The guns are both first-class and either one as good as the other you want. 2. The \$30 gun mentioned we should not advise you to purchase. 3. The \$20 gun is 19 gauge. 4. In a 16 gauge for girls ball shooting use 3 1/2 lbs. powder.

W. Golden.—See this week's issue. Rowditch is the standard and is used in the navy. French sextants are considered the best, but are expensive. Write to Merrill Bros., 179 Water street, for prices. Fifty foot yawl built here for \$5,000 or more, according to finish.

R. E., Belair, La.—You should be able to purchase a first-class pointer puppy, from five to six months old, for from \$25 to \$50. Of course the expense of shipment to your place depends upon the distance from your home to the locality where you make the purchase.

C. E. C., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. You should consult an oculist. 2. The gun is a reliable one. 3. You ought to find something better than fox to shoot. 4. You will find all the goods you mention advertised in our paper. 5. Dixon's and Eley's goods are for sale by the dealers.

J. R. A., Princeton, N. J.—The cost of a guide in the West varies greatly. Probably you cannot get one for less than \$8, and from that the North Park is a good place for antelope, blacktail deer, elk, bear and sage grouse. Besides that there are mountain sheep, dusky grouse and ptarmigan in the mountains.

R. E. F., Milford.—Will you give me the habits of the carp, their food, and the kind of water used for them? Also if they are a game fish and will rise to the fly? Ans. We are preparing an article on the carp which will soon appear. We doubt their rising to the fly. They grow to forty pounds.

TRINOTON, N. Y.—1. You can have the proper load for your gun determined by a gun dealer if you have not opportunity to do it yourself. 2. Your can have your gun converted into a modified choke cost to \$25. The live-and-wound cartridge is approved by those who have used them. 4. A larger load than 28 grain powder and 200 grains lead cannot well be used in the old model (1866) Winchester .44 cal. 5. The limit of accurate range is about 300 yards.

Muskego, Milwaukee, Wis.—1. The "bulging" of a choke-bore will not affect the safety of the barrel. 2. Other brands of the powder of a higher grade, are cleaner and more expensive. 3. For light weight, 12 gauge, 30 inch barrels, about 5 lbs. 4. The "scroff" fence is the rim around the nipple which was formerly put there to prevent the flying of the fragments of the cap. It is retained in some guns with plungers simply as a survival.

D., Spencerport.—You have given rather too much depth, unless well cut away. Otherwise dimensions 22x53 will do. Keel of 15 in. width is enough. Rig is too small. Five 1/2 lb. shot to match, 15 to 20, 12 ft. boat and 600 to mizzen. Use single jig, stopmast well forward and sail as a cut boat when desired. Materials \$200, iron about 2 1/2 tons for \$100 cost to fit. Cost complete here about \$700. Weight of hull, etc., 2 tons 2 displacement, 4 1/2 tons, leaving 1 1/2 ton free weight. 1,500 or 2,000 pounds iron on keel. No more expensive than smaller piece.

S. W. G., Grafton, Vt.—1. What is the "Cuthbert" style" of bass fishing? 2. What is the name of the fish common in Western lakes and ponds which is known in Michigan as the "blue gill"? It is in many respects like the minnow, pumpkin seed or kiver, and is throwing a heavy bait from the tip of the rod; it will soon be described in the rules for casting at the tournament. 3. It is probably the *Lepomis microlophus* according to Jordan. The other one was called *Lepomis gibbosus* by De Kay. If it is the fish called "blue gill" in Western New York, as we think, it has long appendages to the opercular flap which are dark blue, also called "long-garred minnow." There are a great number of species in the sunfishes and some are hard to determine.

Subscriber, New York.—1. A makes a match with B that he can kill 99 out of 100 birds, before to pay for birds, match shot under other rules or specifications whatever, and makes a separate bet that he will kill the first and last bird in the match. He kills the first and then loses four to succession, when B declines to allow him to shoot at any more, claiming that the match was finished who it became impossible for A to win, and that he had won the bet and also that A was obliged to pay for 15 birds, a claim that he has a right to shoot at the 15 birds and if he killed the 15th would win the bet. Who is right? 2. Also to whom did the remaining 5 birds belong, if he had refused to allow A to shoot any more and A had paid for the whole 15 birds? Ans. 1. A could justly claim the right to shoot out his 15 birds. 2. The separate bet was undecided. 3. He having paid for them they belong to A.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpenter, oil cloths, rags, etc., etc. can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Fry, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—Advs.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Holland Shooting Suits. Uphergrove & McEllan, Valparaiso, Ind. See advertisement of Truaders's Island, to let.

Malaria Fever. Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive.

—A Hamilton, Ont., man paid \$15 for three partridges had in possession out of season the other day.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, THE RIFLE, ANGLING AND OTHER FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

Published by FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 38 and 40 PARK ROW (Times Building), New York.

Terms: Four dollars per year, in advance; two dollars for six months; one dollar for three months. Trade supplied by the American News Company.

Advertisements: Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line; outside page, 40 cents. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices on editorial pages, 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements inserted by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted. We cannot receive new advertisements, nor alter standing advertisements later than Tuesday morning.

Correspondence: Communications intended for publication must be accompanied with the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith. Anonymous letters will receive no attention. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are invited to favor us with reports of their movements and transactions, and sportsmen and writers are urged to contribute to our columns their experiences and observations.

Address: All communications, of whatever nature, relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper must be directed simply FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York City, N. Y.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, \$1 per pair.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.

KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.

KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.

KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9.

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KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

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Eaton's Rust Preventer.

FOR GUNS, CUTLERY, AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Safe to handle, WILL NOT OXIDIZE and will keep in any climate, and is everywhere in the United States pronounced the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., writes: "It is the best preparation I have found in thirty-five years of active and frequent use of guns."

The trade supplied by the manufacturer, GEO. B. EATON, 540 Pavilion Avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sold by principal New York dealers, and by Wm. Reed & Sons, Boston, Mass.; B. Kittredge & Co., Cincinnati, O.; E. E. Eaton, Chicago, Ill.; Brown & Hilder, St. Louis, Mo.; Thos. W. Parr, Cleveland, O.; Trimble & Kleinbeck, Baltimore, Md.; Copley & Sons, Georgetown, D. C.; J. C. Grubb & Co., Philadelphia.

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FERGUSON'S PATENT TACED LAMPS, BOAT LAMPS, CAMP LAMPS, DASH LAMPS, BICYCLE LAMPERS, Hand Lamps, Dark LAMPERS, POCKET LAMPERS, HAND LAMPERS, ETC.

Send stamp for illustrated Price List.

ALBERT FERGUSON, 65 Fulton Street, N. Y.

HALBIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to UPHERGROVE & McELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND.

PATENT FOLDING CANVAS FISH BASKET.



EACH: \$1 75, \$2 00, \$2 50.
SIZE: A, B, C.

PRICE INCLUDING STRAP.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE.

Discount to the Trade ONLY.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, NEW YORK.

BRANAM NEFFO'S SAIL MAKERS VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the vitality that have been stripped off by disease, worry, overwork, excess of nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail, \$1. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

E. H. MADISON, Hornbeam Rods A SPECIALTY. GUNSMITH, W. HUNTINGTON, 564 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, WILTON, CONN.

The Fox, Cott's, Parker and Daly Guns.

Good Stocks altered to fit the shooter. Guns of Wood Full Choke, Modified, Taper, or for Game Shooting, Pigeon Grip fitted, Pin Fires converted to Central Fire, New Barrels fitted, Remington Ribbs, New Lumps, etc.

Repairing of every description done in an hon- est manner and at reasonable rates. A. L. 50c. per bottle. Sportsmen's and Riflemen's Sunburns. Shell is loaded A. and good center eye wherever G. O. D. Send stamp for answers to queries. References from all the clubs of the city. dec19 11

TO LET—Thacher's Island, Bine Mountain Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y. Commodious cottage, guide-horse, boat-house, including boats, etc. Address Post Office Drawer No. 31, Albany, N. Y.

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG. Price \$3 50. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co. \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and so on outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

JOHN H. McMANUS & SON, SAIL MAKERS No. 57 Commercial Wharf, BOSTON, Mass.

Makers of sails for yachts of all sizes. We have supplied many of the principal yachts in Eastern waters, including Victoria, Valeria, Simons, Aeger, Adrienne, Fanny, Madcap, Thistle, etc., etc.

CUTTER SAILS A SPECIALTY. Also makers of the McManus "Flag," or sea-anchor, which has come into general favor among cruising yachtsmen.

Estimates, etc., on Application.

COOK'S TOURS. Established 1841. Tickets and fares for thousands of tons, for Independent Travelers in America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia. Special arrangements for Families conducted and Private Parties to Europe, Southern Italy. Hotel coupons issued, available at over 300 first-class Hotels. Circular Notes and Letters of Credit issued. Cook's Excursionist and special pamphlets contain full particulars, sent by mail. Address THOS. COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, N. Y. C. A. BARRATT, Manager, P. O. Box 4101.

THREAD-WOUND, LONG-RANGE SHOT CARTRIDGE CASES. For muzzle and breech-loading, cylindrical and choke-bore shot-guns. Made to open just short of 50, to 90 yards, giving close pattern and great penetration. 10 and 12 GAUGES. Send for circular. 20 Sent, Post-paid, for \$1. H. H. SCHLEIBER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted.

WANTED—Live Brant (Anser bernicis) decoys. Any person having one or more of these decoys will receive a good price on application to W. H. A. GOOD, 17 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb14,t

WANTED Keel-boat about 35 ft. long; must be sound, safe and of fast speed, suitable for cruising and hunting. Moderate in price. Send full particulars to K., this office. Mar3,2t

WANTED—The Galveston (Texas) Gun Club want to engage \$3,000 pigeons for the State tournament, to take place May 24 to 28. Please to state how many you can furnish, and at what price delivered in Galveston. Address W. J. UGHERS, Sec., Galveston, Tex. Mar4,t

For Sale

FOR SALE. A Farm of 22 Acres at Gouldsboro, Lacka Co., Penn.

On the Lehigh River; about 12 acres under cultivation; the balance is wooded with a beautiful pine grove, through which a stream of clear spring water runs; abundantly stocked with speckled trout; the best place in the State for a trout pond; a dam can be put in at a slight cost and it will stock itself with trout. A fine young orchard of about 50 trees on place, which is in grass and will cut out 10 tons of hay per year. All kinds of game and fish in the vicinity. Will sell for \$25,000, one quarter its value, and will take a first-class B. L. gun in part payment. Clear title and possession given at once. A. H. SPIEGEL, Morris, 712 G. St., Phila. Mar3,t

FOR SALE.

Trot Hatchery and Preserve in Connecticut, four hours' ride from Grand Central Depot; 17 years' lease of about one mile of spring water; high natural falls at one boundary and solid masonry dam at the other; also a timber dam for smaller lake. New Hatchery House connected with a fine spring; nursery pond and, in fact, all necessary appliances. Stream and lakes now thoroughly stocked with trout from fry to five year olds. Land rent but \$62 year. Will sell for \$25,000, or will take a first-class B. L. gun in part payment. JOHN B. MORGAN, 55 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Mar3,t

FOR SALE.

Cabin sloop yacht, one year old, with full set racing canvas, an excellent sea-bat and fast; frames natural pine timber; extra heavy; length, 37 feet; beam, 15 feet; draft, 3 1/2 feet; will sail for half original cost; only one left in sailing prefer larger yacht. For further particulars, address P. H. O., Foot-Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mar3,t

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 30 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henry, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and shade trees. Price, \$5,000; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 ca. b. Apply to E. R. WOOD, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar3,t

FOR SALE—Fox gun, Damascus barrels, 32 bore, 28 1/2 inch length; 8 lbs. rebounded by locks; B. C. cylinder bore; 1 1/2 B. modified chokes; good gun box; 30 brass shells; 600 caps; 500 paper shells; bench-cleaning machine; rammer and base; shell extractor; joint rod. Gun in first-class order and strong shooter. Gun cost \$85; will sell for \$30 cash. Address L. M. HIXE, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Mar3,t

FOR SALE—My breech-loading, double Parker C gun, best Damascus barrels, 30 bore, 10 gauge, 3 1/2 lbs. 15 1/2 inch stock, specially fitted to a tall man; strong, close shooting and has been carefully used; fine barrel adjustable in left barrel; 40 cal. tons and shells complete for both; cost \$170 new. Write for particulars. B. W. MAYN, Turner's Falls, Mass. Mar3,t

FOR SALE—Loop centerboard yacht, 26 ft. long, 10 ft. 1 1/2 beam, 2 1/2 ft. deep, draws 50 inches; cabin 10 ft. long, 10 ft. 5 1/2 inch head room; fully equipped; fast, safe, handsome; new guns, 12. Address CAPT. RICHARD DICKINSON, Saybrook Point, Conn. Mar3,t

LIVE LIVE DEER FOR SALE. Inquire of W. H. RUSSELL, P. O. Box 67, Plymouth, N. H. Mar3,t

LIVE QUAIL.—Forwarded very cheap. W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla. Mar3,t

For Sale.

Audubon's Birds of America.

For sale, a few loose plates of Audubon's Birds of America, left for edition. These represent the bird of 1841 size, and are suitable for framing as ornaments for a dining room or library. Some of the plates are slightly oiled and one or two are even laid, but any of them can be cleaned and restored at slight expense. Price from \$1 to \$5 each according to condition. Amount of the plates presented are the Great White Heron, Red-headed Duck, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Purple Finch, Black-shouldered Hawk, several warblers, finches and other small birds. For further particulars apply to this office. Feb24,t

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AQUETONG TROUT AND CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water-Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Rook Trout, from the egg to three months old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York City from the egg to three months old, all sizes, for season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. For further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS, Aquetong Trout Farm, New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

FOR SALE, a first-class breech-loading, conical barreled English grooved rifle, large calibre. New London maker. A most excellent and powerful gun for large game, particularly Florida alligators, complete with case, tools, etc. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES, No. 1 Cortlandt st., N. Y. Feb14,t

RED FOX, Skunk, Raccoon and other furs for sale, in perfect order; fitted with mail, foot-boards, complete with case—highest price. Send for circular with full particulars. G. C. BOWEN, 10 Howard St., N. Y. Mar10,t

TO SPORTSMEN.—For sale or charter, small stern wheel steamer, 50 feet long, 14 feet deep, of good speed; suitable for boating party on the Western Rivers. Owner will take charge, if necessary. G. S. DOLSON, 271 Atlanta street, Dubuque, Iowa. Mar3,t

FOR SALE, a twelve-foot Remington Hunting Carbine, in perfect order; fitted with mail, foot-boards, complete with case to pack for shipment. Address A. J. H., Box 4, Bridgeport, Conn. Mar3,t

FOR SALE CHEAP OR EXCHANGE—Fifteen Vol. 8, Forest and Stream, Vol. 10, 1 and 2 bound. J. B. WAX, Corning, N. Y. Mar10,t

The Kennel.

FOR SALE—GUN, by Tom (Sensation-Coburn's B.) Belyon, out of Blanco, 3-year white, with black ears and points and body spots. Age, 18 months, weight, 55 lbs.; large and strong; a fine speed, endurance; no dog; intelligent and staunch before and behind; a captain of leaving anything and all you care. Tom and Blanco are both true field dogs. One thousand birds shot over Tom in season of 1879-80. Blanco is of a pure strain of Virginia pointers owned and bred by A. C. Cooke, Esq., of Norfolk, for over 30 years. Gun is sold for a friend, to whom I gave him when he was a pup because his wife had money and for no fault. He is a rare, fine dog, with lots of work in him, and will sell him cheaper as a sportsman than to one who is not. For price, etc., address JNO. S. WILB, Richmond, Va. Mar10,t

Retrieving Trap Dogs.

FOR SALE—One Blue imported and both coat black retrievers—"Webb's" 3-year old, smooth coated "Sweep" 5 years. Powerful, magnificent animals. Perfectly broken on land and water; would suit as companions and excellent retrievers for the trap. Price \$100 each. Address CAPT. TAYLOR, Bellefont, Nottoway Co., Va. Mar10,t

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—For a Greener or Fox's breech-loading hammer or slide hammer with latest improvements, an all white imported setter dog, seven months, black nose and eyes, unbroken on land and water. Address CAPT. ROBERT, Office Forest and Stream. Mar3,t

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For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be sound in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickville, Penn. Mar3,t

FOR SALE—Red Irish Setter dog, imp. Grass, by Moore's Rufus-Kate, 2 1/2 yrs. Del. Jr., 1871; Rufus-Palmerston, the Queen, Kate-Patsy, a Palm-train-Moore's Flora, dam of Miss and a very other champion and prize bitch. Grass won second open class and a H. O. C. champion class, Baltimore, 1878, with a 13 mo. dog, only nine other show. Red Irish setter bitch, Rosina, imp. Grass-imp. Bala; Belle-D. Boy's Patsy-C. Moore's Bell; Belle-C. Moore's Old Shod, father of fair-train-Kate. Both above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Graden, now with Mr. Orgill. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog, Green, by Mr. Jno. Stewart-Cork-Nr. Martin's bitch, address Green-Green, No. 4 Exchange Pl. ce, Baltimore, Md. Mar10,t

WANTED—A thoroughbred house and field brook-cocker spaniel dog; color, jet black. Address JAS. W. RUSION, No. 22 Frank Pl. ce, Roxbury, Mass. Mar10,t

POINTERS FOR SALE—Eleven mo the old; well broken; color, address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT, Montclair, N. J. Mar10,t

COLLIE PUPS FOR SALE—Bonnie (Downey's) Lassie-Walt's Roy, by Lindsay's Rox 1st New York, 1878; The Irish pup recently imported, with this litter and best pedigree. Price, \$35 each. Apply at 68 West 134th st. betw. 1 and 2 1/2 N. Y., or betw. 6 and 8 P. M., or by tele. Mar10,t

RED IRISH SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE—Five months old. Bred from Wag, Kate and Hineket 4 o'ok. Price \$10 each. Address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT, Montclair, N. J. Mar10,t

FOR SALE—Red Irish setter dog, 17 months old; large, handsome and fat-coated; color, deep red; no white; shot over a little last fall; is very obedient and staunch in the field. Price \$50. Apply at once, as owner is about leaving home. Address W. B., Saint David, Ontario, Canada. Mar10,t

FOR SALE—\$30 will buy a well broken Pointer dog; good pedigree. Address R. W. B. SMITH, Box 43, Watertown, Northumberland Co., Pa. Mar10,t

FOR SALE CHEAP, thoroughly broken Setters—Hedge (Dash III-Dora II), Count Dan (Caro-wis-Queen Bee), Frost II (Gladstone-Frost), Dog pup, three months (Gladstone-Frost), black spaniel bitch Mail-pup, two prizes, and best spaniel pup LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitesons, L. N. Y. Mar10,t

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PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the live for \$1. ROBERT AND STREAM PUB. CO., 59 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec21,t

FOR SALE—A 10 roughbred Pointer, 18 months old; well broken in the field. Or exchange for a breech-loading gun. Address F. H. TAYLOR, Box 357, Washington, Ind. Mar10,t

FOR SALE—Fifteen Foxhounds, first-prize stock, the finest and best. Address, with stamp, L. M. WOODEN, Rochester, N. Y. Sept.21,t

The Kennel.

FOR SALE—THE BLUE STAR COCKER SPANIEL BREEDING K. N. Y. will sell well and reasonable, owing to poor health and increase of prices. I have a care, which will call for all the pups. I am careful to give in the future, and also enable me to complete my numbers for the breeding, training and management of spaniels for American Sportmen. There is 1, for as above my kennel stock, all accessories, together with Kennel, name and food, to any one having the taste and competent to carry on the good work. The demand for such breed is immense. Over five hundred pups were had last year (1880) from this kennel had we been sold. My price, \$4.00, is extremely low, considering its well-earned reputation and lucrative facilities. I will give all time and advice required, gratis, to the successor. One having breeding experience in preference, and would like to hand over before year next. Only parties meaning business need apply. M. P. MCKOON, Proprietor, The Blue Star Kennel, Franklin, Del., or N. Y. Mar10,t

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Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL DOG," exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 1s cents, post free. Give addresses of principal English breeders.

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Setters and Pointers thoroughbred and fat-coated; Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have better access to salt water.

N. B. Setters and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs, and all pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Tom's River, N. J.

RORY OMORE KENNEL.—The champion dog in the world. The name of the dog as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of 3rd prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1874; champion at Hudson, 1874, and winner of the dog necktie at New York, 1880. For sale, throughout the country. Address W. M. FOLEY, Deer, Albany, N. Y. June24,t

EMASKET KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughn Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs, hounds, broken and fat by use of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address B. X. 385, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHN. Feb13,t

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly, broken and fat by use of experience. Out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. Referring to other well trained Setters and Pointers according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Calro, Thomas County, Ga. Oct 2,t

OUTLAW COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For pure Cocker from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the stud, imported cocker, liver and white. A very handsome, powerful, and active dog, with a weight, 25 lbs. Itters warranted. Will serve good approved bitches only at \$15. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Outlaw Kennel, Franklin, Ind. Co., N. Y. if

S. T. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs, pure bred, and fully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., apply to S. T. BERNARD, 15 COLLINGWOOD, Lancashire, Mass., U. S. A. Sept 15,t

FOR SALE—Cocker spaniel dog Trump 6 months old, liver and white, evenly marked, very handsome; already broken to charge and one or two little tricks out of Fitz-Mac's. Marked precisely like a regular, very smart. Can only be selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. Price inquire of H. B. WYGAN, P. O. Box 11, N. Y. Mar10,t

FOR SALE—A very handsome thoroughbred English setter dog, red and white; fifteen months old; pedigree furnished to purchaser. Address Dr. W. FARSE, Plymouth, Mass. Mar10,t

FOR SALE—Some fine Cocker pups. Address LUBAR HOLLIS, Burdett Kennel, Horroville, N. Y. Mar10,t

IN THE STUD—DORR, from imported pure Gordon; dam, Lady Dorr, was a winner in Nebraska trial (1883); has had a large amount of game all kinds shot over him and is a getter of first-class field dogs. FRED. A. TAPP, Dalham, Mass. Mar10,t

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The Kennel

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS-A DOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Sample and catalogue free. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

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M. P. MCKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I keep only Cocker of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruff in bosom, even liver, and white, and beautiful black with white ruff in bosom, are now open for service; for size, usual conditions. Correspondence including stamp will get printed portfolios, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

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TO SPORTSMEN:

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co., Respectfully invite attention to the SUPERIOR FACILITIES

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DOGS, BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL AND MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and lakellets of this territory.

The sportsman can readily send trophies of his kill to his friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish can be had at many points.

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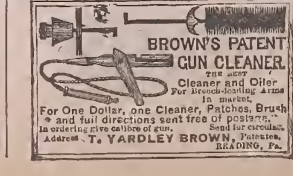
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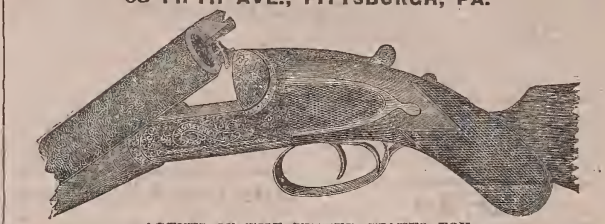


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We have just received a superb assortment of these matchless weapons, choked on Westley Richards new system for extra close range shooting, giving marvelous results with light charges, as the following scores will show:

On May 6, 1891, in the contest for the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association's prizes, and a place on the team to represent this association at the State contest, at 50 yards rise, from 5 ground traps 5 yards apart, out of 55 competitors, 9 of the Messrs. Register, O'Neil and Bell, made the following score, winning places on the team:

J. Register.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-48
W. S. Bell.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-47

On April 14, 1890, the following score was made at 50 glass balls thrown from Mole's patent rotating trap, 15 yards rise:

J. Register.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-47
W. S. Bell.....10101 10101 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-47

On May 26, 1890, same trap and rules:

W. S. Bell.....10111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-48
On June 2, 1890, same trap and rules, the following remarkable score was made at 50 glass balls:

W. S. Bell.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-50

At Toledo, Ohio, on June 29, 1890, match, 7 wild pigeons at 21 yards rise, Ohio rules, Mr. Bell killed 11111-7. The 20 yards rise, 3 birds: 111-3. The 31 yards rise: 11 11 11 11 11-13, winning. One peculiarity of the Westley Richards new system of boring is the small charges required. In the match of May 3, above referred to, Mr. O'Neil used a 12-gauge 7-lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 5 drs. powder and 1 1/2 ozs. of shot. Mr. Bell, in all his shooting, used a 10-gauge 8-lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 4 1/2 drs. powder, 1 1/2 ozs. shot. Mr. Register used a 10-gauge 9 1/2 lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 4 1/2 drs. powder and 1 1/2 ozs. shot.

PRICES OF WESTLEY RICHARDS HAMMERLESS GUNS: Highest quality, elaborately engraved and finished, best gun made.....\$450
B quality, not so highly engraved.....350
C quality, well engraved and finished.....250
C quality, no engraving.....190

These guns have Anson & Deely's Patent Hammerless Cocking Action and Automatic Safety Bolt. No possibility of an accidental discharge, as the safety bolt is worked automatically, securely locking the tumblers whenever the lever is moved to open or close the gun.

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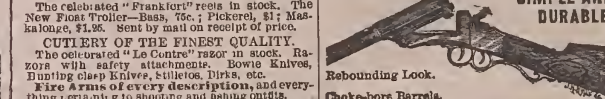
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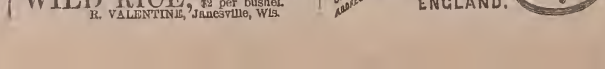


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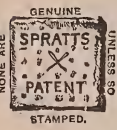
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 17.

WHERE SOME GAME GOES TO.

NO one whose attention has not been specially called to the subject is likely to appreciate the rapidity with which the game of North America is being destroyed. The practical extermination of the buffalo has already taken place, though, as will be seen below, there are still enough left in the Northern herd to make the destruction of these animals for their hides a profitable pursuit.

We have time and again called attention to the sickening slaughter of the buffalo, which has for years been taking place in the West, and have urged the protection of the largest of our American mammals by national legislation. Ten years ago adequate laws might have preserved the buffalo. Now no legislation can have that effect. Ten years ago buffalo were plenty in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, parts of Nebraska, and in many other portions of the West. To-day, except for a few scattering animals, they are extinct in the United States everywhere except in Texas and Montana. How long they will continue to exist in Montana each reader can judge for himself by reading the extract from the St. Paul Pioneer Press which we print below:

Your special correspondent, on the train to-day from this place to Fargo, met a gentleman just from Miles City, Montana, where he had been for the past four months buying furs. He left Miles City the 14th instant, and came overland on a buckboard to Bismarck, as all trains on the Northern Pacific west of the Missouri River have been abandoned on account of snow. The firm he represents has bought 15,000 buffalo hides during the fall and winter and he says \$9,000 have been purchased by the buyers at Miles City during the past fall and winter, and the number cannot possibly ever be bought again in one season, as they have been

slaughtered by the wholesale. The gentleman referred to is one of the largest fur dealers in Michigan, and for the past five years has been pushing to the front in the fur trade, and says the buffalo are becoming extinct at a rapid rate, and gives it as his opinion that of the 80,000 killed near Miles City this season all but 20,000 were slaughtered for their hides alone. Although the law of Montana prohibits the killing of buffalo for their hides only, this wholesale slaughter continues, and to those on the extreme front it is quite a source of revenue, as the hides have brought this season from \$2 25 to \$3 75 each.

There are still a few of the so-called mountain buffalo in North Park and in the Yellowstone National Park, and it is really on these that our hopes for keeping alive this magnificent race in North America depend. The Yellowstone Park is a Government reservation, and we believe that it is contrary to law to hunt on it. By the appointment of half a dozen game wardens to patrol the park the game now there could be preserved forever.

Not less disheartening than the destruction of our large game is that of the birds. Quail, prairie chickens, ducks and turkeys are shipped each year from this country to Europe in quantities that seem almost beyond belief. A letter from our correspondent, Mr. D. G. Elliott, the ornithologist, calls attention to this subject, and the clipping from a newspaper given below emphasizes what he says. Little comment is needed on the state of things represented to exist. Each sportsman can read and draw his own conclusions. Here it is:

Every year this country augments its exports to the Old World. One of the recent shipments to Europe is wild game from the West, the trade having assumed considerable proportions. The principal points of shipment are naturally Chicago and St. Louis. It is roughly estimated that the business for the present year in the former city will be about \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000, and in the latter much in excess of \$1,000,000. A single firm in St. Louis has already filled an order for the London market for 1,500 dozens of quail, 1,700 dozens of prairie chickens and 700 dozens of wild turkeys. The birds were closely packed in barrels and put in charge of the stewards of the transatlantic steamers. Ordinarily the bulk of shipments is delivered fresh and sound. The present winter is reported to be very favorable to the procurement of game at the West owing to the unusual fall of snow. Venison has been remarkably plenty there. It is also shipped across the sea in small quantities, and dealers are exacting orders for antelope and bear. These are already shipped East, and the demand is growing. A great many English families will have their Christmas and holiday dinners from American game. Various Chicago and St. Louis dealers say that the wild game trade is yet in its infancy, and predict that before a great while it will reach at least \$10,000,000 a year.

Now, if one firm does this amount of business, how much is done by all the game trade of the United States, and how long will the country be able to bear this sort of thing, and still have enough left for the sportsmen? Such a state of things would be remedied by a law prohibiting the exportation of wild game from our ports, and this might be backed by laws in each State forbidding the exportation of game beyond their borders. Such laws would probably be very strongly opposed by a certain portion of the community, but is it not necessary that something should be done for the protection of our game? As long as the exportation of game is going on such a stupendous scale the time and money expended by the friends of protection can avail but little to increase the supply of our birds. We credit the workers in the cause of game protection with a great deal of charity, but we do not believe that they are willing to labor as they have been doing simply to swell the pockets of the dealers in game. What are the sportsmen going to do about it?

DEATH OF MR. L. H. ABBEY.—We record with sorrow the death of Lorenzo Harris Abbey, of the well known firm of Abbey & Imbrie, manufacturers and dealers in fishing tackle at 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

Mr. Abbey was for a long time a well-known angler. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and for the past three years his health has been so bad that he has devoted himself almost entirely to angling, and in the hope that the climate of Florida would benefit him he went there on February 26, but without avail. He died at Jacksonville on the 15th of this month, of hydro-thorax. Mr. Abbey was for ten years a clerk of the old firm of Andrew Clerk & Co., and was afterward admitted as a partner in the concern, where he remained for four years until it was succeeded by the present firm, January 1, 1875.

BRITISH vs. AMERICAN TROOP.

GEN. HANCOCK, the new President of the National Rifle Association, has an opportunity for a grand movement in rifle matters if he can and will only improve it. If he can manage to bring together teams of American and British soldiers in such a match as that for the Hilton Trophy he will revive interest in rifle matters and gain credit for himself and the association of which he is the head—a fair test between our Springfield system and the Martini-Henry weapons of the British army. Five years ago, to propose such a match on behalf of the regulars of the United States would have been to place them in a position for sure and positive defeat. The weapon was as good then as now, but the men were not able to use it; and this deficiency Gen. Hancock was the first among army officers of prominence to discover. It was due to his encouragement that the regulars made their appearance at Creedmoor; and the Division of the Atlantic has made some creditable showings at Creedmoor several seasons before the other military divisions of the country were represented by teams. It would, therefore, be entirely fit and proper that the Major-General who taught the whole army how to shoot should appear now as the champion of that force against the similar bodies of other countries. It would be exceedingly difficult to found any reliable estimate of the outcome of such a match. The Hilton Trophy provides for shooting at 300, 500 and 600 yards only. To such low ranges the English shooters would very properly object. The Martini-Henry is a hard-hitting weapon, with charge enough to carry with accuracy up to 1,000 yards. On the Wimbledon Common the second stage of the Queen's Competition is fought with it, and in case of any international team match, the troop armed with that weapon would insist very properly on having it tested to the utmost. The Springfield of the ordinary issue while an excellent mid-range arm would not do good work at the long ranges, nor have the men in the army at the several forts where practice is carried on attempted any records at ranges of from 800 to 1,000 yards. With the improved Springfield, however, it would be entirely possible to make a creditable showing at any range which could be covered by the Martini-Henry.

Of course, there may be trouble in getting two such teams together. Considerable time would be consumed in unraveling the red tape which would surround the proposition; but that the match would be popular and that it would provoke discussion where it is most needed there can be no doubt. Long-range, small-bore shooting is of interest, in a strictly shooting sense, to a comparatively few. What has been done in this way has been of great interest to shooters everywhere; and the lessons of that practice have been taken up by the makers of military arms, so that the matches which we have been having for the past few years have a real bearing on the proposed military match.

The British rifleman and soldier should be, it strikes us, heartily in favor of such a match. Just now the marksman of Great Britain is under somewhat of a cloud. In small bore work he has tried in various ways to gain a victory over the American shooters, and all he has to his credit is the defeat of a company of American gun drummers, even if there be any credit in the routing of the commercial travelers' brigade. There is apparently little disposition on the part of the Britishers to make any further struggle for the long-range championship and the Palma. But Great Britain has an expensive military establishment. For years past rifle instruction has been an important part of the training given her soldiers. To be sure the Boer outbreak seems to be a very recent demonstration that much of the rifle training of the British soldier is of a nominal sort. But the fact remains that, in everything that should make him a superior marksman, he has had superior advantages to his American fellow in arms.

If we cannot have a match among the regulars we can at least have one with the militia of this side matched against the volunteers of England. In arms, experience and familiarity with shooting matters this would make a very even contest. Both forces are built up of civilians, and in neither case would the men be considered other than amateurs in the art of war. There would be less breaking of precedent in such a match, and possibly a great deal less of formality to be circumvented before the men were brought

to face the butts. It would be popular, and could only be productive of good to all concerned, and failing the regular team match, the match of Wimbledon vs. Creedmoor would be an interesting and important one.

THE AMERICA CUP.

AS announced in these columns a full fortnight ahead of all its contemporaries, the new sloop built by Cuthbert, of Trenton, Ont., will probably turn up in our waters this summer with her fighting flag at the peak, and a picked racing crew to try her chances for the coveted America Cup. It will be a case of Greek meeting Greek; for Cuthbert's sloop is of the centre board tribe, and in general dimensions and type will not materially differ from our own Gracies, Mischiefs and Arrows. While the match will be none the less international in its political aspect, it will be devoid of the one feature which has made us look forward to the advent of foreign racers in our waters with all absorbing interest. The question of superiority of type, of differences in performance, as well as in appearance, rig and fittings, will not enter into contest, and the match will virtually be reduced to a trial between two individual sloops, both of which may fairly be taken as representatives of American "evolution," though built a thousand miles apart, and on different sides of the line. We learn that an official challenge is to be issued for the new craft in the name of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Ont., one of the most spirited and flourishing of the clubs of the great fresh water lakes. With heavy odds in our favor in the way of greater experience, a course in well-known home waters and weather, and the prestige of previous battles won, the enterprise displayed by our Canadian cousins is certain to meet with hearty commendation. In the schooner matches for the cup a few years ago, the Canadians received fair enough terms, and from what we know of the intentions of the trustees of the cup, equally sportsmanlike conditions will be extended to all comers in the future. The day has fortunately passed when we would insist upon naming a different vessel for every heat according to the weather, after having got the gauge of the stranger, nor is it at all likely that we will again attempt to weight the scales in our favor by sailing a whole fleet of big and little against a single foreigner in the expectation of crowding him out by blanketing or fouling while some of our vessels have a clear course to themselves and out of the whole fleet some one is sure to find it "just her weather," while the challenger may be all out of sorts in the same wind and sea. The plea that the America won in 1851 from a fleet of British ships is a weak one and will not hold. The lot of old pumpkin-seeds she met belonged, with one or two exceptions, to a by-gone age, were not half the tonnage of Steers' schooner, and were out of the hunt when they have about for the second or third hitch through the waters of the Solent. Besides, what the America did or did not do has really no bearing on the case. Granted that the deed of trust is open to two interpretations, as claimed by some, it is clearly our business to extend to challenging yachts terms which shall be fair to-day and show no favor to either side. To win from a foreigner as we did from Cambria, pitted against a fleet of racing machines over a tidal course by blanketing and putting the stranger about against the rules of the road, ought to seem barren and inglorious enough to prevent the repetition of such tactics. Fortunately there will be no fresh opportunity for concocting a special rule of measurement to handicap the Canadian should she make her number in the harbor; for in the coming match "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and we are unwilling to believe that public sentiment would permit any such doctoring as we have heard whispered might be the case if a narrow, long-legged cutter had made the voyage across the Atlantic in search of glory and "the cup." We do not believe that the New York Y. C. would lend countenance to any such underhand scheme, now that its members at large are far better posted and appreciate their trust with much more understanding than they did some years ago. Let the Canadian come with credentials which cannot be questioned, and she is sure to find us ready and anxious to show fight in a manner becoming to a sport essentially under the control of gentlemen. If Cuthbert's sloop carries away the international silverware, homeward bound, from such a smart and perfect production as Mischief, for example, we will know how to take defeat like men, and we are prepared to cheer the stranger as a craft about as near perfection as will ever be laid down on similar principles. We have not yet seen the new ship's lines or sail draft, but, reasoning by analogy, venture to believe the cup will remain south of the St. Lawrence for some time to come, as long as we are to meet only yachts of our own national type.

IT IS A SOURCE OF SINCERE CONGRATULATION to all friends of game protection that the proposed new game law, indorsed by the Long Island Association, has been modified. We reported last week the changes recommended by the members of the Committee of the New York Association, which were substantially as follows:

That the penalties should not be the same for unequal crimes. That the word "willful" should be stricken out of the entire bill excepting in the clause relating to trespassing. That the law on ducks be changed so that the open season commences the first of September. That the law in regard to small fish should not apply to the fisherman who catches them with rod and reel; and that all counterband game should be surrendered to the officer appointed for that purpose in

twenty-four hours after it had been received, or the party having the same would be liable to prosecution. The law on summer woodcock shooting is to apply to Long Island only, also the words "voluntary surrender or," have been stricken out of the bill.

These changes, having been laid before the special sub-committee of the Long Island Association, were accepted.

The law is now in such a shape that it commends itself to the favor of sportsmen.

We still believe that bill is not perfect, that the season for selling various kinds of game is too long; but we think also that, as it now stands modified, it is an improvement on the present law.

THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY OF THIS CITY has abundant reason to rejoice over the nomination of Mr. H. G. Pearson as Postmaster. This appointment was demanded by the public sentiment of New York, and President Garfield, in acknowledging the force of this universally expressed desire, has deserved the thanks of all residents of this city. Mr. Pearson has had a long experience in the Post Office, and has enjoyed the benefit of Mr. James' experience and example. He is, of course, familiar with that gentleman's methods, and has ably seconded him in the many reforms which he has inaugurated in the New York Post Office.

Mr. Pearson is known as a faithful and intelligent public servant, and while he is Postmaster New York may expect a service which, for promptness and general efficiency, shall be second to none in the world. It is not too much to hope that our present Postmaster will be as useful and as popular as our last—the best that New York has ever known—who will now in Washington extend to the country at large the advantages that we in this city have enjoyed for years. We are happy to believe that there is no doubt that Mr. Pearson's nomination will be confirmed by the Senate.

A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES, whether it costs one or two hundred dollars, is certainly worth taking. The traveler, if he have the powers of observation which all successful sportsmen must possess, cannot fail to see much both in the country and the people that will be new to him as well as interesting.

In the contributions bearing on this subject which we have recently published, many facts have been elicited which will be of use to those of our readers who intend to penetrate the district referred to.

We are always glad to allow the fullest discussion of any subject in our columns, and so have given full swing to Mr. Fay, Mic-Mac and Manhattan; nor would we now check the consideration of the subject could further argument serve any useful purpose. As it is we feel that it must now give place to other matter, and, therefore, after Mr. Fay's reply to Mic-Mac's article in this week's issue, the discussion will cease.

WE ALL OF US DESIRE to be considered "true sportsmen," but do we consider how dreadfully the term is abused nowadays? Truly, except that unhappy substantive "gentleman," we scarcely know of a word that is more misused and misapplied.

The voice of a true sportsman speaks to-day in our Natural History column, and we commend its utterances to every one of our readers.

We are all far too apt, in the hurry and eagerness of pursuit, to let our excitement get the better of us, to kill too much, to do things of which in our cooler moments we should be ashamed. When, therefore, such an admonition comes to us, when a sportsman, who is at the same time a thoughtful, tender-hearted man—a true gentile man—reminds us of our duty, let us lay the admonition to heart and try to carry the lesson with us when we next shoulder our gun or set up our rod.

"PADDLE AND POETRY" is the attractive title which Mr. Steele has adopted for his new book which is now in preparation. The route over which the party traveled last year was from Mooshead Lake to the Aroostook River, Maine, a country which for book making purposes has all the charms of novelty and beauty of scenery. Mr. Steele obtained a great number of photographic views, which we understand have been hailed with delight by the well-known New York artists, Messrs. Benj. Day and Chas. Graham, who are to illustrate the book. The success of Mr. Steele's "Canoe and Camera" warrants the expectation that its supplementary volume will meet a warm reception.

THE BRIGTON AQUARIUM.—We regret to learn that Mr. Francis Francis, the well-known Fishery Editor of the *Fish*, has resigned his post of Naturalist Director of the Brighton Aquarium. Mr. Francis has brought the Aquarium to a pitch of perfection which was the admiration of scientific men, even so to win the approval of an conservative man as Dr. Gutherie of the British Museum, and now, just as he has done this, he has resigned. It is evidently the duty of the Board of Directors to refuse to accept his resignation. Properly managed aquaria are one of the sources of learning, and but few men in the world can manage one. We hope that the next time we visit Brighton we will find Mr. Francis at his old post.

A NEW STEAMER FOR THE FISH COMMISSION.—Congress has appropriated \$103,000 to build a new steamer for the Fish

Commission to be adapted to purposes of sea dredging and investigation. The Fish Hawk is essentially a river steamer intended for hatching. The new steamer will take the place of the tug Speedwell which has heretofore been detailed from the navy for this purpose, and being built for research will have all the modern appliances and be built with this end in view, and, therefore, more effective.

GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH, and the works of Frank Forester, ever deservedly popular with sportsmen, need no special commendation. A new edition of the sporting scenes and sketches by this graceful writer has just been issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, having been edited by Will Woodrow, who is well known as an enthusiast on the subject of Herbert and his writings.

This edition contains a life of Herbert, a new introductory chapter and other new matter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S SPRING GUN.

UNCLE LISHA PEGGS was the owner of a small farm lying so near the Green Mountains that his woodlot was on a westerly slope of one of their spurs, and the "black growth" of balsam and spruce crept down to the upper edge of the sugar bush. His acres were too few to keep him steadily employed in their tillage, and so, in slack times, as well as in evenings and rainy days, he mended the boots and shoes of his neighbors, and was sometimes persuaded, as a matter of favor, to exercise the craft to the extent of building a pair of leather conveniences. These productions could not be praised for their beauty, for the builder did not hold greatly to snug fits. If the sole of the wearer's foot set fairly on the inner sole of the boot and there were two or three points of contact with the uppers, his ideal of a perfect fit was realized.

He "calculated his stogies" would turn water like a cabbage-leaf if you gin 'em a dost o' taller or muskrat lie once a week, an' wear jullef iron, an' when a feller ont' got 'em broke they sot druffle easy"—all of which was true, and especially the dreadfulness of the easiness.

One Sunday, late in summer time, when the sun shone hot from a brassy sky through a smoky haze that blurred the shadowy edges and the grass was slippery with drizzle, and the latest grave voice to the parishing house, Uncle Lisha had performed the duty of church attendance, smoothing his way through it with a comfortable nap, and had eaten his Sunday dinner. He was now taking another nap in his "Windsor chair," atill on the stoop, his head and face smotheringly protected from the flies by the broad "bedding-hankkercher," used only on Sundays, at weddings, funerals and the like. At last, as he was exploring fly found his way under the edge of this expusure of the porch, and he was far on his tour of discovery as the entrance of one of the cacterns in the mountain of Lisha's nose, into which he was suddenly drawn by a sort of whirlwind, whereupon ensued a commotion which must have seemed to him, at least an earthquake or a tornado. He was cast forth by a tremendous blast, the silken canopy was blown away, the chair capsized, and he lay on his back with a bang that awakened Aunt Jerusha on her decorous patchwork couch in the darkened bedroom, the cat from her siesta and set the fowls to cackling.

Of course Uncle Lisha was broad awake, and looking in to tell Aunt Jerusha that "the darn'd flies wouldn't let a feller sleep, an' he guessed he'd go up an' see how the corn looked." He rubbed the bandana into the chamber, and his head crowned beaver as if loading a cannon, and the parishing head in a ball, held across lots in his shirt sleeves, his Sunday boots creaking soberly among the fading daisies of the pasture, clattering against them a jerky tattoo. He forded, dry-footed, Stony Brook, now more stony than watery, and went through the corner of the sugar bush, where the great trees were healing their spring wounds in the sun and sunshade, and as he went he saw the young sap tabs and the upturned potash kettle, with squirrels and mice for housekeepers.

Beside this lay the two acres of corn, the long leaves rolled by the heat into slender spikes, making the rows indeed "spiky ranks of maize," between which the pumpkins trailed their dark vines overhanging by their own drooping leaves, big and grand, and rag wood, with here and there a yellowing globe shining through the rank growth, but not yet so bright as the golden dhalices out of which the bees were drinking honey. The pollen of the tassels powdered the leaves, and the fray of silk at the end of the ears was turning from pale green to brown, showing that the kernels were set and wd on in the milk and would soon begin to glaze in the furnace of August. In the very spite of the weather, the promise of a crop was very comforting to Uncle Lisha, who had wandered through the msling rows he came to the upper edge of the field nearest the dark woods, so near that their balsamic odors spiced the cloying sweetness of the corn.

Here had been havoc. Stalks were torn and trampled down, ears stripped and wrenched and trodden into the earth as if a herd of swine had been at large among them.

"Darn'd!" cried Uncle Lisha, as he first beheld the havoc. "Darn'd!" if I don't get them Lovel boys to come up here with their bounds to-night! no, to-morrow night."

Then as his eye caught in the mellow soil the imprint of a clawed foot as big as his hand, he started with something like alarm. "Good arith and seas! it's a cussed bear! Yes," he said, as he plucked a tuft of long dark fur from the horns of a blackberry tree fence, "it's the cussed bear! Then, as he remembered the day he apologized to his Sunday clothes—"Wall, he is a cussed bear! Why couldn't he 'a' eat blackberries, 'stead a spillin' ten bushels o' corn. Dutten corn, too, none o' your nasty Tucket! Go darn 'n, I'll 'e a spring gun for him to-night—no, to-morrow night!"

And he set his face homeward, full of wrath and news, bearing in his hands a tuft of bear's fur and a munched ear of corn, in proof of the righteousness of his own and the truth of the other. Monday forenoon was spent by him in warning his neighbors that he was about to set a spring-gun, so that once hunters and cross-rod travelers might not run into danger in his cornfield, and the afternoon in rigging the deadly contrivance.

First he loaded his ancient piece, which when set upright was taller than himself, with the old military charge, a ball

and three buckshot on top of half his painful of powder; then bearing the gun and his axe to the edge of the cornfield, he cut two stout stakes three feet long, which he drove into the ground about four feet apart, and then split the tops downward far enough to allow the gripe of the gun to be forced into the cleft of the first and the barrel into that of the second, so that the line of fire should be according to established rule. "At the hatch of the outside bore of a fellow's knee." Close to and opposite the lock he drove another stake, on top of which he fixed a short lever with one end resting against the front of the trigger. To the other end, when the work was completed, was attached a line of elm bark, lashed with earth to dull its too conspicuous whiteness and stretching out sixty or seventy feet beyond the gun muzzle, attached at intervals through cleft stakes, weighed to keep them from sliding up.

When Uncle Lisha's task was done, and he straightened his long-bent back with his palms and gave a last critical look at his infernal machine, he could see no reason why it should not do its deadly work if the bear would do his part. So toward sundown he primed the gun and, setting it at full cock, left it to guard the cornfield. Hoping to get a booming dispatch that should tell the death of the operator of his telegraph, he hardly got into his accustomed heavy sleep (ill made up, but not awakened from it by any sound till cockcrow).

Then, when the rayless sun was rising like a red moon above the ridge of the mountain, he went to the cornfield and found everything undisturbed, no more corn destroyed, and the old gun asleep with beads of dew on its rusty barrel. He made it harmless for the day by brushing the priming out of the pan and setting it at half-cock.

"Lish's night wasn't his night," he said, "but he'll come to-night, and he'll get me!" and went home.

Toward midnight he put the spring gun on guard again. As in the gloaming he leaned over "do' yard" fence, smoking a meditative pipe, with his eastern ear unconsciously cocked toward the cornfield, he became aware of an intermittent glow a furlong down the lonely road that outshone the flashing of the fireflies. It was somebody's pipe, and as it drew nearer its dim light revealed the features of Antoine Bassette, that Frenchman, who, he had fought and fled with Papineau and had taken refuge here, as the lion's paw even in the edge of the eagle's nest, where he was hatching out an American citizen, chipping the shell with brave pecks at the speech and customs of Yankee land. Thus far in his life's pilgrimage he had snuffed along in occasion, but as he drew near to naturalization he aspired to words, which, having been bespoken and duly measured for, were the cause of his visit to Uncle Lisha.

"Bushoo, unshoer," said Lisha, airing his French in the twilight.

"Bon soir, monsieur," politely responded Bassette, and then, with more faith in his own English, poor as it was, than in Lisha's French, good as its owner thought it:

"Probably you got dem boot done, Uncle Lisha, don't it? Wal, probably it ain't. Wal, ah don't care, you get laien done for dem, and you man tu me bear heat mos' all up you care. Uncle Lisha, ah you got' catch him wid gawn. Dat so, Uncle Lisha, hein! You tink it bear, Uncle Lisha. Wal, ah guess it Bears' hole soon. Me Sacre cocoon! heat all na patake. Daam hole pig like dat! You got good gawn, Uncle Lisha? Ah spoke so, probably, good gawn keel bear? Da a no bear you conf'ess. Bears' hole soon. Ah hope you gawn keelch been, me. You gat dat boots did, Uncle Lisha?"

And not till now did Uncle Lisha find a chance to answer that they were not done, and that which was said by the neighbor Bears' hog that had done the mischief in the cornfield, for he had seen plainly the tracks of a bear and had found fur such as never grew on swine.

The boots were so near completion that a half hour's work would make them ready for the torture of the poor Canuck.

"Come in, Ann Twine, come in, I'll finish 'em up to rights," he was saying, Uncle Lisha led the way into his little shed and lighted the pipe which was set in the corner of a jointed wooden socket, illuminated his nightily labors. Then he deliberately donned his leather apron, lowered himself into the polished leathern seat of his shoe bench, set his iron-rimmed, owl-eyed spectacles astride his nose, fished out the boots from a clutter of clumsy lasts, broad slabs of sole leather, rolls of cowhide and sheepskin, gave his long shoe knife a rasping on the pebbled coarse, gritty stone used only by shoemakers, and then, as if he would have been if the sharp knife had not reminded him of a story which he began to tell, the edge of the knife and the boot, held between his knees, sharing, by turns, his admiring glances.

"Ann Twine, when my father lived in Connecticut he knowed a man that had a shoe knife jallack that 'at was the cuttest thing to cut bread with anybody ever see, so't it was used to send for the shoemaker to go to taverns when the 'was such a good one, or to make or to mend 'em, an' such 'em, an' such 'em, an' such 'em, jest a puppus to cut the bread. Ount the 'was a great shearin' to Colonel Leavenworth's 'at kep a thousand sheep 'ah had twenty shearers 'an' big doin's the gually, 'an' they sent for him to—"

But he did not finish his story that night, for just then the heavy air was torn by a loud report, so startling in the midst of the outer stillness that had been broken only by the clack of the shoe, that it might have been if the signal gun of some savagely beleaguered block-house of the olden time, and 'Tater Hill buried back an echo like an answering gun from another fort and Hog's Back another, and mingling with the swelling and dying reverberations was an angry yell as of attacking Indians.

"Good night 'an' seas!" cried Uncle Lisha, scattering his eyes and slings, his spectacles and the boot from the shoe bench to the floor, and then he sprang to grab his knife.

"Come on, Ann Twine, come on, I've got 'em!"

He was half way across the pasture before Antoine decided to follow him, and the Canadian barely kept the valorous old Yankee in sight in the hazy moonlight as he strolled across the stony field and splashed through the brook and quiet took him among the shadows of the maples, but found him again in the cornfield just in time to see him charge upon a writhing black object the hour, surely hit with the bullet from the mail and buckshot. The fray was short, the bear sank out of in a limp heap and his conqueror crept out of it, growning.

"Oh! Ann Twine, be you here?" he gasped. "The damned eternal critter's tore all my insides out, but I've gathered up the best on 'em 'an' I'm going to try to git home with 'em."

"He became much more than to the terrified Frenchman in the hazy light of the harvest moon, and was seen to be stooping painfully along, bearing some burden in his gathered apron.

"Oh, sacre! sacre! sacre! Da's too bad, Uncle Lisha, too bad, too bad! Oh, sacre! By gosh, sacre!" He had

seen nothing so terrible in the Papineau war. "Oh! what ah do, Uncle Lisha, what ah do?"

"You can't lep me here none, Ann Twine, but you can't 'fr' the house 'an' git out the boss 'an' put for the docter. Mhhly be ch'uff 'em back so they'll answer for a spell."

Antoine sped across fields with a face whiter than the moon that shone above him at a pace which had distinguished the close of his military career. He shot himself into the kitchen of the little farmhouse and gave placid Aunt Jerusha a dreadful shock with the dire tidings that "Oncle Lisha keel bear 'an' bear keel heem! Hole nan dead 'an' bringen' bissif borne in lees apron! Ah go for docter rat off!"

The next minute he was in the barn, saddling the old horse, and five minutes later went clattering down the road at a lumbering gallop toward the doctor's, five miles away.

Poor Aunt Jerusha went hurrying across the pasture to give her wounded lord such succor as she could, with an unwonted sickness at her stout heart. It was a sufficient sign of her trepidation and alarm that she had forgotten to put on her sun-bonnet. Halfway across the field, Lisha became discernible against the dull whiteness of the mouse-ear and everlasting of the sterile hillside. As they approached each other, he ceased to be bringing himself home in his apron, as the Frenchman had said, stooping over a burden in that garment which was gathered in both his hands.

"O, father, be you dead?" sobbed Aunt Jerusha, in a voice strangely mixed of shrill and deep tones.

"No, mother, I ain't dead; but I guess I'm goin' to be. The 'arnal critter has tore me all to pieces! My heart 'an' lights 'an' stummeck is inside yit, but I guess he's scooped out all the rest."

"O, what kin I do for ye, father; what kin I do?" cried the wife. "Antoine's gone lickety split after the docter, 'an' 'I can't be long 'fore he'll come. I do know as I could git 'em back right if I tried, but I'll try 'f ye say so, father."

"No, mother," Lisha answered, weakly; "you can't do nothin', only keep along with me, jest as ye allers have, Jerusha," he added, with a tremulous tenderness in his voice that rendered his tones when she was young and fair Jerusha Chase, of Sunday nights, left forty years behind in their plodding journey.

So they went slowly homeward, side, when they came to the fences, making a way for him to pass through. When at last they got home, the good old wife put him and his 'ben tenderly to bed in clothes and apron, tipped him a stiff dose of cherry rum into oneness, and then with the householdly business strong upon her even in the midst of trouble, put them "to rights" for the doctor's visit, and as quietly as possible awaited that event.

Some neighbors to whom Antoine had scattered out crumbs of the burden of news as he journeyed toward the doctor's, came dropping in to offer their help with the ready kindness of our primitive communities. But there was nothing for them to do. Two or three of the oldest women sat in the little bed-room where Aunt Jerusha watched beside her husband, when she dare not doubt was soon to leave her alone in this end of the world, for their only son had settled in "the 'Ho," then almost at the other end of the world. The other women sat primly against the walls of the "square room," some telescoping their sun-bonnets together and magnifying in whispers the latest neighborhood gossip.

The men lounged in the doorways or against the side of the house and dooryard fence, and told in low voices their experience with bears and discussed this most recent and tragic one.

"Uncle Lisha he'dn't fit bears much," said one gaunt farmer who loved hunting more than farming; "if he had he wouldn't a tackled one with a shoeknife."

"It don't seemdow seem wathons fair 't set spring guns and traps and such for varmint, 'bout 't skunks 'an' mink 'an' musk-rats. I'd rather shute one bear n't trap ten. They has 'no more inside about a trap 'n' skunk has."

"Wall, 'at dawled an untimely jester, 'stunks hes out-stink!"

"But then," apologized another, less a sportsman than the first two speakers, "he was a eatin' all Uncle Lisha's corn, 'n' a the'd got to be suthin' did. Got darned if I wouldn't kill a bear any way I could if I had to pin him."

"That would split the cat," objected one, with an eye to the main chance, "about a trap 'n' skunk has."

"'T would the meat."

"Dot rot bear's meat," cried the despiser of bears, "I'd jes 's soon eat snake's meat!"

"Wall," remarked the joker, "I've heam 'ol folks 'at liked snake's meat. I'd a leetle druther hev bear. It all depends on how a feller was brung up, 'n' I never hed no snakes cooked 't our house."

"Wouldn't it be Lisha's bear's fat?" queried the thrifty man.

"'t he 's 't'll be quite a help to the widdler. Bear's ile is wuth suthin' consid'able."

"Wall, there!" exclaimed the gaunt hunter, unloping himself from the fence, "why haint we thought to go 'an' fetch him him 'stead a-loafin' round here doin' nothin'?"

Come on, man, git a axe to cut a pole 'an' a rope to tie his legs together, no, the line of the gun 'll do for that."

And so, the day of the deed, had dozen of them started across the field and faded out of sight long before their voices were drawn beyond hearing.

The doctor had been aroused from his slumbers by Antoine's loud summons to "Come up to Oncle Lisha. Bear tore his inside all off, 'an' he don't gat ma boot done, mos'."

The first of the small hours found the rough but kindly old mediciner at Lisha's door before the bearers had returned with the doctor's horse.

"Now, come in here with me, you two chaps," he said, selecting a couple of stout hearts, "and bring each on ye a candle. Well, Lisha," looking at his patient intently and examining his pulse, "you don't 'pear so very bad off. Guess we can fix you up for another bear fight yet! Now, men, hold the lights," and he put on his spectacles, rolled back his cuffs and turned down the folds of the leather apron. He carefully touched an oleas inspected for a moment what was disclosed, then he rose, thrust angrily and the candles, and bearers were horrified to see him gather up the trailing mass in both hands and hurl it across the room, roaring:

"You confounded old fool! these all belong to the bear!"

Though Lisha had received some ugly scratches, he had suffered no serious injury and was able next day to finish Antoine's boots. And in consideration of his services in the old man's touch an oleas inspected for a moment what was disclosed, then he rose, thrust angrily and the candles, and bearers were horrified to see him gather up the trailing mass in both hands and hurl it across the room, roaring:

Keep the kidneys healthy and unobscured with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Boston, March 4.

When I hurriedly snatched off the letter which you were kind enough to print in your issue of the 24th ult. I had no idea of entering into a controversy. I simply wanted to correct some statements made as to the chances of getting good salmon in the provinces, and that personally I know of at a slight expense, which statements I knew from my own personal experience to be such as would give an erroneous idea of the capabilities of that country in that respect.

I endeavored to do so in a gentlemanly manner as was consistent with having to contradict certain statements made. I was especially induced to do so as I remembered an article on the subject of salmon fishing by the same author which was exactly of the same nature. To the latter, however, I merely referred, as having been (it seemed to me) very wrongly and properly refuted by "Manhattan." I should be perfectly willing to let the matter rest there, and leave it to the intelligence of your readers to decide whether I had or not shown that misstatements had been made, were it not that in his answer to me, the author of "A Trip Through the Provinces" demands from me an answer to several questions, and asks it upon himself to state that he does not believe in the possibility of getting good salmon, and that personally I know of certain rivers in New Brunswick, &c. as far as my article goes it would not be of any importance if such were the case, as I merely spoke of his advice with regard to shooting. However, as he has made the statement, I will say that in 1878 a friend and myself were in camp fourteen days on the Nepisiquit River, part of the time on the rough waters, where we paid the government license of \$1 a rod per diem, and part of the time at the Indian Falls and at Lanegan's camp on the Chain of Rocks, where we were enabled to go by the invitation of one of the gentlemen who leased the river from the Canadian Government, to whom we had letters of introduction, and who was kind enough to extend this hospitality to us. During this time we fished every pool in the river from the Chain of Rocks down, that is every pool except these at the camp at the Great Falls. These we did not fish, but we did fish the other part of the river, and we are anxious to see the Great Falls. During this trip we (two rods) killed thirty-two fish, salmon and grise.

The following year we went into camp again on the rough waters, and in two days killed one grise piece. As the prospect was not very encouraging we broke camp, put ourselves in light marching order, went up to the Great Falls, portaged over them, poled up the Nepisiquit as far as Portage Brook, between seventy and eighty miles from our starting point, and then portaged over the Upliquita Lake and down the Upliquita River into the Restigouche, and down the Restigouche to Campbelltown, from where we took the railroad back to Bathurst, the round trip in canoes being not less than 200 miles. As we had no permit to fish for salmon, we did not take our salmon tackle with us on this trip, nor did we endeavor to do what could very easily have been done at the Great Falls of the Nepisiquit, try to get hold of salmon on our trout rods. Both here and adding down the Upliquita and Restigouche rivers we could undoubtedly have taken a few salmon, and certainly no questions would have been asked, but that is not our idea of the way of doing things. Last season we were fortunate enough to be able to under-lease one of the rivers that empty into Gaspé Basin, and we spent ten days in camp there. We killed eight salmon, and averaged nearly three hundred pounds (187).

By-the-by, during our first season in 1878, after we broke camp on the Nepisiquit, my friend wanted to profit of the last days before the season closed, and as I had enough fishing for that season I went down to Pokenouche for a few days plover shooting, and he taking one of our men with him went up the little southwest branch of the Miramichi, expecting to hire two canoes and three Indians to make up his crew, but he killed six or seven fish and joined me on the 2d of September.

I am aware that all this is not a matter of interest to anybody; but it does show that I have taken a salmon, and that I do know something of the Nepisiquit, Upliquita Restigouche, and, through my companion, of the Miramichi, in spite of Mr. Fay's belief to the contrary. These scores are not very large ones, but still they show that he did have a certain amount of salmon fishing. But how did we get it? The first year through the fact of having friends who were kind enough to give us letters to gentlemen who invited us to fish on their rivers, the second year we got no one to speak of, the third we were lucky enough to be able to sub-lease a river from a friend. In addition to this personal experience we had with us as canoees and guides men who know and have been about every salmon river in the Dominion—certainly all that empty into the Bay of Chaleur—and all the important ones on the St. Lawrence, going down to the north end—almost to the Straits of Belle Isle. These men are very anxious to have us get fishing and have given us all the information on the subject that experts could give, and are on the watch for any possible chances; and yet we have about come to the conclusion that the only way to get salmon fishing is to hire a river which, unfortunately, is beyond the limits of our purses. I have never said or implied or thought that there was no salmon fishing in the Provinces; and I do not know that I have not to be got by anybody who happens to get two or three rods and a guide, and has a hundred dollars in his pocket; and anybody who starts off with any such idea will come back sold. The only open fishing in New Brunswick at present is on parts of the Miramichi and on the rough waters of the Nepisiquit; to fish the latter of which one dollar a day per rod must be paid. Anybody who fishes elsewhere in that Province for salmon, either by hiring or buying, by somebody else who does hire, simply concludes that the opportunity has been taken on parties who have dropped down there without any definite plans or ideas on the subject, and that the right to fish for a day or two has been granted them; but I do not suppose that any gentleman would want to start off deliberately with the idea of sponging on somebody. I am accused of lacking careful observation and being more stupid than I really am because I said that from Mr. Fay's account of the expenses one was rather in the habit of making, to amount one hundred dollars a piece or for the three. I showed, however, that the latter was impossible; but my reason for expressing the possibility of a doubt was that in his list of expenses among the items, "Fares from Boston to Bangor, Bangor to so-and-so, etc., which from the amount must be individual fares, he enters \$12.00 for team from Windsor to which is the amount he states \$7.00 plus for their conveyance. Now, they either paid \$38.00 for the team, or the amount entered ought to have been \$4.00 instead of \$12.00.

That is what I call an "Inaccuracy." He asks me so many questions that I cannot impose upon your good nature by taking up space enough to answer all of them; but some I will reply to as briefly as possible. My object in going to New Brunswick was the hope of being able to combine fishing and shooting. I returned there because I like the country and the men that we hired as guides and had sport that satisfied me, although it has been by no means phenomenal. With regard to the expense, I do not care to say anything more than that it has been by no means a cheap trip, judged by Mr. Fay's standard. I have not and do not propose to publish an account of our trips, because, although they have resulted in a great deal of recreation and recuperation, they have been very uneventful and would not interest anybody; and I do not, on the strength of a few weeks' annually spent in the woods, feel competent to give advice to anybody on any subject,—always excepting the right of warning the public against evident misstatements and exaggerations.

Having said this much it will be no more than right for me, however, to make the following statements as to why my knowledge of the country has taught me with regard to its advantages as a resort for parties seeking sport. A party going at the right season, to the proper places, and having proper guides, will be pretty sure to get very good trout fishing, much more so than in the Adirondacks or in the State of Maine. Guides and canoes are cheaper, and the cost of board at the taverns and inns is less, although the accommodations, outside of the large towns, are very poor. At the proper season very fine snipe shooting can be had, also plover, curlew, dough birds, yellow legs, etc. Ducks and geese are abundant, but not easy to get at. Partridges near the settlements are not very plenty; six is the largest bag I ever made. As to taking down dogs I must persist in laying more stress on my own experience, than on the fact that somebody told Mr. Fay that they bring a very good dog with him. In my extensive experience, no dog was nicely broken and only needed experience, by taking her up to the Umbagog region, some years ago, where the habits of the ruffed grouse are, or were, exactly the same as in the Provinces.

Two years ago I took up to New Brunswick a Gordon setter that I thought a great deal of, and found him absolutely useless for partridges. The regular English setters, or pointers could stand the exposure of being used to retrieve ducks and geese during the latter part of September, to say nothing of the chance of spoiling the delicacy of their mouths in tackling so powerful a bird as a broken-winged black duck or wild gander. Therefore I repeat what I said before, that the best dog to take is a good retriever, i. e., water spaniel, Chesapeake Bay dog, or the regular English setter. The latter is the only one that can be got. Mr. Fay has not shot enough over dogs to be able to understand that because a setter or pointer is of use in western quail and grouse shooting by finding game, pointing it and standing staunchly on point until the sportsman comes up, and that it does not follow necessarily that the same dog will be of use in partridge shooting, where the birds are so tame that they will simply walk away from the dog, and will not get up unless you rush in on them, we simply cannot argue on the subject.

The chances of getting a caribou or moose would, I think, be infinitesimal except after the snow fall in the autumn. Bears are very numerous, but I never knew of a sportsman shooting one. Lastly, the fact that a license of \$20.00 in New Brunswick and \$50.00 in Nova Scotia, is exacted from non-residents should not be overlooked. As far as the money is concerned, the information asked about Gaspe Point, as I suppose he refers to the salmon rivers that empty into the Gaspe basin, i. e., the Dartmouth Fork and St. Johns, I can tell him that if he wets a line in either of them he will have to do one of three things, either get an invitation to fish there from one of the lessees, or hire the right to fish there from the lessee, or poach; and in case he does the latter, I can guarantee him, in spite of his previous experiences, questions will be asked.

As I do not, however, imagine that he purposes to fish without the proper credentials, I suppose that he is lucky enough to have one of the other resources to fall back upon, and I congratulate him most sincerely on his good fortune, and wish him all possible success. As far as his advice not to go for a person good in the woods, I am sure that I can only be so goodly as to say that I have never known of any one who has been gone for so much so vaguely. I accept, however, my castigation in good part and should be most happy to shake hands, only if I ever should have that pleasure, I should re-iterate the only point that I have been trying to prove, and that is, that neither good saltwater fishing nor good shooting are to be got in a few days and at a small expense in New Brunswick, nor for that matter in any other place, that is known to me.

OCTOBER REVERIES.

Ye peaceful hills!
Ye clinging pastures meath the rocky slopes,
Where dreaming fairs, with odors of fox and grouse,
Reel rot and merrily, and merrily, and merrily,
The rugged face of Nature, ev'ning out,
Their terrors in the greener glades below!
Ye fragrant, wild, and unburnable woods!
Within thy mystic labyrinth I tread
A youthful huntsman, eager for the chase;
There, by some fawn, he halts, and lo! the base;
Whose grizzled garment, reat with storm and death,
Revealed the piteous woe of his lone quest;
I paused with him, and, lo! the woe of his lone quest;
That every sound came fraught with mystery.
The paltering quail, the quail, the quail,
Which, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Kissed loving partners to his brow's night;
The springing hare, the hare, the hare,
Which, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Too roughly bore the knotted arms together—
All seemed to me, and lo! the woe of his lone quest;
That when from out the dreary fountains wrought,
Some hapless partridge stalked the sunlit glade,
I scarce avoid the woe of his lone quest;
By instinct aimed, started with keen report
The Nimrod of my soul to lie agrail!
The scotch air, the scotch air,
And throbbing pulses beat in unison
To far-off music of the baying hounds,
The startle fawn, the startle fawn,
So lately wedded to its sylvan spouse,
In cosmic meditation, swept the bright
And beautiful o'er to the forest's heart,
And yet not all forgot! I still by my thoughts
In pleasant reveries do continue
In days by fall and dream, Gray branches lace
Their network round the dark secluded pool
Where wood-ducks hide; far overhead the hawk
In easy circles, howls, and howls,
And ringing notes of quail, from stubbles brown,
Fill up the magic measure of the hour,
Fling over all the woe of his lone quest;
Thy mellow golden taint, O Nature, taint,
And view thee at thy loveliest, merrily and
In the bright glow of thy October dusk!

WEDDORTH WADSWORTH.

Natural History

SNAKES—FACTS AND FABLE.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS was the first to explain the snake's mode of progression. Placing his hand under a moving coluber he felt the ribs come forward like the feet of the caterpillar. The ribs are to name pairs, levers, by means of which the serpent moves. The vertebrae forming the spinal column are joined together by ball and socket articulation, thus securing the greatest possible freedom of motion.

To each of these vertebra are attached a pair of ribs; the single ends of these ribs are not united to a sternum, but to a single scale on the abdomen by means of slender cartilage and a set of muscles. The ribs are the snake's legs and act in progressive order like the legs of the centipede, each pair bringing forward the scale to which it is attached. Therefore, the snake is helpless if placed on glass or polished metal.

The snake is without an eyelid, but his optics are perfectly protected by a hard, transparent membrane over each. In spring when just ready to shed his skin he is almost blind, as then he has two scales over his eye. If we examine the head we will see that the bones of which it is composed instead of being firmly locked together as in mammalia are separate, and retained in their places only by the skin and ligaments. The lower jaw is formed of two bones united in front by a lax membrane.

It is this peculiar formation of cranium and jaw that gives to a portion of the mammal such as the marten or mouser of the marion. All snakes when shedding their skins crawl out of the front part first quitting the tail last.

Venomous serpents have two effective fangs which are replaced, so that if the perfect ones are removed or broken others are soon ready to supply their place. In all arboreal snakes the tail is very long and highly prehensile. All species venomous in amount to the U. S. have short tails and are none of them climbers.

Audubon pictures the rattlesnake chasing a squirrel up a tree, and Waterson says that he climbs trees by muscular contraction, which no snake can do. All arboreal snakes ascend the trunks of trees in a straight line, and not by winding around them. The rattlesnake cannot climb a tree at all, yet he gets all the squirrels he requires by the power of his eyes.

A friend of mine some years ago captured a very large rattler and put him in a box; when he went to look at him next morning he found him dead, with a gray squirrel fast against his fangs. Wilson describes in glowing language a wonderful battle that he witnessed between a mocking-bird and black snake, in which the bird was the victor, leaving her enemy killed and fast against the fork of the magnolia tree in which were her "babes in the nest." Now you can whip a rattlesnake into ribbons with a twig, but the black snake (*Biscacidium contractus*) dies hard. Frank Buckland says that the proper way to kill a snake is to leave his head alone and strike him on the tail. I found last summer in a meadow, some weeks after the harvest, a large black snake that had almost finished his meal of a cow-boy by the mowing machine. He was alive and active. His tail had been struck, but death was not instantaneous, as Mr. Buckland pronounced it would be. A mocking bird would be utterly incapable of injuring a black snake in any way. I have heard from many a rustic marvelous stories of the deadly hoop snake. He has, they say, near the extremity of his tail, and at right angles with it, a long, slender, sharp-pointed, and of a certain length, a ring, which is deadly venom. Taking his tail in his mouth, like the great Midgard serpent, he rolls with wonderful rapidity down the slopes of hills, and if any animal is in his path he strikes it with his poisoned weapon and death is instantaneous. If by chance he strikes a tree the leaves wither and it is dead within an hour! I have conversed with different people who claimed to have seen him killed in this way. These and other animated hoops have never rolled over any part of the good green earth. While hunting in the Alleghanies last autumn, a gentleman told me the following snake story: "Yes," he replied in answer to a query from me, "there are plenty of rattlers here. 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A WINTER RESIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA—Williamsport, Pa., March 1.—There are numerous notes from correspondents in **FOREST AND STREAM** referring to various kinds of birds being seen at unusual times, but I have observed one migratory bird which has surprised me more than any of them—namely, a song sparrow (*M. melodia*)—which has kept around our place all winter. Only this morning, after a snow storm lasting twenty-four hours and with twenty inches of snow on the ground, the little fellow (it is a male) perched on a vine before my door and chirped his little song; but, alas! in unelaborate contrast with his cheery notes in the spring time. My nephew has been feeding the birds all winter and the little *M. melodia* has been especially frequent, for the European sparrows and snowbirds. The bird has a rather dilapidated appearance, but I presume a new spring suit and a couple of weeks of warm sunshine will remedy that.—LYOMING.

SPRING IN MINNESOTA—Burnhamville, Minn., March 1.—"Spring, beautiful Spring" has come, but it isn't the time of the singing of birds, neither is the voice of the turtle heard in the land. The snow is fully three and a half feet deep on a level, and this morning the thermometer indicated 27 degrees below zero. It is reported that a coon was seen a few miles from here this morning walking about on snowshoes, and it is feared that all hibernating animals of this latitude will adopt the same means of locomotion and go South.—J. F. L.

BREEDING OF THE HORNED OWL.—A couple of friends of mine collected a set of four great horned owl's eggs near Boston Mass., yesterday (March 10).—R. M.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 12.—One brown capuchin, *Cebus fulvulus*, presented by Mr. A. E. Smith; one horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented by Dr. E. Edson, White Sulphur Springs, Pa.; one white opossum, *Didelphis virginiana*, presented by Mr. E. E. Stewart; one zebra monkey, *Cercopithecus mona*; one spider monkey, *Ateles geoffroyi*; one Salte's amazon, *Chrysolitis salicea*, purchased; two giraffes, *Camelopardalis giraffa*, placed on exhibition. W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN EAST TENNESSEE.

EARLY in the month, one bright October morning, and before the unpleasantness that once existed between the North and South, the writer of this with three friends, all mounted on mettlesome steeds, might have been seen at a brisk trot on what was called the Bottom Road that ran along the right bank of the upper Tennessee River. Our objective point was B.—The road was very crooked, had probably been "blazed" by a pioneer full of new corn whiskey, or, more probably, an original cow path. At times it led us near enough to the stream to afford the eye a momentary feast upon the glistening, silvery water through a many-colored curtain of autumn leaves, then, turning abruptly again, would plunge us into lofty growth of oaks and hickory with beech here and there, the dense foliage of which tempered the bright sunshine of the morning almost to the gray of an evening twilight.

Meeting an ancient specimen of the colored race and inquiring the distance to B.—he imparted the definite opinion that he having "lef dar afo' sunup, it must be free or fo' mile." It was now nearly one o'clock and we had been in our saddles since five o'clock. On we went, however, and in half an hour, coming suddenly upon a low, tumble-down fence that marked the extreme boundary of a field of tall corn, and the sight of a group of sick-and-lath chimneys and low, shingle roofs in the distance, announced to us that B.—lay just ahead.

As we galloped through the village little towheaded urchins peeped at us from behind house corners and coy maidens in gowns and window faces and flax-colored hair timidly appeared at the windows to catch a glimpse of the disturbers of their usual quiet life. B.—had been "finished" many years before our advent into it. It consisted of twenty-five or thirty hewn log houses, innocent of paint or whitewash—each flanked by tall weeds and an occasional sunflower—strung carelessly along the road, the lofty Cumberland Mountains in the rear and in front the crystal waters of the Upper Tennessee.

Fronting the headed hills. A long, low, sprawling sideways upon a road that led back toward the mountains stood the grocery—the most pretentious building in B.—, and reining up in front of it at the cheerful command of the proprietor (a tall, thin personage, in all the glory of a brand-new broad-brimmed hat and shirt-sleeves, leaning carelessly against the door-jam), "Git down, gentlemen," we dismounted to rest the seats of our trousers and await the arrival of the team that was following us.

The "grocery" combined within its dingy portals a careless selection of cheap dry goods, groceries of the coarsest sort, numerous jars filled with highly colored sticky candy, the post office, and, arranged in a row like a file of soldiers at a "dress parade," stood eight barrels with wooden faucets near the lower heads, emitting an odor not exactly from the "Araby" of Babel, but more suggestive of a still-house. Obeying the mandate that in rule letters on a road board securely nailed over the door, admonishing the wayfarer to STOP AND TREET.

We sampled the contents of a barrel, which, the landlord assured us, was the best peach brand made in the country. Mixed with wild honey it formed a very deceptive and head-aching compound.

Sitting astride of a molasses barrel, resting his shoulders against the counter and cracking the joints of his fingers, his old slouch hat slightly pulled down so that the brim shaded his eyes, sat a rotund individual dressed in linsey-woolsey pants, to which he had added a pair of his feet were shoeless and bare. Great bags under his eyes, and a general puffed and translucent appearance would indicate him to be a thorough lover of "peach and honey" or some other villainous compound of alcoholic tendencies. This man the landlord introduced to us thus:

"Gentlemen, this is my naber and friend, Captain Blum. He is a regular soldier; he fit in the war and got winged in the leg by one of Saitman's boys."

"Captain Blum, we are glad to see you, and we honor all old soldiers."

"Captain, will you join us?" inquired the Colonel, with a slight inclination of his head in the direction of the rank of eight barrels, and the gallant Captain joined!

"Ven we vos fitin' dem vollers in Mexico, eef Shenzel

Shott bin geef beech and honigk lioo dees war, den we vere endured dat cooly sooner as any Yangee skeers Shack Robertson. This compliment to the landlord's peach and honey the Captain leisurely paid while he placed himself outside of a barrel, and lay down long enough to make the head of the Hudson River ache for a month!

As the last drop disappeared down his capacious throat his heavy eyes rolled in their sockets, and his great fat lower lip also rolled from the left to the right corner of his mouth something as soil leaves the mold-board of a plow! A good careful look at Captain Blum was a temperance lecture excellently good of Gough's in practical impressiveness.

Early in the afternoon, at the time of which we write—and probably now is—a paradise for the hunter. The valleys lying between the numerous spurs of the Cumberland Mountains were sparsely inhabited and very fertile, and most productive trees grew most luxuriantly, affording a never failing supply in a season for mast eating game of all kinds; widely frequent salicis spruces and grassy glades furnished attractive haunts for deer.

It was to one of these valleys that we were bound when we left Colonel Brettell's hospitable home in North Alabama for a week or ten days' hunt after game as was game.

Our party consisted of Colonel Brettell, our host, a genial Southern gentleman and true sportsman. Mr. Adams, then a member of the Bar, but now before the Highest Court. (May he rest in peace.) Mr. Samuel Evans, an Englishman, a crack shot, good singer, and check full of hearty John Bull grog; but

"He was a jolly good fellow as nobody will deny."

Rube, the Colonel's "boy," capit' cook and good fiddler, and full of fun as any darkey in the State of Alabama. Tom, another of the Colonel's "boys," general teamster and man of all work; and the humble writer of this rubbishy story.

It was not the hour with the dogtrot Captain Blum and the proprietor of the grocery was interrupted by the distant rumble of an approaching wagon, the white cover of which was seen undulating above the tall woods that garnished the roadside, and we were soon joined by Rube and Tom. Giving the mules a rest we prepared for the tedious portion of our journey, to wit, crossing the mountains.

Riding our new acquaintances good bye we mounted, and taking the road and leaving back toward the hill, the sleepy little village of B.—was soon lost to view.

Gradually ascending a broken, rough, seldom traveled stony road, apparently winding around the base of the mountain, we entered the gorge. The way was dangerous besides being tedious. On either hand the mountains arose for probably a mile in height, covered sparsely with scrub oaks and dwarf pines, with numerous tumescing rocks jutting out their bold bare heads, as if threatening to tumble down upon any intruder upon their desolation.

The five weary miles through the gorge were covered, unperceived by the sight of any living thing except the skipping of an occasional squirrel as he, frightened, fled from our presence through the tree tops.

At length a point was reached where the mountains appeared to recede and suddenly widening, opening to our view a cup-shaped valley, many feet below us, and as it were, by lofty hills. This valley was probably four miles in diameter, and a careful examination revealed no smoke ascending from the tree tops, we confidently expected, therefore, to go upon ground rarely visited by Nimrod.

The pleasant prospect before us infused new life into our already jaded animals, and the declining road soon brought us to the base of the mountain, along which prattled a lively little stream of water, cool and clear as crystal; many old horses were soon refreshed. Now leaving the almost trackless road, and crossing the stream we turned to the left through a glade covered with soft hickories and oaks. Here we halted on a gentle knoll shaded by an immense white oak tree convenient to the stream.

Tired as we all were we were ready to shout Eureka! with hearty good will.

Our wagon had been packed with considerable care and contained besides many minor matters, which "come in" just right when they are wanted, such as matches, condiments, axes, extra ropes or strong twine, etc., a goodly supply of clean straw for beds, blankets, flour, smoked bacon, potatoes and apples, besides which a good sized box containing dried unmanufactured tobacco and a number of Virginia clay-head pipes were placed with the other things with the possible hope that some one in the party would feel like taking a couple of "chaw" sticks, and the boxes containing our rifles, ammunition and gumming clothes.

The broad wagon body was to be used as a bed room and the "boys" were to sleep under the wagon.

Selecting the spot for our camp Rube and Jim were not long in getting a substantial lunch ready for the tired party. A suitable corral for the animals was constructed, and at a very early hour the animals were soon in the embrace of "tired nature's sweet restorer." Long before the morning sun appeared above the hill-tops to the east of us we were awakened by the sharp, ringing creak of a rifle.

Our first thought upon hearing this sound was that we were encamped near other hunters, but that fear vanished with the immediate appearance of Rube holding by the legs a full-grown, young wild turkey that had paid tribute to the accurate aim of the Colonel.

"Oh my! Mass John, you should a seen dat gab (flock)—more'n fifty ob em—one ole chap wid a got longer dan dat old mule's tail," said Rube, exultingly lifting his prize and smiling all over the country.

"Where did you find them, Rube?" inquired the Colonel.

"Po de day break I hear a tweel-tweel along up de branch (little stream), an I says to myself, 'Rube, dem's turkeys'; so takes yer rifle, Mass John, and frach ob dem falls back wid me. I foun' dem under dem hickies rite ober dar," pointing his finger in a direction northward from us.

"How will you hab in cookt, Mass John?" inquired Rube.

"Suit yourself," said the Colonel, well knowing Rube's skill in the culinary art.

Unpacking our rifles, abluting in the rivulet and donning hunting clothes consumed time, and welcome! Rube, in pleasant tones, announced, "Gemen, de breakfast aw waiting."

Our breakfast, as prepared by Rube, consisted of bread and butter, potatoes baked under hot ashes, the young wild turkey nicely cut up, the pieces broiled over live hickory wood coals, and tin cups of fine aromatic coffee. This breakfast, for appetites whetted by the shaking of a thirty-mile horseback ride of the day before, was not hard to take.

He who has had the experience of a wild young turkey in the crisp air of east Tennessee has in store for himself a toothsome relish that the gods might envy and before which all the fine "fancies" conceived by the brains of *parlesous* cooks pale in utter insignificance.

Even now, retrospectively a time longer than I care to mention, as memory brings up the superb satisfaction of that mountain meal, the salivary glands exude copiously, and all subsequent repasts compared with it are soot of a most twanging of a guitar to the trumpet tones of a great organ!

Oh! ye of poor digestion and nerveless muscles, whose very brains ache at the thought of food, whose lung cells are clogged with the impalpable dust of your offices, hie ye thitherward, and on the mountain top or in the deep valley inhale for a month the health-giving ozone of that lovely country, eat game and drink the same you, and you will revert for life to the good come back with a new lease upon life and stomachs that an average saw-mill would be ashamed of! Try it, I make no charge for the prescription. The result of our first day's shoot was one deer and a small brown bear. The deer was cleverly knocked off its legs by Mr. Evans, and Bruin gave up to a combined fusillade from all hands on horseback, he having tried the experiment of climbing partly up a gum tree to escape.

The second day our hunt was more systematic and with better results, the first day being spent more for the purpose of ascertaining certain facts as to haunts, etc., etc.

A careful examination of the valley we were in showed it to be about five miles in diameter. We found evidences of abundance of large game, and ourselves the only gunners there.

Learning this definitely we were free to lay such plans as suited ourselves and to take matters coolly as possible, under no restraint or danger of flashing with other interests. The valley was practically ours and all that was in it, if we wanted all that was there.

The next day was devoted to a still-hunt for deer. Stands were taken by each one of us before daylight, and the fruit of the work was six deer—a buck and a doe falling to each of the rifles of Colonel Brettell and Mr. Adams, and a doe each to each of Mr. Evans.

The deer were skinned and the saddles and antlers hung up near camp. Rube's "gang" of wild turkeys were also trailed, and, by careful manipulation, "turkey broiled over hickory coals" was with us a common article of food; for "dat gang" lost numerous members—the "ole feller" among them. That fell to the keen aim of Mr. Adams and the Colonel. The grand climax of our hunt was a day devoted to the hunting and resulting in the destruction of three animals. Steadily crawling to within rifle-shot upon one that appeared to be entirely absorbed in crunching delicious beech nuts, and forgetting for the time that there was a state other than the living, Mr. Bruin stood with his short tail exactly toward me and his nose in a direct line away. A deadly aim, with my rifle resting upon the root of an upturned tree, the report of the piece was answered by a short grunt of pain and Bruin fell to his tracks. Examination showed that the bullet, entering the body an inch below the vent, passed through, riddling the intestines, through the heart and emerged at the junction of the neck to the shoulders—not a bone was touched. That bear was killed instantly—was nearly turned inside out! Mr. Evans also got his "work" in on a half-grown cub, as also did Mr. Adams with a larger one. Days were spent one after the other, each one yielding tribute to our rifles. Two days of storm and mist kept us under shelter of the wagon cover. Rube, while not engaged in his specialty of getting up something good for us to eat (and he kept us stall fed), was also on the alert for game. Mornings, long before we were awake, Rube would steal away for a quiet little hunt on his own private account.

One day at dinner he said: "Mass John, dars a *holer* ober yander, 'bout two mile, an' dis' mornin' I seed an ole becker leatin' an' mist kept us under shelter of the wagon cover. He's a hony!" (Rube's "head" referred to the antlers.) The Colonel, led by Rube, went to the lick that afternoon, and coming back, reported that he thought we could bag that buck if his instructions were carefully executed.

From Rube's description it was evident that the buck was an old one and as cunning as they usually get when they are old. We must "lay for him" on the windward side of the hill and never come within rifle range, and his visits to the lick were either in the night or just at daybreak. We were favored by the wind the next evening, and, stationing ourselves at selected points, awaited in breathless silence the approach of the deer. Just as daylight streaked the crests of the eastern hills the sharp rattle of a rifle, a little distance down the valley, announced that one of our party had seen game, but it was yet too dark for accurate aim and the shot would at best be a guess.

I say, Colonel! There he goes, hup that way," shouted Mr. Evans, as he rushed toward us. "Ees 'it, though, I'll wagger a sovereign."

We decided to wait until it was light enough to see clearly before we gave chase.

Rube went back to camp, and long before he returned, bringing the horses with him, the sun was shining brightly and the trail of the deer could easily be followed over the dewy grass. Going at a lively canter across the valley on the trail to the foot of the opposite hills our chase was brought to a sudden stop by a precipitous bluff, and there he stood at bay—a splendid buck of large proportions, and by his demeanor determined to sell his life at the highest possible figure. We approached as near as was prudent, when two simultaneous reports were instantly followed by the dropping of the head of the deer, the body falling heavily to the ground immediately.

To kill a deer his brain must first be killed; so long as his brain is intact he will run or crawl or show fight. A bullet through his heart is death, but not always instantaneous. Of course, he will bleed to death; but it is well established that a deer with a bullet hole through the heart has run a long distance before he dropped. Seeing the spin of the cord, whereby the hind quarters lose their life force, only paralyzed a portion of the animal, and he will do his best to drag himself away by his forelegs. And won't he "light out" on three legs! Try him, and see. To polish off a deer the shot must be a deadly one. None of your footy flesh cuts will do more than to put new vigor into his already overcharged nervous system and render your chase a stern one. A quick shot while stalking stands about the best chance to bring a deer to bay; for when running before does he has his mind fixed on the danger that is following, and will, if not too far away, throw his head high as he heels at the sudden yell of the hunter, thus exposing his most vital parts to aim. But the great secret about killing deer is to be cool as a cucumber, and if you miss your shot don't curse and cavort around like one wild with nonsense of the put-on-mad sort, but "pick the hole" and try it again." You will bag him—after awhile, and then you may carry your rifle as you please—muzzle front if you like.

Taking our deer across one of the horses we went to camp. On the way Mr. Adams had a return of bleeding from his

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA.—New Kent Co., Va., March 7.—From what I see and hear there is enough of the partridges surviving in this portion of the State to insure a crop the ensuing season. The coveys I have seen were large—an one case exceeding thirty. This is said to be a bad sign as arguing all of one sex. I don't know that there is any truth in this supposition. Nearer the mountains I fear the destruction has been greater, and in the valley I hear that birds are being bought in South Carolina for re-stocking. The Carolina birds are much smaller than ours, but it is to be hoped they will acquire larger proportions by the transplanting.

You are right in your feeling, we can not survive the name of partridge for quail or colin or any other however scientific or outlandish. The same as to pheasant. We know nothing of your ruffed grouse.

The terrible tenacity of winter has prevented any angling operations, and we are waiting impatiently for a few days of warm sun and soft breezes.

"HARO FARELA DOEBY"—Boston, Feb. 28.—I was greatly amused by an article in your last issue which described the final ejection of a swab from a rifle barrel by "heating the barrel some four hours till it was red hot in the fire and burning the imprisoned swab to a cinder." It reminded me of one of Le Fontaine's fables of "The Bear, the Man and the Fly," in which the playful, tame and loving Bear smashes in his master's skull with a huge stone to kill a fly upon his nose, which he, the bear, fears may trouble his master's slumbers. In the recital referred to above, it is stated that the operators tried to eject the swab by using an "iron rod" but were unsuccessful. Now, it seems to me, if you had repeatedly heated this red hot rod and inserted it into the rifle barrel they would have obtained the same results without doing any injury to the rifle. The *savoir faire* of some of our hunters is wonderful.—FURN.

ANDRON GUN CLUB.—The semi-annual election of officers of the Andron Gun Club took place last evening at their club room, 1236 Broadway, Brooklyn. Robt. T. Sabine was elected President; C. W. Field, Vice-President; James Heming, Secretary, and C. W. Twing, Treasurer. The club elected as members of the Executive Committee: L. B. Post and J. S. Schenck. They will hold their next contest for the club badge, this Saturday. This association has only been in existence since last September and now has a membership of twenty and bids fair before the next election to double its present number. Its finances are on the credit side of the account, and the club is in a very happy state of affairs generally.

Brooklyn, E. D., March 8, 1881.

AR GUNS are a *sine qua non* in a cat infested city. Unfortunately the use of the air gun is for the most part confined to the shooting gallery when it should be used in the back yard to bring Grimalkin down from his discordant perch on the garden fence. If there were half a dozen of Mr. H. M. Quackenbush's air guns to every block in New York the cat problem would be solved without Mr. Berg's proposed honor for vagrant, aged and overgrown hunters. If Mr. Quackenbush's notice elsewhere shall be the means of decreasing the feline population of the world that gentleman should be rewarded as a public benefactor.

POACHERS PUNISHED.—Williamsport, Pa., March 5.—I send you by this mail one of our local papers with a marked article referring to the arrest by the Lyeonung Sportsmen's Club of three individuals for killing a deer out of season. One of the parties arrested and named in the notice is a poacher, one who has, perhaps, done more to exterminate the deer, especially in this vicinity than any other ten men combined; let us hope the lesson given him by our club will have the desired effect, for if he is again caught tripping he will fare worse than on this occasion.—LYCOMING.

DEER IN MICHIGAN.—Escanaba.—I frequently receive letters from sportsmen asking about the deer supply. Parties out there, it seems, think we are killing so many deer here that it must affect the shooting. We have very fine deer hunting. There is a large range north and east of us that is not hunted. I think (average seasons) there is as many deer wanted as killed. Deer are not as plentiful in some localities as they were a few years ago, and some people think they are decreasing rapidly; but the fact is, they are wintering further north and east as the timber is cut away. This will be a hard winter for deer—deep snow and more wolves than we have had for years. People understand there is no bounty on wolves, consequently do not hunt them.—R.

DUCKING ON THE NIAGARA RIVER.—Lord George G. Campbell, brother of his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Lady Campbell, accompanied by Mr. D. Isaacs, of the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, left on Monday evening via Canada Southern Railway for Niagara to enjoy a couple of days' duck shooting. Lady Campbell always, as far as possible, accompanies her husband on his shooting expeditions, as she is fond of the sport. Just now the duck are very plentiful on the Niagara River, and yesterday the gentlemen bagged ninety-three.

FLORIDA QUAIL.—Tallahassee, Fla., Feb. 24.—Although we have experienced the most severe winter known here for twenty years not a quail has been frozen, so far as I can learn, and the prospects for next fall are bright as ever. An average shot with a good dog can bag forty to fifty birds in a day's shooting. The shooting at this time of the year is especially good as the fields are being plowed and the birds are taking to the hedges, and with a good dog one can have fine sport. The only trouble here we have is that the negroes trap the quail in such large numbers.—DIXIE.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Keshoh, March, 7.—Squipe have already made their appearance on the marshes about the city; quite a number have been bagged, but from some cause or other they are very thin. The cold winter has been disastrous to quail in many parts of the State, hundreds of them being reported frozen. Venison in large quantities has been in our market, though ducks and wild turkeys have been very scarce.—J. D. H.

WILD PIGEONS IN TEXAS.—Last week two hunters, Arch. Murphy and W. G. Scott, went to a pigeon roost in Wood County, N. E. Texas, and in less than eight hours hunting they killed and brought into camp one thousand and fifteen pigeons. They are also reported roosting by the million in the vicinity of Lime Stone Gap across Red River in the Indian Territory.—H. W. M.

QUAIL FOR NEW JERSEY.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The West Jersey Game Association is making efforts to secure one thousand quail from North Carolina to liberate in the five lower counties of the State. It is doubtful now that so many birds can be obtained; two hundred and fifty pair, however, I believe have been assured the society. This association is ever foremost in active work for the protection and preservation of game, and many of its most prominent members are residents of Philadelphia, in fact, it seems that our city furnishes the backbone of the society.—HOMO.

A GAMM DEPLETED COUNTRY.—Tidoute, Pa.—Warren County is one of the "played out" resorts. Formerly we had grand deer hunting ground, but now sawmills are being introduced all through the big woods, and those mills are manufactory (for the most part) with lawless and soulless murderers, who kill everything in season and out of season, until now the best hunters will not average one deer per week with constant hunting; whereas, ten years ago seven to ten would fall before one gun in the same time.—E. A. B.

MISSOURI, Parkville, Platte Co., March 10.—A friend and self have just returned from a hunting tour among the lakes in this vicinity. Ducks and geese are plentiful but hard to get at. Squirrels are scarce; a few can be found on the bluffs. Rabbits are quite numerous and afford good sport. Ruffed grouse and quail are rarely seen here; they are not protected, and hence are almost exterminated.—FIMBRIA.

WOODCOCK CO. VA.—March 12.—There are plenty of geese in the marsh ponds and the black ducks are beginning to return. The quail have fared badly, not being used to such cold and snows. Found a dead night partridge (woodcock) several days ago.

WORTHINGTON, IND.—March 8.—The quail have been almost destroyed. It will be many years before birds are plenty again; where two years ago there were hundreds, one cannot be found. The prairies are wet, but we expect snipe shooting later on.

LOAN, HOOKING CO., O.—March 12.—Last winter was a "corker" on the quail. Many beavies have been found in the bottoms frozen to death.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The sportsmen of Springfield, Mass., and vicinity have captured over one hundred foxes this season, and the end is not yet.

PENNSYLVANIA—Philadelphia, March 12.—Two or three snipe were killed on the meadows bordering Darby Creek near Philadelphia, last week. In some places, however, the marshes had not entirely thawed out. To-day many redheads reached Philadelphia per rail from Havre de Grace and shooting there is reported very good. Our river ducks being shipped by gunners to the city are in very poor condition yet, the ice on the flats this winter having carried off and destroyed the usual vegetable matter which supplies them with food.

NEWPORT.—R. I., March 5.—John H. Chase, a fine rifle shot of Portsmouth, was out shooting last week. As he fired at a muskrat in the water another stuck his head out of water in range and he killed them both. He says he never heard of the like being done before with a rifle ball.—SHOOTER.

NEW JERSEY—Hightstown, March 12.—Woodcock were heard here on the first of the month.—P.

N. Y. S. ASSOCIATION.

THE committee on literature are getting up an elaborate programme of between one and two hundred pages to be bound in boards and printed on a delicate, cream-laid, tinted paper. For the title cover a design by the artist of the name of the artist in the country under the supervision of Mr. S. S. Conant, of Harper & Bros. In this book a complete history of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be printed. It is also desired to obtain the names of prize winners at the trap, and any one who can give any information, either in regard to ascension to the history of the Association prior to 1865, is respectfully asked to correspond with Mr. Abel Crook, tennet building, New York. As there is no authentic record, the Committee would like to have complete as possible, so as to make the programme a book of reference, and the earlier any information is furnished the better, as it will involve considerable labor in the compilation of it. The committee propose to take a limited number of certificates of appreciation, and to send each a page to help defray the expense of getting up the programme. Donors of prizes will be allowed an advertisement free, provided they will furnish a suitable cut for the same.

Prizes are being received very rapidly; orders for about forty having been received and placed on file, the aggregate value of which is four thousand dollars. Among others which we are authorized to announce are the following:

The Brooklyn Furniture Company are manufacturing a parlor suit of ten pieces of furniture covered with satin damask and elegantly carved, and valued at one thousand dollars, the damask alone costing two hundred and seventy-five dollars. It is intended that the price shall be \$1,000.00, and is the largest prize ever offered at a State tournament.

The Leo Roy Shot and Lead Manufacturing Company have donated a bronze, representing an American hunter on horseback shooting a lion. The design is by the artist of the name of the artist in the country under the supervision of Mr. S. S. Conant, of Harper & Bros. In this book a complete history of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be printed. It is also desired to obtain the names of prize winners at the trap, and any one who can give any information, either in regard to ascension to the history of the Association prior to 1865, is respectfully asked to correspond with Mr. Abel Crook, tennet building, New York. As there is no authentic record, the Committee would like to have complete as possible, so as to make the programme a book of reference, and the earlier any information is furnished the better, as it will involve considerable labor in the compilation of it. The committee propose to take a limited number of certificates of appreciation, and to send each a page to help defray the expense of getting up the programme. Donors of prizes will be allowed an advertisement free, provided they will furnish a suitable cut for the same.

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Place, Brooklyn. This company has prepared the most attractive show window that could be found either in New York or Brooklyn. It is entirely of plate glass, with a frontage of thirty feet and a depth of sixteen feet. It is to be carpeted in Wilton and arranged in parlor form, lighted by a chandelier of many lights. Pier glasses will be placed at each end and artificial windows with Madras hangings, loaned especially for this occasion, valued at eight hundred dollars a pair. Within this space will be the suit of furniture donated by them, which will be placed and all the other prizes displayed in such order and upon such arrangement as will please the eye and prove most advantageous. In May a formal opening will be had, to which will be invited in parlor form, lighted by a chandelier of many lights. The number of complimentary tickets for the collection will be furnished. Those who are contemplating donating prizes should decide without delay, as it is estimated that the preparation of the book that is to contain the programme will require a month or more, and that in justice to the donors the book should be distributed as early as possible. We are informed that about one thousand dollars in cash has been presented to the prize Committee to use as they see fit. The bird problem appears in a fair way, a solution several responsible parties having solicited the contract. The number of birds required is estimated at twenty-five thousand, and any bids for the contract should be forwarded at once to Mr. Crook, who will place them before the Committee on Birds.

LONG ISLAND GUN CLUBS.

Wednesday evening, March 9, the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its meeting at the club rooms, No. 451 Flatbush avenue, President W. L. B. Stears in the chair and Secretary Geo. J. Ayres recording. There was a large attendance of members. Mr. C. W. Wingert, who had been appointed to procure a new club membership club badge, produced an elegantly designed gold badge and reported that it was ready for presentation to the member who had been successful at the last meeting. The conditions under which the badge is to be won are that the member who wins it six times at the twelve monthly competitions is to have it as his personal property at the conclusion of the year.

Mr. Stears, in his annual address, presented the report of the club for the year, which was a success. The club took place last month, killed seven birds straight.

Mr. Abston responded, and was congratulated by his fellow members on his success.

A case of stuffed birds was presented by Mr. J. Batty to be shot for on the 16th inst.

Mr. C. W. Wingert presented a handsome gold pin to be shot for in May. Mr. Robert Furey presented a ten dollar gold piece to be shot for in May. The thanks of the club were tendered the donors.

The following new members were elected: Daniel W. Northrup, Wallace W. Sennels, J. C. Gleason, Harry DeGrupe, T. Sidelmont, Harry Brown, James O'Connor, Harry Heston, J. D. Stears, G. C. Marsten, Benjamin Baker, B. G. Thier, William Booth and George Kimmel. The names of thirteen applicants for membership were received. The Secretary reported the number of members to be 145, which, considering that the club only started November 11 last, is a good showing.

After the formal adjournment a fine collection and entertainment, consisting of singing, etc., concluded the evening's proceedings.

The Long Island Shooting Club has filed its annual report in the County Clerk's office. The membership of the club for the year was 161, and the expenditures \$2714, leaving a balance of \$151.23. The total amount of club assets are \$1,846.33.

INFORMATION WANTED.

HISTORICAL QUERY.—W. M. H., 712 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., would be glad to hear from some one who can tell him accurately in what organization the Confederate Army the lance was used. (This weapon is about nine feet long, the Confederate States flag being attached to the staff near the steel spear-point. The pike for infantry of various shapes was usually heavier and longer, as to its point, than the lance. Were many of the pikes used?) This correspondent was a soldier when he was a lover of historic things. He has two great boxes of these lances. The boxes were addressed to "Capt. Getty, Lynchburgh, Va." He would like to learn who this officer was and exactly where these curious weapons were abandoned or captured. A letter or postal addressed as above would reach the historical student afforeaid.

MINNESOTA SHOOTING.—C. E. W., Troy, N. Y., asks (1) where he can find best deer hunting within 150 miles of St. Paul, Minn.; wants board, preferably with some one who understands sport. (2) Resort for deer, ducks and geese in Otter Tail County, Minn.; with board. (3) Sporting centre, with board, on line of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad.

BEAUFORT.—"Subscriber" asks: (1) What is the range of the thermometer at Beaufort, N. C., in winter and summer? (2) Is the climate healthy, or subject to malaria and fever and ague? (3) Is wild fowl and general shooting good in its vicinity?

A READER of Pittsburgh desires to know the nearest point to Pittsburgh, Pa., where live quail for breeding purposes can be purchased.

THE WICKESHEIMER FOWL.

WILL the "Fish Editor" of *FOREST AND STREAM* please advise me as to best manner of preserving best skins. Concerning they have been "pegged out" and cleaned of most of the flesh and fat, and are ready to be put in alcohol. I have many of them, and use common salt, but am told that will always attract moisture. Have also used alum and salt. I have an objection to using arsenical soap or any of the salts of arsenic. I have supposed on reading your article that the best way would be to use a good preparation, but that would be a very bulky article to take into the mountains in a pack outfit. At any rate I should like to get your advice as to the best method, preferring, of course, if in a solid form, that may be carried in the pocket. I have a number of large grizzlies in these mountains last season, and I fear the fur will slip for want of proper treatment, and don't wish to be unprepared the next trip.

The "Wickesheimer Fowl" formula of which was given in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. 4, 1880, has been misunderstood by many correspondents. We do not consider it of the slightest value for preserving birds, as objects preserved by it remain flexible. It is of great value in making skeletons which are held together by natural ligaments, for preserving insects, spiders, crustaceans and perhaps fishes for museums. It may be of use to the taxidermist in case of skins, but we know nothing of its use in this manner. The skin would remain flexible, and the molts would probably avoid it, but whether it would retain the hair of the skin we cannot say. There has been a great demand for copies of the paper which contained the recipe, but we have no reports from those who have used it in this country. In a week or two we will give our readers a full and complete recipe for preserving fluid, which, like the one from Germany.

A mixture of one-third (by measure) alum to two-thirds salt is used and recommended by taxidermists for preserving the skins of mammals.]

BERKELEY, MONTANA.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Roxa reticulatus*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Roxa lucius*.
Pike-perch, (spotted pike)
Sitostichum americanum, S.
Gizzard, etc.
Striped Bass, *Roxa fluminea*.
Striped Bass, *Roxa tenebrosa*.
SALT WATER.

White Bass, *Roxa erythroga*.
Rock Bass, *Anodiplois*. (Two species.)
Wal-mouth, *Chromoxytrichus gulosus*.
Crappie, *Pomoxis nigromaculatus*.
Bacheler, *Pomoxis annularis*.
Chubb, *Modiolus coroleus*.
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*.
Follock, *Poliachinus carbonarius*.

A SUMMER FISHING TRIP.

ARE you an angler, reader? If you are not I assure you there are some of the real pleasures of life which you have failed to discover. I fancy I see those of my friends who practice the craft seated before warm fires in some cozy library, during these cold evenings, with their materials, pleasant reminiscences of past sport, scattered around in confusion.

And while they assort and reassort their gaudy flies, hooks and tackle, they are busily thinking over the past season, and planning for the future, meanwhile I will endeavor as a brother angler to interest you for a time with an account of a trip which I had the fortune to make.

The heat in the city had become intolerable, and the feelings which my friend Jack and myself experienced when we found ourselves spinning away were far from unpleasant. Where we were to go was unsettled, plan we had not, and so after drifting around fashionable watering places, idling away our time in dancing and making imaginary love on one day, and on the next, interviewing ancient maidens and petrified sawtooths at the railway stations, tired and weary at last, one quiet Sunday morning we tumbled into that quaint, old-fashioned town of Quebec. The fact was, we were dying of ennui and longing here at this interesting old spot many times before, of course Montmorency Falls, French cathedrals and drives had lost all charms. In this frame of mind we sauntered along the promenade of Dufferin Terrace.

Jack threw himself into a seat, and while he puffed out huge volumes of smoke, commenced to dream of the pretty girl who had played to the guitar during the voyage down the stream, leading huge rocks high into the air by a slender rescue and marriage. I lounged over the railings—hundreds of feet below the street, with the busy people hurrying to and fro, then the shouting stevedores on the wharves, and beyond lay the swift running river, glittering in the morning sunlight, with its ships riding at anchor, and innumerable little boats darting hither and thither. A pleasant picture, yet withal so soft that I gradually lapsed into some pleasant day dream, leading huge rocks high into the air by a slender spider's thread. A hand was laid on my shoulder, turning quickly, before me stood an old friend and as true a disciple of the Waltonian school "as ever threw a fly." He had heard that we were in town, he said, and proposed to send us away on a fishing trip immediately. "Capital!" we shouted, and of course soon were in possession of all necessary knowledge.

In the gray light of the following morning two little fishing boats might have been seen hastily descending the steep strait which led to the wharf of the Saguenay steamers. We are in time and hasten aboard. The morning is still young, and the old city has not yet thrown off its garb of sleep. One faint star twinkled in the hazy sky, the rumble of some early moving wagon and the roar of escaping steam alone break the stillness of the hour. A few discordant sentences of Canadian jargon, a shrill whistle, a splash and rumble, and we are off. The wheels turn slowly round, dense masses of black smoke pour from out the funnel, and the steamer swings out into the rapidly running river.

Soon feeling the current she lazily begins to float down that grand river, the St. Lawrence. Swiftly we pass the many yards of rafts which line the banks, fainter and fainter appear the hills, one by one the last light still burning fade out, a splash and rattle, and we are in the open sea, the sun above, mist which is hanging over all. The Isle of Orleans is reached, and as we pass the lower end the sun bursts on the picture. We had gazed upon the beauties of the river to our heart's content, watched an energetic man waste time and ammunition in scaring porpoises miles away, and finally settled down to our novels, the usual solace of such trips. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached one of those old wood built in early times, and of which so few remain untouched by modern hands.

The beauty of the scene was striking. Before us appeared an ideal representation of one of those antique and lovely Acadia towns so admirably described by Longfellow:

"There in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadia village;
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such like the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries."

A long, clean pier of white stone led to the houses. There nestling among the green trees, with here and there a sprinkling of red and gold, with the misty blue hills for a background, lay the town that quiet summer day. From among the houses with the blue smoke here and there curling slowly upward, came occasionally the shrill bark of a dog, the crowing of a cock, or the gentle cooing of a dove, while the busy tone of the loom appearing with the purr of a mill, proclaimed the near approach of evening. A shrill whistle jared upon our pleased fancy and brings our thoughts reluctantly back to the scene around us.

The planks are drawn in, and once more off we are hastening on our journey.

The Saguenay River is soon reached and we begin to ascend. The boat assumes an oblique line, it appeared when late at night we reached the place at which we were to fish and prepared to leave the steamer.

We hastily jump into our canoe, the steamer slows and stops. "Cast off," some one shouts, and as the rope comes whistling toward us we cannot help thinking that the last tie which holds us to the civilized world has been broken loose.

Instantly we fall astern and away goes the steamer sending up showers of fiery sparks and casting a red glow on the adjacent mountains. The dull patter, patter of the paddle wheels, and the roar of the trembling furnaces at last bid us farewell as the red light of the steamer disappears around a projecting bluff. The only sound which breaks the stillness of the hour is the musical ripple of the waves upon the rocky shores. The moon comes out from behind a dark cloud and lends a glittering sheen to the rippling surface of the ink

water; the barren mountains tower above in majestic grandeur, while at their massive bases long, dark, mysterious shadows fit with ever varying outline. Gradually other sounds are to be heard, "the cool boat?" of some solitary owl, and the blowing of a porpoise far away. Stretching out before us was the land kissing with its green and velvet carpet the inkly river, and losing itself in the misty blue background.

A faint light glitters among the trees and toward it our canoe rapidly shoots.

The sun is shining brightly in the morning as we step into canoe, while at the same time the misty shores awaiting our departure. Dip, dip, dip, and away we go up the dancing waters, up past rods of pine and cedar, past falls and rapids, past pools, where gaily playing trout show their glittering sides, until we reach our fishing grounds. Seldom does one meet with such beauty and grandeur as are possessed by this stream.

Mountains, some of solid rock devoid of all living things, others in soft foliage, stretch far, far away, while the babbling brook, seeming to sing Tennyson's song—

"I come from haunts of coot and tern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the ferns,
To bicker down a glen."

Wickets sparkling and dancing through the misty hills. As we advanced up the river how soft the scene! The canoe advancing silently or cutting the rapid water with a merry gurgling noise, the trout and salmon jumping and showing their glistening sides and the plaintive note of some sweet songster manifest that peaceful and quiet happiness which is Nature's greatest charm.

And now we determine to commence work in good earnest. And so with that intent I assort my flies, joint my rod and adjust my line for the encounter. For this pool I will use my favorite cast—No. 1, a fairy; 2, claret; 3, ginger hackle. You all know the favorite spot at a glance, and in it recognize the home of the wily trout. The river, rushing round a mossy point, broadens into deep and placid water, on whose cool bosom the lowest branches of the drooping trees ever so lightly dip, and in the banks, approaching near to one another at its lower end, cause the water to dash precipitately away.

You have caught the fly trout, my readers, and you know well the method. Cautiously approaching and pushing the alders aside, with ever so gentle a noise, the flies light on the water. For a moment, silence; then, as you draw them toward the bank, a rush comes, a splash; with rapid darting the tarus and trout, and the fisher, but at last he is yours. "Ah! not such a large one as I thought," I hear you exclaim. But there are many more no larger than he with whom you deal,

"Some lightly fasting to the grassy bank, and to the stinging shore slow dragging some."

"But should you lure
From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots
Of pondweed trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art."
Long time he, cautious following, scans the fly,
And oft utters to some fish, as if
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, with happy oar, he strikes the death,
And, with a splash, the trout is gone.
With silent pluck, at once he darts along,
Step-struck, and returns, with shining line;
Then seeks the farthest oze, the shivering weed,
Then the covered river, his old secure abode.
With yielding
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you may retiring, following now
Across the water, and the trout is gone.
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his late abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize."

But much as one enjoys the pleasure of angling, how indispensable is the following meal. Who does not remember that enjoyable day when he caught and ate his first trout? The soft winds from the waters playing round; the odors of the flowers, and the general surrounding of the place, all go to make the effect lasting in your mind.

It afforded me a great deal of amusement to suddenly come on Jack one morning as he was fishing, and I soon discovered the secret of his catch of large fish. Having caught on all the smaller trout he still lingered, maintaining that there was always one or two large ones which he must have, and so I watched as he labored to secure them. First he tried the hackles, going through them all; then an ibis, and a claret and a fairy, a coachman, an alder, a gray drake, and finally with a huge white miller, and he has him.

We had fishing on the river for five miles, making some large hauls, and we pined for a change.

One afternoon a half-breed made his appearance, and from him we were always on two large ones which he must have, and so I watched as he labored to secure them. First he tried the hackles, going through them all; then an ibis, and a claret and a fairy, a coachman, an alder, a gray drake, and finally with a huge white miller, and he has him.

Assiduous Jack explored every conceivable nook, whipping diligently the while, but with no success. I was also unfortunate. About to give up in despair I made a chance cast toward an old log when—goodness gracious—the water fairly seethed with trout. Jack soon steamed up, and together we made that nasty muddy little hole yield sixty-four pounds of fine trout in almost an incredible time. Where they ever came from, as the natives say, "I do not say so." But our tackle got into a bad way, and we were obliged to stop. Let me here advise all my friends who may read this article either to take a good fair supply, or else master the art and take materials for making their flies. I mention this latter since I am myself a maker of flies, but on this occasion foolishly left materials behind. There yet remained only a few days, and this we devoted to salmon fishing. One can never forget the first salmon we caught.

The boat was always on two large ones which he must have, and so I watched as he labored to secure them. First he tried the hackles, going through them all; then an ibis, and a claret and a fairy, a coachman, an alder, a gray drake, and finally with a huge white miller, and he has him.

Noble fellow! he has striven hard to be free. Slowly reel him in, and in an instant the cruel gaff is in his side. He lies on the bank half dead, a fifteen-pounder, and my first!

Dear reader, there are many pleasures awaiting you if you

will but stretch forth your hand. If you have never been one of the angling brotherhood I would that I could lure you away from hot and crowded watering places, from intoxication and insomnia to pure recreation, that you could breathe the air perfumed with the fragrance of smiling woods and flowers, feel the cool breeze loaded with odors of pine and balsam, taste the icy waters of the spring stealing from its cover of mosses, partake of refreshing sleep and food, and live, ay live, as only those do who live under the tent of nature. But such pleasures cannot always last, and we must sadly pack up and return. We presented our men with many pounds of fish for their winter use, right glad to get in exchange for our men's health and our own bodies. We embarked and resolutely turn our backs upon the spot. As each stroke of the paddle brought us nearer the noise and bustle of civilization and left behind us the sweet flowers and the bright birds we could not help feeling much of the same spirit which prompted old Isaac Walton to write so aptly,

"I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should sojourn me;
To whose luxuriant banks I rise,
I, with my angle, would rejoice."

There are many attractions offered to weary business men for summer enjoyment, but if you really want sport please remember how "I went a fishing," and do likewise.

C. THORNTON.

BOBBING FOR EELS

BY COSMOPOLITAN.

BRETHREN of the rod, turn not up your nasal protuberances in contempt for this homely sport, for when fired of fishing in the legitimate manner, much amusement may be had in the long summer evenings by bobbing for the slimy creature mentioned. One pleasant summer—ah, what pleasant memories hover round the words—the two colonels and myself had fished for striped bass at one weakfish and caught so many that the caterer of the mess wrote that no more fishes should be brought to the house; and, looking for fresh fields and pastures new, old Bris suggested, "Why not bob for eels; the work of the day will be over; we can take the Black Maria, with Hunter and I, have a good snore and retire comfortably in the shape of cigars and lemonade," lie back in the boat, take it easy and get lots of fun?" "Agreed," said Van, and Pills, nothing loth, also assented. Fortunately, in our bag of sand in which we preserved our salt water worms (*Nereis*), a goodly number still remained of the vermicular beauties and we set to work to make the bobs—for it should be mentioned that without bobs, bobbing would be a failure. Thread may be used, but silk or worsted is better, and this is the process: A piece of ligature silk, four feet long, doubled, is threaded through a large, long needle; the worm is transversed—end for end, as the sailors say—and is pushed to the end of the silk, another and another, until the entire length appears like a gigantic worm; both ends are fastened with knots, the string doubled and doubled in itself and tied in the middle, leaving on each side a bunch of wormy flesh the size of a child's arm. These are the bobs, and very different they look; and if made of the salt water worms are much better than the ordinary angle worm kind. Hunter was directed to have the boat in readiness at 8 P. M., and at that hour we started, Van and I in the stern, Bris in the bow and Hunter in the middle. The boat was anchored about twenty feet from the sea-wall of the fort (Wood) in five feet of water; we light our cigars, arrange our bundles of worms, tie the sinker to the line, fasten them to the two upper joints of our rods and cast our boards. Hunter, an old "shell back,"—a soldier in name because of his enlistment, but a sailor all over—disclaiming such trifling, looks as contentedly as he darts at the eager satisfaction depicted on his commanding officer's face as he feels the first tumbler.

Hoop-la! Out came Bris' line and on the bob a little eel not much bigger than one of the worms he had tried to devour. A slight snigger from Van who, these are the bobs, and very different they look; and if made of the salt water worms are much better than the ordinary angle worm kind. Hunter was directed to have the boat in readiness at 8 P. M., and at that hour we started, Van and I in the stern, Bris in the bow and Hunter in the middle. The boat was anchored about twenty feet from the sea-wall of the fort (Wood) in five feet of water; we light our cigars, arrange our bundles of worms, tie the sinker to the line, fasten them to the two upper joints of our rods and cast our boards. Hunter, an old "shell back,"—a soldier in name because of his enlistment, but a sailor all over—disclaiming such trifling, looks as contentedly as he darts at the eager satisfaction depicted on his commanding officer's face as he feels the first tumbler.

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orders? No? Well, I will tell you; and let the story of this old veteran be a lesson to you. It was during the battle of Molins del Rey, and General Taylor, seeing a certain part of the line exposed, ordered a charge, but he was not expected, and an aide for young captain of artillery, who quickly approached his chief, received the following order: 'Captain Burke, take your battery to the field over the hill to the right. Keep the enemy in check and remain there until I rescue you.' The artillery man touched his cap, entered off, had his battery limbered up and off at a gallop. The day was won and sunset saw the complete dismounting of the Mexican batteries. But the aid was not there, and the aide and many survivors were made as his fate. The next day passed and nothing was heard of him, and General Taylor was heard to say that he could not understand what had become of him. An officer near by remarked that perhaps no order had been sent him to abandon his position. 'By Jove, sure enough!' One of your fellows ride out and see if he is still there and if so, order him in. Sure enough, there he was; and would he had been this day if he had not received a command to retire. 'Talk about Casabianca! bah—Lord! what an eel!' and in came another one.

We fished until nothing was left of the eels, and at 1 p. m. returned to the fort, our boat certainly one-third full of eels—a loathsome, squirming, slimy mass, enough to sicken one; but the colonel was delighted, for said he, 'We will save a whole day's rations and feed the men on them, they won't be lost.' We stopped at the sutler's to refresh the inner man and while sitting over our beer and cigars the colonel told the following story, which, although it may have been in print before, is well worth repeating. It is apropos of the eel:

'A wagon drove up to the cottage door and a quiet, gentlemanly visitor descended who knocked and was admitted by the good woman of the house. 'Widow Jones,' said he. 'No widow,' said she. 'Mrs. Jones,' said he. 'Widow Jones,' said she. 'The eels are outside—two barrels of them.' 'Where did they come from?' said she. 'Out of the old man—fell in the creek—drowned.' 'Good Lord!' said she, 'bring the critters into the kitchen.' 'All right,' said he; 'what shall I do with the defunk?' 'Wall, I kinder guess the best thing to do would be to take him back and set him again,' and she went a big tear from her eye.

After this to bed and dream all night of eel bobbing and tussles with enormous monsters.

For the benefit of our friends living in the vicinity of New York it may be remarked that the locality where we fished is off the sea-wall at Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, New York harbor.

TRIP TO MADAWASKA LAKE AND ITS SOURCES.

LEAVING the comfortable and thriving village of Fraserville, Me., at 2:15 p. m. on a bright day in August in the mail conveyance, under the care of my esteemed friend, John Turner, a veritable sportsman, we soon found the aroma of birch in the air after a recent shower of rain, and the roads being in splendid condition, we got our first glimpse of the eight miles an hour; and after changing horses at St. Louis, du Ha Ha, and satisfying the cravings of the inner man, we continued our journey through mountain gorges and thick forests, glorious to behold, we arrived at Lake Madawaska at 12:45 p. m., having made our journey of eighty-one miles in eleven hours, including stoppages.

Lake Madawaska was a beautiful lake, basking in the moonlight, and to me it seemed like a little sea, the shores opposite being almost too distant to see, it was forty-one miles long.

However, to bed we got, and enjoyed a good night's rest from our hospitable host, Clem. Barbee, and a trout breakfast in the morning, and 6 a. m. saw me, as my friend Turner took a different route after bear, with two guides engaged, and canoe, tent, blankets and all the necessary camp fixtures, including a splendid outfit and twenty rods of ammunition. I got the use of my friend, Col. Theriault, who lives on the river Madawaska and owns a farm, of three miles along the edge of the lake, and one and a half miles deep, and is a thorough Nimrod. All being in readiness we started at 7 a. m., and by 12 o'clock dinner just five miles up the river which is, up to this point, a succession of rapids and falls, and the water being low we had to do some immense dragging with our two guides, and after a long and arduous trip a hole in her. Well, we refreshed our dinner of trout which I caught while the guides were preparing for dinner, and soon after continued our journey. Having got over the worst part of the river the task was now a pleasant one, using the paddles all the time. The river here widens into a lake of about five miles long and half a mile broad at the widest part, with a few small creeks and rapids. We went at 10 a. m. and saw immense flocks of young ones male to fly, but which got through the water at a terrific gait; also lots of what the guides told me were fish eagles. I shot one which passed close by the canoe, and he measured from tip to tip of wing five feet four inches, of a darkish brown color and a beautiful crested head, and immense talons. I preserved the wings alone. After passing through three miles of river, the water was very low, and we entered the second lake, forested with cedar, maple and birch, we entered the second lake, seven miles long and about one mile broad, slightly timbered with cedar; and leaving it we again had the river before us for five miles more, and 7 p. m. saw us in camp at La Fourche, the head of the main branch of Madawaska River and twenty-five miles from Lake Madawaska. We had quite a time during the night, and after going up for a piece of wood at the lake, which came round the camp, and set on fire. The guides managed to bag two of them, and they made a very palatable breakfast.

Here at La Fourche the river has three different branches, one of about four miles and another three miles long, both being fed by smaller streams; the third branch fourteen miles long, fed by 'Eagle Lake,' a great beaver district. We went at 10 a. m. and saw immense flocks of young ones male to fly, but which got through the water at a terrific gait; also lots of what the guides told me were fish eagles. I shot one which passed close by the canoe, and he measured from tip to tip of wing five feet four inches, of a darkish brown color and a beautiful crested head, and immense talons. I preserved the wings alone. After passing through three miles of river, the water was very low, and we entered the second lake, forested with cedar, maple and birch, we entered the second lake, seven miles long and about one mile broad, slightly timbered with cedar; and leaving it we again had the river before us for five miles more, and 7 p. m. saw us in camp at La Fourche, the head of the main branch of Madawaska River and twenty-five miles from Lake Madawaska. We had quite a time during the night, and after going up for a piece of wood at the lake, which came round the camp, and set on fire. The guides managed to bag two of them, and they made a very palatable breakfast.

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During all our passage up the trout fishing was very poor, the best being but one pound in weight. We were now reconspiring for coming so far, as the trout in the water were only about four feet deep and clear as crystal, and in the bottom we could see the trout in swarms, some 'long as a fishing pole,' one guide said.

I got my rod ready and tried them with a Jock Scott, but no use. Tried nearly every colored fly imaginable, but no success; the guides in the meantime having fixed camp and rigged their rods, which were out of the surrounding bush, of about four feet long, with a good strong hook and a piece

of pork for bait, and if they were not landing some of the finest trout I ever saw it was a caution. I then got them to use a rod, as here you must fish in the holes among the logs, and a long, thin rod is useless. So, being rigged, I commenced, and it would take all of ten minutes to get a fish. We caught sixteen dozen, averaging 2 1/2 lbs. each, and then started the slaughter as I was afraid we would not manage to keep them from spoiling, having insufficient salt with us; but the guides fixed them, part sun dried and part salted. Next morning the sky had changed, wind westerly and continual clouds. Tried the fly with success, but as the canoe could not be used, we went ashore and used the long rod, and that in some places to the arm-pits, but had the pleasure of landing in three hours four dozen, some of them five pounds weight.

Having exhausted my vacation I thought it time to take the home road again, although it was my intention to go as far as Eagle Lake, but home I must go, and having the fish well packed in cedar branches we commenced our journey back.

While going down the river ahead of the guides, about one-half a mile wading and fishing, and not taking particular notice of my surrounding I nearly fell over a full-grown bear. I was walking across a strip of sand where the river took a short bend, and having leather moccasins on I made no noise whatever, and Mr. Bruin was lying down in the sand by the river's edge within twenty yards of me. I did not know what I had made the best time to get home, the bear or I, but my mind was 'Dexter-only' fast, and when I told the guides they immediately got the rifle (I carried no revolver) and started in pursuit, but Bruin had a good start and was not to be bagged that time. On examining the shore along could be seen foot-prints of both a large and a small one. One track I followed for fully one-half mile along the river in the sand, of evidently the same animal, his shadow in the water I know well. We never had any close acquaintance with them after that, but the same night a hunter shot one about a mile from our camp, and the skin measured ten feet.

Nothing of note happening on our journey except the bagging of an occasional hare, and we arrived at the colonel's who gave us a hearty welcome and a good send-off.

Arrived at Fraserville on Monday, and I went to see the 'catch,' and they were surprised to learn that I had upward of a four barrel full, and after sending around a few dozen among them I had a jolly fine supper from nine o'clock, Alex. Gilles, who invited all the boys, and they toasted me to my heart's content.

Home again and sorry for it, but if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM wish good fishing I can recommend Madawaska River.

SIMON FRASER.

Quebec, Sept. 15.

SUCKERS.

THE question of a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 in reference to sucker fishing and replied to in my answers her correspondence, remains the same. I must say I have had catching suckers with three-pointed hook. On most any railroad or wagon bridge where suckers much do congregate, especially in the West, one can look down when the water is clear and see the sucker or redhorse nosing along among the rocks, slowly working up stream. If the conditions are favorable one can see a fish stop at a stone or against a rock of a pier, for instance, and take in the moss and vegetable substance which are attached to the rocks. I put out a few little clouds when he has extracted the nutriment he was after.

I have had my sport with an ordinary bass line and reel with a grab-hook attached, and a bullet or bullets to keep it steady and guide it to the fish's nose. If not alarmed or on the *qui vive* against danger the sucker is rather stupid, you know, and not much account anyhow. It requires care and patience to direct the hook at the end of twenty or thirty feet of line, but it can be done, and there is lots of fun in it—when you have nothing else to do. Throw the hook in a few feet up stream, guide it skillfully down to the unsuspecting redhorse, and just as it reaches the bottom, under *Mossman's* nose, jerk! To use an expressive phrase, if the hook takes hold he'll do some of the liveliest thrashing about you ever saw in your life, and it will tax you somewhat to try to get him to land. I have several times furnished the greatest amusement to my children by taking them with me and spending an hour or so catching suckers. We had a colored attendant who was always glad to take our fish, knowing that we cared nothing for them. He had a way of dressing them and getting rid of a half million or so of bones that was novel. I was with his father's land, made incisions each side the backbone, and then, by a twist of the wrist, laid the head backward and pull the backbone out with a large proportion of all the numerous small bones adhering!

J. A. B.

WHERE AND WHEN DO BLUEFISH SPAWN?—Red Bank, N. J.—Under the above heading I wish to add my local experience for the last fifteen years. The bluefish arrive in our river about June 1 but have taken them as early as May 25. No earlier. They do not remain long in the river but a very short time but take the food and go up to Lawrence's Cove, nearly opposite Red Bank, this being about as far as they and the weakfish go up this river, the North Shrewsbury. I am under the impression that at this cove (Lawrence's) they do their spawning, as they remain here about two weeks when they leave for the lower part of the river in the vicinity of the next town. About the middle of July small schools of young bluefish are seen in Red Bank Bay and up by the railroad bridges. They are about one inch in length and are taken in the small seines in company with menhaden fry, but are smaller at this date.

About August 15 or 20 the same 'young snappers,' as we call them, become a nuisance to the bait fisherman. They remain with us all the season and are about the best to leave. The large fish, when they first enter the river weigh about one and a half pounds, with an occasional one about three-quarters of a pound. I have visited the beach from May 25, to October 15 during the runs of the large fish and I have never seen on the beach a smaller bluefish than four inches in length. So I presume from this they cannot claim the sea as their birth-place.

The young of this species of fish are of a very rapid growth. I have frequently taken them, while trolling for striped bass, four inches in length and this on a four-inch squid. Happy to hear the striped bass we sent to California were a success, and when they get plentiful I will go and help Commissioner Throckmorton to 'catch 'em.' Should this meet the eyes of that enthusiastic commissioner allow me to send him J. A. Throckmorton's and T. A. Throckmorton's best wishes.—G. H. WILD.

ON THE KISSIMMEE—Key West, Fla., Feb. 26.—We have just completed a successful trip from the head waters of the Kissimmee River to the Gulf Coast via Lake Okechobee and Caloosahatchee River. We used a twenty-foot boat, and made the entire trip without a portage. Our time from Okechobee to open water in the Caloosahatchee was about two days, with little or no wind and a moderate stage of water. So far as we can learn we are the first sporting party to make the trip without a portage.—Geo. O. ALLEN.

SMELTS IN FRESH WATER—Under the heading of 'Cultivated Smelts' the Boston Herald has the following: 'One of the curious articles in our fish market last week were the cultivated smelts from a fresh-water pond in Maine. They were taken from the river about a year before they were on our market, most of them weighing three-quarters of a pound each; 18 of them weighing 10 pounds. They were very handsome fish and very suggestive to the fish commissioners, showing what may be done in fresh water with a salt-water fish, being quite equal to what is done in Europe, and proposed to be done here with the carp. The smelts were found to be in spawn, and, in one of them at least, was found a small snail cuttle.

Our correspondent, Mr. G. H. Peters, of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, writes us on the subject of these same fish as follows: 'The smelts were caught through the ice while fishing for pickerel, and sent me by a friend to dispose of. I personally caught several last winter of equal size from same locality. "Laudlocked" would appear to be more descriptive than *cultivated*, as I am not aware that any care has ever been taken of the fish in question.'

THE WA WA YANDA FISHING CLUB.—At a meeting of this club, held at Gabe Case's, Jerome avenue, on Monday last, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Shepherd F. Knapp, President; James A. Fleack and Charles Banks, Vice-Presidents; William C. Conner, Treasurer, and Robert A. Van Wack, Secretary. After the election there was a dinner followed by speeches, songs and charming banquets. The club is at Fire Island, where there is a handsome club house. The club has over 700 members.

Fish Culture.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

IN the opinion of Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, the recent deep sea dredging expedition of the coast of Rhode Island, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, proved the most successful ever sent out by this or any other country. In three days more specimens were obtained than by any other expedition in as many months. Indeed, the English expedition on the Challenger, which was at work deep-sea dredging for five years continuously, did not accomplish more or get a larger collection.

The dredging was done from 75 to 115 miles south of Newport, in the region known on the charts as Block Island soundings, the depth of the water being from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile. The specially constructed steamer Fish Hawk, fitted up for the purpose, was under the command of Commander Peck, and the expedition was under the direct charge of Prof. Baird, of Washington. The ground was especially favorable. A peculiar beam trawl was used for scraping the bottom of the ocean. It was a net curve, or 'creeper,' made of galvanized iron, and was open by an oak beam fifteen feet long and six inches in diameter. The beam rested upon heavy iron runners, to keep the network bag about two feet off of the bottom. The lower side of the mouth of the net was formed by a creosote rope, attached with a variety of floats dragged along the bottom and scraped the shell fish, shells and what not into the net. Fish swimming at that depth were also scooped in, and once inside they were entangled in pockets that prevented their escape. The net was towed by a variety of floats along behind the steamer, making a swath half a mile long and twelve or fifteen feet wide. Then a powerful hoisting engine would be set to work and the trawl and its contents hoisted aboard the steamer. As many as 4,000 pounds weight of the water gear were hoisted. Two barrels of alcohol a day was used in preserving rare specimens. 'To put them in shape will be the work of weeks.' To thoroughly arrange and classify the thousands of specimens by the hundreds of men employed by the United States Fish Commission will be done by Prof. Verrill and his assistants.

Fifteen species of fish were caught heretofore unknown and undescribed, besides others known to Greenland and 300 new species of shells, many of them new to the United States. Shrimp and lobster-like crustaceans, some of them very handsome, and forty species of them entirely new. One hundred and fifty-five different kinds of shells, 115 of them not before known on the Atlantic coast, and 100 new species of mollusks were obtained. American waters, and thirty wholly unknown to scientists heretofore, were obtained. In addition, two new kinds of devil fish, one about a foot long; 200 specimens of a new and pretty squid, and 100 of another, were taken by the trawl. Thousands of specimens were netted, some of exceeding beauty. Quite a number of new species of corals were caught, some of them being brought up by the basket. Of ten coral species beautiful specimens were obtained. Hundreds of sea anemones, brilliantly colored, some of them measuring a foot across, delighted the eyes of men of science. One strange discovery was a worm inhabiting a small like a goose-quill. The quills were about a foot long, and soon after being taken out of the water grew in the mud at the bottom of the sea. The worms inside were paler colored, and when taken out of their strange tenacities glistened and presented a rather pretty appearance, so far as color was concerned. It was rather like a worm, and none of the scientific men ever heard of them before.

A discovery was made that the Hessian is plentiful throughout the coast. A Gloucester fisherman last winter landed a Hessian in the fish market. It was a small, round, shell, however, caught three feet with a perpendicular trawl line. On opening their stomachs he found therein some of the rare crustacea that abounded thereabout, and he knew it was their feeding ground. It is a fish called the Hessian, and is a small, round, shell, however, caught three feet with a perpendicular trawl line. On opening their stomachs he found therein some of the rare crustacea that abounded thereabout, and he knew it was their feeding ground. It is a fish called the Hessian, and is a small, round, shell, however, caught three feet with a perpendicular trawl line. On opening their stomachs he found therein some of the rare crustacea that abounded thereabout, and he knew it was their feeding ground. 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that ceased the thermometer until it was a shapeless mass, and so press the rope used to lower the instrument that it came up hardened and squeezed together until it resembled a bar of lead.

In the nine years the Fish Commission has been established, it has dredged in 2,000 loadings from a deep shoal an 1000 mules, between Long Island Sound and Halifax, and out as far as 200 miles; but never before did they have such good luck as last month on the Fish Hawk.—New York Sun.

DO "QUINATT" SALMON DIE AFTER SPAWNING?

CHARLES LESTER, Feb. 26, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I took much pleasure in reading in FOREST AND STREAM of February 3, Mr. Dinn's communication in regard to the quinnat in the Columbia River. I am a salmon fisherman, and I have been a choncha for as I believe, a man, and I am now a fisherman, and I was glad to see the letter because it opens up a subject concerning which I have been desirous for some time of presenting some testimony, which I took considerable pains to collect. It relates to the California salmon that go up the McCloud River in the summer to spawn. In publishing this testimony, I wish to remind your readers that it is given by Indians who, with their ancestors, have watched the salmon of the river in its run from the mouth of the river to the spawning grounds, and have lived the longest on the river, and also to call your readers' attention to the fact that their testimony is given in a decided, unbiassed and unequivocal manner.

Some of the witnesses are of the same name as the witnesses who know most about this subject, and also the only ones who know about it positively and at first hand. What can San Francisco gentlemen, like my respected friend Mr. Dinn, be expected to know personally about the habits of fish in a river that they never saw or never visited more than once or twice in their lives? and what is the weight of their testimony compared with that of those who have lived on the spot all, or a large portion of, their lives?

Some of these preliminary remarks I will bring forward my witnesses, merely adding that their testimony was given without any leading question on my part or anything to indicate to them in advance what was wanted of their information. The question I put to them was simply this: "What do you suppose becomes of the quinnat that go up the McCloud River in the summer to spawn?"

Their answers were as follows:

Testimony of Myron Green: Mr. Green has been the head fisherman at the mouth of the McCloud for over thirty years, and lived nearly the whole of that time on or near the river. He has been very observant of the habits and movements of the salmon, and understands them thoroughly. He has a genius for catching fish, and has never failed to catch a salmon in the McCloud. Mr. Green answered: "I am certain that all the salmon die that go up the river in the summer to spawn. There is no doubt about it. They cannot possibly get back to the sea in the condition they are in after they have spawned. So far from getting back to the ocean, they do not get light. They could live a single day in the intervening warm water of the Main Sacramento."

Testimony of James A. Richardson: Mr. Richardson is a New England man who has held responsible positions at the United States Fishery on the McCloud for the past four years, and has also been in the employ of the State Fish Commission for several years. Mr. Richardson answered: "There is no doubt that the summer spawning salmon die. None are seen going back, and many immense numbers of dead and dying salmon are seen in the river and on the banks."

Testimony of Mr. Augustus Lezhinsky: Mr. Lezhinsky has spent seasons on the McCloud fishing for salmon with a seine and working at the McCloud Falls.

Mr. Augustus Lezhinsky answered that "he had no doubt that ninety-nine per cent. of the spawning salmon die. He admitted that one in a hundred might get away alive."

Testimony of Mr. Henry Hirz: Mr. Hirz lives on the bank of the McCloud and has worked at the United States Fishery for several years. Mr. Hirz answered: "My opinion is that all the salmon die after spawning."

Testimony of J. B. Campbell: Mr. Campbell is an intelligent and experienced fisherman and the oldest permanent resident of the McCloud River. Mr. Campbell answered: "I have been on the Little Sacramento and the McCloud Rivers for over thirty years, and have spent the greater part of my life in fishing, and watched the salmon on their spawning grounds, and I think that all the salmon do that come to the McCloud River to spawn. They come so far from salt water, and the water where they spawn is so cold, that when they get through spawning and sink to the bottom of the river, they are so much exhausted and covered with fungus, and have so many parasites in their gills, that they must die, though I think that there are thousands of them that get back from the main spawning, as they live in warmer water, and the distance they have to go is not so far."

"I have been here since 1856, and have done a great deal of spawning, and have made fish a study, and also been working at the McCloud Falls for many years, and engaged in the business of taking trout spawn, so that I have a good chance to notice all the movements of the salmon. The reason that I think they do not return is that the distance is three hundred miles to the ocean, or more, and that is too much for them when they are so nearly exhausted and covered with fungus and their gills are full of parasites."

Testimony of Jeff Davis (Indian): Jeff Davis is one of the most intelligent of the McCloud River Indians, and has lived on and about the river all his life. Age, about thirty years. Jeff answered: "I think that all the salmon die and sink to the bottom of the river or float against the shore where the bears come down to eat them."

Testimony of Kuchnera: Kuchnera is the most intelligent Indian woman on the river, and has spent her whole life on its banks. Age about thirty. Kuchnera answered: "I think that Jeff is right, and that all the salmon die. I know they all die."

Testimony of the McCloud Indians generally: Col-choo-loo, an old chief and very sagacious man, Nudahy, Bulho, Toff, Short Jim, Charley Nichols and many other intelligent Indians were asked the same question, viz.: "What becomes of the quinnat that go up the McCloud in the summer to spawn?" and they all gave the same answer that Jeff Davis and Kuchnera gave. They were unanimous in saying that all the salmon die. There was not one dissenting opinion.

Col-choo-loo, who acted jokingly, said he thought some of them went back to the sea, but they went overland."

The answers given above are the testimony of six white men, who know more about the McCloud salmon than any one else living. Indeed, more than all other living white men combined. Their testimony is unanimous and positive and unequivocal. It is supported by the unanimous and similar testimony of all the Indians who live on the McCloud River. Could anything be more conclusive? LIVINGSTON STONE.

Enter mink—Air—"Soe, the Conqueror, Hero Comes." Alarms and excursions within and exit mink engine, "Fret, Yida, Yida."

Scene 2—Time, morning—Enter Clapham—Song—"Who's been here since I've been gone?" "Ah, villain! What! All my pretty children!—" "Who—" "No, not all, only half; behold, ten thousand yet remain."

Clapham—"What, ho! without, there! Steed trap, I say!"

Chorus—"Fee, fee, lo, fo, m."

Scene 3—Time, late morning—Enter Clapham—Chorus of salmon—"We are here, Clapham—" Behold, he came like a thief, but he goeth out as the ingredients of a mink. Oh, my salmon! If my foresight had equalled my hindsight this great grief would not have fallen upon me!"—Curtain.

DAMAGE TO THE SALMON BREEDING RANCH.—A correspondent from the Sacramento Free writing from Redding, Cal., Feb. 11, says: "The United States salmon hatchery, established on the McCloud River about six years ago by Livingston Stone, Deputy United States Fish Commissioner of the Pacific coast, and upon his recommendation the buildings necessary for the prosecution of preparing the eggs for exports of our own and other countries were put three feet higher than the highest mark indicated for high water by the Indians who lived on the McCloud long before the face of a white man was ever seen in its way. The breakwaters built to prevent the water from the mountains that contribute their surplus water to the McCloud on the 2d it rained heavily, and on the 31st at 3 o'clock a. m., the water had risen twenty-five feet above low water mark, and eleven feet higher than was ever known by the oldest Indian belonging to the McCloud River tribe of Indians. Two men were left to protect the property of the Government, who did all they could by fastening the buildings with long ropes to high banks, but the swift current, in its rapid transit to the sea, left nothing standing in its way. The breakwaters built to prevent the water from the floods afforded no protection, and the only building left standing was the one formerly used as a post office, situated much higher than the other buildings, which was only saved on account of being on the side of the current and surrounded by trees. On the McCloud, river whose banks are made of a coarse sand and which will admit of its giving way, there were many land slides, which, in the opinion of our way, constituted much to the sudden risk, but of this the writer knows nothing. Everything belonging to the McCloud River tribe of Indians, Two men were left to protect the property of the hatchery and the boats that supported the wheel, was swept down the river. The loss to the Government is estimated at from \$20,000 to \$25,000. As this is one of the industries that interest the people of the United States, and in addition to the civilized nations of the world, we have no doubt Congress will make the necessary appropriations to rebuild it. The trout fishery, at the property of the Government, of which Myron Green has charge, sustained slight damage, but is intact."

SMELTS FOR FRESH WATER.—Mr. N. K. Fairbank has ordered one million smelt fry from Hackensack, N. J., for Geneva Lake, Wis. The hatching will soon begin and as soon as the little fellows are able to stand the journey one of Mr. Fairbank's men will come East for them.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Day, Secretary.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Western Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third Avenue, New York City. Entries, 1,000. The show was held in the main hall, and the exhibition, No. 125 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,194, New York City.

THE BEAGLE.

[A description of what the beagle was like in the early part of this century is thus expressed in the Sportsman's Cabinet:—]

"The beagle however it may have undergone different distinctions in proportion to the size it has been bred or the crosses it may have been judiciously introduced, is now confined to the smallest kind of hunting dog passing under the general denomination of hound, and of which class are those who inherently possess the property of finding and pursuing their game by inhaling certain odors which are imperceptible to the human nose, and which are sportfully termed scent; and this, acting upon the olfactory irritability of the dog so hunting, occasions such an exquisite sensation of pleasure that it imperatively extracts a joyful vociferation from the dog, which is heard at a distance, and which has been from time immemorial exultingly called the exhilarating cry of the jovial pack."

Provisions to the present improved state of hunting and police of field sports, the beagle packs originally seen in the possession of gentlemen whose sports, unfortunately, were confined to the sport of a different description; but in proportion to the gradual improvements made in the different kinds of hounds, according to the different classes they were intended to pursue, the former situation of the beagle, as a hunting dog, is now confined to the smallest of the hound race used in this country, are expatriate in their scent of the hare, and indistinguishably vagrant in their pursuit of her.

Though wonderfully inferior in point of speed, yet equally excellent in preserving pursuit, they follow her through all her windings, unravel all her mazes, explore her labyrinth, and by the scent alone trace and retrace her footsteps to a degree of admiration that must be seen to be properly appreciated, during all which the soft and melodious tone of their constant vociferation seems to be the most predominant inducement to the well-known ecstatic pleasures of the chase.

This slow kind of hunting was admirably adapted to the age and the feminine gender. It could be enjoyed by ladies of the greatest timidity as well as gentlemen laboring under infirmity, to both of whom it was a consolation that if they were occasionally a little way behind there was barely a possibility of their being thrown out of the hunt, and that the most perfectly accomplished and the neighboring rustic; the minor part of those not being possessed of horses found it a matter of no great difficulty to be well up with these on foot. The spirit of emulation seemed formerly to be almost entirely extinct, and the only reward in the smallest compass, and packs were to be seen in different parts of the most diminutive description.

Among professed amateurs every effort was made to attain perfection, and these indefatigable endeavors were generally attended with success. Beagles were almost everywhere to be seen, and they did not exceed ten or eleven inches in height, and so carefully selected in respect to speed that whenever they were running they might be covered with a sheet; and this alone is the predominant trait of selection, and the only one that is well to mind never get near enough the hare to pursue, yet they are in general finally fatal, if even three or four hours in killing. In proportion to the increasing spirit of sporting and polish of the times slow hunting declined, and beagles became less kept, if being now scarcely mentioned to any sportsman, and being either kept in three or four couples in some counties for the greater certainty of finding with greyhounds in districts where hares from a variety of countries are known to be scarce or with difficulty to be found. The numerous and diversified crosses in the different breeds of both beagles and hound according to the whims and inclinations of those who keep them, have so complicated and variegated that particular part of the species that a volume might be produced in describing the different breeds, and the best adapted to the soil and surface for which they are bred and intended to hunt,

from the old heavy, deep-tongued, slow-jumped, southern hound of Lancashire (where the huntingman, with his long pole, follows on foot) to the fleet-footed northern harrers of the present day, who kill their game in a burst of half an hour or forty minutes with a degree of rapidity but little inferior to coursing.

The latest and most honorable success in the denomination of harriers have been brought to their present state of perfection by a repetition of crosses between the beagle and foxhound for the increase in size and promotion of speed, but beagles, in the sporting description of the term, are to be distinguished by their unsuitedness with respect to whom, though they possess precisely the same properties, they are much inferior in size. That some adequate idea may be formed of the original beagle, the following ludicrous transaction is introduced from the most indisputable authority. The late Col. Honyman had some of the finest specimens of the triple, amounting to ten or twelve couple, which were always carried to and from the field of glory in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse. Small as they were and insignificant as they would now seem, the countess invariably had a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and finally weary, or rather teaze, her to death. The catastrophe attending which curious pack was of a very singular description, for a small hare, having been in time appropriated to the purpose of a kennel, was one night broken open by a very bound as well as a puny, aged, nor could the most diligent search ever discover the least trace of the robbers or their sporting appendage.

THE BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLE.

The following letter has been sent us for publication: WESTWOOD KENNELS, No. 28 WEST MONUMENT STREET, BALTIMORE, Md., March 7.

R. C. CONNELL, Esq., Sec. W. K. C. Dear Sir:—I feel just such an astonishment, that in your coming bench show you ignore, by failing to provide a class for the bench-legged beagles, a distinct and numerous family in this State, well worthy a recognition in any first-class show and the latest Col. Honyman has some of the finest specimens of the triple, amounting to ten or twelve couple, which were always carried to and from the field of glory in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse. Small as they were and insignificant as they would now seem, the countess invariably had a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and finally weary, or rather teaze, her to death. The catastrophe attending which curious pack was of a very singular description, for a small hare, having been in time appropriated to the purpose of a kennel, was one night broken open by a very bound as well as a puny, aged, nor could the most diligent search ever discover the least trace of the robbers or their sporting appendage.

There are half a dozen or more packs of bench-legged beagles within a radius of ten miles of this city, notwithstanding the cards of interested newspaper scribblers have been sent to the breeders of dogs, and, judging from their ignorance in the matter, I should doubt if they ever owned a pure-bred dog of any kind. I have also the English, or straight-leg beagle. Among them, two imported beagles, Lulu P. and Lulu, just returned from Detroit, Mich., on a visit to father.

Lulu P. was first at Pittsburgh in the best class of litches I ever saw, but my bench-legged are very superior to any straight-legged I ever saw, and they are there, and they are there, and they are there, pure and useful little dog a class—for the following reasons:

1st. That the bench-legged beagle has been known as a pure bred for many years in Maryland and Delaware.

2d. That he was originally imported as a pure breed, but that recent importations from the same type, viz. Katie and Smart, the sire and dam of Dyke.

3d. That if there were any mongrel blood such as a dash-hound cross would indicate, it was in England that it was allowed, and as there only in Maryland, and as the same type, viz. Katie and Smart, the sire and dam of Dyke.

4th. That the bench-legged, as a hunting dog, is superior to the straight leg, as demonstrated by Gen. F. A. Bond, who, in a letter, says, "and that in my own hunt his pack caught thirteen rabbits out of that number started."

I am prepared to make good what I have asserted. The delay in writing you this, and now done in this imperfect and hasty manner, is because of the duties of my profession.

I hope to hear from you that the class will be made for the bench-legged beagle. I am, respect fully, T. CLAY MATHIAS, M. D.

NEW MARKET, Md., March 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the Forest and Stream of March 3 a communication signed "Hare," in which the writer doubts the existence of the bench-legged beagle, and makes an attempt to stigmatize the crooked legs of the dog as a deformity. The writer claims to know all the breeds throughout the State of Maryland. I claim to know all the breeds in the State of New York, and I have never seen this type, and so he makes the assertion that there is no such type, he has not seen all the beagles of Maryland. If he will correspond with sportsmen outside of Baltimore he would find plenty of this type, especially in Mount Vernon and Frederick counties.

This dog is undoubtedly a pure beagle, and is entirely distinct from the dash-hound; it is not the same color or shape, has not the same legs, head, ears, body, or tail, and is not a deformity in any sense of the word. I have seen this dog well used by the county of Allegheny, and by the county of DeWitt, and others, and from these gentlemen I got my dogs more than thirty years ago, and since that day they are to be found among their relations. They were also bred by Harry W. Dorsey, Dr. N. O. Shipley, H. W. D. Waters, and others of this county, and since their day the stock has been bred in its purity by their sons and relations. Having bred these dogs so long I think I am a competent judge, and ought to know a little about them. I again claim them to be absolutely pure beagles, and I will defend this claim to the death. I will also state that for fox-hunting purposes they are the equal of the modern beagle, and in no way inferior except as to speed, being slower, and for this reason are preferred by some of us, as they will kill their quarry as well as the modern beagle, and exhibited both at Pittsburgh, knowing at the time that the bench-legged dog could not win, as they were to be judged by the Stoughness standard, which was made for the straight leg, and I will defend this claim by way of comparison only.

This claim to stigmatize them as a mongrel and of inferior quality looks like a sharp dodge to prevent a class being made for them at New York in the interest of a clique who breed straight leg dogs for the market, and by doing this to drive them off the bench and out of the market. I will defend this claim to the death. I will also state that for fox-hunting purposes they are the equal of the modern beagle, and in no way inferior except as to speed, being slower, and for this reason are preferred by some of us, as they will kill their quarry as well as the modern beagle, and exhibited both at Pittsburgh, knowing at the time that the bench-legged dog could not win, as they were to be judged by the Stoughness standard, which was made for the straight leg, and I will defend this claim by way of comparison only.

CURE FOR GUN-SHYNESS.—It is a fact that few breeders will deny that all blue blooded dogs, the Laverack setter in particular, are as a rule excessively nervous; and, unless great care is bestowed in training, are apt to be gun-shy, or bolters. A very good, discouraging to the sportsman after bringing a well-bred dog,

RUSHTON CANOES.

CONSIDERING the very short time the sport of canoeing has been known in America, its rapid development into a popular pastime is very good proof that in a single year America will learn as much as other countries do in decades...

slightly thick, spaced only 1/2 in. apart. Of these boats Rushton has turned out no less than fifty for stock, ranging all the way from 20 ft. long, with 4 ft. beam and 10 in. depth, down to 11 ft. long with 30 in. beam and 10 1/2 in. deep...

placed in inches apart. For docking Mr. Rushton uses a made original with muslin and superior to common practice. After docking with 20 ft. in cedar, (which is not done), he has shown in a single piece the heaviest Ultra Mills bleached cotton, dyed light and tacked down over the edge...

TANDEM SAILING CANOE.

pretty streams and gurgling rivulets of New England, the creeks and rushing waters of the Middle States, the mighty river system of the South and its placid bays, the endless chain of beautiful lakes and hundred scores of the great reservoirs...

and speedy-looking boat, open canoes, and a host of intermediate models from which to select. Of the "Nessmuck" is 10s., the champion of featherweights, her owner has written in our columns as follows: "You ask what of the little canoe and say you think she is too small. I don't know; she was large enough to carry me (110) and forty pounds of gear..."

Edgar Forest and Stream? Your interesting and valuable paper reaches me every Saturday, and although it cannot be called a religious paper, it is a part of my religious life. I am particularly interested in your boating articles, being a boating fan, and read with much amusement the letters and correspondence...

AMERICAN TRAVELING CANOE.

sport has taken in popularity, until now many large firms have found it a profitable business to devote their entire attention to a wholesale manufacture of boats of all kinds, propelled by paddles, which formerly they only made in small quantities...

surpassed. Of the sneak boxes, well known to the duck hunters of the country, the American Traveling Canoe is the best. "Mr. N. H. Bishop's Central Republic, from which I was kindly permitted to take the model, weighed about 200 pounds, yet owing to the lightness of the material and the use of the sneak box..."

SHARPIES AND KEELS. Your interesting and valuable paper reaches me every Saturday, and although it cannot be called a religious paper, it is a part of my religious life. I am particularly interested in your boating articles...

the way of small boats he is not prepared to turn out in any number at a moment's notice. His work speaks for itself and in his recommendation he says that his boats are to be found in Maine, New Jersey, in the West, in California, in Texas, Mexico, the West Indies, South America, and even in Europe...

ship lap instead of jointing and caulking. It was in one of these that Mr. N. H. Bishop, Lake George, N. Y., sailed a canoe of this model. About the same time the same model was used by a canoeist on the Ohio, the Mississippi, and among the coral reefs and oyster beds of the Gulf coast...

THE RECORD FOR CANADA. From the Toronto Mail we take the following summary of the past season: March 2-National Yacht Club regatta. The first race was won by the Ontario Governor-General's cup by yachts belonging to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club...

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the flat-bottom duck boats are 14 ft. long, 28 ft. wide on bottom, with 11 in. depth amidships and 15 at ends. Sharp keels, scow and knees are of red, streaked oak and spruce, sitting 2 cedar, 8 strakes a side. Bottom plank 1/2 in. cedar, of matched stuff. They are well finished and are ready for use only to order.

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SPORTSMAN'S BOAT. these himself. "Soul carving" through the wilderness of the Adirondacks, he knows that every pound additional counts like the first five or ten, and his knowledge of the value of his sporting boat is not a minimum consistent with strength and toughness...

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Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

F. H. B., Boston.—We cannot say positively as yet. Probably not.
E. L. S., Stamford, N. Y.—We cannot refer you to any other place for quail.
G., Pliskill-on-the-Hudson.—The gun is reliable and of good performance.
W., Emma.—"Practical Boat Sailing," by Douglas Frazer. Price \$1. Can send it.

P., Providence.—Oil and paint, or shellac varnish, is certain to make your canoe waterproof.
D., Salmon Falls.—See advertising columns for canvas boats. Have received the endorsement of those who have tried them.
H. J. M., Quebec.—We have not seen the article named; it is not on our list.

capsizing. Large rig will be: Hoist of mainsail, 21 ft.; foot, 26 ft.; head, 14 ft.; foot of jib, 19 ft.
M. A., Tonkers.—What is the cause of the scarcity of sea gulls on the river this winter?
J. ANNIS, JR., Caledonia, N. Y.—What is the enclosed fellow? The man in Colorado who sent it to me calls it a shrimp. It is not like our shrimp (Gammarus), but it is a different animal.

KING HUMBERT'S HUNTING-GROUND.—This royal domain of Licola, near Naples, is one of the most strictly preserved of all the king's hunting-grounds, and is kept at very little expense.



PATENT FOLDING CANVAS FISHERY BASKET. EACH: \$1 75, \$2 00, \$2 50. SIZE: A, B, C. PRICE INCLUDING STRAP. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE.

Miscellaneous KEEPS' SHIRTS. GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE. KEEP MANUFACTURING CO., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES. Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness.

For Sale RED FOX, Skunk, Raccoon and other furs bought for cash—highest prices. BOUND FOR CIRCULARS with particulars. E. C. SOUTHERN, 5 Howard St., N. Y. SINGLE DUCK GUN, 8 bore, 40 inch bl., 10 1/2 lbs., bar lock, ream and plaid grip, double grip action and very fine.

Eaton's Rust Preventer. FOR-GUNS, CULERY, AND SURGICAL Instruments, safe to use, WOODS' GUN, and will keep in any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market.

GRAND EXHIBITION BROOK TROUT. Important to Fishculturists! All parties that have Brook Trout that they desire to market this season will find it to their advantage to CONSIGN THEIR FISH TO ME.

BLOOMING GROVE FAIR ASSOCIATION.—Share for transfer, with the exception of covers. The latter are affording excellent shooting, which can be pursued more pleasantly a little later on when the thermometer gets higher.
VALUABLE OLD BELT FOR SALE.—Two old-fashioned, tall clocks, wood movement in first-rate running order, and good for 100 years.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND, POULTRY AND GAME. Nos. 289 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.

EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, 80 Fulton Market, New York. Wanted. WANTED—The Galveston (Texas) Gun Club want to engage 6,000 pigeons for the State tournament, to take place May 2d to 7th.

M. R. WILSON, proprietor of the Forest City Bird Store, has just published a very interesting book on Birds and Small Pets, their description, proper care and management. Price 40 cents, by mail, post-paid.

HOLABIRD Shooting Suits. Write for circular to UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND. WILD TURKEYS. NOTICE, SPORTSMEN.—I manufacture turkey callers that make a perfect imitation of either an old or young turkey. They are nothing like the bone or pipe-stem caller, which require weeks practice to use correctly.

FAIRBANKS' POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable companion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman. Lately corrected and revised, and now acknowledged to be the only correct map of this vast region. Nearly bound in cloth covers. Price, post-paid, by mail, 60 cents. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANKS, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

FOR SALE AT BARGAIN.—Parker gun, one Damascus, 10x 108, 32 inch, 10 calibre. Address or call, J. E. LAWRENCE, 37 Broadway, Room 2.
CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson Mountains, in the heart of the Adirondacks, in 1870, an amusing, instructive and interesting 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, post-paid. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANKS, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

WILD TURKEYS. NOTICE, SPORTSMEN.—I manufacture turkey callers that make a perfect imitation of either an old or young turkey. They are nothing like the bone or pipe-stem caller, which require weeks practice to use correctly.

TO LET—Thacher's Island, Pine Mountain Lake, 1 Hamilton Court, N. Y. Commodious cottage, guide-house, boat-house, fishing boats, etc. Address Post Office Drawer No. 21, Albany, N. Y.
LIVE QUAIL.—Forwards very cheap. W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Wis.

PIGEON TRAP (PATENTED). With attachment for starting without plugging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. P. HARRIS Gun Store, No. 177 Broadway, where orders should be sent. Price \$3 50. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

For Sale.

The Kennel.

The Kennel.

The Kennel.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT AND CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in the best possible condition...

THOMPSON BROTHERS, Aquetong Trout Farm, New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

FOR SALE.

A Farm of 22 Acres at Gouldsboro, Lacka Co., Penn.

On the Lehigh River, about 15 acres under cultivation; the balance is wooded with a beautiful pine grove...

FOR SALE.

Tront Hatchery and Preserve in Connecticut, four-horse's ride from Grand Central Depot; 17 years' lease of about one mile of a spring stream...

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE.

Handsome estate, 40 by 15; extension, 80 by 15; hardwood floor; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henery, etc.

FOR SALE—Fox gun, Damascus barrels, 12 bore, 30 1/2 in. length; 7 1/2 lbs; 750 and 1000 shots; B. eyeliner bore; 1 B. moulled choke; good gun box...

FOR SALE—My breech-loading, double Parker gun, best Damascus steel barrels, 40-inch, 10 gauge, 6 1/2 lbs, 15 1/2-inch stock, specially fitted to a tall man...

FOR SALE—5-loop centroad yacht, 26 ft. long, 1 1/2 beam, 8 1/2 ft. deep, draws 8 inches; cabin 13 ft. long, 15 ft. beam, 10 ft. high, 4 ft. 6 in. deep, 10 ft. 6 in. wide...

MOSHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine...

50 All Gold, Chrome & Lily Cards, (No 2) also, Name on, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clinton, Conn.

FOR SALE—THE BLUE STAR COCKER SPANIEL, bred by EDING KENNEL. I will sell reasonably, owing to poor health and increase of private business cases...

FOR SALE—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grinsa, by Moore's Julius ex Twigg's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1877...

FOR SALE—A large, healthy dog pup, 11 months old, by Pontiac (Prize of the Border-Pet) out of Ezz's Judith (Don. Roy-Ganes's Belle)...

RED IRISH BITCH LUCY, 14 years old, of our Moya-Hush, bred by David G. Hart, Lancaster, N. Y.

A BARGAIN—A beautiful Gordon setter girl; color, black and tan; from the most noted stock in the country.

I WILL SELL OR EXCHANGE my Irish setter dog, one year and a half old, for a breech-loading gun.

FOR SALE—I will sell a setter of Daniel Webster stock, that has been hunted two seasons on woodcock...

FOR SALE—One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old, price, \$30.

FOR SALE—Irish setter bitch Quail, 8 years old, broken in puppy class 1875, 1st prize.

EXCHANGE—\$25 pointer dog for breech-loading gun. Address D. W. ROY, Monday, New Jersey county, O.

FOR SALE—My Gordon setter bitch Rose, 14 months old, color, a beautiful black and tan, partly broken and very fast; price \$50.

RICHARDSON AND RANGLEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangley Lake Region...

50 Lithographed Chrome Cards, No 2 also, Name on, 10c in fancy type. CONY CARD CO., Northfield, Vt.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW

will be held at the American Institute Fair Building, APRIL 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1891.

Prize Lists can be had on application to CHAS LINCOLN, Superintendent, Office, 135 Fulton Street, New York.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 11.

BENEDICT.

Imported black field spaniel, at the Stud. Forest and Stream, March 3: "A remarkably fine dog of his breed."

Hare Beagle Kennel.

For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be second to none in nose, force and endurance.

CHAMPION TRIMBUSH.—This celebrated imported Gunber Spaniel, orange and white, has been placed for the season in the stud.

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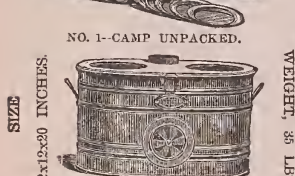
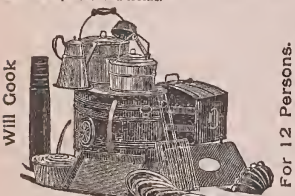
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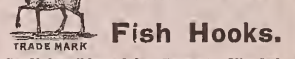
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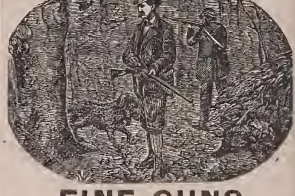
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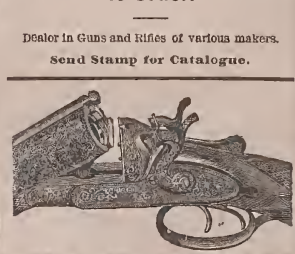


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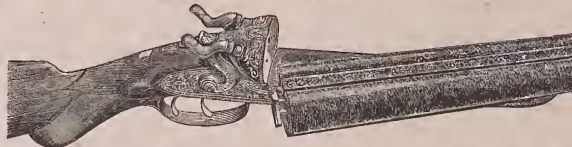


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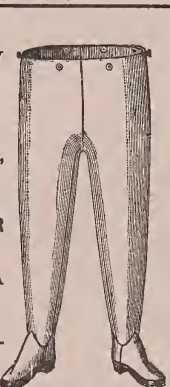
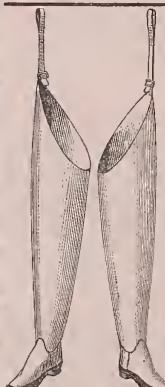
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 24.

THE COMING TROUT SHOW.

WE have received an elegant chromo made expressly for Mr. Blackford's invitation "to inspect all procurable varieties of trout" and other cultivated fish, at Fulton Market, on the 1st and 2d of April. The card is really a gem, and worthy of a frame. It represents a trout in the foreground inspecting a gaudy insect, while in the back an angler is wading a rapid stream, which tumbles over the rocks in such a natural manner as to make us wish to be there. On the next page is the invitation, flanked by rod and landing net, while a charming rural scene with tumbling water stands above.

We hope our fish culturists will send Mr. Blackford specimens of their apparatus and implements, for which he asks in our advertising column, as this may be the means of inaugurating a yearly exhibition of fish culture which may extend in future years to a great fishery exhibition. Mr. Blackford's "trout openings" have grown from the ordinary display of a dealer into what they now are, interesting studies for the angler, the ichthyologist, and the epicure, and are already as large as the limits of the dingy old market will allow. Great credit is due Mr. Blackford for these displays, for he is the only fishmonger who sinks all considerations of profit and brings specimens from all parts of our own country, even from the far Pacific coast and from Europe, at a cost of one hundred times their market value, to treat the public to a comparative view of the different species and varieties, filling his slabs with them to the detriment of his other business. For all of which the trout, at least, owe him much gratitude.

A LARGE NUMBER OF REPLIES to our queries in regard to the comparative effect on the game of still hunting and bounding deer are now on our table awaiting publication. Just at present the pressure upon our space is so great that this matter must be laid over for a week or two. Correspondents who have furnished us with their views on this important topic will understand that their articles will all appear at the same time,

NEW FACTS ON GAME PROTECTION.

A SATISFACTORY and sufficient plan for game protection is one of the most pressing necessities of the times. Year by year the sportsman sees the game in localities easily accessible to him becoming more scarce; year by year he has to travel further and work harder in order to secure the objects of his pursuit, and year by year his reward, in proportion to the energy expended, is less than it was in former times. That a satisfactory and efficient code of game laws will ultimately be enacted and enforced we cannot doubt, but before such a consummation can be reached it is highly probable that, in many of the more densely populated sections of the country, wild game will have entirely disappeared. We can call to mind too many localities, where twenty years ago quail and ruffed grouse were quite abundant, which are now so destitute of these birds that one of them in a state of nature would be regarded by the hunters with unqualified admiration and curiosity. The longer such complete extermination for any locality can be postponed the better, and the men who shoot and fish, appreciating the position of affairs and foreseeing that unless something is done the outlook is most discouraging, are now displaying more energy in restocking our covers and waters than ever before. Probably there have never been so many quail in confinement as there are at present. The almost unparalleled severity of the past winter has undoubtedly destroyed a very large number of the birds in the north, and realizing this, many persons are importing quail from the Southern States, where the suffering has been less, and are putting them down on the land where they do their own shooting. If the birds do well and can be preserved till the beginning of the season, it is obviously cheaper to do this than to travel some hundreds of miles for a few days' shooting when the season opens.

There are still many places within easy reach of New York where fair bags, say from eight to fifteen birds to a gun, can be made; but in too many localities where a few years ago birds were fairly abundant they are now unknown. Such localities are numerous in New York and Connecticut, and no doubt in other States. Where this is the case the birds have simply yielded to their enemies in the struggle for existence, and can by restocking and proper protection be made as abundant as ever. Reasonable game laws, strictly enforced, a short period for selling after the close of the season, a bounty on hawks, owls and foxes, and proper attention to restocking will in the future give us fair shooting.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty with which we have to contend in preserving the quail is the weather. It must be remarked that as any part of the country becomes more and more thickly settled, the swamps and underbrush are cut off, the land cleared, the hedgerows carefully trimmed, and little cover is left for the birds. Unless a general and organized effort is made and shelter the birds is made by farmers and sportsmen residing in the country, a single severe winter may undo the work of years of careful protection. The past season has been a hard one, and large numbers of quail have undoubtedly perished from cold and hunger, yet it has not been one of those in which the quail of a whole section are swept out of existence in a single night. The birds that have died this winter would seem, for the most part, to have perished one by one of cold and hunger. The snows have been so deep that all the food has been covered up, and lay upon the ground so long that the birds, weakened by starvation, readily yielded to the litter cold. Moreover, the snow line this year extended so much farther south than usual that it has reached birds wholly unaccustomed to any great degree of cold, and thus wholly unfitted to withstand the severities of the season. We have, however, had none of the heavy snow-storms, changing during the night to cold rain, and thus forming a crust which effectually prevents the escape of the poor little prisoners beneath.

In order that we may have an adequate conception of what is required for the more perfect preservation of our game, it is essential that we should obtain all the facts possible with regard to it, and keep ourselves constantly informed as to its condition. With this in view, it has appeared to us particularly desirable to learn as nearly as possible just how the quail have fared this winter in our middle districts. Various opinions have been expressed on the subject, and men of ex-

perience have been found to differ widely about the matter. It has seemed to us, therefore, that the most certain and satisfactory way of arriving at a definite conclusion would be to make a thorough canvass of some one section, obtaining if possible reports from at least two different individuals in each town. Reports from the West seemed to indicate that the birds had suffered less than in the East, and it was, therefore, after mature consideration, determined to limit the proposed inquiry to the State of New Jersey.

The geographical position of this State makes it particularly favorable for such an inquiry. Its northern extremity is in about the same latitude with New Haven, Conn., while its southern is on the same parallel with Washington. Reaching as it does so far to the north and south, it may fairly be supposed to represent the condition of things which exists in Southern New York and Connecticut, in Pennsylvania, and a portion of Maryland and Delaware. It thus really covers more ground than any other single State that could have been selected.

We have been fortunate in securing from our hundreds of correspondents scattered through New Jersey very full reports of the present condition of the game there. Many of these reports are models of conciseness, and in most instances we have printed them almost without alteration, or, if it was necessary to condense them, have preserved the style of the writer and have given his facts as he stated them.

We have preferred to print the reports in full rather than to content ourselves with summarizing them, in order that each of our readers may see for himself precisely what the sportsmen of New Jersey think of game prospects in that State for this fall.

Never before has such an inquiry as the present one been set on foot in this country, and we think it not too much to say that the movement is a long step in the direction of intelligent game protection. One important result of our investigations will be to furnish to the New Jersey Legislature some definite information on which to base certain proposed changes in the game laws, information the like of which no legislative body has ever before had access to.

We think that sportsmen generally will appreciate the value of the statistics which we print to-day, and it is unnecessary to dilate on the subject. No one, however, can appreciate the amount of labor and expense entailed in the compilation of such a complete report, and one covering so thoroughly such an extent of territory. These are expenditures which we shall not grudge if the cause of game protection has been served by our efforts.

We have once or twice heard it suggested by envious people that the FOREST AND STREAM was "aristocratic," that it favored measures which would make the enjoyment of legitimate sport by the poor man more difficult. When the course of this journal is examined, so childish and untrue a statement scarcely needs denial. We urge the passage and enforcement of stringent laws in order that the game at our doors may be preserved. The rich man can travel to distant fields where game is plenty, and can have his shooting whether the laws are enforced or not. With the poor man it is not so; he has to take his day or his half day in the field when he can get it, and has neither the time nor the money to travel far in search of game. It is, therefore, the man of modest means who is or should be interested in game preservation even more than he whose fortune is ample. But no question of class or fortune should enter into a question of this kind. All men, and especially all sportsmen, ought to be of one mind on this matter, and all should unite with the heartiest good will in furthering to the utmost of their ability any plan that will bring about the end we all so much desire.

TO ADVERTISERS.—We have recently made arrangements by which during the next six months we shall circulate, in addition to our regular large weekly edition, six thousand copies of the FOREST AND STREAM in the United States and Europe. This large extra edition will be mailed from the office of publication in single wrappers and singly addressed to the best names in the more important towns of the Union. As our advertising space is limited and is now almost full, those who desire to make especial efforts to secure the spring trade, would do well to secure what space they need in good time.

ASSEMBLY BILL NUMBER 242 contains a provision which, notwithstanding some crudities, bespeaks the cordial support of all sportsmen. The bill referred to is entitled "An Act to amend chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine," entitled "An Act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish, and other game," as amended by chapter five hundred and thirty-one of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty. Section 9 of this bill reads as follows:

Section thirty-one of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 31. A State bounty of thirty dollars for a growl wolf, fifteen dollars for a pup wolf, [and] twenty dollars for a panther, one dollar for a fox, one dollar for any hawk except a night-hawk, and one dollar for any owl except a screech-owl, shall be paid to any person or persons who shall kill any of said animals or birds within the boundaries of this State. The person or persons obtaining said bounty shall prove the death of the animal or bird, so killed by him or them, by procuring satisfactory affidavits and the skull and skin of said animal, or the head and claws of said bird, before the supervisor and one of the justices of the peace of the town within the boundaries of which the said animal or bird was killed. Whereupon said supervisor and justice of the peace, in the presence of each other, shall burn and destroy the said skull and brand the said skin of said animal, so that it may be thereafter identified, and shall burn and destroy the said head and claws of said bird, and issue to the person or persons claiming and entitled to the same an order on the treasurer of the county to which said town belongs, stating the kind of animal or bird killed, the date of killing the same, and the amount of the bounty to be paid in virtue of the within certificate of this act, and the county treasurers of this State are hereby authorized and directed to pay all orders issued as aforesaid; and all orders issued in the manner aforesaid and paid by the treasurer of any county in this State shall be a charge of said county against the State, the amount of which charge, on delivery of proper vouchers, the comptroller is hereby authorized and directed to allow in the settlement of taxes due from said county to the State.

There is little doubt that the setting a prize on the heads of vermin would have a very marked effect in increasing the game in any section of the country, and while the bounties offered in this bill are in some cases high, they would cause a diminution in the number of our foxes, owls and hawks that would send joy to the heart of every game bird in the land. Some such provision should certainly be added to any bill amending the game law which may be passed by the Legislature this season.

There are a number of other excellent points about Bill No. 242, which unfortunately we have not the space to notice at present.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE VOYAGERS OF THE UPPER LAKES.

SINCE the opening of Lake Superior to general navigation by the completion of the Sault Ste Marie Canal, and the common use of steam in the commerce of the upper lakes, the old-time occupation of the "voyagers" upon those great waters has ceased. Most of the trade with the West Northwest in the world which was conducted by the enterprising Northwest Company found a depot at Fort William, and the carrying was done principally by the voyagers in canoes. Their main course was up the Canadian rivers, chiefly the Ottawa, through the Georgian Bay and up the St. Mary's River to Sault Ste Marie, and thence around the northern end of Lake Superior to the Port Hope. But some of the hardy men found their way into the great wild country far up into high latitudes wherever there were furs to be bought. In those days the passing of "brigades" along the "North Shore" was of common occurrence. Some small sail vessels were occasionally used, but the great bulk of the transportation between Sault Ste Marie and Thunder Bay was by canoes. The Hudson's Bay Company took its supplies from the Hudson's Bay ports up the rivers into the interior, and over the great far land the competition between the two great organizations, always sharp and severe; frequently became a matter involving lawless strife and bloodshed. Since the union of these great trading companies the Hudson's Bay Company has had a clear field, to the best interests both of the company and, it is believed, the Indians.

The present upper lake voyager is of a later generation, and knows of the great rivalry mainly by tradition. The skirting of the great lake, the stirring adventures by flood and field, the trapping in the great woodland region, the fierce contests between the retainers of the two great companies, he recalls only as memories of a half-forgotten tale. A few of the old men may remember the Northwest Company as an actual existence, and occasionally the traveler meets with one who has scars to show for his share in the bloody strife which for many years was waged over the profitable fur trade. The greatest pride of such a one is his connection with the Northwest Company in his youthful days, and his later service with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The original voyagers were for the most part descendants of the French or French Canadian traders and of the Indians inhabiting those parts of the country where the fur trade, or the commerce growing out of it, was carried on. Occasionally, however, there are to be found in the present-day voyager a well-marked descent from Scotch ancestry, and I remember traveling with one most unmistakably Irish. But the amount of white blood coursing through their veins would puzzle a life insurance actuary to determine, even if he had the whole family tree before him. In many of the modern voyagers it is hard for the ordinary observer to discern traces of the aboriginal blood from any physical characteristics; but personal acquaintance develops mental and moral traits which are naturally attributes to Indian descent. These may result from youthful associations and class habits, but it would seem that they are most easily accounted for by ancestral blood.

I do not know elsewhere of any such combination of personal qualities as I find in the modern Northern Lake voyager. The American backwoodsman has the bravery, the coolness in trial, the hardihood, but hardly the versatility, the sprightliness or the good humor of the voyager. The pioneer of the "States" is more bluff and

hearty than the voyager, is like in superstitious feeling, but lacks his religious character, his respect for forms and priests and churches. The early Jesuit missionaries molded the Indian mind into a strong reliance upon the Church and spiritual teaching, and the early devotion of these pious men has been well repaid in the attachment for centuries of the Indians to the Roman Church.

The voyager combines the improvidence of his red with the foresight of his white progenitors. He is generous and hospitable, careless and indifferent. He will feast a stranger in his own camp to-day and go short commons alone to-morrow, equally ready to divide his own or the stranger's last crust. He is lavish and wasteful as to food, but careful and economical as to ammunition and tackle; and as to the hundred things which accident or disaster in flood or wood may make indispensable, he is thoughtful and provident. He is fruitful of resources, stoical in hardship, content with anything which comes to him and thankful for a little. Physically superior to the average Indian as also to the average white, he shrinks from no labor or hardship which must be met, but wanting somewhat of the spirit of his white ancestors, waits to meet it, instead of meeting it half way. Face to face with danger or privation he is a hero: in anticipation he is a coward.

His life is much upon the water. He is a good sailor when out of reach of the shore. But a stiff breeze, a wet sheet and a flowing sea he never encounters when it can be foreseen or avoided. This trait may come as much from the French as the Indian side of his ancestry. He never braves the elements at the start like a "born" sailor, but, being in, he may bravely weather any come I never saw but one frightened at wind or sea and he thoughtfully demonstrated as to sail safely. But on the other hand, I never knew one to venture of his own accord, unless the signs seemed propitious. He is a shore-seeker, like Kinglake's Greek sailors in Eothen. "Indeed, they have a most unsailor-like love for the land, and I really believe that in a gale of wind they would rather have a rock-bound coast upon their lee than no coast at all." He will not sail in a gale, but he will drift aimlessly. Once coasting the "North Shore," south of the River, in a "big wind" upon one quarter, and seas so high and black that each of us instinctively selected his own upon which to try to reach the shore when the waves should over-whelm us, when the knowledge of the guide and a study of the chart failed to show even a boat harbor for miles, and the ease look of despair, our voyager's spirit rose to the occasion. His skill in the art of sailing was not so much in sailing demurely, and when, after making thirty miles in two and three-quarter hours, we rounded into a little harbor at the lower end of Otto Island, we felt a grateful appreciation of the mastery skill which had brought us through, and which we shall never forget.

But with all his skill and courage he is too timid to undertake a new course. He will follow the old shore canoe-tee, with a straight course a half a mile sailing, and a landing would be saved. It was not till I had many times on the old route from Minnau Point to Gros Cap, on Lake Superior, that I could prevail on a voyager to take a straight course inside of Sandy Islands. The most intelligent voyager I ever sailed with could not be prevailed on to go outside of Maple Island, whether sailing or rowing, in wind or no wind. The diameter of the island is about thirty feet in diameter; but the loss of a canoe in making the outside passage forty or fifty years ago and the drowning of four men is not forgotten yet.

Upon one occasion we left Montreal Island for Point of Mines, which bore, as nearly as I can remember, S. by E. a distance of twelve miles. The island is about W. by W. by S. from Montreal River, at the mouth of which it is the nearest land from the south end of the island, and six miles distant. I hauled the compass to the bow oarsman to steer by, the fog being heavy, with the understanding that he would head for our destination. My surprise may be imagined when in an hour and a half I heard the dash of the swell upon the shore, and the bold and rounded rock which marks the entrance of the river came dimly into view through the fog. We had time to leap ashore along the coast from point to point, adding a full hour's sailing, and the severe day's work before we came to camp in the little bay.

A "traverse" is the thing to be guarded in a voyager's life. He spends a good portion of a trip in depicting the dangers of the next "big crossing." It is true the lakes are treacherous, but his fears make the staunch Mackinac boat but little better in a traverse than a frail bark canoe. It is not by trying to see one's way through the various passages, but by being sure of the eight miles take the place of four or five, because by the additional distance up the bay the "crossing" will be somewhat shortened. Every traveler with voyagers or Indians will recall enough instances of this kind. Even an island in mid passage seems to give no confidence. I have tried time and again to get some explanation of this peculiarity, but could only learn that their fathers did likewise. But this trait is the voyager's by Indian descent alone. I have observed it in the canoe Indians wherever I have come in contact with them.

The voyager is not weatherwise, because he is not observant of cause and effect in meteorology. He recognizes to some extent the law of periodicity in weather, and relies more upon it than upon any other element. But he fails in observation of the various conditions which so frequently modify its actions. His predictions are as often mere guesses as those of the average white man. This is true of the Indian, as well.

He is observant and knowing of the habits of fish, which he takes by spear or net, so far as to know the best times and places of capture. And the same remark would apply to the habits of game and fur-bearing animals, but as to the facts lying beyond this range he is as ignorant as other men. He does not know how to handle an orthodox descendant of Adam, without regard to their habits or poison. His sight is keen and accurate. He never mistakes a log for a canoe, nor a stump or rock for a wigwag. Nor can you make pass with him the blue haze in the mountains for the smoke of a distant fire. As a marksman he is not successful. He casts a fly with skill and accuracy, but he loses more trout once hooked than he would have lost if he knew their likely places, and enjoys helping you land them.

Away from towns and civilization he is sober and vigilant; but the trip over, he can get drunk in as quick time as any other human being. In his cups he is not quarrelsome to outsiders; but I have reason to believe the family sometimes suffers. Some never drink to excess; and I have met one or two who professed never to drink at all, which was to be doubted.

Since the finding of some profitable mines on the North Shore he has faith in discovering one which will lift him into riches at once; and a vein of quartz seen along his belt will be

sufficient to create an excuse for a camp, or, at all events, an unnecessary landing. But he sees in economy and labor no road to competence, yet on an expedition he is industrious and untiring. His honesty is unquestionable; except, possibly, in regard to tobacco, which he is inclined to treat as one of God's good gifts common to all men.

On the trail or coasting, tea is his only stimulant. He insists, whether happens, on three meals a day; and the fisherman or tourist who tries to avoid one of them will not be treated like a gentleman. He will not eat anything but bread, not against theft, but waste. Salt, sugar and flour are left in the rain or on the wet moss of the camp, and pork and potatoes will be thrown away.

In the *entente* the voyager is about the average of fishing and hunting guides. Some make good bread; but hard bread should always be carried if practicable. He is proficient in cooking fish and potatoes. I have eaten Lyonnais potatoes from his cooking as good as Delmonico's or Parker's; although, no doubt, appetite had a great deal to do with this eulogium. I have seen loaves of bread turned out of a tin oven baked before an open, log fire which would be a credit to any well-managed kitchen. But, as I have intimated, such cases are exceptional.

The true voyager speaks three languages—English, slightly broken French, and broken Chippewa, and many read fairly the first and last of these.

One of the marked peculiarities of the voyager is his attachment to and care for his boat. He does not have the same feeling in regard to his canoe, probably because the latter is so short-lived. But his boat is always in mind. It is never left in a possibility of danger. How the skies are, how the wind, or the sea, matters little. The bay where you find a canoe always may be perfectly secure, but you will see a sea-land locked—but the boat must be heaved up poles and logs clear of the water, and tied with the strongest rope to the furthest tree to be reached. A canoe, however, fares differently. It is lifted from the water, turned carelessly over on the shore, where a boat could never be left.

In the management of boats and heavy canoes the voyager is superior to the rest of the world. In a single light canoe he is inferior. In ascending or descending rapids, however, he is wonderful, and I have seen Indians stare in admiration at his performance. The voyager is more vigorous, has more active "pluck," or "grip," than the ordinary Indian, and is of better physique, which does not come from the French side alone, but rather from the combination of the two races, or, it might be said, from the combination of the French with the Indian. In the matter of the ordinary work which the French trader was sure to choose. The voyager is sprung of his white progenitors, but hardly looks at his aboriginal ancestry with the same feeling. Indeed, his epithet, expressive of the utmost contempt for another of his own class, is—"Indian."

In the changed conditions of life, I believe the admixture of white with Indian blood has completely changed the mixed race beyond the Indian average. My observation has not been so extensive as to make me confident, but it is my impression that the Indian woman lives to a greater age than the man; at all events, I have seen more aged women than men among the Indians. In the mixed race, however, I believe the men attain the greater average age.

How long the race of voyagers will last is a problem time cannot solve. The industry of the canoe and the manufacturing pursuits tends to lead to indoor life more than in earlier years; and when the voyager becomes a laborer upon railroads, or a workman in mills, he will rapidly lose his distinctive characteristics. Then the sportsman or tourist coasting the shores of Lake Superior, or ascending its rivers, may be reduced for guides to that whiter-blooded mixture of vanity, impudence and laziness, which is so common in the more fashionable outdoor resorts of New York and New England.

A TRIP TO CURRITUCK, N. C.

SOMEWHAT less than a thousand years ago I made up my mind, with that diabolical desperation born of long continued ill-luck, to have a good time with the ducks, if I had to go to Greenland to purchase the enjoyment. I had suffered so many disappointments in the pursuit of the above fickle creatures at and about my Eastern home, that "patience" never a remarkable feature of my nature) became exhausted, and I was ripe for anything in the way of a change.

An old friend came to my rescue one stormy night, just in the "nick" of time, as I was busy packing up my traps, preparatory to leaving for Wisconsin. He had just returned from Norfolk, Va., and his description of the shooting at Currituck was so good, and the prospect of my securing my first big old-time steamer, and was soon on my way—I will say so "rejoicing," for no mortal man ever suffered as I did, I verily believe. The journey was a rough and stormy one, and when I at last arrived at the hotel in the quaint and decidedly romantic city of Norfolk, I praised the "gods" for my safe deliverance. It was a fearful trip, continued through a blinding storm or, at times, a blinding fog, and the wind blowing from the north to almost lift the ship from the water. Glass crockery, trunks, in fact everything on board, "went to smash" in grand good style, including several of "mine own" worldly goods, which were recovered only by the "greatest sacrifice" on my part, I can assure you. Taking all things into consideration I was thankful to get ashore, although I would have gone through twice the amount of trouble and expense to have secured my first big old-time steamer with the birds.

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INTRODUCTION OF ENGLISH RABBITS.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 10 the importation of some English rabbits is recorded, and some suggestion is made of these animals as a source of interest to those familiar with them and their habits. Should their introduction to America prove a success, we are likely to be afflicted with an irreparable nuisance that may not have been anticipated by those whose enthusiasm may serve to effect much harm instead of the desired benefits. The rabbits may benefit poor people who are expert in the use of snares, and are not farmers. But they will prove more of a curse than a blessing to those who raise vegetables or practice horticulture.

The rabbits increase so rapidly in favorable localities as to fairly swarm in the fields, and I have known of the destruction of plants to the value of many pounds sterling in a single night. All the vegetable or flower gardens were enclosed by a tight fence of wire netting, high enough to prevent over-leaping, and set below the surface of the ground to prevent digging under. Yet the latter mistake would sometimes occur in a disaster resulting from their sport to be inflicted by these rabbits, it may be better than nothing, yet a snarl of anything soon takes away one's desire for more of the same sort. A single brief occasion devoted to rabbit shooting was enough to snuff me. Equipped with a breech-loading gun and accompanied by two dogs and the game-keeper, who carried a big bag strapped to his shoulders, I sallied forth one afternoon. Our dogs for this occasion were a Scottish terrier and an English retriever.

The terrier started the rabbits and kept them at their best speed, while the only part taken in the sport by the retriever was to fetch the dead rabbits to the game bag. In a walk along a lane, through some birches, between two fields, I kept my gun barrels hot with quick shooting as the rabbits were driven across in front of me. For a while I enjoyed this, and kept on until so sufficed as never afterward to desire a repetition. When I congratulated my host upon his abundance of "curried rabbit," which was often served, he replied, "It is no cause for congratulation, I assure you. I would gladly give a guinea apiece for rabbits could I have none but dead ones here."

The so-called "rabbits" of the United States are hares, and do not burrow. But the true rabbits, such as abound in Great Britain, burrow in the ground, and I have known a clover field so spoiled by their burrows and beaten paths to the extent that it was almost at extinction for the higher cultivation the more food to attract the rabbits. Although a big dog may be trained to give no attention to rabbits, yet if very abundant in fields or covets, their presence is a nuisance to the sportsman, while to farmers their abundance often proves a serious injury.

The sport to be had among hares cannot be had with rabbits, because they immediately seek their burrows. Our native hares would afford winter sport with hares or beagles, and in Maine the northern hares are sometimes hunted with fox hounds. "Molly Cotton" is also a fair object for running harriers, and if any surplus of game be killed, "a ole ha-a" is always welcomed at the nearest darkey's cabin.

I am impelled to make this mention of rabbits as a timely hint to sportsmen who, with the best of motives and generous spirits, in their business misdirect their efforts and look forward only to selfish benefits, without giving due consideration to results of a different nature, either possible or probable, and which once brought about cannot be abolished. EYRETT SMITH.

Portland, Me.

PINE GROSBIRDS.—DOMESTICATION OF QUAIL.—BOWDITCHVILLE, Ont.—My attention has been drawn to several little items in your issue of Jan. 27, and perhaps you will allow me a trifle of space to put in a few words. The pine grosbeak seems to be a bird of a very extensive range of country. I have seen a number of them being seen in Manitoba, Minnesota, near Duluth, Pennsylvania, and in the Adirondacks. I have only seen them on two occasions during my bush ramblings around Quebec. They are by no means plentiful, but an occasional flock comes along. I doubt not they have also been seen by my esteemed friend Jov. Neilson, of Cap Rouge, who is one of the most ardent lovers of ornithology I know. He keeps a standing record of all birds seen, their first and last appearance in the season and any other items of interest concerning them. His record is published and would make a valuable work of reference of the birds inhabiting or visiting northern Canada. Another item I saw was on the domestication of quail. Some years ago I knew a man in Ontario who captured a bevy of quail in a trap. These he took home and put into a small room well lighted, with the windows protected by screens of muslin to prevent the birds injuring themselves against the glass. The floor was well sanded and boxes filled with earth and young spruce trees planted in them were placed in different parts of the room as a cover for the birds. Here they lived and did well. At first they were very wild, but they soon got accustomed to persons going in and out, and at last took no notice of them, but would sit in the sand like chickens without seeming to be in any way disturbed at the presence of man. They were fed on grain of different kinds, but principally small wheat, and they had fresh water every day; at night they roosted on the floor in the most appropriate quail fashion—heads first, tails in. He had them for over a year; when their mortality seemed to come over them and they all died in two or three days. They never bred or showed the least desire to; but the males, early in the morning, would whistle their Bob White during the spring months in as lively a manner as if they were out in the fields. They were a most interesting lot of pets and made themselves thoroughly at home.—AL SABLE.

CO-OPERATION AMONG THE BIRDS.—Editor Forest and Stream: The speculation on the migration of cranes and geese induces me to send you this note. When Sir Samuel Baker was in Abyssinia looking after the sources of the Nile in that country, with an occasional hunt for grub in the interim, he one day stirred up a rival hunting party. A platoon—more correctly, a squadron—of long-legged cranes were stalking solemnly through the grass, every one of them saddled by a small fly-catcher. As the long-billed beaters tramped up, to be instantly speared by a wicked jolly fellow, who, by accident missed, down came the fly-catcher with a swoop like a falcon and gathered the stranger up, returning once to his own particular steed, between whom and his rider existed the most amicable terms. Leastwise, so Sam said.—JOHN PRESTON TREE.

Natural History.

ABOUT DEER.

RESPECTING weights of black-tailed deer asked for by you in a late paper in connection with the alleged weight of one of 500 lbs., it will perhaps be best to ask, What is a black-tailed deer? The true one, *Cervus columbianus*, which is often confounded with the mule deer (*Cervus macrotis*) is not by any means a large animal, and if any individual of this species has been killed weighing 500, 400 or even 300 lbs., he must have been a veritable "Daniel Lambert" of his kind. I very much doubt if any black-tailed deer has ever weighed so much, estimating his weight with the entrails out, but with head, skin and legs intact, which is the ordinary and accepted method of weighing deer. I would prefer believing that the deer spoken of as weighing 500 lbs. had been confounded with some other species.

Now, estimated, judged, reckoned or supposed weights are of no use as a matter of record. Not one man in a hundred is capable of judging anything near the correct weight of a deer, and he is often far from the mark. These weights worthy of being considered are those established by actual weighing, and if this mode were practiced to a greater extent it would be soon apparent to the hunting fraternity and the world at large that the big bucks, so often spoken of as weighing over 200 lbs. would be, like "angels' visits, few and far between." Does, as far as I am aware, never attain this weight, and I feel safe in saying that not more than one per cent. of one bucks do so. Two thousand deer expressoes would not be so far out of the way as to estimate the same since living in this country, and when seeing large deer I have made it a practice, when possible, to obtain their weight, and the greatest weight I have any record of is 230 lbs., although I am assured one was killed in this vicinity, and not in good condition either, that tipped the beam at 240 lbs., and this is the only one I ever heard of as attaining such a weight.

Now, in reference to deer burying their horns, nothing that I have seen, nor nothing that I estimate to be true, induces me to believe that such a practice exists, and when viewed in the proper light, the fact that so few horns being found does not at all warrant such a conclusion. If we remember that deer inhabit dense woods and thickets it is to me more surprising that so many rather than that so few are found. The shed horns being often the same color as their surroundings of dead leaves, branches and underbrush do not attract the eye, and, in consequence, are not often discovered. But the chief reason that they are more often shed in dense growth than in the open. My experience is that they are more frequently detached from the head by coming in contact with limbs of trees, etc., than in any other manner, and this has been manifest to me on many occasions when deer driving late in the winter. I have often seen deer shot with both horns recently torn from the head, the burr still bleeding, showing that contact with trees had caused their detachment, many days, probably, before they would otherwise have been shed. In some cases I have found one horn off and the other on, and not infrequently seen a buck started with a full head, but without horns when killed afterward within a period of an hour or so. All of which goes to prove that the bucks lose their horns under varied circumstances, more especially in unsettled countries where the deer are constantly harassed by wolves. But the greatest reason for my believing as I do is this: By the large proportion of horns are cast at so late a time in the season as to preclude the possibility of their being buried, owing to the frozen condition of the ground, which would in most cases necessitate the use of a pick and crow bar. Few deer shed their horns till late in December, and many not till January. This season in northern climates is generally associated with frost and snow, and were the deer ever so anxious to render homage to their departed horns by giving them a burial, how impossible it would be in the majority of cases to carry out their desires in this respect.

I killed a buck on the 29th of January last with a splendid head of horns at a time when the ground was frozen as hard as a rock, and with about two feet of snow on the level, and I fancy he would have had a hard time to bury them had he lived till he shed them, were it at a time when the ground was in the same condition. I can think more about the few horns found. Ever and anon a single horn is often seen over a greater space than a foot square, and as there are 37,878,400 square feet in a square mile it looks at all reasonable to suppose that it would be an easy task to find the horns annually shed within such an area were the deer ever so plenty and special search was made for them. Horns are more perishable than bones, and owing to the gnawing of rodents and the effects of weather do not last long. Elk and moose horns, owing to their size and structure, are more often seen more frequently than deer horns. Our close season in British Columbia is from February 1 to August 1 in each year. New Westminster, B. C., Feb. 21. MOWITT.

HABITS OF THE FOX.—Kittanning, Pa., Mar. 1.—I see in your issue of Feb. 24 an article in regard to foxes relieving one another when hard pressed by the hounds. My experience has been the same as your correspondent from Bridgeport, W. Va. One week ago myself and two friends went out to have a chase. The dogs started a gray, and put him to earth in a few minutes. Then we started a red about eleven o'clock, and ran him until about three, when he ran into some spruce where we struck two tracks together. The one we had been running was a small one as he made quite a small track, and the one he ran into made a large track. The cunning little fellow dropped out somewhere, and the hounds went straight on after the fresh one. There was snow on the ground, and we soon discovered that we were on the track of a large fox instead of a small one. We ran the large one until dark, but never got within shooting distance of him. We had five good hounds in the chase. It regard to a pregnant fox not having any scent, if your correspondent had been with myself and party on the hill about three miles north of town one day last March he would not believe any such saying. We had an old she going about five hours. She made three or four circles on a point where myself and two other parties were stationed, when we got a shot at her and killed her. The air was so still that I think it smelled almost as strong as a skunk's, and we found her in her six pups about half as large as little kittens. She had been very hard pressed and was very warm, which would account for her giving out so much scent, but that a pregnant fox will throw out scent is a fact beyond doubt.—LUTHER.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., March 10.—Ducks are beginning to come in.—E. M. Q.

start up from the water in the most wonderful fashion and at every angle possible, save the right one. However, I managed to get into the boat with my traps, and off we started. A nice sailing breeze ruffled the water, and it was clear soon had a home in berth teeth worth picking. Thousands of ducks were flying over the vast marshes, and my heart bounded with joy at the sight. Long strings of geese were also flying along the horizon, and I could plainly hear the "hawk-e-bawik" of the old ganders. A great many ducks, principally broad bills and butter balls, were continually getting up and all of us, and the temptation at last became too strong for me, and I went to "see" them. Just at the moment of my departure I demonstrated pretty clearly to the observer eyes of our skipper that a "pair" was not such very hard work, to say nothing of several sky serapers and twisting drivers, and before we reached the beach I had really quite a respectable bag. Arriving at the queer old house, with its ship cabin doors and windows, I almost fell into the arms of an old college chum, the last person in the wide world I ever expected to find in that wilderness. Intense joy overcame us, and it was only after the most frequent "smiles" that we arrived at any sort of rationality. My friend had also several crones in tow, and we were a merry lot of fellows over our roast duck that evening, I can tell you.

After our meal (I did it full justice, believe me) we completed our enjoyments for the morning's work completed. I retired early, as the long journey from home had fairly begun to show its effects, and I was, to use the familiar expression, "laid out." Just at the first peep of day I was rindly awakened by some one twisting my nose, that noble organ, I'll vow, assuming a dozen shapes, and I found myself vainly striving to reach my gun, which stood in the corner, with the avowed intention of killing the offender if my neck paid the forfeit, while I gave vent to my feelings (as is said afterward) in the choicest French (?) he had ever heard. Roars of laughter greeted my ears, as sitting up in bed I strove to soothe my poor proboscis and to gain my senses.

Several white-robed figures skipping about and chattering like nooks with the cold, and casting all manner of remarks at me brought "light out of darkness," and I was soon as busy as the rest. Breakfast over, guns, etc., taken care of, we emerged into the open air, cool and keen, with just a faint breeze, harbinger of what was to follow, bending the tops of the long willow rice.

I was secured for my own special benefit, as guide, the son of our worthy proprietor, young Beauregard, a lad whom I venture to say is not unknown to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and during my stay, which proved quite a long one, we became the best of friends, in fact inseparable companions. I never saw a better shot for his age in my life, or one who more thoroughly understood his business. It gave me great pleasure to loan him one of my guns, and I well remember the little fellow's joy at possessing the weapon, even for so short a time.

The dawn was fast breaking, and we hurried down to the boats, my friends going to a famous point at a well known club for canvas backs, while "Beau" and I paddled away in the opposite direction, through the wavy forests of rice stalks, starting scores of ducks from their resting places, with many a quack and whistle. I tried my best to cover them, but they were almost within reach of the ears, but the darkness prevented me from hitting any. My struggle we reached the point of land—or, tangled weeds rather, that was to form our camp for the day, and Beau was soon at work pitching the deecys, while I arranged things comfortably in the blind.

The breeze became stronger, and I felt a little snow upon my face, but Beau laughed merrily at my somewhat fore-bode remarks upon the weather. Never mind it, sir! It won't last long; and neither it did. The clouds were blowing away for the duck shooter! Cloudy and cold, a stout breeze, and the birds "all on the move." I could see great bunches of them flying in every direction over the vast fields that stretched away into the dim distance, and obeying the instincts taught me on Long Island's sea-girt shore, I kept myself well concealed. A single bird suddenly came shooting by me, and I was glad to see him turned toward the stool, and a moment more lay dead upon the shore. My first spoon bill, a truly handsome bird.

Single and double shots became frequent, with an occasional flock to rake; and my cup of happiness (to say nothing of the "blind") was almost full. I had a little experience with an eagle during the afternoon which will bear recording. A black duck—hard hit—fell on the ice about eighty yards from us, and I walked toward it for the purpose of gathering when, with a mighty splash and a puff of steam, a large bird darted down upon it. The duck, badly wounded, fluttered out of his grasp along the ice, during which time I was running my best to get within gunshot. I gave the tyrant both barrels, but he secured my duck after all and sailed away as totally indifferent to my three ounces of chills as though he fed upon them. They are a great nuisance at Currituck and destroy any quantity of birds—so Beau informed me.

My glorious day at last was over; and the bag—bust, stop! I know full well the danger of enumerating least I also should be numbered among the great—"them." Suffice it to say there was more than ever I expected to kill, which is saying a great deal, gentle reader; and as to the variety, it was simply sublime. I could boast of but few canvas backs, however, and those few speedily found their way to my friends at home. I remained at White's for several weeks and enjoyed good shooting most of the time, but the first day was *creme de la creme* of my experience. BLUE BILL.

BEYONCE.—The annual meeting of the Bicycle Club was held on Monday evening last, and the following officers were elected: W. J. Knight, President; E. H. Snyder, Vice-President; E. H. Bellman, Secretary and Treasurer; L. H. Johnson, Capt.; A. C. Bedell, Senior Sub. Capt.; H. W. Knight, Junior Sub. Capt. and Counsel; Chas. A. Knight, Bugler; E. H. Bellman, Guide. Club Committee: L. H. Johnson, Chairman; H. W. Knight, W. Smith, H. C. Dougherty, and J. White. After the business of the evening was completed the club sat down to a fine collation at the invitation of the President, and after a very pleasant series of toasts, speeches and songs, the club adjourned at a late hour. The reports show the club to be in a very flourishing condition, and having a membership of forty-two with more to come, the prospects for a brilliant season seem assured. They hold the championship honors of America and Canada, and propose to hold them another year. J. LARSON.

The water is rendered harmless and more refreshing with Hop Bitters in each draught.

TAME RUFFED GROUSE, No. 2.—Springfield, O., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—In looking over your excellent paper of the 10th inst. I noticed an article written by "Mig." and dated at Cortland, N. Y., March 3, in which the mention is made of having a ruffed grouse in his possession, and that it was doing well. I also have a specimen of the same family in my possession. The way I came by it is as follows: I left my office for dinner one day last fall, and upon my return opened the door to enter, when, lo! Mrs. Grouse had taken possession, and was on her wing, darting higher and higher in search of an opening to make good her escape. At first I thought as I am sometimes wont to do, that some one had captured her, and in order to get off a joke had turned her loose in my office. I at once set about securing her. I followed in hot haste as she made numerous gyrations from one side of the room to the other, and at last I caught her. But how had she made her advent into my room? On the south side was a door, the upper part of which was filled with four large panes of glass, and strange to say through one of these this bird came with a crash, inside of my office. She is now apparently happy and as tame as a chicken. She always appears delighted when fed, as is evinced by her knock-knock and her inimitable walk as a game bird. That the ruffed grouse can be domesticated I shall no longer doubt. Will our friend "Mig." tell us whether his bird is a male or female, and if so can we not bring them together, and thus show our brother sportsmen how this glorious bird can be domesticated and vastly increased?—NIMROD.

POGONKEESE, N. Y., March 11.—Your article from Cortland, N. Y., about the tame grouse answers well for the description of one I have. It was caught in the same way last fall. I kept it in my store in a large cage; it fed well on grain and hemp-seed. It will come to the top of the cage when I call it and cluck. It will also come when you show it a leaf of lettuce; it will allow you to handle it.—YOURS, L. CARPENTER.

WHERE ARE THE WINTER BIRDS OF CANADA?—The following letter to the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* is from the pen of Mr. Jolin Neilson, who has for many years been observing the habits of Canadian birds and whose experience is of great value. The question is an interesting one, and we should be glad to know whether observers in various parts of the country have noticed a similar scarcity of birds. The writer says:

Over thirty years a close observer of the coming, going and doings generally of our sedentary and migratory *fauna*, my notebooks and memoranda tend to show anything like the almost complete absence of birds during the present winter. Not about the environs of this ancient capital only has this scarcity of birds been remarked but my own observations in the Eastern Townships, Cap Sante, Valcartier and other places, strengthened by corroborating evidence written from La Croche and Vermillion (St. Maurice River), from Lake Megantic and Etchemin (Beauce District), proves that this rather extraordinary exodus is general over a large portion of Eastern Quebec.

As to the above unusual phenomena the tardiness of the birds—now eight to ten days behind their ordinary time of arrival—and we have matter sufficient to conjure up quite a pleasing variety of theories as to the why have they gone? For my part, I leave theory-making to such as possess aptitude for abstract speculations. I only quest after the positive—namely, Where have our birds gone? Will distant continents vouch for our loss?—J. N.

Dorval, Cap Rouge Road, March 9th, 1881.
P. S.—From among our deserters must be excluded the pine grosbeak (*Pinicola canadensis*). This species was fairly abundant from October till January 15. They apparently commenced their northern migration February 6, the last noted being March 3.

They were also sufficiently common during autumn; several of the latter species (*Uruba Duo*) snowy and barred, were obtained in the vicinity of Quebec. The birds principally alluded to above are pine finches, red polls, crossbills, chickadees, nuthatch, woodpeckers and Canada jays—all exceeding rare during the present season.

SPRING NOTES.—White Plains, N. Y., March 8.—In crossing some brush this morning I saw a worm hill side I started a woodcock. I think we will have snipe in a week or two if this weather holds.—G. W. B.

Orange, N. J., March 11.—First flock of blackbirds seen at 8 o'clock this morning.—A. P. W.
SRO SING, March 11, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: This weather has been very mild and the birds are beginning to arrive.

March 1.—Saw first song sparrow; and March 2.—They arrived in small flocks and are now singing merrily.

March 5.—Saw flock of five robins feeding on sunach berries and seemingly having a good time.

March 6.—The crows are flying over in large flocks of fifty or a hundred. One flock passed very low and I noticed what seemed to be a gull flying with them, but as they flew over I saw it was a crow nearly all white. Are these albinos common? It is the first one I ever saw.—P. D.

White crows are certainly uncommon, but they do occur. We have never seen but one, however.

BIRDS COLLECTED AT GOD GROUND (Shinnecock Bay), Suffolk Co., Long Island, from November 1, 1880, to March 15, 1881.

My friend, George A. Lane, shot and sent me during the past winter the following birds, viz.:

November.—Kinglet (*Troglodytes alpestris*), blue bird (*Sialia sialis*), meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*).

December 25.—Meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*), great northern shrike (*Collurio borealis*), tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*), snow bird (*Junco hyemalis*).

January 15.—Red bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*), yellow bird (*Chrysomitris tristis*), snow bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*), 28, horned lark (*Eremophila alpestris*).

February 22.—Blue Jay (*Cyanura cristata*), chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*).

March 1.—Brown creeper (*Certhia familiaris*), red bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*).

March 15.—Yellow rumped warbler (*Dendroica coronata*). He writes me that the horned larks, tree sparrows, snow birds, snow buntings and yellow birds were comparatively plenty, even during the most severe weather. Wm. DUTTON.

New York City.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WINTER AND THE BIRDS.

STATISTICAL REPORT SHOWING THE EFFECT OF LAST WINTER'S WEATHER ON THE GAME IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

WE give below the most complete statistical report of the effect of the last winter's cold and snows on the game in the State of New Jersey ever compiled or published by any paper. In fact, no other State or section of this country has ever before been more carefully or thoroughly canvassed. Covering as it does the twenty-one counties of New Jersey, we have arranged them in order, beginning at the north and running down to the south. Under each county the names of the 898 places have been placed in alphabetical order, and the items sent us by our correspondents are remarkably explicit, and worthy of the attention of all those who are interested in the problem of game protection.

It would be great injustice to those who have enabled us to make this compilation if we did not extend to them our hearty thanks, and in the future, if we can be of any service to those who have courteously forwarded these items of valuable information, we trust they will not fail to call upon us.

In this issue we refrain from summarizing the canvass, as we prefer that it should speak for itself, but in our issue of March 31 the story of each section and county will be carefully presented.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Andover.—Our swamps were dry and afforded good shelter. The quail, however, suffered more than usual. None have been found dead; but having thus, were known to exist had not been seen. Probable loss, thirty per cent. They were fed, but not systematically.

Augusta.—I can state that the severity of the winter has been very hard on the game. Snow drifts covered the quail and many flocks have been found dead. This has been the hardest winter on birds for a number of years. Seventy per cent. have perished. The farmers do not feed them.

Green River.—I cannot learn that the game has been destroyed to a greater extent than in other years. A few quail have lived about the grain stacks.

Brancheville.—The impression prevails here that a good many quail and partridge (ruffed grouse) have perished this winter in the snow drifts. I know of none that have been fed.

Ducktown.—The quail and partridges (ruffed grouse) have about half perished. Farmers fed and protected them all they could.

Flatbrookville.—The severe winter has been powerful on the game. Quail suffered the most. Whole flocks have been found dead. The farmers did not feed. The foxes, owls and hawks destroy more game than the sportsman kill.

Flatbrookville.—Quail are scarcer now than they have been for many years. The farmers fed, but the winter has killed the birds.

Freedom.—There are few birds left. On the place I am living, a farm of 240 acres, I don't know of a single quail, and we generally have fifteen or twenty every winter. In a circle of six miles I have not been able to hear of but six birds alive. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) have been rare for some years.

Greenwood.—The destruction of quail by cold and snow storms this winter in northern New Jersey has been greater than ever before in my experience. Fully seventy-five per cent. of the quail left at the close of the season have perished. I have heard of two flocks—one of three and one of nine—that have wintered in barnyards. I do not think many partridges have died.

Greenwood.—I don't think there has been any material difference in the wintering of birds in this section from other winters. There has been none fed.

Hamburgh.—As nearly as I can ascertain the percentage of quail destroyed by this hard winter is at least fifty. Partridges have suffered nearly as much. I think few birds have been fed by the farmers.

Hamburgh.—So far as I can learn the destruction by the winter and other causes was at least seventy-five per cent. of our quail, and possibly fifty per cent. of the ruffed grouse.

Huntsville.—The winter has been a bad one for quail and game of all kinds. It has been far more destructive than usual. About sixty per cent. of the game has perished. No farmers feed them.

Lafayette.—Very few farmers feed. There are only a few birds left. The winter was very hard on them.

Lafayette.—The past winter has been very hard on birds and game generally. It is noticeably more so than usual. I think one-half of the quail and partridges have been destroyed by the snow and severe cold. The farmers and others did all they could to feed the birds that came about their buildings. Two women in this vicinity were noticeable for their devotion to the birds.—Mrs. C. Bennett and Miss M. Stinson.

Madison Valley.—Many farmers fed the birds during the winter.

Middleville.—I am pained to inform you that the severity of the winter just passed has almost wiped out the quail. Large flocks were left January 1, but I am fully convinced that in most cases two-thirds of them—and in most instances whole flocks—are gone. Partridges are very scarce. Rabbits as a rule got through safely.

Monroe.—There are but few quail left this spring. Farmers as a general thing do not feed the birds.

Monroe.—I have noticed particularly the scarcity of game this spring. I have found where whole flocks of quail have perished. I think two-thirds of the birds have died. Some that were fed have come through all right.

Newton.—The winter has been very hard on game, especially quail in this county and Northern New Jersey. It has been the most severe on game that we have had since 1867-7. Ninety to ninety-five per cent. of our quail have perished. The deep snow has deprived them of all food. The farmers fed them, and up to the very severe snow storm of Feb. 1 those fed were doing well, but when these failed to return to the barn-yards after that storm, which was heavy and drifting, and beyond doubt all, or nearly all, perished. I have heard of but one surviving bevy in Sussex.

The few ruffed grouse left from the ravages of the fly have fared better, and I hear of some of them surviving.

Stilwell.—Birds were very scarce at the commencement of the winter. Hunters nearly cleaned them out. Cannot hear of a bird left within a radius of one mile from this place. Farmers do not seem to have found any dead ones. Cannot hear of any being fed during the winter.

Stilwell.—A large number of quail were frozen last winter. The snow is off the ground, and the farmers report finding quite a number of dead birds. Partridges (ruffed grouse) were scarcer last fall than ever before, the cause being the numerous fires in the woods.

Stockholm.—One-half of the quail perished, the others would have they not been fed; not by farmers, but by hunters. The grouse have come through safe, only what has been killed by the foxes.

Tranquillity.—The snows and cold weather have caused a number of quail to perish. Some of the farmers have fed the birds. The foxes and hawks have destroyed many.

Vernon.—The quail are about two-thirds destroyed, as near as I can get at it. Certainly the most of them are dead.

Wanamans.—The past winter has injured the game some, but I think to no serious extent. Large flocks of quail have wintered in the farmers' barn-yards, near the rye stacks.

Wycktown.—Birds have wintered in this vicinity as well as they commonly do. They are very scarce.

PASSAIC COUNTY.

Heintz.—After the natives and the fancy shooters from the cities were through there were two or three small coveys left to be snowed under.

Lake View.—I know of but one flock of quail, they are all right—I fed them myself.

Passaic.—Some of the game has frozen to death. The decrease this year over last year is about fifty per cent. The farmers up here are so mean that they would not let the poor little things feed in their barn yards.

Ringwood.—Game of all kinds was scarce last fall, especially the partridges. The winter has been very severe. No one has fed the game.

Ridgfield.—Very few birds in this section.

Ridgwood.—Game in this section is very scarce. The winter has been so cold and the snow so deep that the little quail could not find a stalk of herbs nor a kernel of grain, so they have passed away like the morning dew. I carried grain day after day all winter long to feed a bevy of thirteen quail, and the middle of February they disappeared and I have not seen them since; I think the frost and snow have killed them. As far as I can learn, the farmers did not feed the quail.

West Milford.—No doubt the winter has been very hard on quail; probably more so than for many years past owing to the severe weather. In very few instances have quail been killed; I think it safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of these birds perished. The partridges (ruffed grouse) do much better; their loss is small.

BERGEN COUNTY.

Atlantide.—The destruction of game last year was not greater than in former years. We have had no snowdrifts. The foxes and hawks kill many birds. In the cover the birds feed on cedar berries. Several persons fed the game.

Cresskill.—Do not think there has been any greater destruction of birds than usual. The sportsmen have fed them. During extreme cold weather birds also followed the roads and picked from horse droppings. As snows were hard, so they could navigate, though very few perished.

Edgewater.—We saw rather near to New York, and game has been pretty thoroughly exterminated. The farmers do not feed them, but the farmers' cats seem to have no objection to eat them a la cannibal.

Englewood.—I hear of no quail left alive save a few seen early in the winter along the railroad track, where they have been fed by the employes. I think seven-tenths of the native birds must have perished.

Englewood.—The effect of the cold and snow on the game this winter has been that it has left the surviving birds in a very poor condition. The destruction has not been greater than in other years, except by hawks. Birds have been fed by some farmers.

Kingsland.—Very few birds here to perish. The farmers did not feed.

Little Ferry.—All birds are very scarce here.

Madison.—Very few birds and no effect on the game in this section.

Montvale.—We surmise that a great many quail have perished, still the fact has not come to my notice. Even should any have died under the snow or frost, unless you happened to be just there shortly after, all traces would disappear, hawks and foxes being the scavengers. No birds were fed to my knowledge.

Norwood.—The winter has been very severe on the game. Neither farmers nor residents feed the birds. The percentage of birds that have perished cannot be estimated.

Norwood.—I don't think the farmers or residents feed the quail. The destruction of game was much greater this winter than usual.

Rose Edge.—The farmers do not as a rule feed the birds. I am not aware of any destruction of game in this section.

Saddle River.—Some farmers fed the birds and the game did not suffer last winter more than usual.

Schraalenburgh.—Game is scarce in this vicinity. A few quail were shot here last season. Do not think that there are fewer birds than usual.

Spring Valley.—The quail are all right, and also the native birds.

Washington.—Quail, which were quite abundant in the early part of the winter, have been almost killed off by the deep snows. Partridges have fared much better, and as late as the last week in February I finished several in the swamps. My opportunities for observation have been unusually good, for I have been able to get into the swamps on snow-shoes, when it would have been impossible to do so without them. Feeding was attempted by some neighbors, but the effect of recurring snow storms discouraged them, and the birds were left to their fate. Some gentlemen talk of restocking with quail this spring.

Westwood.—The cold and snows have killed a great many birds—more than in a number of winters past. I should judge one-third of the birds perished. Flocks have been found dead. A number of residents have fed.

WARREN COUNTY.

Altenewy.—This winter has been very hard on the game. I think it is safe to say fifty per cent. have perished. Some farmers have fed the quail and the stacks of grain.

Anderson.—Fifty per cent. of the quail have perished. There was no feed except near the barracks.

Beloire.—I saw my friend Mr. B., who has the best game farm in Warren county. He feeds the quail every winter; said he had very few left, I know of none elsewhere. A sad condition of things up here.

Beloire.—Over fifty per cent. of the quail in this region have perished. The farmers always feed the birds, and this winter they looked after them carefully.

Bridgeville.—All the farmers say that the quail and small birds are nearly all frozen. The wood-choppers say that they find many partridges (ruffed grouse) that have been either frozen or starved to death. None, I believe, were fed.

Bridgeville.—The winter has been very severe on game—this winter more so than last. I have heard of large numbers of quail being frozen—fourteen in one lot. I don't think that all partridges. Should think that one-third of the birds have perished. Farmers feed them. I have fed one flock of eight all winter. Rabbits are numerous.

Buttsville.—I do not think that the cold weather has affected the quail more this winter than is usual. I have noticed quite a large number feeding near grain stacks.

Carpentersville.—As I am somewhat of a hunter I can say the winter has been very severe on the quail. I don't think they have been killed. In some cases the doves are all gone. The farmers have not fed them any.

Danville.—By careful inquiry I learn that about fifty per cent. of quail have been destroyed, and other game in proportion. The winter has been very hard on the quail in this section.

Hackettstown.—The winter has been very severe. The quail has suffered very much. About seventy-five per cent. have been killed. In some cases the doves are all gone. The farmers have not fed them any.

Hackettstown.—The snows, drifts and cold weather have been very destructive to the birds. I know of several coveys of from twelve to twenty birds at the end of the season, and now there are only three or four birds to a bevy to be seen. Many have been found frozen since the snow went off. The loss has been greater than for many years. I think seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished. Some farmers tried to feed and save them. There is scarcely a pheasant to be found. Rabbits have been found dead.

Harnesburg.—The snows and cold have had very serious effect on the birds in our section, especially quail. Whole flocks have been found smothered and frozen. From what I can gather the destruction has been much greater than in other years. Probably at least seventy-five per cent. perished. Quail have been caught and kept to turn out in spring.

Hazen.—The cold and snows have had a bad effect on game in our section. The destruction has been greater this winter than last. Some twenty to thirty per cent. have perished. But few farmers here feed them.

Hazen.—The injury to game has been serious, and the destruction greater than in other winters. About twenty-five per cent. are dead. Farmers do not feed to any extent, as a general thing.

Hope.—Of quails this I think half have perished, a greater proportion this year than usual. Other birds about the same as usual. I have been in the habit of feeding them.

Johnsborough. I can candidly say that about one-half of all kinds of game has perished. The quail have not been fed by the farmers or residents.

Johnsborough.—Game is very scarce here now. About one-third perished this winter. A few flocks of quail were fed by farmers.

Marksborough.—There was quite a number of birds left over from last season, but the winter has been very hard on the quail. I had a very nice flock by my wheat stack, but they have not been seen recently.

Port Murray.—We consider that fifty per cent. of the quail and other game have been frozen to death. As far as we can learn several farmers have fed them.

Rockburgh.—The snows had no effect on the game. The farmers and residents fed the birds.

Steinertsville.—Cold and snows have had no effect on the game in this section. A few coveys of birds are fed by the farmers. There were more birds last season than usual.

Stearnsville.—As far as I know the birds have wintered well. Several large flocks of quail, and have thus brought them safely through the winter.

Vienna.—All the birds along the Pequet Valley are exterminated by the cold. The farmers were too mean to feed them.

MORRIS COUNTY.

Ayton.—No destruction of birds in this section that I have learned about. Several farmers have fed a few flocks of quail.

Barkleville.—Unable to say what percentage perished during severe winter. It has been greater than usual. Farmers here don't take care of birds.

Berkshire Valley.—A great many quail have died through this section. I have found as high as twelve in the snow huddled together frozen. I also found a few woodcock. I am paying twenty cents apiece for live quail to let out.

Boonton.—There has not been any game, to my knowledge, killed by the winter. The quail have become tame and come close to the farmers' houses to feed. There may have been some killed by the last heavy snows.

Brookside.—The cold weather has killed most all of the birds. No one, as I know of, has fed any birds this winter.

Brookside.—The unusually cold winter has been very destructive to the game in this section. More game has perished the past winter than in many years. At least seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished. The farmers fed game in the winter, but the extreme cold and snow finally destroyed them.

Chester.—We have lost twenty-five per cent. of our birds. The farmers tried to protect the quail.

Denville.—We have had a hard winter for our quail, but have not lost a single flock from cold or snow. One person fed a bevy of thirteen, another man fed thirteen birds, and another fed three flocks, and one bushels of buckwheat.

Dover.—The deep snows have had a most disastrous effect on the game in this vicinity. About seventy-five per cent. of the quail have perished. Partridges (ruffed grouse) have fared better. Farmers have fed.

Drakesville.—Many quail have been preserved by farmers. Some gentlemen have paid twenty-five cents apiece for quail. Do not believe the weather, though the most severe in years, killed many birds.

Glitz.—The effect of the snow has been destructive in much greater proportion than in other years. Nearly one-half the birds are dead. Some farmers did feed, but it was not generally done.

Green Village.—I have not heard of any game that has perished.

Hannover.—The cold and snows have killed a great deal of the game about here. The birds were fed by farmers.

Hopalong.—The cold weather had more effect on the bunners than on the birds. What game there is here seems to have wintered well.

Littleton.—The farmers fed some, but the cold killed half of the quail.

McClintockville.—The quail have been fed. I do not think the destruction of birds has been greater than in other years.

Madison.—There seemed to be plenty of quail left January 1. I know of at least fifteen coveys of from three to ten birds perished from the cold and snow, and the remainder are left in a very weak condition. Many will be killed by our cold spring rains, by hawks, etc. I have a fine lot of good strong birds that I shall turn out by pairs when the weather will admit. Birds were fed and protected by sportsmen, who are in many cases farmers.

Mendonham. I should say fifty per cent. of the quail have perished. Partridges (ruffed grouse) have fared better. A great many farmers fed birds, and I know of several parties (myself included) who have a pair of birds to liberate soon.

Mendonham.—The most severe winter on game that we have had in ten years. It has destroyed nearly all the quail, but not many partridges. The percentage of birds destroyed has been at least seventy-five per cent. Very few farmers have fed the game.

Middle Valley.—The farmers don't feed the birds, but they are down on sportsmen. A number of birds have not perished. I know of several coveys; saw a flock this morning (March 15).

Millington.—There are but few game birds in this section. They have been fed grain and have wintered well as usual.

Millington.—The stock of game near me has been reduced fifty per cent. One flock of a dozen quail saved by wood-chopper fudging them.

Millington.—The winter has been very severe on quail and other game. Whole herds of quail have been found dead. Game of late year has been scarce. Fully forty per cent. of game was killed.

Montville. I do not think the destruction of game has been greater than in other years. I have had one flock of twenty quail under my notice all winter. They were alive two weeks ago (March 17).

Morris Plains.—So far as I have been able to learn, the game has not suffered, aside from their being weakened by the cold and lack of food. The farmers, as a rule, do not feed.

Morrisstown.—Birds have wintered better than many expected. I have heard of but two being frozen. A number of birds were fed. Undoubtedly some have perished, but in my belief one-tenth only suffered. The grouse are still all right.

Morrisstown.—A large number of birds have perished. The loss has been much greater than usual. The farmers as a general thing fed the birds.

Mount Olive.—There have been no more dead birds than in other years. I have recently seen one flock which wintered under a grain stack.

Mount Olive.—There are a few quail and plenty of rabbits left.

Nanglirightville.—More birds have perished on account of the severity of the winter than ever before to my knowledge. I think that seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished.

Nanglirightville.—This has been a very severe winter with game of all kinds. Quail are all dead. Have never known a winter in which the destruction has been so great.

Newfoundland.—Farmers tell me that where in the fall they saw quail, now they cannot see a track; yet there are some quail left. Farmers have tried to feed and protect deep snow covers them. I would say about seventy-five per cent. have been lost.

Newfoundland.—Perhaps fifty per cent. of the birds have perished. A number of farmers have kept small flocks of quail on their land this winter.

Parsippany.—I have no definite information as to how the quail got through the winter, but some must have perished. Some of us have taken the precaution to feed and protect some of the large flocks of quail, and have thus brought them safely through the winter.

Parsippany.—In this section there has been little, if any, destruction of quail. In half a dozen places the birds have been fed at different times.

Peguanac.—The winter had the effect of destroying the game, more having been killed than in previous winters. Forty per cent. of the birds died. A very few farmers fed.

Pine Brook.—Almost half the game has been killed. Greater destruction to game than for many years.

Pine Brook.—The game in general has suffered a great deal, especially quail and rabbits. A few quail would feed around the farm yards.

Pine Brook.—The quail in my vicinity have not been injured a particle by the severity of the winter. The four or five beys in my neighborhood have a goodly number left over for seed, and in my humble opinion it is the infernal traps and not the winters with us that cause the diminution of quail and grouse. There has been no crust this winter, and a crust, though acceptable to a hungry man, to a hungry quail is certain death.

Pleasant Grove.—The winter has been unusually severe on the birds, and the destruction greater than in other years. Nearly all have perished. There are only about one-eighth of the birds left now that there were at the end of the season.

Rockaway.—The quail have suffered very much from cold and snow; very few survivors. Some of our farmers and residents have fed them, and have succeeded in wintering a few, in some cases only to have them killed by the pot-hunters in this section. They kill all kinds of game at all seasons. The partridges have been almost exterminated.

Rockaway.—Both ducks and geese were fed to the quail to feed and hide in. When the snow was deep we went and fed the birds. They would run out at our approach, and as soon as the grain was thrown in they would return and feed.

Rustie.—I consider the quail crop a total loss. Have tried all winter to trap some, and had others at it, but failed. I offered fifty cents apiece and could not get one. Have heard of dead ones being found about here. A booby-owl dropped dead here from cold and starvation, and two Acadian owls

were killed and found to be on the verge of starvation—all rare birds here. No winter has approached this in severity in any time—forty years.

Schooley's Mountain.—Destruction of birds considerable; estimated from one-half to three-quarters. Some quail were fed.

Suckasunny.—The birds are doing pretty well under the circumstances. Rabbits are plenty.

Suckasunny.—Quail are doing well under the circumstances. Many farmers have kept a very large number of their buildings feeding them. The hatching season prove favorable there will be a fair amount of birds next season. Many of my acquaintances have been feeding them on the hillsides and in the swamps.

Suckasunny.—Quail have undoubtedly suffered this winter. I know of a few flocks that have wintered through, but can find no trace of several others. The birds were fed by a few parties. Hawks are unusually plenty.

Whippany.—The winter was very severe on the birds. I think thirty per cent. perished from cold and hawks. The birds were fed.

Whippany.—The farmers fed the quail. I do not think any perished.

ESSEX COUNTY.

Belleisle.—There were quite a number of quail left in this section at the close of the last season, but I fear the severe weather of the past winter has completely destroyed them, as the writer and a friend after diligent search has been unable to find any trace of their existence.

Bloomfield.—We have no game of any kind left in this vicinity.

Brookdale.—The winter was very severe on game in this section. Birds are protected by cedars here. One farmer was feeding twenty quail and sixteen out of the lot perished. Some few birds and a good many rabbits were caught and kept over.

Caldwell.—One-third of the quail was winter-killed. Several broods were fed and kept over. Partridges (ruffed grouse) are quite plenty for this section.

Clatsop.—Game has suffered severely; quail especially have all died.

Montclair.—As far as I can learn the quail and grouse of this section have been nearly all destroyed. Quail suffered from the intense cold and heavy snows, a number having been found frozen. Can only learn of two parties feeding quail this winter. Grouse are scarce, having been driven away by the fires of the fall of 1879 and spring of 1880; prior to that they were pretty plenty.

Montclair.—Several farmers have fed quail. One party fed a covey of nine, and another party fed fifteen birds. I have seen several partridges (ruffed grouse) that were frozen to death.

Roseland.—I have noticed some of our residents feeding the birds. Not noticed the loss more than usual.

South Orange.—I have not been able to find out much about the effects of this severe winter on the quail. Several have been found frozen and starved to death. In one case five quail and two ruffed grouse were found dead side by side. Some of our sportsmen owning large places have purchased quail and will let them out in the spring. I have heard of no one feeding wild quail.

Verona.—Quail are not abundant here. Only six beys of birds within a radius of two miles. The snows did not melt, and the birds could not run on the crust. Not many traps stop here, as they go far into the interior. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) can be found alive.

HUDSON COUNTY.

Van Buskirk.—Meadow larks are the only birds about here; they have disappeared.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

Annandale.—One farmer reports he saw a flock of quail of eighteen within a week; another saw six since the last big snow. With us the birds suffer from owls, hawks and little gray kites. One farmer says he had three flocks killed by foxes last Autumn. No one feeds.

Anthony.—About ninety per cent. of the quail has perished. All the birds that could be found were fed.

Anthony.—Seventy-five per cent. of the birds have been frozen to death.

Bethlehem.—The severe cold weather and the snows have caused the quail to perish. Nine-tenths of the birds have disappeared since January 1. The farmers and sportsmen have not fed to my knowledge.

Bloomberg.—The quail have been cared for by the farmers, and I can safely say that not five per cent. have perished.

Bloomberg.—The only game left here were rabbits after the shooting season closed. Cold weather does not injure them. Quail and partridges are exterminated; shot guns are too cheap.

Bloomberg.—The game in this section has suffered a little. During the extreme cold weather and while the feeding-grounds were covered with snow myself and two or three other lovers of quail shooting selected each a bevy of quail, which we looked after and fed every two days.

Cherryville.—There are plenty of rabbits left and quite some quail and more grouse than in years. I think if each section would take more pains to feed and care for birds there would be more. It would be a good idea to get birds and stock the county with quail.

Cinton.—Fully one-half the game has been destroyed. Farmers fed the birds whenever they could find them.

Copper Hill.—I know of no farmers that fed the game. I think some quail perished during the winter.

Flemington.—Quite a number of birds have passed through the winter safely. Some flocks were fed.

Flemington.—The winter has not seemed to kill many of the birds in this section as they have lived around stacks and barns, and some have been fed by farmers.

Lanbertville.—There were plenty of quail left for breeding at the end of the season, but now I do not believe there is but one left in this section. I have killed the last 17 years from 276 to 659 in a season, and a good many pheasants (ruffed grouse), but I think there will not be many killed next fall.

Montville.—Most of the game birds left last fall. Destruction no greater seemingly than other years. Hawks have been more destructive than the winter. Small perches have perished. Very few farmers have fed birds, as there are a very few birds to feed. We know of five bunches around here, five to ten in a bunch.

Lebanon.—The weather has had no effect on any birds in this section, except that I hear of some quail being covered by the snow drifts.

Lebanon.—The game is not injured about here.

Little York.—I am sorry to state, from experience, that the

destruction of game has been very great in this section. At least eighty per cent. of the quail have perished in our first snowfall. There have been doves found frozen since the snow has gone off, sitting just as they went to roost. Only two quail have been found since the drift, and as they were trapped they are all right. Plenty of rabbits. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) very scarce. I hope there will be some action taken to stock us up again.

Kingwood.—I have no doubt but that the severe weather destroyed a great many game birds; but what percentage it would be hard to tell—perhaps one-half. I have not heard of any farmers feeding the birds.

Mount Pleasant.—The heavy weather has caused many kinds of birds to perish, especially quail. I do not think the farmers have fed them in this vicinity. The destruction has been greater than in former years.

Mount Pleasant.—The farmers do not generally feed the birds in this section. The loss has been greater than usual. At least forty per cent. are dead.

New Germantown.—The cold winter has destroyed quite a number of rabbits. Some of the farmers fed some of the quail.

Norton.—About half the game perished last winter. The farmers did not feed.

Oakdale.—I am satisfied a great many quail have perished. I did not feed them for a while, but they have not been seen since the snows.

Orange.—The winter has been very hard on game of all kinds. Some residents have fed their quail.

Pittsburgh.—The farmers of this section do their thrashing at intervals during the winter from barns and stacks of grain; this affords the birds food. I doubt if many were destroyed.

Perryville.—The destruction of birds by the winter has been very great; probably fifty per cent or more have perished. A very few farmers have fed.

Raven Rock.—The heavy snows and extreme cold weather has about exterminated the game in this locality. The farmers and others in this locality were willing to feed the quail, but it was almost impossible to find them. There may be a few left; if so, very few.

Readington.—The quail are all destroyed. I can only find one survivor out of two coveys of six each. These coveys were fed and cared for by farmers' sons through the snow and cold, but the weather proved too destructive.

Readington.—I consider the game almost entirely destroyed. Have been watching the condition of two coveys of six each. One of these had the advantage of a wheat stack and were doing well up to about six weeks ago, since when I have been unable to find them. They have probably perished. The other covey had the shelter of an old hovel in a ragweed field. I employed a person to take them to the hovel by trails of grain, and had the satisfaction a few days later of finding the whole six under the hovel. Soon after came a blistering snow storm, and since then I have found but one survivor. He can be found about the hovel almost any day. The farmers' sons have fed the birds very generally; but I fear that but few are left.

Readington.—This has been a remarkably hard winter on quail. They were seen by one of my place; I fed them, but they are all dead but one. No one else cared for them in this section to my knowledge.

Raville.—We know of no further destruction of birds from cold weather last winter than from previous ones. We have seen birds since the snows. No farmers fed.

Ramble.—Eighty per cent. of the quail have perished.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Basking Ridge.—It has been a very hard winter on game. It is nearly all dead. A few birds have been fed.

Beverlyville.—The hard winter has not killed all the quails. Some have been fed by farmers and sportsmen. Grouse are plenty. More game has been killed by hawks than by severe weather.

Beverlyville.—More quail have been killed this winter than there have been in ten years. A few small coveys have been saved that lived by the stack yards.

Billsborough.—Game is very scarce about here, but do not see that the destruction has been greater than in other years.

Martinsville.—I think most of the birds in this section have perished. They were not fed by the farmers.

Montgomery.—The snow has been very deep here, and killed a great many quail. Whole flocks have been found under the snow. They have been killed this winter than in many years past. We took care of a few, but the snow was too deep.

Neshanic.—I do not think that any birds have been winter-killed or starved to death, as they have fed on the seeds of the high weeds; but foxes, hawks, owls and weasels have killed nearly half of the birds and two-thirds of the rabbits. Next all the pheasants have been killed by foxes. Farmers have not fed the birds. I have given three bushels and a half of buckwheat to one flock which originally numbered twenty-two, and of which eighteen are now left.

Peapack.—Two-thirds of the quail and other game has been destroyed. No one, to my knowledge, has tried to feed the birds.

Plainville.—The cold and snow this winter have destroyed considerable of the game. Of quail, at least one-half; of pheasants, one-third. Rabbits are very scarce here, but were plenty last fall. More birds have been winter-killed than for several years. I know, because I hunt a great deal.

Raritan.—No birds of any account have perished in consequence of the cold weather. Farmers feed the birds.

Rocky Hill.—Birds had not frozen in this section in very large quantities. Several of the farmers, who are sportsmen, fed and cared for them in many ways. One gentleman, who takes great interest in sport, has carried over a whole heifer and thinks they will breed in his woodland this spring. One overser has caught and wintered birds to stock the grounds.

Somerville.—From the best information I can gain the cold and snows have destroyed a large part of the game in this section; what percentage I cannot state, but certainly a much larger one than usual. In a few cases the birds have been fed by farmers and others, but they were kept from starving. They have also been driven to farmyards and exposed places, and have in that way suffered severely from hawks.

South Branch.—The cold and snow have had a very bad effect on the birds. Very much afraid they are all dead. The destruction has been greater than in five years. What were not shot have frozen to death. The farmers very seldom feed them.

TRINITY COUNTY.

Cranford.—The destruction of game has been far greater this winter than usual. Should think seventy-five per cent. of the quail have been destroyed by cold, snows and hawks.

I know of one flock of quail having been fed with abundance of food, and they were in good shelter, and but three remain out of nine; and I think, therefore, that all must have perished if not well fed and were not in good cover.

Cranford.—What little game was left in our section has been nearly all frozen to death during the past winter. The heavy storms of sleet and hail have so effectively covered up everything that the quail have been literally starved to death. At least seventy-five per cent. have perished. Think the farmers, in some cases, fed the birds, but not generally.

Mainfield.—Have heard of no quail or grouse having frozen to death in this section. They are very scarce here. As a rule, where there has been a covey of quail the farmers have looked after them. I have heard of several cases of this kind.

Scotch Plains.—I do think the cold weather has affected the game a great deal. There have been some quail seen since the snow disappeared. There were quite a number when the season closed.

Union.—We have very few quail to winter, and at this date, March 18, I do not know of a bird that has survived.

Crabtree.—There are several small bevy of quail in our neighborhood that have been fed by the farmers. Those that were not fed perished. There has been a great many found dead since the snow went off. Woodcock have been around about one week (March 15).

Crabtree.—This winter did for the quail. Quite a number have been frozen to death. A number have been fed by the farmers. The destruction has been much greater than usual.

Denville.—The quail suffered very much around here. I don't know of but one in this neighborhood, and I fed him all winter. I think the rabbits and partridges (ruffed grouse) have wintered all right.

Duanelle.—There has been a number of flocks of quail frozen to death. I do not know of but a few birds being fed. Nearly one-half have perished.

Iselin.—The coldest winter for many years. The birds died for want of something to eat. Farmers are too mean to feed their stock, let alone quail.

Meachin.—A few quail have been frozen to death. Many farmers feed quail in this section.

Monmouth Junction.—It is the general opinion around here that not much game has survived this winter. Numbers of quail and rabbits have been found dead. Few people feed the game.

Metzahn.—Several flocks have been fed here. Birds are scarce, the winter was hard on the game.

Old Bridge.—The quail have nearly all perished; they were not fed.

Sayreville.—The severe winter has had some effect on the birds in this place. I know of no one that fed them.

South Amboy.—Although winter has been an unusually severe one for the game, especially the quail, they have not been entirely exterminated, at least half having survived. Ruffed grouse have been quite numerous all winter, and have not apparently suffered much. The farmers did not, as far as I know, feed the quail.

South Amboy.—No care was taken of the quail by residents. Nearly one-half has been very destructive, one-third of the birds must have perished.

Woodbridge.—The cold weather has almost destroyed the birds in this township. I have made extended inquiry of persons living on the farms, but only two small bevies have been seen since the snows. The destruction has been greater since the years 1856 and '57 when most of the game was killed. The two bevies I speak of were fed by farmers.

Dutch Neck.—It is hard to tell the percentage of game destroyed. Rabbits got along as well as usual, but quail and other birds have frozen and perished. There are quite a good many birds left.

Edinborough.—I think the birds are hurt by the winter; one-half I have been killed.

Edinborough.—Some quail have been seen since the snow. Farmers fed them. Not over fifty per cent. perished.

Ervingville.—Fully fifty per cent. of the birds have perished, if not more; in some localities they have all perished. The birds have not been properly fed during the winter. Many quail have been killed by the snows.

Hanilton Square.—Winter was very severe. Very few birds fed and a great loss of game in this vicinity, certainly more than one-half.

Hightown.—I have not seen a quail since the heavy fall of snow. I have heard of whole flocks that have been found since the snow melted that were frozen to death. Three-fourths of the quail perished last winter.

Hightown.—We had but few quail in this vicinity last Fall and we hear of none since the snow. Dead birds have been found under the drifts. Without doubt, fifty per cent. of the birds were perished.

Lawrence Station.—One-half of the birds have been frozen or starved. The farmers were very negligent in regard to feeding them, many of them considering game of no consequence.

Lawrenceville.—In reference to game matters in this locality, I would say that almost all our quail are destroyed. Some of the farmers have fed the birds. I think we will import birds next spring. Rabbits are quite numerous. Hawks do great damage to our quail.

Lawrenceville.—The winter has been severe on the quail. The destruction has been greater than in other years. Do not know of any farmer that fed the birds. The quail that the snow did not kill went to the stacks and the hawks destroyed them. One farmer did not let any one kill birds last fall. He says that he has not seen one since the snows.

Princeton.—Quail of this county have been preserved in two ways—the one by being cared for by the farmers, the other by being left unmolested by the hawks. The hawks left us very early in the season, presumably because they could find nothing to eat on account of the depth of the snow. The birds have kept near the farm-houses and been cared for. Few birds were killed after the cold weather commenced.

Princeton.—Have seen no game this winter. The quail perished with the snow and cold weather. Heard of one flock of seventeen quail, near Princeton Junction, which were kept over by the man feeding them with his wheat stack.

Princeton Junction.—Since the snow has disappeared it has been discovered that hundreds of quail and other birds have perished. Whole flocks have been found huddled together dead.

Robbinsville.—There has been about fifty per cent. of the game killed off. Some of the farmers fed the game.

Yardville.—I fear the weather has proved destructive to most of the quail. I should think fifty per cent. have perished. Farmers do not feed as a general thing.

Titusville.—The quail mostly perished during the first snow storm. I think we have about one out of twelve left for breeders. Farmers do not feed them.

Windsor.—Most of the birds have frozen to death. Birds were fed when we could find them.

MONMOUTH COUNTY.

Alair.—My opinion of the snow and cold in this vicinity is that I think it is within bounds to say eight out of every ten quail have perished with cold and hunger. We, the sportsmen, fed all we could find, but the snow was so deep we could not find the birds for several days after it fell. We have not experienced as hard a winter for thirty years, and there has not been so much snow as deep as this. I have one bevy of twenty-three that is left today.

Clarkburg.—The last winter has been so severe on game the percentage of loss must be fully fifty per cent. Farmers have paid no attention to feeding game.

Clarkburg.—The game around here has suffered some, but I think there will be enough left to have fair shooting next fall. Grouse and rabbits are all right. I shall turn out 100 quail in the spring which, with what are left over, will make fair shooting in this township next fall if nothing happens.

Cream Ridge.—More birds have died this winter from extreme cold than for many years. I think four-fifths of the quail left last fall have perished. Some sportsmen-farmers have fed a few.

Deal.—The cold and snows last winter have killed about two-thirds of the quail and rabbits. The winter has done more damage to game than our gunners know of for many years. Four or five farmers fed the quail.

Deal Beach.—As far as I can learn the winter has been very severe on game, especially quail, and I have heard of no one feeding them to preserve them. One old gunner informs me he has not seen a quail or a meadow lark this season.

Ellisdale.—The winter has been a hard one on the quail, generally all the birds, with a few birds that have survived have been fed. I do not think that we have one killed where we had five or six.

Fair Haven.—I found four remnants of bevies to-day in a walk of two miles. The flocks averaged seven birds each. This is as good as usual.

Fair Haven.—Fully ninety per cent. of the game in this section has been destroyed since the snows. The winter has done more damage for many years. In a few cases birds have been made to feed the quail. The supply of food in the woods and fields has been almost nothing. Many birds have been found starved to death.

Freehold.—I have heard from various sources of the great destruction of game by the severity of the weather. A taxidvertiser here has had an unusual amount of work to do lately, because, as he has said, "So many birds have been starved out." A number of rife (for this locality) birds have been shot near farm houses where they came for food. Over six feet of snow fell here during the winter, and good sleighing lasted from Christmas to February 9. This will show the condition of food supply.

Freehold.—I believe that fifty per cent. or one-half of all the game birds have perished. Of quail I believe that ninety per cent. have been destroyed.

Haslet.—In this section the quail are not entirely destroyed, but at least seventy-five per cent. are. I think the first heavy fall of snow did the damage, for I had looked seven coveys before the snows, ranging from four to twenty-one, of which I could find but one covey of fifteen after the snows. Of these I succeeded in saving twelve by constant feeding and attention. I know of but three other instances of their being fed by farmers.

Highlands.—Only in one instance have I heard of quail being bred here. They say the birds have died from cold.

Holmdel.—Have heard of no perished birds. Have heard of a number of quail flocks harboring about barns or out buildings. Have heard of but few birds being fed by farmers.

Johnstown.—Two of our sportsmen gave the quail here a good dose of broom-loader's pills in the fall, and fed the balance all winter.

Keypott.—There is very little game in this section. Have not heard of any destruction among birds or other game. The country back of this town is very thinly settled, and I should think that the few game birds would find all they wanted to eat from the numerous barn yards with which the country is strewed.

Keypott.—From what I can learn the game has not suffered as much as I expected it would. Hawks have done much harm. I know of one bevy of twenty-three from which they have taken ten, and another of nine from which several have been taken. Superintendent Walling, of your city, has sent down 108 Virginia birds to be turned out in the spring. They are in good order and will help us. If all lovers of the sportsman's art in the same way would help game.

Keypott.—There are plenty of quail left about Clarkburg and Monmouth Junction. They are not all dead in Raritan, Holmdel, Middletown and Mattawan townships. Over 300 birds have been put down this spring. We were obliged to turn them down at once as they had begun to die owing to vermin.

Lawrenceville.—As far as my knowledge goes there is not much left to tell the tale. I have seen nothing but dead ones since the snows fell.

Leomardville.—The winter has destroyed nearly all the game, there may be five or six quail left. Birds are scarce here, as they are killed off very close every season by the hunters. The farmers could not feed, as the birds were snowed under. Several have been found dead after the melting of the snows.

Little Silver.—The game seems to have suffered to some extent. Some quail have been found dead.

Little Silver.—Game in this section is not very plenty, mostly rabbits and quail. They seem to be alive, none having been found dead.

Long Branch.—The effect of the weather has been disastrous to the game, and the destruction has been noticeably greater than in other years. Not less than seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished. Birds have not been fed to my extent.

Manahawick.—Great many birds have perished this winter from the effects of cold and snow. Some farmers have fed birds, but not many of them. Cannot tell what percentage have perished.

Matwau.—We had more quail left when the season was up than we had for years before. The heavy snows and severe winter have nearly exterminated them. I should think that ninety per cent. have been destroyed. I know of a number of cases where farmers and gunners have fed or tried to care for them, but in every instance they have either frozen or been killed by hawks.

Morganville.—There were a large number of birds left over at the expiration of the gunning season. I think when it comes time for them to mate and separate from the flocks there will be some. Several lots were fed.

New Bedford.—Seventy-five per cent. of our quail are dead. The only birds living are those fed by the farmers. I know of a great many rabbits that have been found dead.

Ocean Beach.—The cold weather and snow have killed most of the game.

Oceanic.—Quail all frozen. From all accounts there will be very few birds this spring. The farmers fed and took care of all they could find. Meadow larks all frozen and starved out.

Perrieville.—At the least ninety per cent. of the quail have perished. In consequence of the extremely cold weather the birds have been exterminated in our immediate neighborhood.

Port Monmouth.—From accounts and my own knowledge the quail have suffered severely. There were two large flocks about my place early in January, and a month later there were but two birds to be seen. Now, none to be seen, nor any tracks on the snow. I think nearly 100 per cent. perished. Small birds died in great numbers. We had fifty-one days of sleighing.

Port Monmouth.—The quail and ruffed grouse have suffered in this section. I think fifty per cent. of the quail have perished, also meadow larks. I think the other game is all right. Several flocks have been fed.

Red Bank.—Some birds left to feed. Farmers have fed them.

Shrewsbury.—From what I am able to learn quail have fared badly. Only the few have survived that have ventured to take shelter near the farm buildings and fed with the poultry.

Southard.—The cold weather and heavy snows have killed almost all the quail; only nine birds left, and they were fed by the farmers. We have not had so many birds killed in years. The doves are dead and the rabbits have suffered considerably.

Spring Lake.—The cold has done greater damage than for five years. An estimate of fifty per cent. of the birds have perished.

Spring Lake.—About fifty per cent. of the quail have perished. They have had but little care from any one.

Tinton Falls.—Quail have suffered to a great extent; about one-half have perished. Partridge about one-fourth. We cannot notice any decrease in rabbits. Small birds have also suffered very much.

Turkey.—The effect of the snow and cold weather has been very severe on the game. Most of all the quail have been killed. Hardly any escaped. There have been a few kept over by being fed. At least seventy-five per cent. are dead.

Waldorf.—I am sorry to state that the winter has worked great destruction among the quail. There seemed to be more than usual at the close of the season, but on account of the depth of the snow it was impossible to hunt them to feed. I have heard of but few besides being fed. Fully four-fifths have been killed.

HURLINGTON COUNTY.

Ashton.—One half of the quail have perished. We have fed them as well as we could. The severe winter has had a very disastrous effect upon the quail.

Beverly.—The cold and snow last winter have had a very damaging effect on the game in this section. The destruction of game has been greater than in any one winter for the past ten years. Whole berries have been snowed under. Seventy-five per cent. would hardly cover the loss. As the birds were caught in the early snowdrifts, the farmers had but little opportunity to feed.

Beverly.—There is but little game in our vicinity to be destroyed. Sorry I cannot give you any information.

Bordentown.—The past winter has been very severe on what game we have around here, and what was left at the commencement of the winter, I am afraid, has been utterly destroyed. At least the farmers say that since the snow has disappeared they have not seen a quail. We have no grouse, at least in this neighborhood. The prevailing opinion is that very few if any quail are left alive, as numbers of dead ones have been found starved to death.

Bridgeborough.—Last winter was severe on the game. The destruction of quail has been noticeably greater than in past years. The farmers have fed in a very few instances.

Burlington.—There are very few quail left over in this neighborhood. Have heard of one farmer feeding eleven birds in his last winter. At least 75 per cent. of the quail perished. The winter was noticeably severe on rabbits; a great many have been found frozen and starved to death.

Burlington.—I find that the quail have been almost exterminated this winter in this neighborhood. But toward the Pines they have fared better, owing to the quantity of unhusked corn, and the cover afforded by the Pines protected them from the hawks. The farmers are beginning to feed the birds, as many of them own brace-roads and are good shots.

Crosswicks.—From what I can learn the quail have suffered a great deal in some localities. Many were raised around here last summer, but most of them left here early in the autumn for the Jersey Pines and the seacoast. Farmers here (with few exceptions) are grangers and care nothing for the birds.

Crosswicks.—I have known of but one covey of quail being saved in sections of flocks perished. One farmer had five coveys; they were all frozen. Other game is all right.

Delanco.—There were a few of the birds fed. All the birds that were left to seek their own food and shelter froze. A portion of the quail that was fed perished.

Delanco.—There is scarcely any birds in this section. A recruit will be needed. There has been great destruction among game.

Delanco.—The snow and cold have caused many quail to perish. I have not seen or heard of any this spring. The farmers did not feed the birds. The way the young fruit trees look leads me to think the rabbits must have fed themselves.

Fellowship.—It is the common belief that the quail were generally killed by the snow. I know of none that were fed.

Fridleyborough.—This has been a very hard winter on game. Hundreds of quail and grouse have starved to death. It will be fully five years before we have any birds here. The farmers did all in their power to save the birds from death. There seem to be plenty of rabbits.

Florence.—We occasionally hear of flocks or parts of flocks of quail being frozen. One farmer fed a flock all winter.

Hainesport.—Fully two-thirds of the quail perished last winter. There were a few flocks fed. I think most of the quail have survived. Other winters seldom had any effect on the game.

Hainesport.—There are fewer birds left in our section than ever before. Fifty per cent. must have perished. A few flocks of quail have been fed by the farmers.

Hartford.—I think that at least 75 per cent. of the quail perished. I am only acquainted with a few instances where birds were fed.

Indian Mills.—Game in this section has perished very much. Quail, 75 per cent.; pheasants, 50 per cent.; rabbits, 25 per cent. About one out of every four farmers have fed.

Johnston.—What with heavy snows and hawks the birds have had a hard time this winter. I hear of many being found frozen, particularly the birds hatched late in the season. On one farm of 1,500 acres we employ a game-keeper and assistant to kill hawks, of which we have already destroyed a large number, and to feed daily the quail on our farms and our neighbors'. Many of the flocks left last fall have thus been preserved.

Johnston.—The extreme cold weather has been very severe on the quail. Many have been frozen to death. Some few were fed.

Lower Bank.—Quail have been found dead by the flocks. The effect of the cold has been very severe. Residents have tried to feed the game.

Lumberton.—It is said by the public of this neighborhood that 50 per cent. of the game has perished on account of the cold weather.

Lumberton.—One-half of the game has died in consequence of the cold. The partridge (quail?) have suffered the most.

Marlton.—The destruction of game has been greater than for years.

Medford.—The winter was unusually severe on the game. Some of the farmers fed the birds.

Moorestown.—Many birds have been fed regularly by farmers. I think the destruction has been greater than the average. Not so many were destroyed by cold as by want of food and exposure to hawks. Should judge one-fourth have perished.

Moorestown.—I am sorry to say that the heavy snows have almost exterminated the quail. I know of but one covey of eight or nine left in this section. A few farmers take an interest in preserving game, generally those who are sportsmen.

New Lisbon.—Many of the quail and pheasants (ruffed grouse) have been destroyed, as said by the severe winter. Our principal game says there is plenty of seal left, for he has seen birds.

Pennington.—We find our quail stock diminished at least 80 per cent. more than in the last twenty years, many, very many coveys being found frozen on their roosts, under the snow, others dead on the crust. Quite a number of birds were fed by the farmers, some few being through. Hawks and mink killed some. We don't feel encouraged to train our pups. We had more quail last December than usual.

Pointville.—I have fed twenty-seven quail all winter, and others have done their best to save the birds.

Riverton.—The farmers fed the game birds in this locality; no birds, to the best of my knowledge, have perished.

Shamong.—Eight out of ten quail have frozen to death. One person fed two flocks, but the last storm killed them all. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) are most all destroyed.

Tuckerton.—One out of five birds have died. Several persons fed the quail all winter.

Tuckerton.—Though we have had a very hard winter game has not suffered, greatly owing to the pains the farmers have taken in feeding and caring for them. We shall have good gunning the coming season. The percentage that perished was small.

Tuckerton.—Long Beach is on an island; we have no game birds here.

Waldorf River.—I should say eight out of ten quail are dead here and in the Pines unit. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) have fared better.

OBERON COUNTY.

Bamber.—This is quite a small place in the Pines; but previous to the snow we had several fine flocks of quail; since then can hear of only six birds being seen. About thirty per cent. of the rabbits have been killed. The grouse have not been destroyed, as they feed on the cedar buds.

Cassville.—Very few birds have been left alive. Rabbits and squirrels very scarce. Very few quail were fed. The ruffed grouse have done much better than other game.

Collier's Mill.—The cold winter has killed all the quail and a large amount of rabbits, and much of all other game.

Collier's Mill.—There are no quail left, although we had plenty until the deep snows. Rabbits froze in their beds in great numbers. Worst winter for years.

Forced River.—The heavy snow storm on December 23 covered the ground for two months. Fifty per cent. of the birds perished during that time. Few persons fed.

Hornertown.—The cold and snow of the past winter have almost totally destroyed the birds in this section of the country. The destruction has been decidedly greater than in former years. I should think ninety per cent. of the birds have perished. Not much interest was displayed by the sportsmen and farmers. I went out twice—once when the first heavy snow fell—and found traces of birds; but after the next snow I could find no more birds. One boy had ten birds in it and at the close of the season, only two were left.

Leland Heights.—The game in this section is about the same as usual.

Malabarville.—The cold and snow have had more effect on game this winter than before. The percentage of birds destroyed must be large. Fully fifty per cent. of quail, larks and doves have perished. A few persons have fed the birds.

Staffordville.—The quail have suffered more than any other birds. Over one half have died from the cold and snows. Some of the farmers did feed them with grain. Pheasants have fared about the same. Rabbits suffered some. Nineteen-tenths of the meadow larks are dead.

Tom's River.—Quail are very scarce about here this spring. On the place here I live, and where they were quite plenty last spring, I have not seen one since the snow storms. Plenty of rye has been sown for their benefit if they were there to eat it. On a 1,000-acre farm of mine, three miles from here, there are twenty-five or thirty quail that have wintered all right, but great care has been taken to feed them. This is as the case stands on my own grounds. I hear of quite a number of farmers who fed the quail, but probably a majority of them have perished. I do not know how to feed themselves. There will be a few birds left for seed.

Tom's River.—Considering the severity of the weather quail have wintered remarkably well in this section. Have heard a few instances of their being found frozen, but the majority have lived through. A few sportsmen have scattered grain for the birds which were not snowed under. The snow drifted so much that it left plenty of bare ground. Hawks are very numerous.

Van Dyckville.—I think fully fifty per cent. of the birds have perished. Some few have been fed.

West Creek.—The destruction of game has been greater than for years before. In a few instances the farmers have fed the quail. About sixty per cent. of them have been killed by the snows.

Wheddon.—I think a very large proportion of quail and pheasants (ruffed grouse) are killed, and nearly one-half of the rabbits.

Whig.—Probably two-thirds of the quail—which were unusually plentiful last fall—have perished. A few flocks were fed.

CAMDEN COUNTY.

Atco.—The winter was very severe on the game. The quail suffered from cold, deep snows, want of food, gravel and water. Some farmers fed. The loss has been greater than in many years.

Atco.—Have not seen any quail since the snow. I had a lot of corn in the sheck that the snow caught out, and the birds helped themselves to it.

Berlin.—The winter has been extremely hard upon the game. It has killed most of the quail. The farmers tried to feed them as much as they could, but still they have perished. Many rabbits have died from starvation.

Blackwoodton.—There was a number of quail and rabbits left last fall, but the winter killed one-half of the quail and one-fifth of the rabbits. Some bunches of quail were fed. The destruction was the greatest in many years.

Berlin.—The winter has been very hard on our section, resulting from last winter's snows, has been slight. The snows do not seriously affect game in South Jersey, and feed is plenty.

Cramer's Hill.—Too close to the city of Camden for birds.

Glocester City.—Quail were very plenty up to the second big snow. After that they began to get scarce, and the farmers would find coveys of from five to fifteen dead—frozen in the snow. That is the talk at the stores. "So-and-so found so many in his swamp dead." Farmers had to feed their corn stalks, and that stopped a good deal of picking for the birds.

Haddonfield.—Fully fifty per cent. of the game has perished by cold and starvation, and about ten per cent. of the small birds. The game was fed when found.

Sicklerville.—Most of the birds, if not all, perished in the snow, a very uncommon thing with us. I have yet to hear of the first bird surviving. The farmers were prevented from feeding in the snow. There have only been six caged birds wintered about this section.

Spring Mills.—From what I know and can learn very few birds and rabbits have been left over. Whole flocks have been found frozen to death. I have never known the destruction to be anything like as bad. Seventy-five per cent. have perished. Only one farmer has fed birds, and that a small covey.

Waldorf Works.—I think a much larger percentage of the quail have perished than usual. Cannot estimate percentage. Birds have been fed when practicable. Other game has not suffered as much.

Waldorf Works.—There was a large number of quail here before the snow. I have seen but one since the snow, and that came by itself. I fed it daily until the snow was gone. It will be years before there are as many again.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

Almonesson.—The destruction of birds has been greater this winter than I ever knew in this section. About half have died. The farmers saved some. Rabbits are as thick as ever. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) have not been killed to any extent.

Clarkborough.—The weather has been very severe on the quail and rabbits. A few berries have been found frozen to death and also dead rabbits have been found. There are a few quail left, also a few rabbits. I have seen two small berries in our vicinity.

Clarkborough.—In regard to game in this vicinity, I would say that there has been a great number of quail frozen to death, although I tried to prevent it myself. With the help of a few farmers we have taken hundreds of wheat in the fields in the localities where the birds were apt to come and feed. I have the pleasure to know that we have a few left for seed.

Five Points.—I would say two-thirds of the birds have perished this last winter. Some of the farmers did feed, but it did not save the quail.

Five Points.—Two-thirds of the quail have been destroyed, although many tried to care for them.

Glassborough.—The most severe winter we have ever had. A few ruffed grouse and a very few quail are left. Nineteen-tenths of the quail perished. We had more quail left last season than I ever knew; the shooting was very good, but it looks as if it would be years before we have such sport again.

Glassborough.—Birds are gone. I wintered a few and fourteen lived over in a barn. Farmers tried to feed the quail. There are a few rabbits and pheasants (ruffed grouse) left.

Hartsville.—The winter has been an exceptionally severe one. Loss in game unusually heavy; should think one-half have perished. Farmers have generally fed them. Have heard no talk of the West Jersey Game Pro. Society.

Hartsville.—In some parts of this section the farmers have cared for the birds, but notwithstanding, the destruction has been at least at the rate of fifty per cent.

Jannet.—At least eighty per cent. of the quail have lost their lives from the severe winter. I believe the farmers tried to feed the birds.

Jannet.—The extreme cold weather and snows have destroyed 90 per cent. of the birds. The few that now live were saved by the farmers and residents.

Malaga.—I am sorry to say that little interest was taken in this section by sportsmen and farmers. The quail suffered very much in this section.

Malaga.—This has been the most destructive winter on quail in this section for twenty-five years. The quail were very wild and did not come to the buildings, as in old times. Feed did little good, as it snowed almost every day. I saved about one dozen. We have probably about fifty left in and about here. Rabbits are plenty. Larks are all gone.

Siddesborough.—Farmers fed the birds to the best of their ability, and with all of their efforts to save them they perished—fully 90 per cent.

Trennsville.—The cold and snow has been harder on game than was ever before known. About seventy-five per cent. perished. The farmers tried to feed the quail.

Unionville.—The birds in this section have all perished except ten, which I have kept throughout the winter. I know of no living birds. I have four cocks and six hens. Have been all over the fields and woods and cannot find a live bird, but have found dead ones.

Woods.—From the best information which I can gain, most of the quail were perished in this section, has perished. There may be say ten per cent. of last fall's stock alive. A few farmers tried to feed them. I had a covey of eighteen

on my place and tried to get them under cover and feed them, but they think they all perished. I have seen none since the first heavy storm. Grouse are rare here at all times. Game cannot stand such winters.

Wetlands.—The snow was hard on the quail in this section and killed quite a good many. The farmers did feed some. I know of two flocks of eight or ten.

Woodbury.—There has not been so destructive a winter on game for twenty years. Fully ninety per cent. of the quail have perished. Feeding quail amounts to little else than hating hawks.

Woodbury.—This is not, strictly speaking, a game section, but one sometimes finds a good day's work in the autumn. The winter has been a severe one on birds and many have been found dead, mere bunches of bones and feathers. Fully forty per cent. of our quail have died from the cold. In some places the hawks made a clean sweep.

ATLANTIC COUNTY.

Atlantic City.—In the count a large percentage of the birds have perished, except along the salt meadows, where some of them have survived. Rabbits have not been killed much by the cold and snow.

Atlantic City.—I hunted a good deal this winter through the woods of our county, and since the deep snows have run foxes, and can say that I have not seen a bird that has perished from the winter. I think they only perished in the newspapers of these parts.

Bargaintown.—The heavy snow drifts and hail storms of this past winter have nearly used up all the quail. I should think at least from 70 to 75 per cent. have perished. The quail are generally dead.

Cedar Lake.—The cold and snows have destroyed a great portion of the small game—a much larger percentage than in former years; fully ninety per cent. have perished. I have seen but one oovey since the January snows. It lived on my place and fed regularly in my yard with the fowls. There were thirteen birds in all.

Cedar Lake.—The game has all been destroyed at this place.

Decosta.—The deep snow and continued cold weather have had a bad effect on birds and rabbits. About fifty per cent. perished. The farmers fed the birds freely.

Estelle.—I think most of the quail have perished. Some parties put out feed for them.

Decosta.—The past winter was very severe on quail, but I believe the majority saved themselves in the dense swamps. Phosants (ruled grouse) stood it first-rate. I have found very few dead birds, and I believe that but very few sound birds perished from exposure. Quail have fed to a large extent on acorns, and would neglect the feed I put out for them to hunt up the acorns. As soon as they had fed they would fly to the thickest swamps and stick close to them, as if they knew it was going to be a hard winter.

Hammonton.—I have had a fearful winter for the quail, but I am happy to state that we have a few birds left over.

Hammonton.—The past winter has been very severe and destructive to the game generally, much greater than usual, as our winters are ordinarily very mild. About one-half are dead. The farmers have, in a great many cases, fed the birds.

Hammonton.—The severe cold of the past winter has been very destructive to game birds in this section, only a small percentage of them remaining alive, which was only in a few instances.

Landsville.—As far as can be ascertained at this time, rabbits have suffered during the prevalence of the deep snows. Partridges are very scarce here at all times. Quail are generally plenty in the shooting season, but last fall they were hard to find and especially so just before the snows. Indeed so marked was this as to lead to the belief that instinct led them to migrate. None are to be seen or heard of now. A number of small birds have died to my knowledge.

Smith's Landing.—Birds are so scarce that you cannot find them. I have not seen any this winter. This is a poor place for birds.

Steekmenville.—They are all dead.

SALAM COUNTY.

Centerton.—About one-half the quail have perished. Farmers feed them when they come close to the buildings.

Centerton.—The cold has been very serious. Many birds have frozen to death and starved. The destruction has been greater than in other years. One-half the birds left at the termination of the gunning season have perished. The birds were fed when found. The hawks killed many.

Elmer.—This has been a very severe winter upon game known in many years. The snow has covered the ground a greater part of the winter, and the thermometer touched 22 deg. below zero. I believe there is not a single quail left around here. There are a few rabbits. Our sportsmen are talking of restocking this vicinity.

Hancock Bridge.—The severe winter weather has been very destructive to a portion of our birds, the quail particularly. Farmers have fed them only in rare cases. Our small winter birds have done better.

Marshalltown.—Whole flocks of quail have been found dead under the snow. At least two-thirds of the birds perished. The farmers tried to feed them but the snows prevented.

Palatine.—My observation leads me to the conclusion that the game in this section has generally perished. In a few instances the farmers have fed.

Palatine.—This winter has been very hard on the game, especially birds. I think I can safely say that ninety-five out of every hundred quail perished with the first cold snow. I know of but two coveys that wintered outdoors. They have been fed. A few have been caught in traps and wintered over. I have seen them since the first of spring.

Pennsville.—The cold whether here has been very destructive to the game. At the beginning of the last season game was more plentiful than it had been for many years. Of course, such game as woodcock, snipe, rail, etc., migrated, and were not affected. More quail and rabbits were killed here during the gunning season than for many years. But after the season was over we still had plenty of game left. At least four-fifths of the game has been destroyed by the cold weather. I have not seen nor heard of a quail since the snows. The birds were not fed.

Salem.—Game in this section, so far as I can learn from the farmers and game men, has nearly all perished. Quail, especially, have suffered, except in a few cases, where the farmers have fed them through the winter. Those that have not been thus protected have nearly all starved or frozen to death. Rabbits have fared better, as they could live on the bark and twigs of trees. Still, I have heard of some of them perishing, but the percentage is small. Small birds have all suffered severely.

Salem.—Report says nearly all the birds killed. One man found three flocks frozen, containing respectively nine, four-

teen and six, all under one bush. Very poor show for next year unless we import birds.

Shirley.—Two parties fed seven and ten birds here, and I know of no others. I know two hundred quail were frozen.

Shirley.—Bunches containing ten to twelve quail have been found all frozen to death. The percentage of loss has been greater than ever before.

Woodstown.—Quite a number of birds perished in our country. Quail suffered the most. At least twenty-five per cent. are dead. The farmers fed until they could not get to the quail on account of the snows.

Yorktown.—It is hard to tell about our birds yet, but it is supposed that the most of the quails have been frozen or starved. Some of the farmers have fed them, but I have not heard of any one seeing as yet this spring.

UMBERLAND COUNTY.

Bridgeton.—A good many quail have been destroyed during the past winter. Quail were never more abundant than during last year. A chief fact probably renders their destruction more noticeable. Enough have survived, however, to "seed" this region. Some farmers have fed and maintained coveys, the majority have not.

Deerfield Street.—As far as I know I think that the game has been destroyed by the snows. Many coveys of quail have been found dead in the snows.

Deerfield Street.—The cold weather has been very hard on the quail hereabouts, and as far as I can learn there are but few left.

Fairton.—I think one-quarter of the birds have frozen and starved to death. Quail were very plenty with us last fall, but I am afraid we will not have much sport next fall.

Fairton.—This winter has been hard on the quail, but some birds got through. I suppose about twenty-five per cent. perished by the snow and cold. The hawks have killed a good many. Our heavy cover has saved a number. Some few of us fed the birds.

Italyville.—The cold and snows have been very severe on the game in this vicinity. I presume that the quail have nearly all perished, as they were not cared for.

Maine Avenue.—I have seen no quail or rabbits since the cold weather. I think they have perished to a great extent. **Maine Avenue.**—I have not seen a quail since the first heavy snow. There were half a dozen bunches on and near our farm, but I could not find them to feed. There were plenty before the snow.

Mammatuskin.—As far as I can learn the game in this section has not been materially lessened during the past winter by cold weather. A greater percentage has been killed by gunners, owing to the advantages offered by tracking the birds on the snow.

Milville.—The effect of the cold and heavy snows on the game in this section has been very severe. The destruction of game has been far in excess to that of former years. Whole herds of quail have been found frozen to death under the snow drifts. Rabbits were frozen in their beds. Fully sixty per cent. of the birds perished. Farmers have tried to feed the birds.

Newport.—The cold has killed but a very small percentage of the birds. About one-tenth died from starvation. No one fed them. Rabbits have wintered well.

North Vineland.—The destruction of birds has been much greater in last years. They were fed in many instances by the citizens.

Woodstown.—The destruction of game caused by the extreme cold has been twenty-five per cent. greater than ever before. Some farmers and residents fed the birds.

Woodstown.—At least seventy-five per cent. of all the game in this section has been killed by the cold. A few farmers feed the quail.

Zoesenhayn.—The last winter has almost destroyed game in this section. Hundreds of quail were found frozen in the woods. Rabbits did not seem to suffer so much. I fed the birds, but cannot speak for others.

Zoesenhayn.—I once in a while hear a quail whistling; a few left.

South Vineland.—The farmers very generally feed the quail, and thus the number that perished was greatly lessened.

Wheatland.—The severe winter has been very destructive to the quail and other game. The percentage destroyed is very much larger than in fourteen years. Large flocks have been found frozen. The birds were fed to a moderate extent.

CAPE MAY COUNTY.

Cape May.—
Nary a dead bird here,
No snow to lie this year;
When the sea-breeze blows
It melts and goes,
And the woodcock bobs up his tail and crows,
And into the soft ground sticks his nose.

The quail on a stump whistles in glee,
And says quite plainly, "Can't you see
What the wind has done, that blows from the sea?—
It's made the ground bare for me, me, me."
The rabbit in the bushes simply winks his ear,
Thinks it pretty cold for the season of the year;
But never has a care, for he cocks up his eye,
And then he spies a turnip in the field close by.

[But whether the bunny secures his prize or not we are unable to say, for our Byronic correspondent comes to a sudden termination and says, "Card you out."]

Cape May.—About twenty per cent. of the game has perished on account of the severity of the winter. Quail and woodcock have suffered most.

Dennisville.—I should think from forty to fifty per cent. of the birds have perished. Very few of the farmers fed the game.

Green's Creek.—The winter has been very trying to the quail; many have perished in this section. Many of the farmers fed the birds.

Seaville.—Some birds have perished. The birds visit farm yards and have not suffered much for want of food. The hawks have destroyed more than the cold weather.

South Dennis.—The destruction of birds has been very severe. No one fed them.

Townsend's Inlet.—The snow and cold weather have had a bad effect on game. The destruction of birds has been more than in any winter in many years past. Many of the residents fed the birds which frequented the houses and gardens.

Truckee.—We have been feeding fourteen coveys of birds all winter. My son and I have killed fifty-four hawks this winter. They are the rascals that do most harm—they kill all the year round. Have not found any birds frozen.

DEATH OF THE FOX.—Springfield, Mass., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Beware the ices of March," for again has this fatal time in its historical tradition of woe. Again a royal head has rolled in the dust upon the third anniversary. Long time has King Reynard with despotic sway lorded it over their trembling subjects. Long time has the beautiful amphitheatre containing the rifle range of the Rod and Gun Club been the scene of nightly murder most foul. Long time has this swift footed prince of darkness upon end, with the serene dogs close at his heels, with blood in our eyes and vengeance in our hearts was insidiously, as it were, formed a cordon across from street to river, and with unbroken front relentlessly, piteously pursued our foe. The balmy air was trembling and vibrating with the delicious sound of the "heavenly music" as we followed the exciting chase. Now we hear the bugle notes at the upper end, and the volleys of sound in gradually increasing, we end, and the quarry has turned, and each trusty weapon truthfully grasped, each greedy ear drinks in the glorious melody, each eager eye restlessly scans the ground in front, each throbbing heart beats a quick response to every trumpet cry as we anxiously await the supreme moment that shall bring our stealthy foe within range of the death dealing tube. Now we hear the eager dog upon the brow of the bluff and know that the life of our foe is in the hands of the trusty hunter. We purchase, for Samson guards that spot, and Samson's eyes true and Samson's nerves are steel. Now his quick eye sights the swiftly coming form and he suddenly becomes statue as he ganey polter with the hot scent of bird before him. Now but forty yards intervene, and quick as a flash the ready gun leaps to his shoulder, and responsive to its will, the trigger is pulled, and the flying quarry, with no foothold save empty air, and soon the gleaming wings, the frantic dogs are buried in his quivering flesh, and as "e add the while-pipped brush to our long list we loudly voice our triumph and exchange mutual congratulations that one more despoiler of our forest and stubble has received his just reward. SHADOW.

LAW BREAKERS ALARMED.—Childwood, South Colon, N. Y.—The exemplary justice so swiftly dealt to the culprits who took trout from Lake Placid illegally which FOREST AND STREAM gave such wide publicity to recently has had a salutary effect in regions supposed to lie just beyond the ken of law. A stranger came here some time since and took 200 pounds of lake trout from the Lake Massawiepe some of them weighing fourteen pounds and more, and took them away. But such an event could not come off here now. The active measures taken by various protective societies in offering generous rewards, etc., for the detection of transgressors has had not only a cautionary effect, but also that of constituting every man a detective.

An amusing illustration of this took place here last week. Two men were seen with a pair of panthers with the intention of appealing a cervinivorous longing by killing a deer illegally, but coming upon each other's trail they were both suddenly converted into apostles of the law and self-conscious detectives, and shadowed each other for the rest of the day. When they came face to face their mutual accusations led to a strife that came near ending in their having to pay *mere-poll* instead of receiving the much coveted reward.

This region affords excellent sport, and should be better known to your readers. It has been heretofore resorted to less by sportsmen than hunters, but the new and improved roads consequent to the starting of a new farming settlement here two years ago has made it more accessible to and more frequented by sportsmen and tourists.

South of the lake several deer and a pair of panthers were killed last autumn within a radius of five miles. This area would take in Grass River, a fine trout stream on the west, its affluent, Lake Massawiepe abounding in lake trout, and Arab Mountain half way to Tupper's Lake on the south, the Raquette River with Sol's Island and the Moosehead still-water on the east and north. The killing of the panthers was the first since the late season of your paper. The male measured nine feet between tips of nose and tail, and the male proportionately larger. The former was killed by a hunter, H. Hutchings, while stalking for deer last November at which time he followed the male two days without getting a shot at him. He abandoned the pursuit for two months when he resumed it, and after following him three days he succeeded in treeling and killing the brute. After having been frozen he was taken out of the woods standing erect with head and tail elevated.

He was taken through the villages in this natural pose much to the terror and delight of the villagers *en route*. These fierce denizens of the forest are nearly extinct in this part of the country and will soon be quite so. C.

POINT OF GREATEST ERROR.—Littleton, N. H., March 11, 1881.—Under the heading "How to Aim the Hunting Rifle," Mr. Merrill says: "I have omitted to state that 52-100 yards approximately shows the point in the range where the trajectory is the highest, and 55-100 the point of greatest error." Now, what does "the point of greatest error" imply? In other words, what does he mean?—J. I.

Major replies as follows: "The error of the rifle at any point of the range is the distance the ball is from the line sight at this point. At 55-100 yards it is off and above the line of sight about two inches, and hence the rifle shoots too high here. But the "highest point of the trajectory" is its highest point above its base. The base is regarded as a straight line connecting the centre of the muzzle of the piece with the centre of the target, or point blank. The error, 55-100, is measured from the line of sight, but the height of the trajectory, 52-100, from the base of the same. These two distinct lines are not parallel, but converge and intersect at the centre of the target; hence the two points .53 and .55 arise.

FIRST ENGLISH SNIPER.—Neversink Lodge, Guyard, Orange Co., N. Y., March 23, 1881.—Philip Thurler, my keeper, reports the first woodcock on Saturday, the 19th, and to-day, while out with Croxtell and some youngsters, he killed the first snipe, which I herewith send you. Has there been, in 1881, one killed before in the vicinity of New York? Your truly, A. E. GODFREY.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

FRESH WATER.

Pike, *Esox reuteri*.
 Pike or Pickerel, *E. americanus*.
 Pike-perch, (wall-eyed pike) *Silurus americanus*, S.
 Crayfish, *Decapoda*.
 Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
 Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*.

White Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
 Rock Bass, *Ambloplites* (Two species).
 War-mouth, *Channa argus*.
 Crayfish, *Decapoda*.
 Bachelor, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*.
 Chub, *Semotilus atropurpureus*.

SALT WATER.

Sa Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
 Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
 White Perch, *Morone americana*.

Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
 Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TROUTING IN SWITZERLAND

UPON the grassy banks of British trout streams a spike that screws into the butt of the rod is most invaluable to it, and, indeed, generally used by the angler, enabling him to stick his rod into the ground in an upright position when it is necessary for him to disentangle his line from the boughs of trees, rocks, snags, or any other of the numerous enemies that assail the fisherman's tackle.

It was in the palmist days of the Second Empire that, as a lad, I was about to step on board the train at one of the railway stations in Paris, my thoughts intent on Alpine trout streams, and entirely oblivious of the paternal nature of the government under whose protection I had temporarily placed myself.

In my hand I carried the weapon of our craft clad in its orthodox drab case—the most harmless object of personal property one would have supposed, and little calculated to rouse the suspicions of the most vigilant officialism.

Possibly the rod itself might have passed unnoticed, but, alas, I had neglected to unscrew the steel spike that was attached to the butt, and its formidable point protruded beyond the case in which the rod was wrapped at once transgressing its ban in the eyes of the suspicious Frenchmen from harmless and youthful tourist to a ferocious and bloody conspirator.

Stern hands were laid upon my shoulders; a sea of mustached faces and gestulating arms waved around me; my little ten-footer was solemnly arrested and made the subject of a most serious and prolonged investigation. It was a dagger! It was a spear! A veritable arsenal! The emperor's life had been so recently attempted and the keen scrutiny and sharp eyes of these officials were amazing to behold. The case was evidently too important to be disposed of in such an informal manner, and I was requested to remain with one of these green functionaries of Bonaparte while it was carried to a higher court.

What transpired within those closed doors I know not; but when the procession returned bearing the rod in front of them, it was given to understand that if the spike (the cause of offence) was removed, it should no longer be considered a specially dangerous character.

Now, the spike had rusted into the butt of the rod and the screw refused to turn, which was probably the reason of its being there. Two officers were appointed to affect the important and onerous duty of removing it. One was told off to hold the butt of the rod tight, another to twist the screw—and it they went.

By the aid of a crowd had collected and formed a circle within which these imperial satellites leaped and twisted, puffed and grunted, sorted, wheezed and sweated in their endeavors to draw the tooth of the offender.

I sat in the meantime upon a trunk, an amused spectator, and made an entry of this official war dance in my sketch book.

At last, however, the efforts of the Government were rewarded. Napoleon ceased to tremble upon his throne and I walked forth a free man.

Talking of continental officialism reminds me of a story a Virginia friend used to relate of his father, who, having got into some scrape with the railroad officials in Switzerland, turned, by a strange antic, their ruffled dignity into mirth and good humor.

The old gentleman was in his way an imitable actor and mimic, but being distinguished as a financier rather than a linguist, was at a loss in this case for words to make the cited officials understand that he was describing a starting train. Without more ado, however, he deliberately took his hat off, and, going down upon his hands and knees, traveled along the platform through the crowd, blowing and snorting like an engine. The spectators shouted with delight. The officials, however, one of them in the exuberance of their mirth, and the old gentleman more than gained his point, for he came out of his denizen not only unscathed but with flying colors, and was offered a large sum by the manager of a traveling theatrical company who was present to come on his establishment as a comedian.

At the time of which I write the Engadine was beginning to be famous as a place of attraction to tourists, and the grand hotels at Pontresina and St. Moritz, upon the chain of lakes that form the head-quarters of the river Tun, were receiving hundreds into their cheerful halls. In hot lakes and streams were and are still to be found in greater or less numbers, even at the highest elevation, where the latter first emerge from the icy caverns of the glaciers where their water is as yellow and foul from the moraines as if it had been draining some great manufacturing city, a few lean and pale specimens of the trout kind stem the roaring flood, and take out an existence the miserable character of which is demonstrated by their insipid and flavorless bodies.

The lakes of the Engadine, however, are fresh in color, and so is the river Tun, which connects them, and winds from one to the other through meadows whose coloring and fertility are in strange contrast to the cold white peaks and sterile slopes that overhang them.

It is not always in these days that we are to meet with either by lake or river—that is to say, foreign anglers, the natives, though, were in tremendous force, fishing for the hotels, and to judge from their tackle and their success it must have required at least two piscators to keep each guest in fish. I have seen rods in the Virginia mountains of considerable altitude; specimens, too, I have seen in the backwoods of Canada that might lay claim to distinction as regards length and power, but they would have been cast into the shade of comparison with the gigantic characters with which these Swissers burlied forth their clumsy lines. What fishes they were too! Black or red cock hackles, tied rudely on to the hook, not even twisted round them. The sight of one of these hardy patriots returning at even with his spoils was one of the most disproporportioned sporting pictures that could

well be imagined. First came the pole, enormous and unwieldy; apparently staggering beneath it came the man, and dangling from his hand would be two or three small trout, the product for the day of this great apparatus. Their gratitude for a well made fly or two was boundless. I remember making a great many of these devices, and I recall the little hotel that stood then on the "Sils Maria," and tears of thankfulness trickled down his furrowed cheeks. He fished in the lake, I heard, the whole of the two following nights.

A friend from college, on the trip in question, joined me at Chün, and from thence, with knapsack on back, we took the road.

It was not by any means an angler—at that time, in fact, he looked with the greatest contempt upon the whole business, and considered my passion for it as a barren phase of lunacy. He was a great muscular Christian, though; regarded Charles Kingsley as the greatest of men, weighed himself once a week and carried dumb-bells in his knapsack, which might fairly have been considered the last stage of the mania. He was as much bent, too, on scaling giddy heights as I was on sporting the lake, but, being a sportsman, he considered that there would be more difficulty in forcing an unwilling horse up the thousand feet than in keeping him company at the bottom; so he bought a native rod—under protest—not less than twenty-two feet long, in one piece, and carried it for fifty miles along the road through villages and roads like a standard, to the wonder of the inhabitants.

The Sils Maria, before mentioned, was, in spite of the ill-success of the venture, a capital lake for fishing in those days. It must have been, if memory serves me aright, some two or three miles long, bordered by meadow-lands and pine woods and overhung by lofty mountains. On windy days we would fish with flies from rocky headlands and catch great numbers of trout. In the river, too, that poured out of the lake and lost itself in the larger waters of the "Silva Planaa," we had rare luck on more than one occasion. I say we, for D. soon became an enthusiastic fisherman and fairly forgot the snow-capped peaks that had once had such an attraction for him.

We used to get in terrible hot water with the river proprietors, as the hay crop was uncut, and the Swiss law of trespass is very stringent as regards rivers that are bounded by meadow lands. I say we used to get into hot water, but I could only judge so (neither of us being distinguished as German scholars) from the long and continuous orations that elderly gentlemen, with passion written on their faces, used to hurl at us from the bank, but we were not so sensitive as our English lads at that age are not so sensitive on such matters with pleasure in view as their elders perhaps, and we fished straight ahead, and afforded occasionally considerable amusement to the passers-by who happened to come in for these one-sided interviews.

There was a beautiful lake at a place called "Le Prese," lying, if I remember right, on the Italian side of the Stelvio pass that fairly teemed with the most flexible lake trout, very much like those of the famous Loch Leven in Scotland, and averaging about one pound apiece. From the garden of the snug hotel that invited visitors to stop upon the shores you could see upon a summer's evening the whole surface of the water covered with riffs as they were feeding on the top. The cross line, as used in parts of Scotland I was surprised to find here in vogue. Cross-line fishing on a lake with boats is taken in this a most deadly and unportunous mode, and used very cautiously and quietly along, keeping at that exact distance from one another which will maintain the line "taut" without breaking it, a more difficult matter with such light tackle than might be supposed. From this cross line are hung at intervals of every two feet or so flies upon gut droppers, so arranged as to skim the top of the water. The trout rise and hook themselves, and when several are secured the haul is taken in. This a most deadly and unportunous mode of killing trout, of course, but in the latitudes we speak of sporting instincts as understood by Anglo-Saxon communities do not exist.

The ordinary brook trout of Switzerland when once you get out of the immediate influence of the glacier water is exactly similar to his namesake of North America. I have direful recollections though of an ugly trick the hotel keepers had of serving long gut cross-line baited with worms, which would quarter pound brook trout, qualified as it was in those days in the Engadine hotels with alternate courses of tough kid and incivility! Things are doubtless changed now since all the world and his wife have taken to going there, and when, even in the dead of winter, the frozen lakes ring, I am told beneath the skates of men and women, who, at a lower elevation, the dead hand of consumption would be claiming for its own.

It was not long ago, indeed, that a party of those long estimates who in wraps and respirators crawl along the seashore to the watering places of South

THE ESCULENT CAPTIVE—Savannah, Tenn., March 5.—I am glad to see that your paper is turning some attention to the catfish. This fish although it has for a long time furnished a large part of our population with an excellent and cheap article of food has been treated with contempt by the press. In fact, as I have had occasion to remark before, it is a fish more generally abused and more generally eaten than any other that swims in our waters. We have in the Tennessee River a large number of species of catfish, the blue or channel cat, the yellow or mud cat, and a mottled variety with a long, broad and somewhat flattened head, known here as the tortoise-shell cat.

The first named of these is a game fish, and grows to a larger size than the other two species. This fish affords considerable sport to the angler, and while not so rapid in its movements as the trout, and not so high in leaping from the water when hooked as the bass, does still make long runs and fights long and stubbornly before he gives up. Herbert includes this fish in his hook of fishes, but evidently knew little of it from actual experience. The largest fish of this kind that has been taken here for many years was caught some two years ago by the sheriff of this county, and weighed 456 pounds.

The catfish are taken in a great number of ways, in baited nets, in trap-line, throw lines and by jugging or jigging, or float fishing. It seems to be in fine condition at all seasons of the year, being always fat, and is in fine state for the table during the hot summer months when the bass are full of parasites, and the down and buffalo are not fit to eat.

It seems to be a fact peculiar to the catfish that the flesh of the very large ones is as fine grained and as tender as that of the fish of the smaller size. There is a preference given market to these large fish, and it is not until they weigh 10 lbs. This is due to a prejudice against the diet of the big fish, which are generally regarded as a race of fresh water scavengers. The catfish is omnivorous and will bite at anything edible. The bait generally used on trot lines is small cray-

fish and perch, but beef, liver or fresh meat of any kind is equally good. The methods of cooking vary according to the size of the fish. The small ones are generally fried, while the larger sizes are baked or boiled, the very large ones are cut into steaks, broiled or broiled across the grain and fried with salt pork the catfish is considered very fine.

For my own eating I prefer a medium sized yellow cat boiled in salt water and served with egg sauce and walnut catsup. When properly cooked such a fish is as good as any we can procure away from the salt water, and the baked fish are nearly as good as the red snapper. W. H. L.

THREE DAYS' SPORT ON THE RANGELEYS

A JOLLY trio it was that pushed their boats off the Middle Dam Camp Landing one fine morning early in the month of June last, for we well knew that sport was near at hand, as we could see trout breaking water only a few rods below.

Armed with the latest edition of split bamboo rods and a good selection of flies, we felt able to kill any fish that dare take a bite.

We were soon in position, with our boats some five rods apart, and just at the upper edge of the rapid water. Ten minutes found us all busy, as the fish rose well, and a merry time we had of it for two hours, taking about forty trout, which weighed from one-half to two pounds. By this time the small fish had been well cleaned out, and we began to wonder where all the larger ones were, when suddenly a yell of delight broke upon the air, and "Jerusalem, what a trout!" came across the water. Turning my eyes toward that veteran angler, Chesbro, I beheld that worthy well braced in his boat, with both hands firmly clutching his rod, which was bent to a half circle, with the reel singing and boat swaying first to right and then to left, with such exclamations, "yanked!" out in monosyllables, as "Great—gm-cious—see—how—the—pulls!" See! he has started for the spot that broke across the river, but I will stop him or smash the rod," came distinctly across the water, when a splash greeted my ears, the water was dashed into my face, and my linc was hauled off the reel some fifty feet before I knew what I was about, and I had all the business I could attend to. After a good square fight of twenty minutes I landed a three and one-half pounder, and we kept up the sport until the old bell at camp pealed out its welcome call for dinner. Sixty pounds of trout landed that forenoon, and it is safe to say no other fishermen ever better satisfied with a half day's sport than we were.

The next day the gates of Middle Dam were shut down, which stopped the current on the rips above and spoiled the fishing; so Sargent, of Upton, a most excellent guide, whips up the boat to me that the fishing would be good at Cedar Stump, five miles down the river. But how to get a boat down there was the next conundrum to crack. I suggested to Sargent to run the rapids in his boat to Pond-ri, then haul down on buck-board. The old guide said no man had ever run the rapid river in a light boat and come out alive, that he knew of; but, getting his blood up, he finally said he would do it or smash the boat.

So early next morning the boat was shoved through the sluice-way, the old guide and trapper stepped in, and away she flew like an arrow from a cross-bow. Down through the ascending current rushed the light boat, with the guide sitting erect, well back of the bow, with the oar poised ahead to guide her clear from the rocks that cropped out of the river in many places; with his hair streaming in the wind and stern, set visage, he looked the hero that he really was. Plunging through some narrow gorge, the boat would lift itself half its length clear of the water, as it shot over some falls and balanced its quivering form on the whirling eddy below. On and on she plowed, leaping and struggling for very life through Rapid River for a mile, until at last she floated like a feather on Poud-in-the-River, while on the face of her master could be seen a look of perfect satisfaction.

At about 10 A. M. the boat was landed at Cedar Swamp. In the centre sat the guide to handle the boat and net the fish, and balanced in the stern young "Nimrod," who takes to hunting and fishing as readily as a duck takes to water," and as this was his trial trip he wished to test his skill a little.

I have spent many months in the Maine woods, but never did I have two hours better fishing than from ten to twelve that day. At the end of an hour a large fish rose, and was struck by "Nimrod."

As the landing was this ever handled a four-pound trout in a swift current he can appreciate the situation for the next half hour. Up the river he would work his way, then down the stream with a rush that would make the life hiss, as it cut through the water; but no fish could stand that test long, and as the mottled line was creeping gradually up through the rings over the reel with its fearful tension, the noble fellow slowly yielded and finally gave up the fight, and as the landing net was gently passed under his great golden tail, and he was laid in the bottom of the boat, "war whoop" that echoed and re-echoed for miles around came from the throat of Nimrod, who had handled his fish better than most old fishermen would have done. Our catch was not so numerous, but eleven trout weighing twenty-three pounds was the number and weight of them.

The next day we decided to go to "Trot Cove," as Fred Barker has called it, and the fish had struck on up at the Cove, and not a sportsman at Upper Dam Camp. So Nimrod and I took steamer for that place, and at 11 A. M. we were at it, and whipped Trot Cove for three hours. When we struck our fish we counted just sixty trout, weighing from one-half to one and a half pounds. When we ungirted our rods that day, we declared no two men had ever enjoyed three days' sport that we had. E. T. W.

Putnam, Conn., Dec. 25, 1890.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Those who contemplate giving prizes to this tournament will do well to read the article in our issue of the 17th inst., headed "N. Y. Association," which refers to the elaborate programme of nearly 200 pages in which the advertisements of all donors of valuable prizes are to be placed, subject to certain conditions. Those having charge of the matter promise that the fly-casting will be entered in interest and number of prizes anything before attempted, and an arrangement of prizes which will be acceptable to amateurs, who have heretofore been deterred from entering the lists on account of there being only one class, in which well-known champions were entered. This

year the champions will have a class as usual, and their contest will not lack for prizes and interest, but there will be other classes also; one which bars all who have ever won a 1st prize, and another, for amateurs especially, which bars all who have ever won any prize at a State tournament. Messrs. Conroy, Bissett & Malleson write to a member of the prize committee as follows:

Mr. C. W. WOODFIN.

Dear Sir—We contribute one of our split bamboo fly-rods, one click rod, and one Holberton's full-length fly-rod, with improved Flycups and Russia leather cover. We wish these to go for prizes in fly-casting, and would be obliged for a list of prizes, so that we can name conditions, etc.

COROY, BISSETT & MALLESON.

Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie write to the director of the fly-casting tournament:

Mr. FRED MATHEW.

Dear Sir—You may put us down for a valuable prize. Exactly what it will be we have not yet determined, and possibly we will not decide to announce it until you are about ready to make up and close the list. Wishing the tournament every success, we remain very truly yours,

ABBEY & IMBRIE.

FISHING TACKLE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.—The most complete display of fishing tackle in the world is to be seen at the National Museum in Washington. It comprises the bone hooks, seal-skin lines, seal-bladder floats, walrus-hide floats, and spears and lures now used by the Indians of Alaska; the wooden hooks and all combinations of wood, bone and metal hooks and spears of the Esquimaux and the natives of our northeast coast; the enormous shark and halibut hooks, with a full set of all hooks, lines, floats, and floats used in the commercial fisheries of our East and West coasts down to the various rods, reels, lines, flies, floats, ereils, etc., of the scientific angler. These latter have been purchased from our American dealers, the larger part just before the Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, and now Prof. C. Brownie Goode, the curator of the museum, acknowledges the receipt of a donation of an elegant collection of English made angler's goods, consisting of hooks made for the American market, artificial baits, insects, flies, etc., from S. Alcock & Co., Redditch, England, whose advertisement will be found in our columns.

THE LUXURIES OF ANGLING.—The Richmond, Va., *Whig*, says: "One has only to examine the advertising columns of **FOREST AND STREAM** to be impressed with the vast amount of industry, skill, talent, enterprise and genius, and philanthropy (emphatically) devoted to this task of supplying the needs and luxuries and augmenting the pleasures of the sporting community. We say philanthropy, with emphasis, in those who toil for the enjoyment and happiness of their fellow-beings cannot be enemies of their kind. But admit that self enters as an element of the motive—in an enlarged sense, it may be truly affirmed, that self, if not a virtue in itself, is next kin to it, and is the basis and promoter of all the virtues."

This is only one part of a column devoted to fishing tackle which the enterprise of Abbey & Imbrie is spoken of in the highest terms, and mention of Conroy is made. The editor of the *Whig* is a veteran angler, and was formerly one of the Commissioners of Fisheries of his State. He still loves to take the savage bass and smoke his pipe of bamboo root after the victory. Long may he continue.

The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit, is *TOP BITTERS*.

Fish Culture.

ANGLING.

FROM a lecture upon Pisciculture and Angling, delivered by Rev. H. L. Sneed before the Iron, Coal and Manufacturers' Association at Chattanooga, Tenn., of which we have already published the fishcultural portion, we extract the following:

There is another reason why we should cultivate fish, other than as an article of food, and that is for the recreation afforded in angling.

I know I am treading on ground which you may consider debatable, but I assure you I do not in the slightest degree.

I am convinced that as a people we do not recreate enough. Unfortunately, our people are not so well educated as they should be. That has become the all absorbing thought, and the idea of spending a day fishing is considered by many a waste of time, while others regard it as a picnic and stupid sport.

It is neither hard, nor a waste of time to go a fishing, but is one of the most delightful, elevating and invigorating of any of the out-door sports. Fishing, so far from being a stupid pastime, in which one plants himself on the bank of a stream, and plants his rod in the bank and then dozes and dreams waiting for fish, as is so very true, and though I do not mean directly to raise you of it. And, if success is to crown his labors, all his powers of endurance, patience and skill are to be brought into play. I do not know any sport that requires better judgment than fishing. The selection and preparation of tackle, the supply of bait, the state of the weather, the condition of the water, and just that place in the pool where your trout or bass lives to seize the prey, the striking of your fish, the management of him after he has been hooked, and your successful landing him requires consummate skill and the best management.

EMMENT MEN ANGLERS.

Dr. Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, England, lived to the ripe old age of ninety-six, and he died in his that years had not dimmed his eye nor weakened his memory, and that angling and temperance were the cause of it.

Sir Humphrey Davy says: "For my health I thank my ancestors after my God, and I have no understanding what it was that so beneficially gave and brought me to the world, but in one patriarch Walton, to number ninety years and upward, yet I hope as long as I can enjoy a vernal day, the warmth and lights of the sunshine, still to haunt the streams, following the example of our late venerable friend, the President of the Royal Academy, Ben West, with whom I have thrown the fly, caught trout, and enjoyed a delightful day of angling and social amusement by the bright clear streams of Wamblee."

Dr. Taylor writes to a friend who was anxiously inquiring when one of his great philosophical works would be completed, "As soon as the fly fishing is over," evidently considering this diversion of equal importance with those mental efforts that have rendered his name so famous.

Gay Thompson, John Tobin, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Sir Walter Scott, all literary characters, were ardent disciples of Walton. Admiral Lord Nelson was so passionately fond of the sport that he fished with the left hand long after he had lost his right. Ben West, the celebrated painter, engaged in many days sport

with Sir Humphrey Davy, and Daniel Webster, America's great statesman, during his lifetime, found relief after a tedious session of Congress in angling for salmon in the Kennebec. And the Bishop of Exeter, in the same fishery, is reported to be delighted in following the streams of the river, with his boat, gaff, and enjoying the pleasures afforded by the splendid bass fishing, for which they were famous in the early settlement of the State. And many other distinguished men who

"I have tried it with baited hooks."

To tempt the tenant of the brook

might be added to the list to show that angling is held in high esteem by all classes of people, but it is unnecessary. I am trespassing too largely upon your time in introducing quotations to show that it is worth the while to be angler, but I hope not unprofitably, and therefore I shall give you but one more from the "American Angler."

It is true that many have ridiculed this noble art and pitied its followers, but let those who are extreme and somewhat ridiculous have rendered them blind to the beauties of nature, remember that He who went about doing good chose a number of his disciples from fishermen, and considered them worthy objects of His consideration.

It seems in the way of apocryphism to attempt to justify that agreeable pastime after the expressed opinion of so many learned and distinguished men of every age, for is there any pleasure so common as to be with and with which so many happy associations are blended as angling?

Adieu, ye sports of noise and toil,

That crowd us senseless strife and toil;

Debauch the mirth, the husbandman's train,

More maid delight my life employ,

The angler's unobtrusive joy.

Here I have sweetened my declining hours,

Nor envy kings the bliss of crowns!"

My own experience as an angler heartily echoes all that has been said in this essay; and I men do not agree. The great and learned Dr. Johnson describes angling to be "a stick and a string with a worm on one end and a fool on the other," but we have an ingenious Spaniard giving the following rebuttal testimony: "Rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wisdom to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration."

Dr. Johnson never sat in a boat in the mouth of the Emory river, surrounded by the beautiful scenery which greets the angler, and he never had the pleasure of catching a hundred feet away, and left that thrill which electrifies you when the fancy fellow leaps three feet clear of the water to shake the hook from his mouth, and the exquisite pleasure of playing him and the joy of pinning him to the bank. I have ever stood on the rim of some pool in the mountain gorge, and watch the deftly cast fly dance along the eddies, and then disappear like magic, and in an instant feel that delightful contest between himself and a trout, and when he has over strike a fifteen-pound jack salmon, with his treacherous line, and his boat in his boat, as he glided over the blue waters of some beautiful lake or stream, or he would never have penned such a severe, though steeped satire.

CHARACTERS OF ANGLERS.

My knowledge of anglers has led me to make this observation, that anglers, as a class, are liberal, large-hearted, generous men, genial and full of good social qualities. Men who have acquired the habit of looking on the bright side of life and of extracting joy from every phase of it, and of trying to make the best of everything. Now and then you find a croaker, not often—a sort of evil prophet—who begins at the very inception of the excursion to predict that no fish will be caught, that the wrong time has been selected, that the hook or line is faulty, and that the fish are really a sort of disappointment when the party has made a handsome catch; but even these, taking them all in all, are good fellows, and only furnish a little variety. I only wish I could persuade all who have been in the habit of angling, to give up their fishing. You have no idea how differently you would regard life, if it works a happy change in the gloomy and morose, and gives the invalid a new lease on life.

THE RHODE ISLAND COMMISSION.

THE tenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island, for the year ending on the 31st of March (New York), *Stenonopus argyrea*, in the traps this spring, was not as large as usual, but that the prices were better, and the fishermen received a fair price for their labor. On the subject of trapping the commission has the same views expressed in their last report, in which they recommended that the trap on Narragansett Pier to Socanquet Point be abolished, and the whole coast line protected, and that heart-pets or ponds should be licensed. Fish have been plentiful, especially sump of large size, orange or blackish, young blueback and sprat, or weakfish, and this is attributed to the two causes, first, the close time, and second "an exceptionally abundant season for these sorts of fish, due to favorable circumstances at the spawning season, etc."

The scarcity of lobsters which New York is so famous, is accounted for by the use of traps, which are the means of catching the fish by the thousands when they only weigh from one half to three to four pounds each. There are invested in this State by persons residing there, the sum of \$100,000 in traps, and giving employment to 394 men. In the menhaden fishery there are 248 men who depend upon fishing for their support during the whole year, of whom forty-three are interested in heart-pets. Exactly why this small number of individuals should be allowed year after year to deplete and almost ruin the fisheries, the Commissioners fail to see, and in their capacity as Commissioners, they earnestly beg that the General Assembly will cease such additions to the fishery laws as they suggest. The Commissioners find that there are a number of individuals, non-residents of the State, who carry on the manufacture of fish oil and gano and heart-seining, to say nothing of lobster catches.

The Commissioners desire to call the attention of the General Assembly to the fact that the lobster fishery of Rhode Island waters, Maine, Massachusetts and New York have the same fish to protect themselves, and it is more than time that the State of Rhode Island followed their example. The lobster law of Massachusetts forbids the sale of lobsters under one and one-half inches in length. The capture of small lobsters has gone on in Rhode Island since the first lobster pot was put in Rhode Island waters. The larger ones are sent to market and the smaller are marketed for the light of lobsters, and the small ones are their lobster pots. For a number of years past the catch of lobsters has been steadily decreasing, not as to numbers, but as to size. They recommend the passage of a law forbidding the sale of lobsters under one and one-half inches in length, and suggest that it would be advisable to forbid the sale of female lobsters with their spawn. So far as the limit of size is concerned, the Commissioners are assured that the law will be most popular. To show the value of the lobster fishery they state that one man in this city handles \$100,000 worth of traps, and that the same man handles \$100,000 worth of traps.

The Commissioners have received a consignment of 200 carp from Prof. Baird, the United States Commissioner.

DAMAGE TO THE SALMON BREEDING RANCH.—In addition to our notice of the almost complete destruction of the Government buildings on the McCloud River, Cal., in our last, we print the following from the San Francisco *Bulletin*:

"To persons who have visited the United States Fishery the height of the water will be appreciated when it is stated that it completely covered the Indian burial ground on the hillside in the rear of the buildings, and that the water which was in the tanks supplied the hatchery with water from the river were saved, they having been chained to trees. The cost of the buildings and works destroyed, it is represented, was from \$20,000 to \$25,000. At the time of their construction all the lumber had to be obtained from

saw-mills near Mount Shasta. It is claimed that they can be replaced now for \$12,000 or \$15,000.

It was from these works that the salmon eggs have been obtained and hatched for stocking the Sacramento and other rivers. The United States Fish Commission has been authorized by the Government the State has placed annually two million salmon in the Sacramento River, at an expense not exceeding \$1,000 for each million. The catch of salmon in the Sacramento River has in consequence doubled in the past few years, having risen from five million pounds to nearly eleven million pounds.

The following letter from the young man left in charge of the property to a friend in this city gives some of the details of the effects of the flood:

UNITED STATES FISHERY,
BAIRD, SHASTA COUNTY,
February 3, 1881.

"DEAR SIR, To-day I send you a few lines to let you know how we stand up this war. I had expected a great storm. Well, it came January 30, and the river that night rose thirteen feet, but went down next day. The day after it commenced raining more than ever, and at night about 10 o'clock the water rose twenty feet six inches, when Dick Hubbard and I burst in two doors in Mr. Stone's private rooms, and took out all the boxes, etc. At 11 o'clock all the houses were two feet under water, and rocking from the force of the wind. At 12 o'clock the water rose to the dwelling-house, the kitchen, bunk rooms, store house, wood shed, in fact, all the houses were."

"The remainder of the night we spent in Groom's house (post-office) on the east side of the river, and at 2 o'clock the water rose. In the morning this house stood three feet under water, and did not go down the stream. I saved all the postage stamps and stamped envelopes, but the two mail bags and letter stamps were lost."

"What shall I do about them?"

"You remember our house is opposite, and where the new trail was made last summer, well, the water rose above there. This will show you how high the river was—probably thirty feet. I have all my clothes except a new coat, and a suit that I had on at the time."

"What shall I do now? Shall I remain and take care of the chickens, for they are all that is left, pretty much?"

"Fish Commissioner B. B. Redding has telegraphed to United States Fish Commissioner B. B. Redding, asking the passage of an appropriation by Congress to defray the cost of rebuilding the hatchery. Mr. Redding thinks if the Legislature were to pass a joint resolution asking Congress for such an appropriation it would help its passage.

ICHTHOLOGICAL NOTES.

WE have received a paper of "Proceedings of the National Museum" in which are "Descriptions of two new species of Scopeloid fishes, *Sialis ringens* and *Myoxiphan crinitus*, from Santa Barbara Channel, California," by D. S. Jordan and C. H. Gilbert. The former differs from Gunther's *S. halyalis* chiefly in the dentition, canine teeth being present on the preopercle and palatines. The latter fish belongs to Gunther's genus, *Myoxiphan*, the *Scopelus* of Reinhardt. Jordan and Gilbert also describe two new founders, *Parophrys isochrysus* and *Hippinoscoloplos sinuatus*, from Fuzet's sound; several *Schodius*, whose range in the region of the family necessary in order to accommodate them, and which is here proposed; a new *Enbiotocoid* (*Abeona aurora*) from Monterey, Cal.; a new founder, *Phyllosomus stans*, from California; an *Enbiotocoid*, (*Gynostomus rostratus*), also from California.

Mr. W. N. Lockington gives a "note on a new flatfish, *Lepidosteus isolepis*, found in the markets of San Francisco, from Fuzet's sound; a note on a forgotten paper of Dr. Ayres and its bearing on the nomenclature of the *Cyprinoid* fishes of the San Francisco markets;" a "note on 'Soma' and 'Daucus'";

Jordan and Gilbert have a "Description of a new Scopeloid fish, *Schistocylus procyon*, from Monterey Bay;" a "Description of a new *Agonostomus*, *Agonostomus* from the coast of California;" and a "Description of a new species of Paralepis, *Paralepis coruscans*, from the Straits of Juan de Fuca." Mr. S. I. Smith gives a "Preliminary notice of the ornateca dredged in 64 fathoms, off the coast of New England, by the United States Fish Commission in 1880."

THE McDONALD FISHWAY.—On the 9th of this month the Virginia Legislature passed an act obliging all persons owning dams which interfere with the free passage of fish, to provide a suitable fishway, under the name of the McDONALD FISHWAY, as the fish may have free passage up or down the streams during the months of March, April, May and June of each year; and it shall be required of such parties that the same shall be restored in case of destruction, and shall be repaired and maintained at their expense, inasmuch as the fishway is to be constructed, sluices or ladders as required, they shall forfeit five dollars for each day so refused. It is the duty of the supervisors of counties at least twice a year, in the months of April and October, to examine and see that the law is complied with.

STRIPPED BASS IN CALIFORNIA.—About a year and a half ago Messrs. Throckmorton and B. B. Redding secured three hundred bass spawn from the waters of New Jersey and transported them in a live box to the McDONALD FISHWAY, where in a year a bass was caught in those waters, weighing one pound. Yesterday, a bass weighing four pounds and measuring twenty inches in length and seven inches in width, attracted attention at San Francisco, and having been caught in the ocean, off Bolinas Point, Mr. Redding secured it for \$25. The bass had already been secured by D. J. Staples, who intends to present it to the Academy of Sciences, where it will be officially examined and named.

"The above is from the San Francisco *Alta*, of February 26." We happen to know that the bass referred to were striped bass, or rockfish, *Roccus lineatus*, although the bending of the article, "California Bass," did not convey the information. They were not "California bass," but were young of the year, and were speaking, "spawn" or eggs, although in some parts young fish or " fry" are termed spawn.]

GERMAN FISH CULTURE.—The *Fischerer Zeitung*, of Stettin, says: "We learn that Mr. K. Eckardt, of Lubbenitz, has this year actually applied the principle of the 'live box' to the culture of fishculture. There is great need of the propagation of this fish in certain districts; it grows rapidly, as proven by the fact that some which Mr. Eckardt impregnated on the 13th of March were ready to be sold for sale (5000) in his carrying tanks in over one pound—a most wonderful growth, proving this fish a valuable acquisition. Mr. Eckardt will investigate the breeding of the Zander (pike perch, *Stizostedion*), which has hitherto been neglected, and will devote his efforts to the culture of the impregnated eggs of the different varieties of carp, as the scale, leather and mirror carp spawn and fry, and in the month of May will send a large package of them to America."

SALT IN TROUT PONDS.—Mr. J. Amin, Jr., of Caladonia, N. Y., writes that he will devote his attention to the culture of one of his breeding ponds with the salt water results. He found that he lost but very few fish from any disease, but more especially from fungus, which in many cases starts from the hatching while spawning, and he thinks it helps the trout in many ways. They look cleaner, and after a while grow to like it, after throwing it in the pond they would run in among it, also rub themselves in it. It also helps very much to clean the bottom and sides of the ponds of any incrust matter. He recommends the dose of ten fifteen pounds of salt per acre, and to be dissolved in the water in spawning season. The fish would be the better if it was continued during the year. If the pond is larger, use more. The pond spoken of was about 10x10ft, 3 1/2 ft deep.

AMERICAN FISHERY CULTURE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the American Fishery Culture Association will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, March 30th and 31st, 1881, at eleven o'clock, in the rooms of the Directors of the Fulton Market Fish Bonger's Association, foot of Beekman street, New York.

B. PHILLIPS, Secretary. E. B. JOSEF, President.

The Kennel.

CHAMPION RUSH.

WE present to our readers in this issue a picture of Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion small sized lemon and white pointer flush. This dog is so well known to the sportsmen of this country, having been so frequently and successfully exhibited, that further comment would appear unnecessary. He has achieved the reputation of being the typical small pointer dog in America. In breeding both for field and form his pedigree would be hard to beat; coming on the dam's side, Lilly, from a noted strain of field dogs in Tennessee that were considered second to none in flat hunting, possessing nice and great endurance. On the sire's side, Flake, he is equally good. Flake was bred by Dr. A. Russell Straehan, of this city, and was descended from the most noted Kennels of England, being a grandson of George, who was bred in the Duke of Devonport's kennels, and especially chosen for Sir Frederick Bruce, who was then Minister from England to the United States, and from whom Dr. Straehan obtained him. This gentleman has a fine life-size painting of George, executed by Bishopham George also figures in the group of three dogs pointing quail, painted by Bishopham for Dr. Straehan and which has been so extensively chronicled all over the country. He was a very stylish, compact looking dog, weighing about sixty pounds, and was the sire of Dr. Straehan's Flash, who was the sire of Flake, and, probably, was the most handsome small pointer ever exhibited in America. Flake when a puppy was presented by Dr. Straehan to Mr. William F. Stead of New York, N. Y., for whom the Dr. had a great admiration, believing him to be one of the very best dog handlers he had ever known, combining patience, firmness, gentleness and the judgment which culture brings in an eminent degree, and it was under Mr. Stead's care that Flake developed into the fine dog he was when first exhibited at the Westminster Kennel Club's first show, winning first in his class and running second to Snapshot for championship, although acknowledged by Mr. Macdonna (who brought out Snapshot to be as handsome a small pointer as had ever been seen).

Dr. Straehan seeing Lilly for the first time at the Mincos Show, strongly urged Mr. Orgill to breed her to Flake; he followed the advice, and the result was the finest and most successful litters ever born—three of the progeny at least becoming champions, namely, Bitch, Daisy and Rose. So much for good breeding. Flake and Lilly were indeed a beautiful brace, and from this union Mr. Orgill had the gratification of establishing that dynasty of pointers so familiar to small pointer admirers.

- The subject list shows the prize winnings of Rush:
1877—Baltimore—Puppy class, second prize; by his litter sister, Rose, taking first prize.
1877—New York Open class, under 50 lbs., first prize.
1877—St. Louis—Open class, under 50 lbs., first prize.
1877—Louisville—Open class, under 50 lbs., first prize. Also special prize for best pointer in show; also special for best pointer under 50 lbs.; also special for best pointer under eighteen months of age.
1879—St. Louis—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.
1879—Philadelphia—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.
1880—New York—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.
1881—Pittsburgh—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.

In addition to the above Rush has won several prizes in brace and other kennel shows.

NORNA.

WE publish on this page the portrait of the imported field trial setter bitch NORNA, owned by Mr. James H. Goodsell, of this city. Norna is a beautiful bitch, black, white and tan in color, and was bred by Mr. R. H. Bayley, of New York. She was sold to Mr. Cunningham. This gentleman being obliged to give up shooting owing to ill health, sold Norna to Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, from whom she was purchased by Mr. Goodsell.

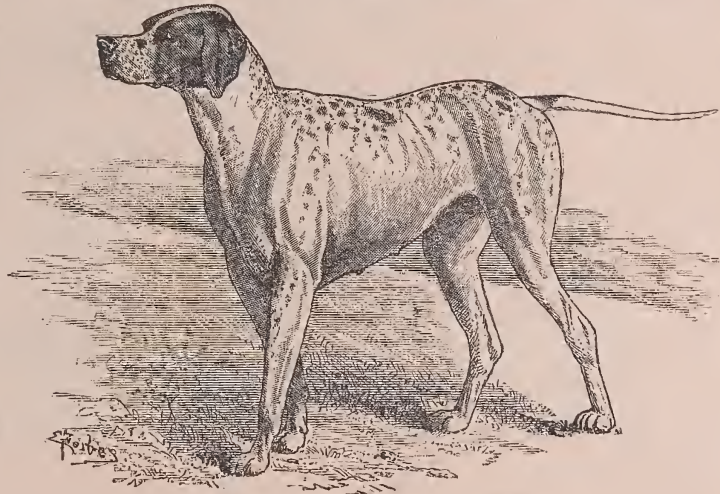
Norna is out of Mr. Llewellyn's Nolla, by his Dan. She thus traces her blood back through some of the most celebrated of Mr. Laverack's prize and field trial winners to Fonthill and Old Moll. Her brother grand sire, was the sire of most winners on the beach and in the field than any dog that ever lived. Among them were Llewellyn's Countess, Prince and Nellie, Bayley's Daisy, Bayley's Victor and Clara, Wardlaw Read's Sam, Pilkington's Dash, Laverack's Cora, Field's Bruce, and many others, all equally well known. Mr. Raymond's Pride of the Border and Fairy were also by Dash II. It is hard to say whether this great dog was more celebrated as a prize winner or as a sire of winners. Moll III, the granddam of Norna, is as famous as a mother as Dash II. is as a sire. She is the mother of Llewellyn's Countess, Prince and Nellie, Bayley's Daisy, Raymond's Sam, Raymond's Fairy, Pilkington's Victor and Scott's Dicksie's Belle, Laverack's Cora, Llewellyn's Daisy, and many others.

Dan, the sire of Norna, is so well known to our readers as to need no long eulogiums. In field trials he won first in the Bruce stakes at Shrewsbury in 1871, and first in the Bruce stakes with his brother Dick at the same time and place; he also won the champion at Shrewsbury that year. He has never been beaten in a competition in the field. Old Duke and Rhoebe, the sire and dam of Dan, are especially well known as field trial winners, and Rhoebe is especially so as the founder of the field trial strain of setters. In the four years from 1870-1873, inclusive, the National Field Trial Champion Plate was won by

Bruce and Roy Roy, her sons, and Daisy, her granddaughter. She was the mother of many field trial winners. It will thus be seen that on both sides Norna comes from a race of winners, and no doubt we shall hear of her or her progeny in coming field trials on this side of the water.

WANTED, A WOODCHUCK DOG.

EDGEMONT, Delaware Co., Penn.
"DEAR SIR—The farm is overrun with ground-hogs (woodchucks). Last season it was bad enough—this year it will be worse, as none were destroyed. They swarm all over the county and are becoming a positive pest. Their holes are in every field, and it is no longer safe to run the mower without first going over the ground to stake or mark the holes to prevent injury to the team, for if a horse steps into a "hog hole" there is a good chance of breaking a leg.
"What are we going to do about it? We can't poison the little brutes, for they eat nothing but vegetable food and prefer growing clover to anything else. I suppose Paris green sowed over the clover when the dew is on the field, but that the business, but it would scarcely be healthy for the cattle. So that won't do. Shooting I have tried; it is 'mighty long between shots.' They know all about it and won't show a nose above ground after the first shot. Our



MR. ORGILL'S POINTER RUSH.

farm dog can't catch them outside, and he is too big to go down the hole and drive them out.

"Is there any breed of dog small enough to go down a hog hole and with phokt enough to stay there until he drives the 'varmint' out?"

"If there is such a breed I want it, and so do my neighbors."
"B. W."

The foregoing letter from a farmer friend recites a real grievance, so I have taken the liberty of forwarding it to you to place before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. And now, as to the kind of dog needed. Small size is the first requisite, else he cannot enter the burrow. Next comes gameness, for the groundhog is a sharp biter and makes a brave fight when in his stronghold. The next requirement is ability to punish the vermin and make his quarters so hot that he will bolt out. Now, what breeds that are available in this country, fill the bill? The Skye will not answer—he carries too much coat; of a lot summer day, underground work would almost stifle him and in wet weather he would be loaded with mud. Dandies would answer, I have no doubt, but no one breeds them here. Fox-terriers would seem to be the dogs indicated, as their coats are right for the work, their size suitable and they have the necessary gameness. They are classed at our bench shows as a sporting dog—why, I never could exactly understand, as no legitimate field work is offered for them; but if they answer for this they will earn the name—and the blessing of every farmer in this region. Will the breeders of fox-terriers take up this subject in your pa-

per and let us know if the dog has been used in this line and if he has proved a workman?
If such are the facts, we will see the fox-terrier take the place of the farm cur, and the breeding of these dogs will receive a fresh impulse, as the demand for them in agricultural districts will be almost unlimited.
LETS.

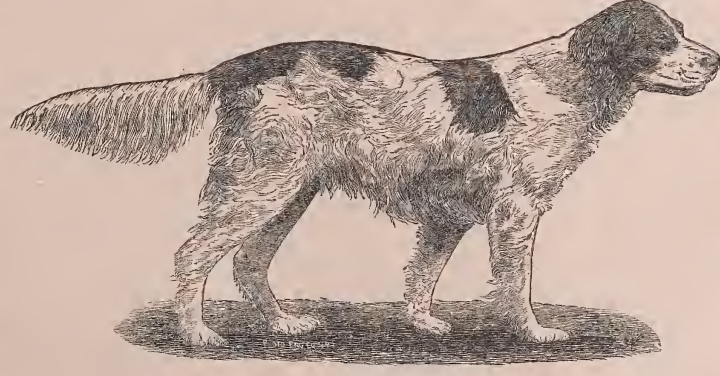
THE PURE LAVERACK SETTERS IN ENGLAND.

BY "LEATHERHEAD."

IN consequence of the very unmerciful way in which the name of "Laverack" was made use of by advertisers and those who wanted to sell setters, I determined three years ago to collect a list for *Bret's Life* of all the setters that could be proved to be purely bred from the strain mentioned and described by Mr. Laverack in his "Book of the Setter." This list, I believe, had some effect in warning people that setters, because they were called Laveracks, were not necessarily of that breed, and I know in some cases, when proof has been asked for, it has been wanting, and that the dogs advertised as such had no more pretensions to be called Laveracks than Hereford cows had to be called Short-horns. In my original list I know I was thought credulous for not admitting some that were undoubtedly very closely related to Laveracks, but the sequel has proved, I think, that it was right, as in closely breeding to the strain, others might have an equal right to claim purity by the admission even of one cross; and if that was allowed the result would ultimately follow of having the pure Laverack blood, such as we can fairly consider it, stamped out. A cross, however remote, would not be allowed as thorough bred even in the "Stud" or "Herd Books," and as there are very good proofs that the Laveracks belong to an old and distinct family of setters, I think that on every principle of breeding it should be guarded in just the same degree as any other specified breed. I know I shall be met with the argument that other setters are a good, but that is beside the question, and must remain as a matter of opinion, it being only reasonable that just as ordinary horses are improved in their generation by being crossed with thorough-bred sires, and all cattle are improved by crosses to the short horns, so has every sort of English setter been improved by an alliance with the Laveracks. It might be well imagined that the Laverack could be improved, but I maintain that there has been a total want of proof in this direction; as far as I am aware, the Laverack may be as beautiful as a pure one, and be as perfect, in every particular, the proof that such merit is permanent must be tested by future breeding, such as breeding a cross bred animal to a cross bred; and as regards setters, I think that in this country or America? I think not, though doubtless other strains have been improved by Laveracks, and these bred into the Laveracks again, have as a matter of course continued to improve. All setter breeders, if they will really acknowledge their true connections, will, I think, corroborate me in this position, but if any of the show lists and Field Trials for the last three years are examined, it will be found that Laveracks have had a good deal to do with success, as with the exception of old champion Ranger, nothing less than a half Laverack has won any Field trial or a large show. The victories of the pure ones have been limited, simply because they are very scarce, and as regards Field Trials, those who own them have not been as a rule the habitual patrons of those pastimes. In America, where the Laverack has been very nearly the first year that our Transatlantic cousins had tried running the pure ones, and, by-the-by, of their own breeding. The success that followed the breed last autumn was almost remarkable, as Thimber, a pure bred one, and his daughter Daisy Laverack, also pure, were well known to the public, and engaged in the younger being second in the American Field Trial Derby. At New York, and also at Philadelphia, the pure Laveracks were very prominent in the prize list, and in England they have not been behind either, as out of seven prizes at Birmingham the pure ones took five, and at the Alexandra Palace, two out of ten. This is against long odds, it must be recollected also, as the half and three-parts bred ones outnumber the pure ones by at least thirty to one; they are not plentiful for as my appended list will show, the number of owners having both dogs and bitches is extremely limited, and, as good representatives of the breed are expensive to purchase, there are many people who have a partially for the family, but with purses not sufficient to get dogs and bitches bred far enough away to breed to, and then as a matter of necessity the progress in forming a kennel is very slow. The possession of a good bitch is almost better than owning a dog, as blood can be hired or borrowed, but those owners in my list are the most fortunate who own representatives of both sexes at a sufficient distance in their breeding to allow a continuation of the policy to breed pure.

Beginning with the dogs, I find I can give a longer list than I could three years ago, although there are several death vacancies, the notable ones being Blue Bird, and the other two. The reason of this is a good bitch is almost better than owning a dog, as blood can be hired or borrowed, but those owners in my list are the most fortunate who own representatives of both sexes at a sufficient distance in their breeding to allow a continuation of the policy to breed pure.

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MR. GOODSSELL'S SETTER BITCH NORNA.

Mr. W. Bayley's Lem V. Victor (K. C. S. B. 4,563), by Old Dash out of Moll; whelped 1860.

For Sale. Water Cress & Brook Trout. AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half bushel baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 8 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third Street at 20 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 4 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 each morning. Further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS, Aquetong Trout Farm, New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

FOR SALE.

A Farm of 22 Acres at Gouldsboro, Bucks Co., Penn.

On the Letcher River; about 12 acres under cultivation; the balance is wooded with a beautiful pine grove, through which a stream of clear spring water runs; abundantly stocked with speckled trout; the finest place in the State for a trout pond; a dam can be put in at a slight cost and will cut itself with trout. A fine young orchard of about 30 trees on place, which is in grass and will cut about 10 tons of hay per year. All kinds of game and fish in the vicinity. Will sell for \$200, one quarter its value, and will take a first-class \$10,000 in part payment. Clear title and possession given at once. A. H. SPIGNER, Morris, Tioga Co., Pa. Mar24

FOR SALE.

Trout Hatchery and Preserve in Connecticut, four hours' ride from Grand Central Depot; 71 years' lease of about one mile of a grand stream; high natural falls at one boundary and solid masonry dam at the other; also a timber dam for smaller lake. New Hatchery House complete. Every article of troutery, very good and, in fact, all necessary appliances. Stream and lakes now thoroughly stocked with trout from fry to five year olds. All trout sold at \$22 per annum. Will sell lease and improvements low to a prompt buyer. JOHN B. MORGAN, 83 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Mar24

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henry, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and shade trees. Price \$10,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale or to let, house 173 Grifthill St., Jersey City Heights. For sale six acres near two railroads, Clinton, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar10

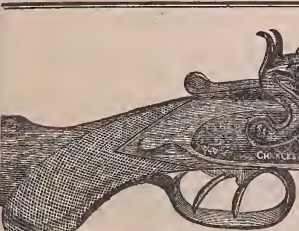
FARM AND TROUT PRESERVE for sale in the beautiful village of Smithtown Branch, Long Island, one mile from railroad station, 60 acres of land, half level and fertile, half wood outstream, well drained, with clear running brook. Unsurpassed for the formation of a trout preserve for club or private ownership. Easy terms. FRANK BLYDENBURGH, 60 Pine Street, N. Y. Mar24

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION—Share for transfer, the owner being unable to use it. This game shooting and fishing preserve, the best in America, offers unequalled advantages to families of members. The association is about spreading a magnificent club house. Address A. C. M., this office. Mar17

FOR SALE—1 Parker, B. L., 10-gauge, 30 in. barrels; new; cost \$124 will sell for \$16. One Colt, 12 bore, 28 in. bore, pistol grip, etc., cost \$35 will sell for \$25. One Daily, 10-bore trap gun, A1; cost \$125 will sell for \$100. One Premier Scott, 12 bore, 30 in. bore, 28 in. bore, pistol grip, etc., cost \$40 will sell for \$25. One Scott gun, 3 gauge, A1 gun, in case, cost \$40. One Sharp's Remington, 12 Whitby; all good ranges, A1 rifles, nearly new. One Peabody off-hand rifle, A1. One fine muzzle-loading rifle; starter, swedge, etc.; new; all at bottom prices. E. H. MADISON, 64 Fulton St., Brooklyn. Mar24

SECOND HAND.—1 Stephen Grant B. L., 12 bore, 30 inches, 6 1/2, highest quality; cost \$490; in good condition; price \$225. W. W. Greener, terrier dog, fast, 10 to 12, 30 inch, 8 1/2 lbs, weight; in excellent condition; cost \$90; price \$40. HENRY C. SQUIRE, 1 Cortland St. Mar17

LIVE QUAIL.—Forwarded by W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla. Very cheap.



AGENTS FOR CAR'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP. Howard's Steel Head Shells—Quality guaranteed. Price lower than any other.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles. Simplest, Most Efficient, Inevitable. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists. E. REMINGTON & SONS., 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.



A GREAT OFFER BY A RELIABLE FIRM! The world is full of cheap diamonds, but few are good. We will forward all shipping charges pre-paid ANY FINGER RING OR PAIR OF EARRINGS, and will illustrate provided you send us the advertisement and send to us ONE DOLLAR on or before June 30th, 1891. We will send you a beautiful, original, and fine diamond, or a thousand of rings with the same character. At the same time we will send you a highly satisfied and will show you our prevention by distributing our diamonds among your friends and at the same time establish credit received from us. In case the diamonds are not to your satisfaction, we will return the diamonds and refund from new and original diamonds, and will be guaranteeing to protect you, and if not represented money will be returned. Numbers 50 and 51 will furnish you the best, garnet or topaz in our assortment to which you wish to add. We will send you a pair of earrings, and a pair of our celebrated French diamonds, being set in cut from the white stone and very brilliant in fact, and not inferior in any way to the best imitation of the diamond ever produced, and only experts can detect that they are not. No. 39 has the finest setting (French diamond) set back, 2 1/2 rings, A. 88, A. 89, A. 90, A. 91, A. 92, A. 93, A. 94, A. 95, A. 96, A. 97, A. 98, A. 99, A. 100, A. 101, A. 102, A. 103, A. 104, A. 105, A. 106, A. 107, A. 108, A. 109, A. 110, A. 111, A. 112, A. 113, A. 114, A. 115, A. 116, A. 117, A. 118, A. 119, A. 120, A. 121, A. 122, A. 123, A. 124, A. 125, A. 126, A. 127, A. 128, A. 129, A. 130, A. 131, A. 132, A. 133, A. 134, A. 135, A. 136, A. 137, A. 138, A. 139, A. 140, A. 141, A. 142, A. 143, A. 144, A. 145, A. 146, A. 147, A. 148, A. 149, A. 150, A. 151, A. 152, A. 153, A. 154, A. 155, A. 156, A. 157, A. 158, A. 159, A. 160, A. 161, A. 162, A. 163, A. 164, A. 165, A. 166, A. 167, A. 168, A. 169, A. 170, A. 171, A. 172, A. 173, A. 174, A. 175, A. 176, A. 177, A. 178, A. 179, A. 180, A. 181, A. 182, A. 183, A. 184, A. 185, A. 186, A. 187, A. 188, A. 189, A. 190, A. 191, A. 192, A. 193, A. 194, A. 195, A. 196, A. 197, A. 198, A. 199, A. 200, A. 201, A. 202, A. 203, A. 204, A. 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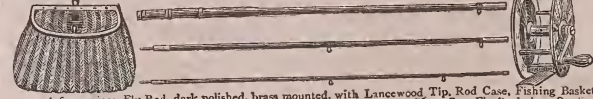
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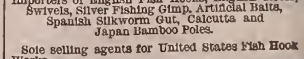
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 31.

WHAT SUPPLIES SHALL WE TAKE WITH US, is a question that has probably vexed the spirit of many a man, and has caused anxious thought to every one who has ever started out to go into camp in the wilderness. There are some men who are contented to live on what they kill during the trip, and who carry with them nothing but bacon, bread and coffee, and there are others who scorn such meagre fare and demand the accessories of condensed milk, canned vegetables, potted meats and preserves. There is no way of transporting edible luxuries so convenient or so safe as in cans, and such goods have been deservedly popular in the past. Lately, however, we have begun to hear complaints, which lead us to imagine either that the goods put up by long established firms are deteriorating, or else that inferior articles are being placed on the market. We have recently received a cheerful letter from a New England correspondent who tells us that a canning establishment near where he resides, sent through the country last winter and bought up all the sheep that had died and all the old poor cattle for use in their establishment. Such a statement is not particularly pleasing to one who is accustomed to depend in part, while in camp or on his yacht on his meats put up in cans. But aside from anything of this kind, what can be more annoying when one is wholly out of reach of the market than to find one's vegetables spoiled and the meats tough or uneatable?

Our readers, whether on land or on board ship, use a great quantity of such stores as these, and they want them good. There must be some reliable houses which deal in provisions of this kind, and we should be glad to know who they are—whom we can feel safe in recommending.

Will some of our readers give us their experience in this matter for the benefit of the fraternity at large?

THE COMING OF THE SHAD.

THE advance-guard has arrived, and the main body, in solid phalanx, may be expected soon. About this time, as the almanac man would put the case, it is in order to scald out the frying pan to take the flavor of the autumnal sausage from its ferruginous pores; scour up the gridiron to remove all suspicion of chops, steaks or oleaginous mackerel; but if you plank your shad simply wipe the dust from the plank, for it is held that the longer a plank is used the more its pores become filled with the essence of previous shads, and the less can therefore be extracted or absorbed from present ones.

The extension of lines of travel have enabled New Yorkers to eat shad nearly all winter, beginning with those of Florida, and after consuming quantities of them they take from the more northerly rivers in turn until the run begins in the Delaware and the Hudson, or "North River," as they locally call it. This has tended to entirely destroy the romance of the coming of the shad, which was formerly hailed with delight by the old Dutch settlers as a relief from the spare-rib and "oleo-cooks" of winter. In those days it meant an unlimited supply of a new food, and great was the rejoicing at the capture of the forerunner of the school of eulopoids which were as certain to come after as the dogwood and shad-blows were to bloom. In yore olden time the advent of the shad was a thing to talk about, and Mynheer has been known to even let the fire in his pipe die away in his haste to convey the news over the old half-door to his neighbor on the other side of the way, how Pieter Weindirk and "Brommy" Van der Kuinck caught a shad in their fyke by the Battery this morning. Later than this, within our own short memory, the crack hotels paid prices from twenty-five to fifty dollars for the first Hudson shad, and it was announced in all the city papers that the enterprising proprietor of the Asterick House had served up the first shad of the season to his guests at the price above named. Alas! he comes as unheralded and unnoticed now as the Member of Congress from Sawlogville, who wonders if the people will close their stores on his arrival; and so many Southern shad have preceded him that his identity is lost, and instead of a pioneer leading a mighty host he is simply a shad whose only credentials are the word of the marketman who certifies to the fact that he bought it of a fisherman who caught it at a certain place; but in appearance it is not to be distinguished from its fellows of the Chesapeake who have graced the slabs for weeks before, except perhaps by a slight fullness in the eye which denotes the freshly caught fish.

We feel sorry for the man who does not long for the season of succulent shad, and for the man who "likes 'em if 'twasn't for the bones." We grieve for the former because, perhaps, he never ate shad, except small ones; and your real shad lover abominates a small one, dried up, perhaps, in a pan, and wishes that he could sit down to a juicy six-pounder quickly broiled or planked. The latter—the bone man—has our sympathies, because he does not know that shad were made to linger over and enjoy and not to bolt as our African brothers do their ham and eggs; and besides, shad are not suitable for the railway lunch where "twenty minutes for refreshment" are shortened at both ends until there is actually only half that time available. Moreover, he knoweth not that a shad or other fish is not to be cut across like a slice of liver, but that the fork must separate the layers of muscle between which lie the small bones, which in cutting are inextricably intermingled with the flesh. He knoweth not that the shad is built upon a correct plan, and that it is his piscivore knowledge which is at fault; but we will tell him at every opportunity, so that he may yet learn to enjoy one of the finest fishes which the palate of the man whose ichtyophagic education has been complete knoweth of.

The first shad is usually taken at New York on or about St. Patrick's Day, blessings on him for it; for perhaps if the Saint had not existed we would never have known to what a height a form of herring could attain. Think of it! As Ireland owes her freedom from snakes to St. Patrick, so America owes the shad to him. The admirers of St. Patrick vehemently insist that he was a gentleman. We believe it. Why they so strenuously insist upon his gentility we do not know. Perhaps it was an unusual quality in a saint; but,

be this as it may, we hope that while his memory endures the snakes will not invade Ireland nor the shad desert the waters surrounding Manhattan.

WE CALLED ATTENTION LAST WEEK to an admirable provision in Assembly Bill 242, in which a bounty is offered for vermin. Some such excellent amendment we hope to see added this session to the existing law.

There are other sections of this bill, however, which by no means recommend themselves to the public. Section 2, for example will call forth the unqualified disapproval of all shore gunners. It provides that "No person shall kill, or expose for sale * * * any * * * rail, snipe, plover * * * between the first day of May and the first day of September, except in the waters of Long Island, in which waters none of said birds shall be killed between the first day of May and the first day of October. Any person violating," etc. This provision would certainly appear to have been drawn up by some one who was wholly unfamiliar with the shooting along the tide water flats and marshes of our sea coast. By the introduction of such an amendment to our law, the rail and the bay snipe shooting would be practically abolished in this State. By the first of October the rail shooting is about over, September being the month in which these birds are found in our marshes in the greatest abundance. We usually kill a few birds after October first, but no counts are made as late as that which will compare with those made about the middle of September.

The bay birds commence to fly in July, and often the height of the shooting at dowitch and jack is during that month or early in August. By the first of October none of these birds, except a few stragglers, are to be found on the Long Island shore.

We have assumed that the word "snipe" here used is a general term employed to designate bay snipe and shore bird, and as it is immediately followed by the word "plover" this inference seems a fair one. We think that all will agree that the section alluded to is an unfortunate one and should not be passed.

THE FACTS IN RELATION TO THE ANNUAL DESTRUCTION OF deer in Michigan will certainly be read with interest by every one. There are at present but few localities within reach of large cities where a man can go with any reasonably fair prospect of having a deer hunting. Minnesota and Michigan are two States in which this game is still abundant, but in which, unless steps to check its slaughter are speedily taken, it will not long remain so.

There is much to be said in favor of the proposition to enact a prohibitory export law, and there is little doubt that such a measure would meet with general approval among a large class of sportsmen. On the other hand, it would have to encounter the most bitter opposition from those who shoot for the market and those who deal in game. Such a law, however, would certainly protect large game, for if it were illegal to carry game out of the State no one would kill more than he could use on the spot. The market hunter's occupation would be in a measure gone, for he would only kill what could be bought and consumed within the limits of the State. A provision taxing the green hide would probably do good work in supplementing the Prohibitory Export Act and would so raise the cost of the hides that it would be no longer profitable to kill the deer for these alone. This question of the protection of large game is one that demands the immediate attention of those interested in game preservation, and we are glad to see the Michigan sportsmen, through their able and energetic representative, Mr. Roney, taking hold of the subject in earnest. It is so much easier to preserve the game now, while there is some left, than it will be in the future to attempt to restock districts from which the indigenous *fera natura* have been exterminated, that it is worth while to make great efforts to save what yet remains to us.

AMONG the "dogs" recommended or suggested as useful for killing woodchucks are the fox terrier, the dachshund, the spotted turtle and the steel trap. Surely with all these assistants our farmers ought to be able to clear the pests from their gardens and clover patches.

A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER.—It gave us great satisfaction a few weeks ago to compliment the *Commercial Advertiser*, on its general appearance and readable columns. Again we are obliged to note the great change made in its appearance since last Monday. The paper has been enlarged to 36 columns, the "make up" changed and altered for the better, and it is printed from the newest invention in presses. A type web rotary press, made by R. Hoe & Co., capable of printing 22,000 perfect sheets an hour, has been added to their press-room, and the paper may be said to be in perfect shape for any and all kinds of work. This is an evidence of prosperity and a good bank account on the part of our aged contemporary. The columns are as young as ever, and filled as usual with bright and clever hits. The advertising columns also appear fuller, and everywhere the impression is that the *Commercial* is the leading afternoon paper of this city. We congratulate the *Commercial*, and utter the wish that its prosperity in the future will be as solid as it is at present.

A LETTER purporting to be written by D. C. Sanborn has recently been published, in which he complains that a communication addressed by him to the *FOREST AND STREAM* was mutilated in publication. The letter in question contained a considerable amount of matter which had no bearing whatever on the point at issue, which was a difference of opinion between "Fritz" and Sanborn. On the receipt of the latter's communication he was written to, on the 28th of February, that we would publish that part of his letter which referred to him personally.

The letter was held over our issue of March 3 in order that his reply might be received, and, as nothing was heard from him, we assumed that he was satisfied with our offer and his letter was printed. Does it take eleven days to receive a reply from the town where Mr. Sanborn lives? We usually can receive replies from there in half that time.

It is evident that the *FOREST AND STREAM's* strictures on the dishonorable practices of certain unprincipled dog handlers have cut them deeply, for the snappings and snarlings at our heels are loud and continuous. Mr. Sanborn we believe to be a very honest and worthy man, but we cannot congratulate him on the company he has gotten into. The bark of this crew is worse than their bite, however—if they have any bite.

THE CHARMING STORY of the two little gray foxes so delightfully told in another column by an English lady resident in Virginia, teaches a lesson that all may study with profit.

There is no animal that is by nature wilder than the fox, and yet by kind treatment and constant association with man even these wild creatures may be rendered docile, companionable and fond. Each experiment of this kind that is related confirms the belief that only patience and perseverance are needed to render the wildest animals contented under domestication. The instances of tamed grouse being tamed, recently cited in these columns, bear directly on this point, and every year's experience leads us to hope that the day is not far distant when many species of our wild game may be bred in the domesticated state and may thus afford a constant supply from which our covers may be stocked.

THERE IS IN ENGLAND a Children's Society for the protection of birds, and it is said that the membership now numbers over 23,000. Each child who becomes a member takes a pledge as follows:

"I promise to be kind to all birds as far as I can; to feed birds in winter with spare crumbs instead of wasting them; not to molest or disturb birds during their building season; not to rob the nests of their eggs or to tear out the nests; not to kill the young ones or otherwise injure them; to try and induce others to take an interest in these beautiful creatures, and promote the objects of the society."

ON THE WING.—Early next spring Col. E. Z. C. Johnson, "Ned Buntline," will leave the East on a visit to the Ranch of Buffalo Bill and Frank North, the Chief of the Pawnee Battalion in Western Nebraska, thence to Denver, Colorado, and still further to New Mexico, to see to interests he holds in the Lode and Placer Mining Co., now working a heavy force near Fort Craig. He will send a condensed report of all he sees that tends to sporting interest to its white gene.

IF THE BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLES are really basset hounds, as General Bond in his letter printed in another column hints, by all means let them be called so. This strain of dogs is recognized at all the English dog shows and is classed as a distinct breed, quite as much as mastiffs, poodles or blood-hounds.

The very clear statements of fact in General Bond's letter seem to be a conclusive reply to the insinuations that the bench-legged dogs of Maryland indicate a dactylomet cross with the straight-legged beagle.

THE RULES OF THE TORONTO GUN CLUB, revised for 1881, contain in a very small space a large amount of valuable information. In addition to the Constitution and By-Laws of the club and the rules for trap shooting, there are printed the game act and the laws affecting the fisheries of the Province of Ontario, the whole forming a compendium of great value. We understand that the Toronto Gun Club will be glad to

exchange copies of their rules with any other gun clubs or sportsmen's associations.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Association is taking place as we go to press. Our next issue will contain a full account of the incidents, papers and discussions.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WILD TURKEY HUNTING.

NOW and then we have an item in *FOREST AND STREAM* on turkey shooting, and as the item seems to prevail that large shot is the only way in this line of game and as my experience puts me in a position to say something on the subject, I propose to give some of my views and add a few incidents which may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Twenty-five years ago this was a locality fit to gladden the heart of any not over-exacting sportsman. Here were quail, woodcock, snipe and ducks in thousands, with wild turkeys in flocks numbering sometimes a few hundreds to be found in all directions; and here my father and I indulged in intense love of dog and gun, limited for years only by such laws as govern sportsmen who need no statutes. In season we turned our attention to all the varieties of game mentioned; and it was not uncommon when hunting quail in briery or grassy coverts to come suddenly upon wild turkeys which, taking wing, sometimes afforded the delicious opportunity of a successful "double." One day, many an old gopher was abruptly gave up his life to a charge of No. 8 shot, fired from a seven-pound, fifteen gauge, cylinder bore, muzzle-loading gun.

This need not seem incredible, as it is a fact easily explained. It may not be generally known that the head and neck of a turkey is exceedingly vulnerable; but to such an extent is so, that a single pellet of No. 8 in the head at forty or fifty yards will prove instantly fatal; so considering the closeness of a No. 8 pattern and the soundness of a good gun, with his head and long neck exposed at thirty or thirty-five yards, and scarcely a chance of escape, and with a good choke-bore I should expect to kill almost certainly with each shot at forty yards.

On the other hand, it has frequently happened within my knowledge that turkeys shot through the body with several bushshot or a double-barrelled gun, and that they were fortunate found and secured by another shot, escaped to die or recover from their wounds. For example, I will mention two or three of the many instances to which I might refer. A flock of about a hundred wild turkeys was scattered one evening at roosting time and a party of four of us went to the place next morning before daybreak with the intention of calling. One of the several turkeys killed on this occasion was to all appearances active and sound as usual, and as he was about picking revealed that a rifle bullet had entered about an inch to the left of the tail and passed out at the breast within an inch or two of the neck, thus traversing nearly the full length of the body. Yet this wound was almost healed.

While hunting near in one of our northern counties a companion was taken sick and had to return home. He left his gun (a double-barrelled) with me, thinking I might sometimes prefer to use the shot-gun with a double-barrel, and far from the house at which I stopped was a large stubble field bounded on two sides by a deep forest. Knowing that wild turkeys were in the habit of feeding in the field I concluded to take both rifle and shot-gun and steal a march on them. Loading the shot-gun with No. 6 shot I made a detour into the woods and stealthily approached the field. Looking cautiously over the fence I discovered in the centre of the field, at least a hundred yards away, a flock of turkeys unsuspectingly feeding.

Knowing the probability of getting either a single or double wing shot with the shot-gun should I fire the rifle before they observed me, and fearing to wait for a better chance lest I be seen and lose all, I leaned the shot-gun ready for escape against the fence, selected my turkey and fired. I saw that the bullet had taken effect, but the turkey, with its wings slightly, managed to rise, and with the rest of the flock came directly toward me. Quickly changing guns the prospect was now quite pleasing, but I determined to secure the wounded bird if I got no other. I, therefore, kept my eye on the laggard, and as he gave me his side I fired and killed him dead. Turning quickly to shoot the second barrel I found that the other had entered the tree and he had escaped. Thus it was that the opportunity to make a double shot, but secured a fine turkey, which, though shot through with a ball weighing fifty to the pound, I should have lost, but for that fatal No. 6.

Next day I went again with both guns to the same field, but this time I approached it on the other wooded side. Near the same spot which the turkeys occupied on the previous day was a single turkey and about the same distance away. At the crack of the rifle he fluttered round in every direction trying to rise, and finally succeeded in clearing the stubble, going directly away from me, but after getting a start he circled round and came straight toward me. When close enough I let him have a charge of No. 6 which sent him almost perpendicularly more than a hundred feet high, where suddenly his life ended, and he fell with a tremendous thud almost at my feet. The rifle bullet had gone through just an inch back of the centre, just as the one of the day before had done.

While the latter two incidents serve to show what fine shot may do and how a bullet may fail I consider them also worthy of mention as something remarkable, that on two successive visits to the same field, and yet from entirely different positions, so nearly the same train of circumstances occurred.

It happened often enough that turkeys and sometimes old gobblers, presenting a side shot with the wing raised, were killed with No. 8 shot by hitting in the body only, but for body shooting no one who has tested the matter is better aware than myself that No. 8 is too light. For many years my father and I preferred No. 6, and very rarely used anything larger, but later I adopted the plan of loading one barrel with No. 8 the other with No. 3, and in doubtful cases firing both at once. This gave most gratifying results. But now that guns are changed my theory would be to load one barrel of a good choke bore with No. 8 the other with No. 1.

Our usual method of hunting turkeys was by the aid of a pointer trained to take the trail, and follow it as rapidly as possible, giving tongue only when one or more birds were forced to take wing, and then returning to take the trail of any that had been driven, forcing them to flight in the same direction as the repeating this line as a trail could be found. Then if in heavy timber discretion was used as to the best

location for a blind, and one hastily constructed of stumps, sticks, bark or anything suitable at hand. Entering this with the dog, and placing the gun in readiness for quick work, should it be necessary, a bone from the wing of a turkey was employed in imitating the call. This generally elicited an answer from some already lonely and anxious turkey, which possibly came rushing almost into the blind before the bone or other call could be casually laid aside and the gun brought to bear. I once had a turkey so quickly upon me that before I could catch up my gun and shoot he jumped on the log behind which I was hidden, within a foot of my face. The result was a beautiful opportunity for a flying shot, which terminated his career, but I have always been sorry that I did not grasp him by the legs.

Some flocks sometimes will come thus freely to the call, and there has been times when there was reason to doubt that had I been so disposed I might have killed nearly if not quite all of the flock. I have, however, killed as many as five from a single blind within about an hour. Then, again, a flock may be scattered which calls more or less freely, but will not come where no turkey is to be seen. Others are not disposed to call at all, but now and then if calling is good, the dog close and no movement of the hunter has been detected one of them will suddenly appear, and if you are close before any discovery is made either on the part of the hunter or turkey. The surprise in this case is generally mutual. And some flocks cannot by any means be induced either to call or come. I once killed at intervals by one means or another, eleven out of a flock of twelve turkeys; but though they were often most thoroughly scattered I never could by any possibility get them to answer me if I came. Nor did I ever hear them call under any circumstances.

When turkeys are found where high grass, weeds or briars abound they are apt to hide like quail and will lie to the point of a dog, or until the hunter approaches within a few feet of them, when if there is considerable cover through which they can run easily, they will often try to make their escape on foot; but if the cover is too dense for that, or so scattering that they must stand or lose their heads, they take wing. A flock so scattered affords the grandest sport of any kind, and then, only a search through the cover as for quail, flushing a turkey here and one there, until, perhaps, in sheer ecstasy one is tempted to kill too many. My father once scattered quite a number of turkeys in a little prairie thickly overgrown with bonset in which they hid. Hunting this he flushed and killed six turkeys, one, at least, making a double shot. He then quit, without knowing how many more he might kill, the remainder of the flock being still in hiding there.

"F. P.," in a late number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, tells of his astonishment at killing three turkeys at a single shot with No. 4. But I shall not be surprised if some day I kill three times three with a single charge of No. 8, provided I can get their heads together in such a way as sometimes happens, and as I still hope will yet happen to me. My father once scattered a flock of turkeys, but he blind and continued calling. Pretty soon three turkeys came up, and, waiting until their heads were in range, he fired, killing all three at one shot with a fifteen-bore gun weighing less than seven pounds, and loaded with two drams of powder and an ounce of No. 6 shot. This is better than "F. P.'s" performance, as there were but three turkeys and the shot was two sizes smaller.

Sooner than I could expect a double-barrelled gun in a vicinity where wild turkeys were plenty. There was a large wheat stubble not far away which they were in the habit of visiting. One day while my friend was plowing this field, some turkeys came in to feed over the freshly plowed ground. They kept a respectful distance between him and then, but evidently were not much afraid. Leaving his horses and plow he came to the house and told me that the turkeys were in the field, and then went back and continued calling. I took my gun, a 13-bore muzzle-loader, charged with one and a quarter ounces of No. 6 shot, and slipped around to the far corner of the field. Peeping carefully through the hazel brush that grew in the fence corners, I saw five turkeys feeding slowly along and coming parallel with the fence toward me. I carefully changed my position for a more favorable one, and then, as they came along within a few feet of me, I fired. Here I lay down, placed the muzzle of my gun through the fence and awaited their arrival. As they were passing about thirty yards distant I managed to get three heads and necks in range, and fired. Without waiting to see the result of my shot, I sprung quickly to my feet, and as two turkeys were winging their way out of the field I fired at one of the turkeys, and brought it down. On looking around I found that I had killed two out of five large turkeys, and with the first barrel and one with the second. My friend was so elated over it that he took his horses from the plow, tied the turkeys together, laid them over the back of one of the horses, and thus took them to the house, where he remained the rest of the afternoon.

Though I have already filled far more space than was intended, there is one incident so remarkable that it ought not to be omitted. Some years ago a friend of mine, with five or six others, went one night to shoot turkeys on the roof. After hunting them for a while and firing some unsuccessful shots, they were about to abandon the hunt, and had gathered under a tree where, for some time, they were laughing and talking. One of the party who had loaded his rifle in the dark was satisfied as to the result, and proposed to fire it.

Pointing toward the tree, he said, "I have just done so, when he remarked that he was afraid to shoot it and hesitated. My friend said, 'Here, give it to me. I'm not afraid.' So, taking the gun, he also held it toward the roof of the tree, and was about to press the trigger, when it occurred to him that there might be some danger in firing it in that position. He therefore laughingly remarked, 'Wait and let me tell you a story that a turkey he had the gun as far above his head as he could reach, and pointing it up through the tree-top overhead, fired. Their consternation may be imagined when right into their midst dropped a turkey which no one had the least idea was in the vicinity. On examination it was found that the ball had struck centrally between the thighs and passed out at the back. The fact that this was done at night with a rifle, without aim, and without the knowledge that a turkey was there, is very wonderful, and certainly worthy of record.

While I regard the events herein referred to as worthy of note, there is no doubt in my mind that, with the exception of the last, they have been more than eclipsed by the performance of others. I have heard of many more than three turkeys being killed at one shot, and, with my knowledge of the subject, readily recognize the probability of its truth. There are many instances of this kind, but I have only a few instances of interest reported for record in *FOREST AND STREAM*. I, for the nonce, refrain.

Ohio, March 17, 1881.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

CONCLUDED.
"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

I TAKE up my pen for the last time I hope in the discussion of a much hackneyed subject, by way of a parting shot at my esteemed critic "Mic Mac," toward whom I did not intend to be "savage," but only earnest. The opinion I express in my reply to his article that I did not believe to ever took a salmon or knew anything of the fishing qualities of the rivers named was based upon the fact of an article, which reflected the idea that either he must have enjoyed good sport on the "debatable ground," and desired to keep others away, or he knew little of it. In my review I determined to bring this information to the surface if possible. I submitted if I assumed the former proposition to be the fact and so charged if I should provide no denial of my charge, whereas if I assumed the latter to be true then he, true to the instinct of sportsmen in general, would d in his pride, would "give himself away" if the former were true, and it would seem my guess was not a bad one. I have, therefore, accomplished what I sought to prove by my adversary, viz, that salmon may be taken in goodly numbers on the rivers under discussion, and the question of "expenses" every reader can pass upon for himself from what follows. Having expressed my most cheerfully withdraw any seeming "sarcasms" toward my critic, and inasmuch as I did not intend to offend, and I humbly crave pardon for having assumed for a moment that he lacked knowledge and information regarding salmon fishing, with which he seems to be au fait (O-Pay).

Now, a word as to whether "Mic Mac" is dealing fairly with our fraternity in advising that my "statement of the possibility of getting good salmon and trout fishing" was "in the space of two or three weeks at very moderate cost" is an "exaggerated account of the chances of salmon fishing" (see his article Feb. 24, 1881).

Now, confessedly, you went there in the fall, which is not the season of salmon, but June and July is. Secondly, you "devoted each year the first part of our vacation—i. e., from six days to a fortnight—to salmon fishing, and the rest to shooting" (F. & S., Feb. 24, '81).

On the 21st of November we were in camp four days on the Nepisquig River, where we were in the "Rough Waters," when we paid the Government license of \$1 a per diem. * * * During this trip we killed thirty-two fish, salmon and grise."

The next fall you fished but two days and took but two salmon, while last year in ten days you "killed eight salmon that averaged nearly 19 lbs."

This, however, was at Gaspe, where you under-leased a river from a friend, and your friend says that your friend, at the close of your first trip, after you "had enough fishing for that season * * * went up the little southwest branch of the Mirimachi * * * and killed six or seven fish," and yet you say later in your article that "I returned there because I liked the country * * * and had sport that satisfied me, although it has been by no means phenomenal."

Shades of Isaac Walton! "Mic Mac," your modesty is truly shocking!

In two weeks' time you and your friend killed "thirty-two fish, salmon and grise," and that was nothing to emphasize, while you say later, "These scores are not very large ones, but still they show that we did have a certain amount of salmon fishing." Well, I should so remark! Yes! yes! So you did, "Mic Mac." My shaft hit hard, friend, and you s'ld out.

Now, on neither of your trips did you devote over "six days to a fortnight to salmon-fishing." Now, will you please plain the following, contained in your last article: "But I do say, and know, that it is not to be got (i. e., salmon-fishing) by anybody who happens to get two or three weeks' spare time and has a hundred dollars in his pocket, and anybody who starts off with any such idea will come back sold."

I ask now of the question of time. Let the reader answer. Of expenses, my estimate was \$150 for two weeks, in the first article, and in the second that I actually made a twenty-day trip for \$100. Now, let us look at this question just a moment. You say yourself: "Guides and canoes are cheaper and the cost of board at the taverns and inns is less" than in the Adirondacks or Maine. Let us "figger" together, brother:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Fare, Board, Eight days' fishing, Guides, Seven days' board for self, Total.

Now, where is the error, if one? There is not one single hotel in New Brunswick, to my knowledge, which charges in excess of \$2 per day, and most of them are less by the single day. The estimate of \$200 per day while salmon-fishing was based upon experience, and we boarded at Fraser's Hotel, guides included, while camping reduces expenses in this direction.

The fishing grounds of the Mirimachi are within easy approach from Newcastle, on the Intercolonial Railroad. The Northwest Branch—"Big Hole"—is twenty three miles from Newcastle and easily accessible by private team. John Hatt will keep you through the forest, and the small boats, at prices very modest. "Southwest" Branch, at Indian Point, seventeen miles from Newcastle, is the other place, reached by small steamer or teams; small inn kept by Frank Jardin.

The fishing grounds of the Nepisquig are reached from Bathurst on the railroad. "Rough Waters" are about two miles up river and Grand Falls about twenty miles further up, reached by canoes or team. What fishing is now to be had on the Restigouche is reached from Campbellton on the railroad. Trout-fishing near at hand, with the best chances of salmon below the New York Club pool. Since their arrival, however, the main chance is gone here.

Now, it will be seen all of the fishing, whether good or bad, is of easy access and at moderate expense. From Campbellton to Gaspe a steamer runs every week; fare down and back last year, if my memory serves me right, \$7 (we did not take the trip).

Now, the next word with regard to "poaching," "sponging," and that sort of thing. Every trout-fisherman is anxious to try for salmon. In going to New Brunswick he is sure of finding plenty of trout, for "Mic Mac" says so and I agree. He can make the trip here as cheaply as to New York woods or Maine and take his chance for salmon. If the season should prove favorable the chances are promising of his worthily being gratified; for, first, there are several places where, upon the small stream of \$1 a per diem per day, he can try. Failing here, if he wishes to plunge

into the wilderness, as "Mic Mac" did, there is "sea-room" there that is not leased, or at all events may be fished with impunity by anybody without being called "poachers."

A very large per cent. of the salmon rivers in Canada and New Brunswick are leased, and yet it is not an uncommon thing for a few days' fishing to be granted to strangers, nor is it called "sponging." I agree with "Mic Mac" if there were no fishing ground for trout or salmon but what was leased I should not care to go there, relying upon chances, but with the honorable arrangements that can generally be made, if your own ground fails, which is not likely in a fair season, I should not hesitate to try and get a chance with some one who had a whole river to himself.

"Mic Mac" says "that to hire a river * * * is beyond the limit of our purses." Well, this is also encouraging. I was fearful heretofore that he was one of those "purse proud" "fishers" of Boston, but as he is poor like the rest of us, and as he has done some pretty tall fishing without "leasing" or "sponging," and as I have been eminent also with my success there, under like treatment, why not another try his chances there?

However, let us rest here awhile. I will reel up my line and unjoin. I will not refer to the defence on the inaccuracies of my "bill of costs." If I did not tax it correctly I would like to know how to do it. Neither will I discuss with my friend the "dog" question. I am not much of a shot anyhow, yet I think I can beat him on "misses" out of a possible hundred. I have no doubt his judgment is superior to mine on the hunting question in New Brunswick, and I cheerfully yield to his opinions and experience. I also cheerfully forgive his crushing remark, bristling all over with sarcasm, that he does not, "on the strength of a few weeks annually spent in the woods, feel competent to give advice to anybody on the subject."

Yet I am sorry he has made this announcement, for if we cannot hear from those who have ripened with information by such experience as "Mic Mac" has had from whom shall we expect it?

But let this suffice for a reply to "Mic Mac." Our words have been many, but I trust not venomous, and whilst they have provoked a little information, which I trust will be relieved by those who contemplate visiting the Provinces. And let us hope that neither you nor I have lost anything—not even our tempers—thereby. May you live to kill many salmon, and may your gun never miss you, is the heartiest wish of your Reviewer.

I would be glad if my article might stop here, but I do not feel willing to suffer misrepresentation, nor am I willing that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM should be misled by any misinterpretation of previous articles from my pen, hence I am led to inquire why does "Manhattan" persist in misrepresenting the tenor of my articles?

In an article published in the FOREST AND STREAM under date of March 10, 1881, the last named gentleman retires from the field of discussion as to the question of there being "good salmon fishing" in New Brunswick, but differs with me on the question of expenses.

That, I confess, is legitimate warfare, if he deals with my previous articles as I wrote them, and does not by innuendoes lead the reader to believe I wrote something entirely different from what in fact I did write. I will not say that he does this purposely, but the effect is perfectly apparent. I quote:

"To fly fish for salmon properly also each angler requires a canoe managed by two canoeists. This costs money. I cannot comprehend any enjoyment or success in having two anglers in one canoe, as must be done if the trip is to cost within or near Mr. Ray's figures. Fancy two lines, each with a twenty-pound salmon on, from the same canoe! Or fancy a man traveling 1,757 miles and then taking turns with three friends in fishing from the same canoe!"

Now, really, "Manhattan," your insinuation is unworthy of you. You know if I ever saw a salmon taken I could never have "figgered" "two anglers in one canoe." My arithmetic may be bad, but I never could have blundered on the propriety of my article, and I wrote the guide for each angler. Now, did I write so, nor did you understand me to have written so, nor have you any right to insinuate I did write so. And here is just what I did write in FOREST AND STREAM in the issue of March 10, 1880:

Expenses of Fishing at Restigouche per Day. Board (self), Board of two guides, Permit to fish, Canoe, Two guides per day (wages).

Total expenses per day...\$6.50
" As the water is very quiet and the guides are indispensable per man. Estimated expenses for two weeks' trip from Boston to Restigouche, \$150."

Now the above is exactly what I did say, and I here repeat it with this addition: that a two week's trip to that region can be made for \$100, even money.

"Arithmetic" is my stronghold. You may chase the salmon boat to the sea, or into the New York Club pool, but I'll surrender my "figgers" never!"

Recapitulation. Ticket—Boston to Restigouche and return, Six days' fishing, Eight days' fishing, Incidentals, Total.

In my estimate of \$150 for the trip, as before remarked, I allowed a very wide latitude for all sorts of extravagances. The sum seems a low one, I confess, but the solution is this: Aside from St. John City I now recall ten different hotels we stopped at, and at none of them was the charge in excess of two dollars a day, and from that down, and the week's rates at \$2 a home, about \$15. Guides can be obtained readily from 75 to \$1.50 per day, other things in proportion. There is no place in this country where expenses are lower than in N. S. and N. B. In the matter of guides, for instance, at the Adirondacks I find \$3 per day; at the Rangeley's, \$2.50; at Moosehead, \$3 and \$3.50.

Salmon and trout are as plentiful in New Brunswick as anywhere, and having said this, I am prepared to agree with my critic, "Manhattan," that salmon are proverbially "fickle," and ditto trout I could add—and this I said before—go where you will, and you are liable to disappointment, and you may wish you had gone somewhere else. "A rolling stone gathers no salmon," says "Manhattan." True. Neither does a selfish or jealous sportsman gather any friends.

Since writing the article which has provoked these discussions I have received several letters of approval from brother sportsmen who "have been there," notably Charles Hallock,

formerly of the FOREST AND STREAM. So it would seem that my views are not entirely unsupported.

In conclusion, let me say that I presume all anglers do not go for fish simply, but to see the country, to study its resources and products, and get an outside view of this microcosm of theirs. To those would I say, Go hence. The United States is not the whole world. You will find a new people and a new land, and feel kinder for contact with the "Blue Noses."

Your curiosity will readily be awakened by the high tides—best seen at Moncton, N. B.; a pleasant country lying along the St. Lawrence Bay will greet the eye, and you will realize that you breathe a different atmosphere than at home. Suppose you catch no fish you will not be "swindled out of a good holiday." Kind reader, in conclusion I commend to your careful pursuit the introductory in W. C. Prime's "I go a Fishing," which is a type I would hesitate, for he breathes the true sentiment of every loyal sportsman.

Let be warned in time. The best of anglers does not always find fish, and the most skillful casting of a fly does not always bring up trout. * * * I, however, you have the true angler's spirit, and will go a fishing prepared to have a good day of it, even though the weather turn out vile and the sport wretched, then turn over the leaf and let us be starting.

My very, very, amiable brother sportsman, "Manhattan," I cordially give you my right hand in full faith and fellowship.

Meriden, Conn., March 14. GEORGE A. FAY.

WISCONSIN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

WISCONSIN abounds in small lakes, rivers and ponds, made attractive to water fowl by the generous supply of rice, and in some instances celery, which they produce. The heavy land around the shores, and the sportsmen of that portion of the State included in Winnebago and Washburn counties journey includes portions of the Wolf and Fox rivers, and lakes Poygan and Betteles Mortes, with their great expanse of adjoining marsh, ponds, sloughs, etc.

Lake Poygan is a body of water of some pretensions as to size, being ten or twelve miles in length and three or four wide. At its northwest corner is situated the little village of Tusten, there being a hotel, two or three stores, sawmills, and a few dwellings. Nearly the entire western and southern shore of the lake is of a marshy character, a portion being used as hay marsh, but all overflowed in spring and fall and producing in abundance the food which delights the palates of the duck family. At Tusten is a hotel, the Le Pevre House, where good fare, clean beds and reasonable rates are at hand—the latter being a dollar day, which included, in one case, the use of a boat, and in another, Tusten one has but a short paddle of a mile or two before a favorable spot to locate may be found; in fact, a gunner may establish himself almost anywhere along the edge of the lake on a favorable day and not go amiss. Back on the marshes, accessible for light boats and valuable for hippobots, are many holes in which mallards love to congregate for their night's rest.

Located in a convenient cluster of willows with boat drawn up, the spot is well reviewed, the sportsman is certainly envied who can get his money's worth in the hour preceding darkness. I never have felt the need of nor the ability to pay for that expensive luxury called a "putter," which I take to be unno to do the hard work of such a trip, but have no doubt a small sum per day could secure the services of any of the several qualified persons who have their home at Tusten.

Within a distance of three miles from Tusten along the western shore of the lake three streams empty their waters into Poygan. Pine River for some distance from its mouth runs through marshy ground, and on either side wild rice is abundant. There is a stiff current, rendering shooting up stream almost impossible for a single canoeist; but at certain seasons fine sport may be had by paddling up to the timber and then floating down stream, "jumping" ducks. Pumpkin Seed Creek is very similar at its mouth to Pine River. I have never followed it any distance, but presume it affords equally good facilities for sport. Willow Creek, the larger of the three, threads its way for many miles through a regular paradise for ducks. The writer has followed it from Aurora—some twenty miles above its mouth—to the lake, and for nearly the entire distance on both sides are marshes abounding in ponds, sloughs, etc., and producing rice in profusion in which game *galline* may be found. But in traversing this creek in looking for "jumping" ducks one needs a gun which will "reach out" a goodly distance and hit hard, for there is little shelter to hide the approach, and the birds seem to be competent judges of distance and get up just a little out of range of an ordinary twelve gauge.

At about six miles from the mouth of this creek, and almost the only available spot, is a bridge crossing the stream. On one side of the creek is the farm residence of John Dilline and on the other, built upon land leased from Dilline, the club house of the Oneco Gun Club. The spot is famous heretofore as one of the best points for shooting in this section; and at certain seasons this bridge affords fine shelter from which gunners may bang away at flock after flock of ducks leaving the creek above and flying across this point to the lake or returning from the lake for their morning meal.

Both above and below the bridge the bends in the creek afford good stands from which to shoot. The sportsman needs accommodations at Dilline's, though he says he "don't keep a hotel." A boat can generally be procured of him, but the safest and most satisfactory way is to provide your own outfit. All in all, that portion of Willow Creek between Dilline's and the lake may be considered the best ground for shooting—availability and everything considered.

To the north of Tusten a short distance, Norwegian Point offers accommodations to the sportsman in the form of canvas-backs, which are said to congregate there late in the fall. I have never had the fortune to investigate its merits and can only speak by hearsay. It is a famous spot for summer camping parties.

The Wolf River enters Poygan about its centre on the north, and goes out at the southeast corner, when it enters the Fox River which soon swells out and becomes Lake Betteles Mortes, again assuming the proportions of a river, and flows through Lake Winnebago and on to Green Bay. On the Wolf, between Lake Poygan and the Fox River, is the little village of Winneconne—a sleepy, country town, possessing, however, all the requisites for an enjoyable hunting trip—a hotel, boats, boundless marshes and plenty of game. At the mouth of the Wolf in reality, but seemingly at the mouth of the Fox—for the positions of the streams are such that the latter seems to enter into the former—and on the adjacent marshes ducks are abundant, and he who cannot get at

many as he wants is either greedy or a mighty poor shot. The good ground extends down the Fox to and including Lake Butte des Mortes.

The varieties of ducks found here include, in local parlance, mallards, redheads, blue and green wing teal, wood duck, bluebill, butter balls, Weminago and canvas-backs. Mallards, teal and wood duck are protected by law in the spring, and it is probable the game laws will be so changed this winter as to prohibit spring shooting entirely. The law as it is receives little attention, as gunners are apt to take anything in the duck line that comes along without regard to its species.

To reach these places one may go by either the Chicago & Northwestern or Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Oshkosh, whence a steamer leaves every afternoon for Tusten, arriving about six o'clock. Daily steamers also leave Oshkosh each morning for up the Wolf, touching at Winneconne, but not at Tusten. One can also go direct to Winneconne via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road. Should one desire to paddle down Willow Creek he can take the same line of railroad for Berlin, ad, being provided with a boat, can charter a team to take him to Aromville—seven miles—where he may discharge his team, launch his boat, and be independent. Four or five hours will bring him to Dilline's, and three more to Tusten. Here, having had his fill of hunting, he can put his boat and himself on board the O. B. Reed and, leaving at 6 A. M., be in Oshkosh about nine o'clock; or, being set of a wandering mind, he can "paddle his own canoe" through Foyan, down the Wolf past Winneconne, through Butte des Mortes and bring up at Oshkosh. One should go well provided with ammunition or supply himself at Oshkosh or Berlin as none of the other points keep a supply for breech-loaders.

Though wild geese are seen in plenty in their spring and fall migrations, comparatively few are taken at any of these places. There are, however, in Winnebago County to the west of Lake Koshong, several small lakes which are favorite resting-places for geese and brant, and some seasons fine sport may be had among the cornfields near the lakes.

Both the Wolf and Fox Rivers afford many attractions in scenery, game and fish to the canoeist of which we expect to see them take advantage in the near future. BADGER.

Wauwasha County, Wis.

FOUL FANCIES.

GLIMMERS VS. COCHINS.

I HAD a neighbor years ago, A jovial fellow he; His countenance shone out with mirth, A pleasant light to see.

We lived in friendship, side by side, Nor thought of ending it; But soon, alas! a cloud arose Which marred our peaceful life.

My neighbor fancied fancy fowls; They tickled around his door; Of game birds, Cochins, was his best, He had full many a score.

And I possessed two pairs of dogs, Of breed unblemished they; I loved to ro to into the yard And watch their graceful play.

Oh, fitness will mischief breed In dogs as well as in men; The oldest dog one summer's day Proposed to eat a hen.

And from that date until to-day, With many fearful howls, These wretched dogs on my under bent Keep foully eating fowls.

My neighbor wrote me sundry notes, Which grieved me to the core; In gentle tones I answered him, "To a wicked man no more."

Two dogs are tied in iron chains And two are far away In regions where no hounds exist, Those banished felons stray.

But still a cloud is in my brain, A sorrow in my mind; I miss my neighbor's cheerful bow; To me he's grown quite blind.

And in the night I toss about, His dreams disturb my rest; A branny's pecking at my eyes, A Cochin's in my chest.

And to the neighbors I would say, Keep up your fences all; Don't leave one single little gap Through which a dog may crawl.

"Familiarity contempt will breed." From this dog's case, and then The dog bred up to capture birds May perchance kill the hen.

And so this wicked game goes on, With naught to check or cure; For well the sportsman's old dog, know No hen will eat a dog.

To love your neighbor as yourself Is precept good and true; But with those hounds and with those dogs How hard it is to do!

Dear friends, this story's moral Is scarcely clear to me; I never had four Janies, And I love the dogs, you see.

But if this read should prosper May the Court defend the right, And the jury find a verdict "That the plaintiffs' cock won't fight."

HIDEAUX.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Probably every reader of FOREST AND STREAM has experienced serious inconvenience and pain from what is commonly called sun or snow blindness. Many times when hunting in the winter season my eyes have become so painful and my sight so badly hurt by the reflection of the sun from the snow, that I could see game but a short distance away, and even when I did see it could do no satisfactory work with my rifle. A short time ago I discovered, sitting on its haunches, its back turned toward me, and utterly unconscious of my presence, a huge wild-cat; but I was so badly "snow blinded" that though I could see the cat I could not see the sights upon my rifle, and consequently failed to kill the beast. Often, too, when shooting from a boat on the water, I have been so blinded by the sun on the water, I have experienced the same difficulty of vision if the sun was shining brightly.

Once last winter I spent several hours fishing through the ice; the sun shone brilliantly; the ice was a perfect "glare,"

and the result was that I came home with my eyes so badly inflamed that for several days I was in sore distress, and feared that the injury was permanent. I have tried several remedies for this evil, and find that the following is by far the most efficacious, and right willingly do I give it to my brethren of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Take a piece of burnt cork, or if that is not conveniently at hand take a "sawdust" and thoroughly black the skin around the eyes, and also the top and sides of the nose. Try this, and you will not only find it to be an excellent remedy for what you have often found to be a great annoyance, but feel inclined to thank me. J. FRANK LOOKE. *Brownhamsville, Minn., March 4, 1881.*

Natural History

PRESERVING FLUIDS FOR FISH AND FISH EGGS.

[Translated from the *Fischer's Zeitung*.]

MANY persons may wish to make a collection of fish-eggs and fish. For this purpose it is first necessary to take of each species, from time to time, some of the eggs laid by for breeding, and carefully preserve them. After the fish have come from the eggs some of them must at certain periods be again preserved, and this is to be continued until the collection represents the fish, or the different species, in as many degrees of development as possible, from the unimpregnated egg to the fish fit to be eaten.

No great skill is necessary in making such a collection; it is only necessary to have a proper liquid for preservation in order to obtain specimens really true to nature and at the same time remain beautiful preparations. This liquid must above all be antiseptic, that is, preventing corruption; it should not, however, deprive the eggs and fish of their form and color, but should let them appear in their most natural condition. Hence many experiments have been made. We will briefly review them, and then enter especially on a later process, that of Mr. John Meyer, assistant at the Imperial Institution of fish culture at Hünning. In doing this we follow the deductions of Mr. J. Meyer himself, as he published them in his book, "The Sweet Water Fishes of Middle Europe," (Berlin 1870).

The common article for preserving—namely, alcohol—is not very good for the said purpose, for, no matter in what relation it is applied, it always bleaches the fish, and also causes them to shrink more or less; besides, alcohol does not prevent corruption if very much diluted, or if it is not in the beginning several times renewed. At the same time it assumes in a short while a wine color, and must then, from time to time, be renewed. Fish-eggs preserved in alcohol lose at once their transparency, shrink, and hence are worthless, because the germ is no longer perceptible, only the more advanced degrees of development show the faint outlines of the embryo, and the black dots of the eyes are plainly discernible through the skinny shell.

Glycerine has also frequently been recommended, but used without success; for although the color remains to some extent, the fish and eggs, nevertheless, shrink so that they cannot be recognized. Glycerine, and in different proportions with alcohol and water, might sooner be recommended, but even the bleaching of the fish cannot be prevented, and the eggs would entirely lose their transparency. Besides those mentioned, other liquids have been recommended, but none of them could satisfy me. I have, therefore, for years endeavored to prepare a proper liquid myself; that is, one which will produce none of the said evils, but which will preserve the eggs transparent, not essentially change the color, and prevent the bleaching of the fish as much as possible. After unnumbered trials I succeeded, and in the following I give the necessary directions:

First of all, the following mixtures or liquids must be at hand:

- 1. The English conserving liquor, which, used alone, preserves large fish splendidly, but bleaches them. This liquor consists of—

Common salt,	0 250 kilogramme
Alum,	0 120 "
Corrosive sublimate,	0 001 "
Water,	4 500 liter

The water is made to boil, the other ingredients put in, and the whole stirred until the salt has become dissolved. After it is cold the mixture is to be filtered.

- 2. A solution of ten parts, by weight, of salicylic acid and pure alcohol, thirty parts by weight.
- 3. Alcohol of 90 degrees.
- 4. Pure glycerine; and
- 5. Distilled water.

These five liquids in different mixture I use for preserving, and I proceed in the following manner: To preserve eggs I mix—

- Of No. 2 take 3 parts in liquid measure.
- Of No. 3 take 20 parts "
- Of No. 4 take 15 parts "
- Of No. 5 take 20 parts "

In this solution the eggs appear in a living state, remain transparent and keep their form. It is necessary, however, to renew the solution several times. Salicylic acid is known as a prominent antiseptic, and operates at the same time antizymic; that is, preventing fermentation. Hence eggs can be preserved for quite a time, even in a pretty watery solution, with the addition of only a few more drops of No. 2.

For preserving young fish in the period of the yolk sack and to the age of about six months the following mixture is recommended:

- Of No. 1 take 20 parts, liquid measure.
- Of No. 2 take 2 parts, "
- Of No. 3 take 5 parts, "
- Of No. 4 take 4 parts, "
- Of No. 5 take 4 parts, "

For larger fish the following mixture is used with success:

- Of No. 1 take 3 parts, liquid measure.
- Of No. 2 take 3 parts, "
- Of No. 3 take 10 parts, "
- Of No. 4 take 10 parts, "

Larger fish preserve in this mixture excellently, and remain very beautiful if in a few days deep cuts are made into the belly of the fish.

All these mixtures mentioned are to be filtered before used. As already stated, the mixture is in all cases to be renewed frequently, and especially with fish; the renewal must be continued as long as the liquid becomes muddy. The old liquid can be made clear by filtering and then used again.

To take up the prepared eggs, little re-agent glasses may be used, which should be only a little wider than the eggs. Every glass should contain only a small number of the latter; in fact, no more than about five. Thereby it is possible to observe the development of the embryo distinctly, which cannot be done if many eggs are contained in a wide glass, because in that case not one of them would appear in a light fit for observation, as one darkens the other. It is sufficient if, in each station, an inscription which tells the name, day of five days, and the young fish, after their coming out, at intervals of eight days, until the disappearance of the yolk skin. This answers for salmon and trout; with fish of more rapid development the degrees are to be chosen correspondingly. Naturally these larger specimens are to be introduced into the collection. That the glasses should be labelled and provided with an inscription which tells the name, day of development, etc., need not be specially mentioned; if possible, in regard to the eggs, the temperature of the water should be marked at which the development has taken place.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

MY TWO GREAT FOXES.

ROSLINTON COTTAGE, Prince William, Va.

NOT long ago my husband went fox-hunting and met with a den of wee little fox babies, at the most three days old. My husband must needs fetch those little waifs home cradled in his silk pocket handkerchief. This caused me utter consternation, for what could be done with such tiny little things? I happened to see an inscription which told me that one of them, a little girl, had one little hair of her own. "Fussy body!" said she in amazement, when the little things crooked against her. She behaved in such a kind manner and commenced nursing them at once, so that her little girl divided its nourishment with its little brother and sister fox, to the astonishment of every one. So they grew and thrived in my rocking-chair, and became as big as my own, at least in three months, for they all took a possession of me and the foxes. They soon began to be very playful and cut up all kinds of little capers and began readily to answer to their names. They were so much alike that I could not distinguish one from the other except by the colored ribbons on their necks. Romeo wore scarlet, Juliet blue.

They became my little companions and friends. What I walked out they were most anxious to go along and would walk on each side of me, and never once offered to desert me. One day I went some distance to see a neighbor and the broom grass being very high crossing the field I felt very much afraid of losing them, but they stuck close to me and never attempted to desert me and run away. I met a gentleman on the road who said, "What are those animals that you have with you? They do not look like foxes, they are little gray foxes?" He would scarcely believe it, and said that he had never seen such a pretty sight before. On my return I was astonished to see as soon as I got to the corner of the fence Juliet make the near cut across the field to the house, Romeo keeping close to me all the way around the lane. At this time they were about six months old.

The morning after Juliet came home with one of her hind legs broken. I took her up in my lap and splintered it and it knitted beautifully. She was perfectly quiet, and never offered to prevent me from binding up her leg, and was most grateful. At night they slept on the porch with five or six big hounds that were very fond of them—a curious sight to see pussy, the hounds and the foxes all cuddled up together.

Thus soon as the house door was opened Romeo and Juliet would race up stairs, jump on the bed, and then and cut all kinds of flings; Romeo would purr in my face and creep down into the bed and lie at my feet, but Juliet was much more shy. She would jump on the bed, run around and jump off again; Romeo would remain in bed until breakfast time. Then they would take their station, with their forepaws on my lap, waiting for any little thing that would come their way. They were so fond of anything, but had a preference for eggs. If we rose from table and left eggs they were as quick as lightning, and would take the eggs in their mouths and enjoyed them. They were exactly like two cats about the house, and not any more trouble. Strange to say, they were never known to rob the house or take a chicken of any kind. My husband and I became very fond of them, but they were not like strangers. They were perfectly free—never were tied or confined in any way. I had but one objection to them, that was their fox odor. One of our oldest Virginia fox-hunting friends, Major Thornton, came once to spend the night. The Major admired the foxes amazingly, but the little animals did not behave at all well to the Major, for they snapped and snarled at him in an unbecoming manner that became quite afraid of them and said, "Pray, Madam, do take them away." I think they must have had an instinct that the Major had brought many of their species to grief. Shortly after this, to our great sorrow, Romeo and Juliet met their fate. They were then fourteen months old, and began to wander too far from home. They were mistaken for foxes and hunted down. It was not discovered that they were my tame foxes until the hunters saw the scars upon their necks. They were killed by a strange pack of hounds. Romeo and Juliet were both affectionate and grateful little animals. I could have retained them until now by keeping them in captivity. That I would never have done, however, for I think it most cruel to confine any animal, and very selfish, too, for one's mere gratification, to punish one poor little creature for the sins of others. I have seen many a person is aware of. This brief sketch may be a matter of contemplation to some of my fox-hunting friends, and let them remember the fox hunted to death has both affection and gratitude, and can be domesticated, as this little history of Romeo and Juliet will manifest. I doubt really if many persons ever inquire into the real nature and character of the poor little fox.

THE OYSTER FISH.—In a late number you publish from the New York *Sun* the report of Prof. A. E. Verrill upon the deep sea fishing enjoyed by himself and others in their cruise in the Fish Hawk, and "the discovery was made that the telefish is plentier than the cod, etc.," and that "the telefish, one of which weighed fifty pounds, is a magnificent fish, of a light yellow brown color, shaped like a sea bass, fine eating and destined to become a favorite market fish." I have searched scientific works in vain to find a description of a telefish. Dr. R. Hamilton, in his work, "British Fishes," describes *Balistes capreus* (European telefish) as being in length one or two feet, and named telefish, in consequence of the first dorsal spine being covered on its anterior edge with rough,

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WINTER AND THE BIRDS.

THE statistics printed last week have naturally attracted close attention from sportsmen, and we have received many letters thanking us for the very full reports which we gave, and complimenting us on the enterprise manifested in so thoroughly canvassing one of our sister States. We print this week a rough summary of the reports from each county together with some further reports which reached us too late for last week's issue.

SUSSEX COUNTY is the northern county of the State. On the west it is bounded by the Delaware River and is drained by the flat kill, Paulinkill, Walkkill, Pequest and other streams. The area of the county is about 600 square miles. The Blue Mountains traverse the western and the Hamburg and Wayanda Mountains the eastern part. The surface is hilly. It abounds in fertile valleys which are still dotted with the spring swamps once the theme of Herbert's stories. Undoubtedly they were the best woodcock covers in America. Until recently a famous county for ruffed grouse, it may always have been considered an uncertain locality for quail, the crop varying according to the severity of the winter weather. A few seasons ago quail began to be plenty again, but from our reports we estimate that fully 60 per cent. of the game had perished.

SALLEN COUNTY covers an area of 230 square miles; it is watered by the Ringwood, Ramapo and Passaic Rivers and the surface is very much diversified. Both grouse and quail seem to have suffered greatly, and it is safe to say that 50 per cent. have been destroyed.

BERGEN COUNTY is intersected by the Ramapo, Hackensack and Saddle Rivers; it has an uneven and part mountainous surface, a productive soil and covers an area of 350 square miles. Game at this place is partly numerous. Through it runs the Pequest Swamp, once the harbor of all kinds of game. The land is fertile and the table land and valleys well cultivated; area 550 square miles. The destruction of game in this county has been very great, from 50 to 75 per cent. having perished.

WARREN COUNTY has the Delaware River for its Western boundary; it is intersected by the Paulinkill and Pequest streams. The area is 620 square miles. The county is traversed by the Pequest Swamp, once the harbor of all kinds of game. The land is fertile and the table land and valleys well cultivated; area 550 square miles. The destruction of game in this county has been very great, from 50 to 75 per cent. having perished.

MORRIS COUNTY is partly bounded by Pequonock and Passaic rivers, and is drained by the Rockaway and Whippany rivers; the area is 620 square miles. The county is traversed by ranges of hills, some of which, as Secoley's mountains, reach a considerable height. The southern part of the county is covered with vast tracts of low meadow lands and swamps which in years past were the paradise of snipe shooters. The reports from this county have been very full, no less than fifty correspondents having expressed their views. A careful recapitulation of the letters received shows that 75 per cent. of the quail have been destroyed.

ESSEX COUNTY has an area of 200 square miles. The surface is generally level; it is traversed by two elevated ridges called the First and Second mountains. Much of the soil is highly fertile. There were few sections of the State better adapted by nature for the increase and preservation of game than this county, but of late years the woodlands have been cleared away to make room for that unshrinking growth called the suburban villa, and the haunts of the game have been broken up. Of what game was left at the beginning of the close season the loss has been very heavy.

HUDSON COUNTY lies along the Hudson River facing New York city. There is little or no game in the county at any time; its area is seventy-five square miles.

HUNTERDON COUNTY is drained by the branches of the Raritan River. Its surface is level in the centre, but mountainous at the north and south. The hills are well timbered, and the soil of the valleys fertile. The county has an area of 430 square miles. About one-half of the game has perished.

SOMERSET COUNTY has a surface which in some parts is very hilly. Its soil is fertile, especially along the streams which water the entire county. Its area is 275 square miles. 60 per cent. of the game has perished.

UNION COUNTY is partly bounded by Newark Bay, and has a surface of 101 square miles. The hills are well timbered, and in places by vast tracts of salt and wild meadows. About 60 per cent. of its game has been destroyed.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY has a soil which is in places sandy. Its surface is undulating, and covers 399 square miles; 75 per cent. of the game has been killed.

MERCE COUNTY is bounded on the west by the Delaware River. Years ago was a famous section for game, but of late the shooting has been but fair. One-half of the game left at the end of the season was destroyed last winter.

MONMOUTH COUNTY is drained by the Neversink, Shrewsbury, Shark and Tom's rivers. It has an area of 800 square miles, and a surface generally level, with elevations toward the northeast. This county has the reputation of being one of the best sections for quail in the State. There was excellent shooting last autumn in many localities, but the past winter has depleted the stock of game from 60 to 75 per cent.

BERLINGSBURG COUNTY extends from the sea coast to the Delaware River. The soil is fertile near the river, but sandy in the eastern part. The surface is level, and is covered by vast forests of pines. Its area is 600 square miles. Less than a hundred years ago there was excellent prairie chicken shooting in this county, but it is entirely a thing of the past. The loss of game during last winter was very heavy; probably over 70 per cent. perished.

OCEAN COUNTY has a level surface, much covered with pine forests. The soil is light and sandy. Area, 550 square miles. About 50 per cent. of the game of this county has been exterminated.

CAMDEN COUNTY is bounded on the west by the Delaware River. The surface is generally level; the soil is sandy. Area, 220 square miles. Over one-half of the game of this county has been destroyed.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY has an area of 280 square miles. Its surface is level, covered with forests. Along the Delaware River the land is well cultivated, but the soil inland is sandy and unimproved. Sixty per cent. of the game was killed last winter.

ATLANTIC COUNTY has a surface of 620 square miles, which is low and flat. Near the coast it is marshy, but further inland the soil is light and sandy. Seventy-five per cent. of the game has perished.

SALLEN COUNTY is bounded on the west by the Delaware River. It is drained by the Salen, Alloways and other creeks. The area is 540 square miles. The surface is level and the soil a fertile sandy loam. The game in this county has been practically exterminated.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY has a surface which is generally level, overgrown with pine forests. Its area is 480 square miles. The loss has been heavy, but not as much as in other counties.

CAPE MAY COUNTY, the southern county of the State, has a level surface, with a soil entirely alluvial. Numerous inlets indent the shores, and great marshes extend along its coast boundaries. The game has not suffered as much as in other counties of the State.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Beemerille.—The quail have perished from the snow and cold weather. Nine out of ten quail are dead. The farmers and sportsmen have not fed any quail.

Quarryville.—Snow and cold weather have had a bad effect on quails and partridges. A great many have been frozen to death—about 75 per cent. Some farmers feed them, but not many were saved, I am sorry to say.

Stanhope.—The winter has been very severe on quail, but owing to the fact that many farmers and other individuals have fed flocks, and that it is a thickly settled farming county, the birds have been able to get food and shelter. Stocks of hay and grain standing in the field have afforded much protection. I do not think 100 per cent. have perished.

BERGEN COUNTY.

Saddle River.—I think the winter has had little effect on the birds here. The birds are not fed here. Permit me to state a fact here, namely: That if for a couple of years a bounty should be placed upon hawks there would be fifty per cent. more birds in all sections of the land. In former years there were forests or thick shrubbery to protect the birds from the hawks. If the sporting clubs, instead of spending their money or a limited portion of it for pigeon shooting, would spend some of it in feeding the hawks they would be doing good for themselves and others.

WARREN COUNTY.

Blairtown.—At least from 60 to 75 per cent. of the quail have perished from the snow drifts and hail storms being the cause. Generally the birds are fed.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

Perryville.—The destruction has been somewhat greater this winter than usual. About 50 per cent. of the quail have perished. Do not think the farmers fed the birds.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Diaboll's Mills.—The destruction of birds in this locality has been greater this year than in other years, but not to the extent that many anticipated. A mile or two back from the river many more quail have perished than near the river. Farmers and residents did, as a general thing, feed the birds.

North Branch.—The winter has been very destructive to birds in this vicinity. Very few, if any, birds are left. I cannot give the percentage. Have not heard that any farmers have fed them.

UNION COUNTY.

Plainfield.—The destruction of game birds in Union County by the cold weather the past winter has not been noticeably greater than in former years. Farmers tell me of berries that have wintered over and been fed them. Members of our society have also watched over them.

Plainfield.—The cold and severity of the winter caused food to be taken by the residents and farmers as to feeding the birds. The game society of this place have awakened such stocks of hay and grain for the game that the percentage of birds that perished last winter was less than for any winter for some time.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Crabtree.—The farmers never feed birds here and game is scarce here from the fact that the law is disregarded and game destroyed in and out of season.

MERCE COUNTY.

Pennington.—I knew of a number of small bunches of quail, but the snows killed most of them, and what fed in the stack yards the hawks killed. One farmer kept ten quail all winter.

MONMOUTH COUNTY.

Long Branch.—I have traveled the county through and have not seen a quail and but very few pheasants. They are nearly all dead. The farmers fed them where they had a chance, but they perished with cold.

Ocean Grove.—The destruction of birds in consequence of the severe weather, scarcity of food, greater exposure to owls and hawks while in search of food is one hundred per cent. greater than during ordinary winters. Only a few farmers took the trouble to feed.

BERLINGSBURG COUNTY.

Birmingham.—The farmers and citizens have fed the birds this winter to some extent; yet the loss has been, I should judge, 20 per cent. of the whole—much greater than ever before.

Mount Holly.—In my opinion fully 90 per cent. of the quail have perished this winter. A few were fed, but the hawks have had it their own way. Rabbits have done better; they can subsist on bark. Quail were plenty last fall. We need better laws for the protection of game in Jersey. I would not be as well off at first to have those you have cited?

Rancocas.—Birds are very scarce here. One farmer saved five and another seven birds. I think the birds went South.

Wrightstown.—The cold has been very severe on the birds in this section. The destruction has been fully one-half greater than any winter for a number of years. Flocks of quail all frozen are frequently found. The farmers do.

OCEAN COUNTY.

Silverton.—The destruction of game in this section during the cold was about 60 per cent. Some of the farmers fed the quail.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

Clayton.—The snow and cold so unusual here have destroyed nearly all the small game. An attempt was made to feed the birds, but it was not done systematically. It was all we could do to protect the people, for no one was prepared for such a winter.

Franklinville.—The quail and partridges have all been killed, for I do not hear their favorite note any more. The winter has been the hardest on game here that I know of. I cleared away the snow till it got too deep to feed.

granular projections, and the term *Balistes* has reference to the bones or rays of the first dorsal fin acting in concert in considerable force, etc.; and the flesh of this fish is held in no estimation and has even been regarded as positively deleterious. The query is: "Are these the same fish under a different name?"

During the past winter a great many ling (*Loto mola*), a new fish on our coast, have been caught near Atlantic City. Being strangers to the fishermen, they called them "New-couars." They are said to be quite equal to the cod as food.

The tilfish is a new fish and, therefore, not to be found in the old books. Our correspondent is referred to "Proceedings of the United States National Museum," 1879, Vol. 1, p. 205, published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. For the benefit of our correspondent and others we will here give some of the facts in relation to this fish, as described in the above work under the following title: "Description of a new genus and species of fish (*Lopholittus charlestonensis*) from the south coast of New England," by G. Brown Goodie and Taretout H. Bean.

In 1879 Capt. Wm. H. Kirby, of Gloucester, Mass., took 500 lbs. of a remarkable new fish on a codfish trawl in latitude 40 deg. N, lon 70 deg. W., at a depth of 84 fathoms, 80 miles S. E. of Noman's Land, the largest of which weighed 50 lbs. The species appears distinct from the described species of *Lattidae*, of Gill. "It is related by its very rayed vertical fins and other characteristics to the genus *Lattius* as restricted by Gill, but is distinguished by the presence of a large adipose appendage upon the nape resembling the adipose fin of the *Salmoidae*, and by a fleshy prolongation upon each side of the labial fold extending backward beyond the angle of the mouth. For this genus we propose the name of *Lopholittus*."

It being necessary to give the fish some handy vulgar name which could be used by the fishermen, Prof. Goodie took the last syllable of the generic name and christened it the "tilfish" which has been accepted. Should our correspondent wish the full description of the fish we refer him to the work above named.

The investigations of the U. S. Fish Commission have brought to light many new fishes, some of which are of great commercial value, and as the descriptions of these are not to be found in foreign publications we will be pleased at any time to light up such questions as may be necessary for our correspondents to understand these fishes. It was certainly very natural to think that "tilfish" might be a misprint for one of our old "filfishes" of the family *Balistidae*.

MOOSE FEEDING.—Bethel, Maine.—While living in the lake country in Oxford County in 1845, one of my neighbors related to me a graphic scene which occurred a few years before, when the country was new and he had to travel by a spotted line through the wilderness twenty miles to mill or store or post office.

While passing through the woods in what is now Andover, North Surpass, he came into an open space of alder ground where the alders were trampled down and broken off and rooted up for a space of nearly two acres. On examination he found the cause was the fighting of two large bull moose, and he soon came upon the skeletons of them with their horns so locked that it was almost impossible to separate them. Each pair had a great number of prongs, indicating their great age—as each prong is supposed to represent a year. They had become hooked together in the first of the fight and fairly tore up the forest in their struggle, and so ended their lives. This occurred in the fall of the year in the rutting season when the male moose is very savage. I have seen where a large, heavy moose chased a smaller one on to a sand beach and crushed the smaller one into the sand.—J. G. R.

WOODHOEK OUT IN WINTER.—Barrington, N. Y., February 19.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: While out fox hunting on the 14th inst. my friend and myself came across a coon track, as we supposed, and were delighted to think we could follow the gentleman up and get him "cured." We found the hole under a ledge of rocks, and returned to the house to obtain a man and tools for digging him out. When we came to meath him we found our coon was a woodchuck, and a right hard tussel did my mind have to kill him. We took the woodchuck home and skinned him, and to our astonishment found him to be very fat indeed. The fat alone would fill three good sized tubs. How he lived through the winter and the male moose in very scarce. I have seen where a large, heavy moose chased a smaller one on to a sand beach and crushed the smaller one into the sand.—J. A.

A very unusual occurrence, we think.

AN ALBINO QUAIL.—Hope, Arkansas, February 21.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I send you per mail the head and wing of a white quail, killed on the 17th inst., by Mr. C. M. Conway, of Washington, Hempstead Co., Ark. Mr. Conway states that there is another like this in the same covey from which this one was killed. I am extremely sorry that I could not procure the entire bird, but trust that the scant remains will serve to establish the fact that it was a white quail. Are such birds common, or is this but a *novus avator*? Have any of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* ever met with the like?—B. M. C.

The specimen reached us, and is an undoubted specimen of *Oryz virginianus*—a beautiful silvery white quail. We have never seen so complete an albino of this species.

WANTED.—A BLACK BRANT.—Will you kindly request Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of California, through your columns, to be in mind his promise of sending for me the skin of what he supposes to be the black brant (*Branta nigripennis*), one of which minus the head was some time ago sent to a contemporary of yours? I am exceedingly curious to see this bird, and am now inclined to believe it is the black brant. Can exchange with Mr. Van Dyke for the skin of the ordinary variety, plentiful on our coast at present. Ask him what he has learned further of the bird.—Homo.

Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using Fog Bitters daily.

Harrisville.—I think the winter has destroyed one-half of the game. Very few have been shot or trapped for them.

Newfield.—The destruction of quail and other game has been greater than for many years past. Ninety per cent. perished. The resident farmers have fed.

Newfield.—In my opinion a great many birds were frozen last winter. I have had my dogs out once since the snow left us, but did not find one bird. There were a great many birds before the snow came, but I have been told by some parties that they have seen none left, but I have seen none.

Camborough.—In reply the birds have suffered and died in great numbers. The farmers have fed in many instances.

ATLANTIC COUNTY.

English Creek.—I should think perhaps that one-half of the game perished.

English Creek.—I have heard of several coveys of quail perishing. One-half must be dead.

May's Landing.—I have made a good deal of inquiry about game in this county, as I am very much interested, and I think much game has perished. The hawks have destroyed large numbers, and the shooting next fall will be very poor. Quail and rabbits have been found frozen to death. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) I think have suffered less.

SALEM COUNTY.

Darlington.—The destruction of birds in sections has been severe. Seventy-five per cent. have been destroyed by snow and cold. Some flocks were fed, and thus saved.

Salem.—Since my last report I have seen two lewies of quail. So we know a few are left.

SPRING SNIPES NOTES FROM DELAWARE.

FROM time immemorial the State of Delaware has been the resort of New York and Pennsylvania sportsmen in the early spring for the English snipe or gray snipe shooting. We have, therefore, arranged to give our readers this year the very first reports on the shooting, and take this opportunity of thanking our numerous correspondents for their kind and prompt replies to our inquiries. The subjoined notes are arranged, beginning at the south and running to the northern parts of the State:

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Laurel, March 26.—We have no snipe here. Thirty miles down the river there are some.

Rehoboth Beach, March 26.—Geese and ducks are plenty, but snipe are not on much, but suppose they will be if we have one or two days of southerly wind.

Georgetown, March 28.—Snipe are on now, and the shooting is getting good at Draw Bridge and Rehoboth.

Seaford, March 30.—There are no snipe in this section.

Cold Spring, March 28.—There are no snipe in this vicinity.

Willamsville, March 29.—A few snipe have been killed.

KENT COUNTY.

Willow Grove, March 30.—There have been no snipe killed yet. The ground is in good order.

Flores, March 26.—On March 23 Mr. C. shot eight snipe—the first we have heard of this season.

Fols, March 28.—The snipe are now in this vicinity.

Little Creek Landing, March 28.—The meadows are in good order for snipe. They are scarce.

NEWCASTLE COUNTY.

Pymond, March 26.—The best snipe shooting is on the entire marshes bordering upon Delaware Bay. The spring is very late with us and the snipe have not yet made their appearance.

Middletown, March 28.—A few snipe have arrived. A few more days will make them plentiful.

McDonough, March 29.—There are some snipe. I killed a few to-day.

St. Georges, March 26.—The snipe are here though not yet in abundance, as our late cold snap has kept them back. The Peckard, Stewart, Unshook and Hindred Acres are the favorite meadows for finding them.

St. Georges, March 26.—From 5 to 10 in an hour has been the largest bags of snipe reported yet. They have been here a few days.

Christiana, March 29.—The spring snipe have come. I shot half a dozen, but it is too cold for them to come in numbers yet.

Christiana, March 23.—I shot the first snipe of the season in this section on March 17. They are still scarce; I have been running them since the week end.

Neigort, March 28.—There is a scattering of snipe from the South. The 1st of April is about the time for them to be on with us.

Newark, March 28.—Some snipe are here, but about April 15 they will be plenty.

Marshallton, March 26.—Snipe may be expected daily.

Kirkwood, March 28.—Have not seen any English snipe this spring.

Mount Pleasant, March 26.—It is too soon for snipe.

Mount Pleasant, March 26.—Snipe will be on in a week or two.

Yorklyn, March 26.—No snipe as yet that I can see.

Yorklyn, March 26.—Snipe have not come yet.

Green Spring, March 29.—Snipe began to appear on the meadows ten days ago.

Bookland, March 29.—The snipe have not made their appearance yet.

Glasgow, March 28.—There has been no snipe shooting this spring. Will be in ten days.

NEW YORK—SARATOGA LAKES, N. Y. March 26.—Snow still very deep and ice very thick over lakes and streams. Troubling prospects never more favorable, as the game laws have been almost strictly retained, owing to the faithfulness of the Commissioner in making the arrest at Lake Placid. During the winter Martin's Hotel has changed hands, owing to financial embarrassment. After being repainted, partly refurnished and other improvements made, it will be opened by Milo Miller in due time for spring guests and sportsmen.

At Harrietstown thirty guests, chiefly from New York and Philadelphia, have passed the winter.

Owing to the public spirit of Dr. Trudo a handsome library building has been erected, and we trust are long to boast of a good library. S. S. N.

A Pine River, Wis., correspondent writes that a neighbor of his has a mallard drake living in a stream flowing near his house. The bird is one of a pair, and was wounded when its mate was killed. Though at first very wild when approached, it has now become so tame that one can approach near enough to throw it corn without frightening it away. BADER.

A DAY WITH THE SQUIRRELS.

NORWICH, N. Y.

A FRIEND of mine who lives next door to me is the most successful squirrel shooter I ever saw. Having hunted them from his boyhood he thoroughly understands their habits, knows just where to look for them during the different fall months, and the result is when he goes after them he generally returns with a full bag.

Two years ago in October he made an arrangement to spend a day in a large piece of woodland lying some eight miles from this village. We left in the morning before daylight, and we drove up to the door of a farm-house just as the sun was gilding the tree-tops of the woods which we were bound.

There we separated for the day, agreeing to meet at the house where we had left our horse at sundown. I make my along the edge of the woods through a grove of second-growth pines toward a corner where are some large chestnut trees, hoping to surprise some squirrels at their breakfast. In this I am disappointed. I see no signs of their working. I go over the fence, outside of which is an old pasture, and as I look across the fields all thoughts of squirrels are for the time forgotten. Less than half a mile away lies the farm owned by my father. There stands the old red barn and I am born. How familiar are those fields, even the old rocks seem like friends. Those patches of woodland, the old orchard, and down through the little valley runs, just as it used to, the little spring brook, where I caught my first speckled trout. Can it be that the old farm is now owned by strangers, and that father, mother, sister, brother are all gone, and that nearly forty years have passed away since that old red house was my home? Yes, and I am a gray-headed man, and my son follows those who have passed on before me, and it tears do fill my eyes as I gaze on this scene so dear to the years gone by, still as I turn from it I feel stronger to meet life's battles and trials.

But I came for squirrels, and the morning's passing. So I turn into the old wood road that leads to a ridge near the edge of the woods, and I reach the top of the ridge. Making my way with all possible caution, I reach the little grove and stop. Yes, they are everywhere; I hear the rustle of branches in a large chestnut near by, the leaves are so thick I cannot see the squirrel, but I know in an instant it is a gray. I think I see where he is, and I give him the right-hand barrel. He does not fall, though hard hit, but the other barrel brings him tumbling to the ground.

The noise starts up another, and within a few seconds a large tree within shot, and when about half way up stops and commences barking at me. Carefully slipping in a shell I lift my gun to my face, and at its sharp crack he tumbles to the ground. Picking them up I find they are large and fat, and I consign them to the spacious pockets of my hunting coat. I follow on in the old wood road, perhaps six or eight rods, (keeping near the edge of the woods, for there the chestnuts are the ripest at this time of year, and there I know I shall find them if anywhere), when about fifteen rods away, in a small chestnut just at the edge of the woods, I see two more feeding. I dare not go toward them, they will hear my steps on the leaves, and I shall lose them. A noise on a ridge above me attracts my attention. There is another running around under the trees looking for his breakfast, but as he is so close I do not dare get near him, and I set my wits to work to see if I cannot outwit them. If I can get into the pasture perhaps those two who are feeding in the little chestnut will not hear me, and I can get within shot. But how can I get over that fence without their taking alarm? I have it. About a rod back of me is an old pole bar way, and I cautiously make my way toward it. I reach the edge of the pasture and walk carefully toward where they are feeding. They are busy; they are eating and breakfast. I go perhaps two rods when one of them leaves the tree, jumps on to the fence, and comes directly toward me. I let him come within range, and with the right-hand barrel tumble him off the fence. The crack of the gun starts the other, but he does not leave the tree. He stops feeding and commences barking; as I move a few steps toward him he jumps on to the fence, and I too get up on it, and with my remaining barrel I drop him. Picking them up I retrace my steps to the old wood road which leads toward where I saw the other. Reaching the spot where I last saw him, I stop and wait fifteen or twenty minutes, for I think he is somewhere near me, and if I wait he will show himself. As I take out my watch to see the time I hear a rustling in the leaves, and sure enough there he is, not five rods away. But the movement to put on my watch will send him jumping up one of these large trees. But I see no other way. The movement of my hand disturbs him, and he mounts a tree and is out of sight. Quickly glancing up the tree, away toward its top I see an open space of a few feet. Perhaps he may come into view there. I throw my gun to my face, and as he comes into view, although on a spring, I pull on him. He is hard hit, but his life is enough to rattle into a large maple, and I fear I have lost him. I make my way to the upper side of the tree and anxiously peer up into its branches. Yes, there he is, stretched out at full length on a limb close to the body. He is badly wounded, but I give him the other barrel and he falls like a clod. Then I have got them all, and now I will sit down on that old mossy log and eat my lunch.

All the morning I have heard my friend banging away, and I know he is having fine sport. I rest for an hour or more, but I see no more squirrels. Following up the old wood road to a ridge I stand and wait some minutes, when, clear out of shot, in the top of a tall chestnut, I see one feeding. Close to it is a large pine, which I conclude is his home. I make my way toward him as still as I can, but he takes alarm and starts for the pine. If he catches a sudden body, I start on the run toward him, and before I can get nearer than nine or ten rods he makes a jump and strikes the body of the pine. At just that moment I pull on him. I know my aim was all right, but with No. 8's he is too far, and I lose him.

The afternoon is wearing away, and I retrace my steps toward where I first found them in the morning. As I find the old fence by the side of the pasture I see a splendid old fellow quietly making his way toward a large chestnut. As he comes opposite I cut loose on him, and he is mine. This makes six, all large and fat. By the time I can reach the house it will be time for us to leave for home. As I near the house I see my friend coming up the road, and in answer to my inquiry, "How many?" he answers, "Twenty-one." He is tired, and his squirrels are the losers. I shut my bag, as usual when I have a full bag. I have had a most enjoyable day, and I am content. A ride of ten hours brings us home, and we unanimously voted it a most agreeable day with the squirrels. H. C. C.

The gray squirrel is more numerous in some localities than in others and also more plentiful some seasons than others, owing to the scarcity of food and the severity of winters. This can also be accounted for by their roving habits. The best months for hunting them are September, October and November, at early morning and evening—from sunrise till eight or nine o'clock and after four in the afternoon. A rifle with a small bore is better than a shot gun, because it tears the game very little and will kill at a long range, but an amateur would probably kill more with shot than with a rifle and for all kinds of game the latter is best.

Squirrels are found in the neighborhood of beech, oak, chestnut or hickory trees. They are also found on the borders of corn and wheat fields, near timbered lands, where they congregate in the fall and are often killed in large numbers. They are found on the highest branches. It is a good plan to start at sunrise, approach the hunting ground cautiously, examine every tree in which a "gray" might be feeding. You can often detect their presence by the dropping of cuttings and bark from the trees or by their peculiar hop and scratch among the leaves on the ground. Walk slowly, look in every direction, keep behind the brush as much as possible and make no unusual noise. Pilot your way in this manner until you reach a central, elevated position, commanding a good view of the surroundings. Of course you will follow the line of the trees, and you will stop quietly. Much care should be exercised in selecting a favorable point from which to watch, which can easily be found by looking for cuttings, broken branches, nests and scratches on the trees and fences. If these indications are observed you may be sure there are squirrels in the neighborhood, although many inexperienced sportsmen might wander about the woods for hours without seeing one.

Having selected a favorable point for observation, conceal yourself behind some brush or other objects, and keep a sharp lookout. If you have secured your position without frightening the game, they will soon begin to show themselves. Probably one will come into full view, but out of range. Do not move, but keep an eye on it, and perhaps it will shortly come within range; if not, note its general course, follow slowly, and when it is within range, take it as it are that it will hide, and much time will thus be lost, while the gray will be trembling with fright but safe in the trunk of some hollow tree. Probably you will see one emerge near at hand, but from what particular point is often difficult to determine. Don't move a muscle; he will soon be in a position which prevents him from seeing you; then bring your rifle to bear, shoot, and take care to get a clean shot. If you don't leave your position, but prepare for another shot. If the gray was among the branches, it will be a satisfaction to see him roll into a ball and drop. If you have missed he will start to run the tree-tops; but just before and after springing he generally stops long enough to allow another shot to be delivered. If missed entirely, don't go tearing after him; you will probably frighten the squirrel to the neighborhood. It would then be a necessity for you to look for some other favorable position, as the shooting would probably be over at that point. If the squirrel has been killed, let it lie, and watch for another. In this manner you may be able to bag several in an hour or two from the same position, especially if the mast is plenty and a good season. Then gather up your game and seek another favorable point. When the sun is high it will be well to look for oak trees, and carefully and along the fences and outskirts of the timber. If you know of any nut-bearing trees in open ground, examine them, as these little animals know where to find the sweetest nuts as well as you.

Trained dogs are often employed to track and tree them, when they will hide and often exercise considerable cunning in evading their pursuers. This method is often more successful than still hunting, especially if the game is scarce.

D. TAIL.

NEW JERSEY, March 23.

I was much delighted with your *Christiana* correspondent, in his narration how he saw "Och Hone!" the Willow Macree" or some similar "roundface," to the listening rodents in the pine woods. From *Christiana's* fondness for a "piping" of the woods" he must be a fan-theist!

But to a youth of sixteen with double-barreled muzzle-loader in hand, the sight of the upturned tail of the nimble squirrel would, in the days of my youth, rather lead to immediate slaughter, not to concert music.

Still it is pleasant to see the healthy lover your correspondent shows for animal nature and his keen enjoyment for the "aisles of the dim woods."

The Mic Mac correspondence has given us a good idea of where to go for salmon, and there is to me no summer joy like that the fired man catches in breathing the invigorating air of the Marguerite or any of the little rivers of the upper Saguenay.

I meant when I began to gossip to tell of an experience, in Indiana, in seeking the festive gray squirrel in October. It shows that little animal's extreme tenacity of life.

In a tall beech tree, flat on a limb, I caught a glimpse of gray fur and blazed away—down came the squirrel. I loaded the empty barrel, went to pick up my game, but he had quickly, as a single bird, reached the hollow tree and ensconced himself there. With smoke and a rimrod screw I finally got him out, and, *excessively rei*, I banged the squirrel's head over a log and sat down on that same log neglecting to bag him while drinking in the beauty of the russet splendor all around me.

As I started to go I reached for the *fantastic villosa* squirrel, as a supposition—our English name is a white-bellied woodrat's chamber, Bunny took to his heels and hid in the long grass by a gurgling trout brook. I hunted for half an hour before I spied the runaway and pounced on him, putting Mr. Squirrel in my side coat-pocket.

After a delightful walk, gazing as I went at the glories of a Western sunset—"the looming bastions fringed with fire" in the fantastic splendor of the clouds of red and gold, and as I sat down on the rude bench on the piazza I said: "Here, Boniface, breakfast of this squirrel," and I threw the gamey little rascal on the floor. Boniface "scooped" for him. The squirrel took wings and ran—landlord in full chase—and the squirrel in the lead, dodged under the barn! That squirrel, I never saw him more—J. J. M. S.

A STATESIDE SNIPER—Port Richmond, March 26.—While three members of the Holiday Gun Club were out "prospecting" to-day they started a woodcock, put up and brought to bag one English snipe, the first of the season.

PATRY.

The head of the snipe accompanied the above note.

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF DEER IN MICHIGAN.

SECRETARY RONEY, of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, has recently been engaged in collecting statistics as to the killing of deer in that State. These statistics were presented to the State Legislature March 15, and are of startling interest. Their importance will be especially appreciated by the residents of Michigan. The following abstract gives the main points of the report:

A prominent railroad man says: After careful investigation it was found that 9,000 deer and saddles shipped over the Mackinac division during the open season last fall. More than half of this number is said to have been killed on the Saginaw River, and in the red coat, that had been killed on the An Sable River out of season by "shinning" and done by persons hunting for the hides to take away the skins, saving only the saddles by jerking. These bales contained about 400 skins. The deer were killed at that season of the year left vain to die of starvation.

It has got to be a common thing to have venison upon the hotel tables at Grayling and Forest during the summer months, furnished by persons who do nothing else except hunt and kill at all times of the year whenever they can find saddle for their venison and grayling. A party told me that he had killed four deer one night by "shinning" on the Manistee River.

The estimate of 9,000 deer shipped on the Mackinac division of the Michigan Central during the fall of 1880 is based upon 10 following statements of venison shipments from stations north of Bay City, and which, being copied from the shipping bills, are necessarily correct:

Table with 2 columns: Stations and Pounds shipped. Includes entries for Gaylord, Oscego Lake, Grayling, Roscommon, etc.

Averaging 112 pounds to a deer, which is not too small considering that a large portion were fawns and saddles, gives us in round numbers 81,000 pounds of venison from the fifteen stations above with ten stations on the road yet to hear from.

As to the shipments on the Flint & Pere Marquette and the Grand River & Indiana Railroads it is perfectly safe to place the number at 5,000 from each road.

There are in northern Michigan at least 4,000 lumber camps. Taking only 300 of these and averaging forty deer killed to supply each camp gives 120,000 killed for this purpose alone.

If 1,000 were shipped from Oscoda by steamer. According to a moderate estimate for the entire coast from Oscoda by steamer, 4,000 deer, and 2,000 shipped by rail and steamer is considered a fair estimate for the entire coast.

To closely estimate the number of deer killed for their hides in the red coat is a more difficult matter; but knowing personally of 2,500 deer so killed, and in view of the secrecy with which this kind of slaughter is conducted, consider 7,000 deer a reasonable calculation for the number so killed.

The number for home consumption in the lower peninsula I have placed at 5,000, and by this term I include all deer killed by settlers for food purposes, which you will remember occurs every day in the State. The deer muzzles are sold to the sportsmen and hunting parties as extra baggage but of which no record is had in most cases, the game being returned free.

The upper peninsula is allowed 7,000 as its quota, which includes all deer killed for any purpose (for the hides, home consumption, lumber camps and shipment by rail and steamer. You will remember that no calculation has been made for the large number of sickening fawns which have of necessity starved to death during the summer months and which are the result of their mothers' milk by the bullet of the insatiable "hide hunter."

The grand summary of deer killed for all purposes in Michigan during the year 1880 is thus as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Number of deer killed. Includes West Shore, East Shore, etc.

This is about 7,500,000 pounds of venison destroyed in the single year of 1880. At this rate how long will it be necessary to deplete the species in Michigan? And when the present supply is gone, where can the next come from? Certainly not from the North, East or West, for that is a geographical impossibility; while from the West the deer are driven out of the States which border upon vast wilderness, out of which a large number of deer are plucked the disappearing race, the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, when it has once permitted this noble animal to be exterminated and its species extinct, has forever lost a great source of wealth and valuable food supply, which if now wisely preserved, will last for generations.

The immense increase from 21,000 deer killed in 1875 to 60,000 killed in 1880 is in part due to the cold winter which came early and continued for many months of the fall, but principally to the prohibitory export laws of surrounding States, which are driven into Michigan all the professional market hunters of the country. Can a Legislature which is cognizant of these facts delay longer that very protection which is the first law of nature, as it is of States and of nations?

Of the 60,000 deer killed in Michigan in 1880, 45,000 were shipped from the State or destroyed for the hides. How long can this be maintained? It is a question which will be answered in a few months more.

The remedy is plain. Declare the killing of game for other purposes than consumption as food within this State as illegal, as recommended by the Committee on Laws for the protection of game animals of fur and feather and insectivorous birds. All game shipped from the State will be prima facie killed in violation of the law. This will save 20,000 to 28,000 deer yearly. It will also prevent the importation of deer in the red coat, spotted coat, or have in possession such red or spotted coat, and the killing for hides will almost wholly cease, and illegal killing for lumber camps will be greatly restricted, saving 12,000 to 15,000 deer annually and reducing the annual destruction from 60,000 to about 12,000 to 15,000.

At the highest estimate there are not more than sixty-six hundred hunting parties in this State who hunt with dogs for pleasure, requiring twelve deer to each party of twelve men upon each trip. The deer are killed by the tax-paying citizens of this

State during 1880. The writer knows of but one party (of three men) of resident hunters for market who hunt with dogs, but there may be others. These parties are always small in number. Granting that there may be ten such parties in the State, and that each takes fifty deer yearly, we have 500 deer as the aggregate of the carcasses killed for the market with dogs. Then we will concede that there may be forty non-resident parties who come to Michigan at various seasons of the year and take their venison home. Allowing them the same ratio of success as the resident parties, viz.: two limits a year of two weeks each, and twelve deer for each hunt, give 960 deer killed with the aid of dogs and shipped out of the State, to be consumed in the families of our friends from other States. This number, if multiplied by the Prohibitory Export Bill, makes an aggregate of 2,900. Adding another 100 for the sake of even numbers, and 1,000 more to that, from a desire to treat this question with undiscriminate fairness, and what is the result? Four thousand, three hundred and one, with the aid of dogs in Michigan during 1880, and 56,000 killed by still-hunters for all purposes during the same year. Can any sane person now ask that deer hunting be restricted solely to still-hunters by means of a law to prohibit citizens of the State the pleasure of hunting with dogs?

THE FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS.

MR. T. S. VAN DYKE, in his interesting article published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 10, proposes ("just for fun") to demonstrate that a rifle ball does not begin to fall the instant it leaves the muzzle, that as regards a falling motion although driven at great velocity forward it is in a state of inertia. He appears to claim (for fun, presumably, he is full of it) that during a certain space of time, and under the state of inertia, a rifle ball will be "driven on a level line." To show how far this will be projected on this "level line" he sighted his rifle of a calibre of .65 "to cut at ten yards the lower edge of an inch bullseye so as to get the line of sight, and the centre of the line of fire parallel, and could detect no drop at fifty yards. At seventy-five yards the ball was in the lower edge of a two-inch bullseye; at 100 yards at the lower edge of a four-inch bullseye.

Now, it is believed that Mr. Van Dyke's position is not tenable on philosophical grounds nor on correct practical experiment. And to convince him that Maj. Merrill is right when he declares: "It is as mathematically certain that the rifle does not carry straight for ten yards as that it does not for 1,000 yards. Gravity is always pulling the ball down, its efforts commence at the muzzle of the gun, and no velocity of the ball can cancel it. He has only to remember that an ounce ball at an elevation of 45 degrees will travel ten feet above and exactly parallel to a horizontal line, and the same size and weight of ball dropped from the same height at the same instant the ball fell left the muzzle of the gun, both balls will strike the plane below at the same instant of time, or if he blow a ball through the gun ten to fifty feet or drop another at the same time both will strike the ground together. Taking this for an undoubted fact, there could be no time for the ball fired to be "driven on a level line" and strike the ground at the same time the dropped ball does. Both balls must begin to fall at once, and continue to fall all the time, and exactly alike, to reach the same distance at the same instant of time. The same force of gravitation acts exactly equally on each ball no matter how great the velocity of one may be; and if one ball lost any time in traveling on a "level line," and the other kept on dropping all the time, and both at the same rate, they could not both strike the plane at the same instant.

The atmospheric retardation of lead balls and shot is said to be as the square of their diameter. The diameter of an ounce ball is .66267 of an inch; its fall in one second of time by gravitation is 16.990 feet, and if unobstructed it will fall with an increasing speed (inversely as the square of the distance) until it acquires an ultimate velocity of 207.25 feet per second, and forever after continue at that speed. As the fall increases very rapidly until the ultimate velocity is reached, the initial velocity and time of flight per second becomes very essential in arriving at the true fall of any given diameter and weight of ball and shot. It is difficult to ascertain the exact highest initial velocity that can be given to any projectile by the expansion of gunpowder. It may range from 800 to 4,000 feet per second, but in rifle and shotgun shooting from 1,000 to 3,500 will not be far out of the way.

If you could give an ounce ball (diameter .6626) an initial velocity of 4,000 feet per second it would be projected up (a little more horizontally than then there would be no gravitation to pull it back) 895.9 feet in 9.405 seconds, while at an initial velocity of 1,000 feet per second the total distance would be 2,100 feet in 8.460 seconds, and in one-eighth of a second it would be projected 124.9 feet, and at 4,000 feet muzzle velocity 439.9 feet in one-eighth of a second; at 3,000 feet muzzle velocity 237.5 feet in one-eighth of a second. And if you give No. 6 shot (diameter .10131 of an inch) an initial or muzzle velocity of 4,000 feet per second it would be projected 800 feet in 3.754 seconds; at 3,000 feet muzzle velocity 741.20 feet in 3.738 seconds; at 2,000 feet, in velocity 655.31 feet in 3.706 seconds, and at 1,000 feet, velocity 514.54 feet in 3.548 seconds. Thus it will be seen that while an ounce ball at an initial velocity of 4,000 feet per second will travel 895.9 feet in 9.405 seconds a No. 6 shot at the same initial velocity will only travel 800 feet in 3.754 seconds.

Hence it appears that at all these there be a constant parabolic fall from the instant a projectile leaves the muzzle to the end of its flight there is a great difference in the trajectory of an ounce ball at 4,000 feet initial velocity and one at 1,000 feet initial velocity and a still more marked difference between the one at 4,000 feet and No. 6 shot at the same initial velocities of 4,000 and 1,000 feet per second.

Mr. Van Dyke himself explains in the last paragraph of his ingenious article the real cause of his (real or assumed) mistake as to the actual fall of any projectile from the muzzle to the target, no matter what the distance may be, by showing a difference of six inches in the fall of his .65 inch round ball shot from his ten pound rifle, at 175 yards, charged with six drams of fixed powder (Always the best), and six drams of the same powder. His rifle is unquestionably a good one. Its weight allows him to load heavily and not kill at both ends, and yet acquire an extraordinary initial velocity. The great velocity and great weight of his ball and his six drams of mixed powder undoubtedly give him a remarkably flat trajectory in the first 150 to 200 yards, and this may have led him to fall into the error (if he is not in fact) of suggesting that there might possibly be a space, and, therefore, a time when a ball could be "driven on a level line." It cannot be done.

FLORIDA—Monticello, March 24.—The English snipe have all gone north.—W. V. W.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

LIGHT begins to break in the sportsmen's east, and ducks are becoming plentiful herabout. One day this week Dr. E. C. Franklin of Michigan University (who is not only a learned and eminent and grave professor, but an enthusiastic sportsman all round), accompanied by Justice Walter Schweiket, of this city, went down to Turkey Island, in Detroit River, where they stayed two days and captured a rousing bag of ducks each. In looking around town to-day I find that redheads are selling at thirty cents and bluchills at twenty-five cents a pair. They stick close to the river, for the reason that the marshes and bays about and below Detroit River are yet unbroken fields. The Huron River is breaking up, however, and the note of preparation at Point Moultrie is heard "like clink of armors closing rivets up." Several enthusiasts, including M. P. Clegg, of Cincinnati, are going down next week, big with hope of immortal achievements.

The bill now before the Michigan Legislature passed the Senate yesterday with the clause prohibiting night shooting stricken out. There is every reason to believe that the bill will have a safe and peaceful passage through the House and secure the Governor's signature.

There is a deal of indignation manifested by Detroit sportsmen at the reckless and criminal neglect of the game laws now in vogue in Michigan—at least in respect of killing deer in the northern counties. A gentleman who has been very active in the matter of game-legislation informed me yesterday that the Indians and whites have gone to the extreme of killing animals with knives and tomahawks, and merely to obtain the skins, leaving the slain carcasses lying on the snow. The worst instances that have been reported occurred along the extension of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad, north of Gaylord, and in the vicinity of Mullet Lake. As I got it, there were fifteen deer killed in one yard—not shot, but brutally butchered like hogs, and several of the does were heavy with young. The only arrest has been made, so it is said, so that a hunter who was fined the ridiculously inadequate sum of \$2. The only way to put a stop to this is for genuine sportsmen to organize a merciless crusade against these criminal butchers. Detroit, March 26, 1881. Vidocq.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

HYDE PARK, Feb. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream: Capt. Barker delivered a sixth and last lecture on Friday p. m., and I had taken notes preparatory to sending the closing portion of his lecture, which I can only do so and below as I found it reported in the Boston Herald. I clip it out and send it to you, as a specimen of a vivid and thrilling description of one phase of a hunter's life; and considering that it is in the language of a man who is a simple, honest hunter and who claims not to be a man of education, I think it remarkably good. He is to be with us next winter, and will be well prepared to give our boys another course of lectures. He will, in all probability, be superior to those given this winter, as he has not learned what is expected of a lecturer, and has lost that embarrassment which necessarily accompanied his first appearance before an educated audience.—E. D. M.

The lecture, as reported, was as follows: Imagine yourself trapping off to the woods in the month of December. There is a foot of light snow on the ground. You are just leaving camp in the morning, and have another camp twelve or fifteen miles away on the mountains; you have two lines of traps leading to this camp; one goes to the right over the hard-wood mountains, where there is good ground for the rabbit and the other goes to the left over the soft-wood mountains to a pond, where the other, beaver and mink work; then up another brook valley to camp. You take your axe, rifle, bag of bait and lunch, and follow the mountain line, while your partner takes the other line, both carrying a load of traps, and a camp before dark. It begins to snow at 10 o'clock, but you cannot get any trouble in following the valley line. He gets to camp, and the fire and gets supper, expecting to hear you coming every minute, but things are very different with you. 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A NOVEL PROPOSITION—March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I presume that I may fairly be called a "gentleman sportsman." At all events, I have many elaborate theories concerning fire-arms and projectiles. I seldom kill any game and never sell any. Who, then, has a better right to the above mentioned title? I have a very good and very accurate notion about the game law and the recollection that I once shot an inadvertent prairie-chicken on the 5th of August is the bitterest memory of my life. But, Mr. Editor, these laws are rapidly putting it out of the power of members of my profession to do any hunting whatever. You would be surprised to learn how many school-teachers, college tutors and professors are in the habit of spending the month of August in the woods and among the deer, bear, etc., by "tagging surrounding objects." We are a burning crowd, but now and then one of us kills something, and it would be possible to be able to do so legally. Soon, however, unless all signs fail, August will be everywhere a close month for deer and most other game, and then good-bye to our favorite amusement, for our vacations do not usually extend much beyond September.

The game laws seem intended to accomplish two principal objects—1st, to protect game during the breeding season and while the young need maternal care; 2d, to so limit the time for hunting that our forests and fields shall not be depopulated. As to the first of these objects, I have nothing to say. But it is well known that the open season for most varieties of game is not nearly as long as the time during which it may be hunted to a reasonable extent without injury to the young. Is it not possible, then, to considerably extend the general open season, but limit the time during which individuals may shoot? Make every man who wants to hunt get a license which shall cover the days or weeks which he wishes to devote to this recreation. Let these licenses be for short periods and do not issue more than one or two to one man. Such a plan is feasible and such a law could be enforced at least as easily as those at present in vogue. A small fee for the license would be in order, and it is not impossible that these fees would pay the salaries of competent detectives and prosecutors. Few laws bear equally upon all, but it seems to me that some modification as I have suggested would preserve the game and enable many to indulge in much-needed recreation who cannot devote October to such charming pursuits. PEDAGOGUE.

SOUTH ABINGTON SPORTSMEN'S CLUB—South Abington, Mass., March 20.—The sportsmen of South Abington held a meeting this evening, the object being to unite the South Abington Sportsmen's Club and the East End Glass Ball Club under one organization, the new association to be known as the South Abington Sportsmen's Club. The meeting proved successful and the following officers were elected to serve one year: President, W. H. Cook; Vice-Presidents, Thos. Fish and Geo. Harlow; Secretary, F. W. Bryant; Treasurer, C. Good; Directors, Wm. D. Luculo, Geo. Edison, Sam'l Norton, P. Smith and Warren Edson.

A Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Thos. Fish, Geo. Harlow and Seth P. Gurney.

A club badge has been ordered and will be contested for in the following manner during the season: The first shoot will take place on Fast Day, the second in July and the third in August. The badge will be given to the property of a member who shall win it three times in succession. It is hoped that much good may result from the union of the clubs.

The game in this section needs looking after badly—not with dog and gun, but by energetic, fearless game constables. By merciless trapping the ruffed grouse is in this vicinity about exterminated. Go where you will, the woods are filled with snags—not of recent make—but made and set years ago, and would not pay man or boy to waste his time setting snares now. I suppose the ticks had something to do with it also.

Quail were getting quite plenty last fall, but the severe winter has probably proved too much for them. Quite a number of foxes have been killed about here the past winter and fox-hunting is a popular sport. Among the successful hunters may be mentioned Wm. Wilder, Dave Howe and Seth Gurney. One of our directors, I think, killed two foxes in one day. I will conclude by saying that **FOREST AND STREAM** is appreciated by sportsmen here, and its articles are read with interest; but I think "Uncle Liebia's Spring Gun" rather lays over anything I ever heard before in the gunning line. WHITE WING.

BULGING OF CHOKE-BORE GUNS.—In your issue of March 10, among your answers to correspondents, I find the following: "The 'bulging' of a choke-bore is not uncommon. It cannot be remedied. Does not hurt the gun, and will not affect the safety of the barrels. Allow me, please, to say that you are mistaken. 'Bulging' can be remedied. 'Bulging' does not hurt the gun, as far as accuracy is concerned. Try well 'bulged' gun at the target and you will find how incorrect your statement is. I have been there, and know of what I write. 'Bulging' can be remedied. Last August I discovered that both barrels of my 12-gauge gun were badly 'bulged,' caused by shooting No. 10 wads from No. 12 brass shells. I, to, then supposed that my gun was ruined; showed the gun to John Brewer. He told me it could be fixed, and the barrels never shrank where the bulge had been; that there was only one gun-maker in the United States that could make a perfect job of the gun for me, and that man was Frank Kuhn, at No. 476 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. I had my doubts about it, but Brewer satisfied me when he stated that two years before he owned a fine Greener treble-vedge fast gun, No. 10 gauge, which he had badly 'bulged' in both barrels by using No. 8 wads in his No. 10 brass shells. He took the gun to Mr. Kuhn, who rebored it and removed all signs of the 'bulge' from both barrels. This was very cheering information, for, like you, I had supposed there was no remedy for the 'bulging.' I sent my gun to Mr. Kuhn; he rebored it and removed all sign of the 'bulging.' The barrels now are as smooth and perfect as the day they were made, and I have given it pretty hard usage during the past six months, and am quite satisfied the last sign of a bulge in my barrel will be very scarce on a gun present to him. How Mr. Kuhn does away with the 'bulging' is a secret only known to himself. I hope the information may be of value to my brother sportsman. Huanminton, N. J., March 14. L. W. S.

GAME IN NOVA SCOTIA.—New Glasgow, N. S., March 17, 1891.—The heavy "silver snow" in January has done great damage among the ruffed grouse, and they will be very scarce next season. The ice remained so long on the trees that the birds were literally starved to death. Moose and caribou have been plenty, and good sport has been had.

At the last meeting of the F. & G. P. Club it was decided to reduce the license fee for non-residents of the Province

from \$50 to \$20. It only now requires the sanction of the Governor to become a law, of which I will advise you in due time. This is a step in the right direction. The law which imposed \$50 as a license fee for non-residents was a most absurd one. While no true sportsman objects to contribute his share to the fund for the protection of game, it is not always convenient if he has a friend whom he invites for a few days' shooting, to be obliged to pay \$50 for the privilege; and it has been pretty well proven that it is not the sportsman who goes out for a few weeks' hunting, once or twice a year, that destroys the game. If the moose and caribou were only subject to inroads from such as these they would soon "increase and multiply," as the amount of legitimate hunting which would be done would not to any extent reduce their numbers.

The prospect for wild fowl shooting is very good this spring. Already the geese and brant are beginning to come, and we look forward to grand sport about the end of this month and the first part of April. GLOBE SPORT.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Rush, Pa., March 15.—The Legislature of this State has passed a bill on second reading offering a bounty of fifty cents on hawks, and a dollar on foxes and wild cats. I don't know that it has passed on third reading, but it may be confidently expected. Such a bill ought to be hailed by the farming and sporting community. There were more quail in this section last year than for the fifteen preceding years. Many were killed by hunters, and the remainder have been killed by the severe winter just past. For weeks the ground was deeply covered with snow, and the thermometer ranging from freezing point to 80 deg. below zero. Trout, too, must have suffered in the small streams on account of the late setting in of the winter and the great thickness of the ice.—J. W. G.

A RIFLE FOR VERMIN.—Hackensack, N. J.—In killing foxes, hawks, etc., I have often wondered that sportsmen, particularly anglers, do not use a light rifle more. They would find that they could have considerable sport if on their excursions they would carry along one of Remington's .22 calibre rifles. The report is very light, and the execution up to 100 yards is most excellent. There is hardly a trip I take but I have a shot at either a hawk, cat, coon, or some such animal, and while having the fun, it also benefits the birds by killing their enemies. Around home these little rifles are more effective than a shot gun, and do not disturb our birds with a heavy report. I have fed a number of quail this winter, and hear of others having done the same. Still quite a number were found frozen.—W. HOLBERTON.

A GAME PROTECTOR'S WORK.—Heikler Co., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another deplorable case was brought up with a short turn by State Game Agent Dodge last week in this county for killing deer. He arrested two, Geo. Wandover and Rudolph Wheeler. The jury before which they were tried found a verdict against Wandover, but let Wheeler off. However, the trial will have a good effect, for it demonstrates that the game laws are going to be enforced. And all true sportsmen will feel encouraged by the good and effective work of State Agent Dodge, and it is to be hoped that in the year to come he may receive more help from parties interested in the protection of fish and game.—ZACH.

THE DEER SHOOTING.—Myriads of canvas-backs are now at Haver de Grace, but the northwest winds being so high few boxes could be put out the last two or three shooting days. Brant have arrived in earnest on the New Jersey bays. A new method of netting ducks is now being practiced at Simpsonton and Patuxent countries. A zill-net is set under water over the feeding grounds and the ducks, mostly blackheads, are caught by the heads in the meshes in their efforts to dive through.

EXTERMINATION OF VERMIN IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, N. Y.—The annual report announces that I is noted that chipmunks made their appearance in the cemetery during the last year for the first time. The injury done by them has been deemed a sufficient cause for their extermination, and 2,253 of them were killed. Ground mice to the number of 375, 148 cats, 40 dogs, 133 snakes, 24 moles, and 64 rats have also been killed.

GAME NOTES.—Chagrin Falls, O.—Dr. Garlick, of Bedford, O., who writes occasionally for the fish department in **FOREST AND STREAM**, is very feeble, and does not think he will live very long.

During the past week there has been quite a number of white swan on the river, between here and Lake Erie. Mr. Robert Graham succeeded in shooting one of them and winging another. There have also been a few geese and ducks on the river.—H.

KANSAS.—Lawrence, March 4.—We are having excellent duck shooting just now. The birds are here in great variety and almost countless numbers. Another than many canvas-backs. Quail seem to be quite plenty, and I think they have passed the hard winter in good shape.

THE BURY GUN.—Several correspondents write us that the gun marked "Geo. Bury" is a cheap make, W. & C. Scott's. They are for sale in Boston by Messrs Wm. Reed & Son, and are said to be serviceable arms.

MICHIGAN.—Bellevue, March 21.—Snow, snow! Slush, slush! describes the weather here. Boys have fun with coons. Saw two ducks this week. There are quite a fine lot of partridges left over, and some quail.—C. M.

NEW JERSEY.—Tuckerton.—A fine buck deer was caught not very far from this place during the past winter by a "collar" bait. The animal is now on exhibition at the house of Mr. H. E. Mulholland, and is becoming very tame.

NEW JERSEY.—Pine Brook, March 26.—The snipe ground is all covered with water. There are quite a number of ducks flying.—W. J. P.

INDIANA.—Wortington, March 27.—A few snipe have come, but they are very wild as yet.—S.

MISSISSIPPI.—Philadelphia.—We have plenty of deer, turkeys, ducks and squirrels in the woods up here now, and a few quail and snipe in the open lands, but our shooting, except for squirrels, will soon close for the season. S. P. N.

VIRGINIA.—Norfolk, March 25.—Snipe are beginning to come on the marshes below here. Time to get ready for them.—J. E. M.

NEW JERSEY.—Glassborough, March 15.—I have seen some few woodcock already this season.—B.

INFORMATION WANTED.

W. J. M. wants the pedigree of an Irish setter dog named Buck, brought to Norfolk, Va., by a young man named McFall, who once lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to obtain eggs of the sharp-tailed grouse to hatch under a bantam hen. Can any of our Iowa, Nebraska or Minnesota readers help him?

To "C. E. W."—BRAINED, Minn.—"O. E. W." Troy, N. Y., asks where he can find deer hunting 150 miles from St. Paul with board, etc. Tell him that if he will write to R. H. Morford, Deerwood, Crow Wing Co., Minn., he will post him and take care of him next fall; or write to C. D. C. Williams, Otter Tail, Otter Tail Co., Minn., or go to Perham, on the line of the U. P. R., and radiate in any direction. Sporting centre on line of St. P. M. & M. M. anywhere west of Sauk Rapids to St. Vincent.—T. P. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

FRESH WATER.	
Brook Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	White Bass, <i>Roanoch atryopus</i> .
Pickereel, <i>Rose reticulata</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> . (Two Spotted)
Striped Bass, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Walleye, <i>Stizostedion vitreum</i> .
Pike-perch, (Wall-eyed pike) <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , S.	Wharmouth, <i>Channopyrgus gulosus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Crappie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Roccus teneatus</i> .	Bowfin, <i>Pomoxis canaliculatus</i> .
	Chub, <i>Serrinus corporalis</i> .
SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis striata</i> .	Pollock, <i>Polichinus carbonarius</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Spot or Blackfish, <i>Tautoglabrus onitis</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	

FISH AND FISHING IN THE EDISTO, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:—Our town Bamberg is situated on the S. C. R. R., two miles from Edisto River, a comparatively small stream, but one abounding in the most beautiful semi-tropical scenery in early spring that it is possible to imagine, and I have sometimes thought while waiting on some quiet and secluded island in the swamp to get a shot at some very old gobbler than nowhere else in this green earth can equal forest beauty be found.

The gigantic moss-crowned cypresses, the spreading benches festooned with the trailing jessamine, and the deep sea green of the glorious magnolia at sunrise of a spring morning make up a scene I think unrivaled and worthy of the pencil of a Salvador Iosa.

But I am to talk about fishing. So come, Mr. Editor, let you and I with Donald the old veteran, get into the buggy and go down to Simms' old river to try the redbreast perch. At sunrise we arrive, and having provided ourselves with a good supply of bait—earth worms or angle worms—we immer Donald's boat, push off and move down the stream two hundred yards to the sand bar where the fish have come to spawn. The water is about four or five feet deep, and the bottom swept perfectly clean by the male fish which are the principal ones caught, it being very rare to catch a female while spawning, though afterward they take the hook very readily.

With a long line, a long flexible cane or rod, a small hook and plenty of bait here goes your first cast. Donald says, "Wait," and we wait, as the fish, alarmed by the disturbance in the water, have sought the cover of the bounets; but pretty soon they come back, and you notice your float or cork moving rapidly away. Wait a moment and then pull, and for a moment you have as fine a contest as you could wish. You land a perch that will weigh say eight ounces, and as handsome a fellow as ever rejoiced the eye or palate of an epicure. Dark on back, dark gray on sides, sharp dorsal fins, spinous ventral and pectoral and a dark crimson breast, altogether as handsome a fish as one would wish to see. They are vigorous biters when in the notion, and when they are not you might as well roll up and go home, as no amount of coaxing will avail anything. I have often taken twenty-five or thirty in a morning using two rods and lines at the same time.

Redbreast fishing is, take it altogether, the most exhilarating sport next to partridge shooting that I know of.

We have also trout (black bass), rockfish (striped bass), besides many other kinds, and shad in early spring when the dogwood is in bloom.

The rockfish grows to quite a respectable size, twenty-eight to thirty pounds, so also the blue-crab. These heavy fish are rarely taken with rod and line as, owing to the many obstructions in the river, we cannot use the rod and fly to any advantage. We tie a very stout hook and line (short) to an overhanging limb or bush, and bait it with a large perch of some kind, and wait sometimes all night, and in nearly every instance if the hook holds we capture a large cat or rockfish.

You will say perhaps that this is not very sportsmanlike, and it isn't, but we catch 'em.

Another not much known method of taking fish is with a basket trap.

This trap is an oblong basket, eight feet long, made of white oak splits. One end is closed up, and the other is partly so, by the incurved horizontal splits of the framework, so arranged as to permit the fish to enter the basket through a narrow opening, but prevents their escape. This trap is baited with Indian corn ears, and sunk in some deep quiet cove and left for a week, and generally the owner finds it full of cats when he returns.

Our best fishing for trout is in the fall season, in October and November, and during these months, if the river is not too high, our best baskets are made. The bait mostly used is what we call roaches, also "horneyheads" and "silvers." Having procured a sufficient number of these and having a rod of say twelve feet long and a line of eight or nine feet,

"From our correspondent's description this 'redbreasted perch' is evidently one of the many fishes which are variously known as 'Sauter pond fishes,' etc. It is probable that it may be Jordan's bloody sun-fish, *Xenops angusticentus*."

tolerably stout, and a stout hook, we make a start. The rower sits in the stern of the boat to paddle. We bait the hook by hooking through the lips the little fishes, usually three at a time, and proceed to make a cast. Moving slowly up stream, we drop the line in every dark-looking corner, wherever water swirls around a stump, or under the bushes or causes, and pretty soon we feel a tug like some one suddenly wanting our rod. Now you must, "mind your eye," for you don't know yet whether it is a yearling three-pounder or an old mossy-back trout that has you, but pretty soon you find out; for if it is an old setter he will notify you of the fact by going straight to the bottom in spite of you, and it will only be by the very best management that he does not outstrip you, for he knows exactly how to go down among the roots of that old cyprus and tangle, you so that you are glad to get off with only the loss of hook and fish. There is not much time for any fancy touches, and if you really want him you try to lead him out into deep water and swing him around to the man who is paddling, who puts his fingers into his gills and lands him in the boat.

There is no science about this, not even a landing net, but lots of good sport, and from 30 to 50 pounds of fine "brook." This is perhaps the most exciting kind of fishing that a man can engage in—constantly on the move, constantly on the lookout for a big bite, the ever varying antenna tints of the trees, the long waving moss, the chatter of the squirrels, the "quack" of the English duck, and sometimes the sudden "quit, quit" of the wild turkey, make up as good a day's sport as any reasonable man would want. BUCKSHOT.

WILL QUINNAT SALMON TAKE THE FLY?

THIS is a question often raised, and we are permitted to publish the following private letter on the subject:

Mr. Livingston Stone—Dear Sir: In July last I was fishing for trout with a fly on the Sacramento in a pool a short distance below a bridge. Some of the trout were on the bank, having on three flies—brown, hackle, jungle and black gnat. I had fished from the upper end of the pool down to a ripple at the lower end. When near the lower end of the pool a salmon of about five pounds arose to the surface and took the black gnat. I played him for about twenty minutes. He had but an eight-ounce rod and single line. I thought to try to snare head and get him before he reached the shore. He got away, and I got behind him and throw him ashore with my hands. In this I made a failure. In throwing him on shore the hook broke from his mouth and he slipped from the wet bank back into the stream and I lost him. He took the fly from the surface in the same manner as a trout takes it—that is, he arose to the surface, opened his mouth and grabbed it.

On the same trip, further down the river, at Southern's, an English gentleman, whose name I have forgotten (who is the superintendent of the Eureka Mining Company), was there fishing. He considered it unsportsmanlike to take either salmon or trout with anything but a fly, and persisted in whipping the river, although the water was somewhat roily from the mining above. The fishing was very good with black flies, and with the fly, and I think he did not also. He, however, took one salmon, weighing about ten lbs., also with a black gnat, and brought it to the house. This was the day previous to my arrival at Southern's. On the day I was there he had gone with a camping party over to the McCloud. I have heard of several others, but these are the only two cases that have come within my own personal knowledge. As you are aware, salmon can be so readily taken with bait that I think there are rarely any gauges with fly, except by persons fishing for trout. My opinion is that the quinnat in the Sacramento just in from the ocean will take a fly; but after being in fresh water for two or three weeks they will take nothing but the bait.

I was not fishing on the river with Sir Rose Price. He took his wild bait, and it is reported also with grab hooks. I fish in the same stream with Sir John Reed, but do not see him take a salmon with a fly. B. B. HADDOCK.

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.—Our anglers are already getting their tackle in order for the spring fishing. The Legislature has not yet passed the much needed protection law, and it is questionable if they will. It is singular that in this day of enlightenment so many persons should object to laws which have become necessary and proved so efficacious in their workings elsewhere. The many streams of this State could soon be replenished with fine game fish could trappers, anglers and giggers be prevented from destroying them, as they do, while the trout are rarely being caught. Plans for catching minnows is now being offered for sale in many places. It consists of a globe made of fine wire, split in two, and joined together on the lower side by a hinge; to therein of those sides is fastened a small stand for holding bait. The two halves open when set at the bottom of the creek, or can be opened and shut at will. When suspended in deep water by these strings, these are attached through a pulley to the end of a jointed rod, thus allowing the angler to fish in the water and manipulated without the angler getting wet, as is the case with the old-fashioned minnow sled. Many of our sportsmen have seen experiments tried with it, and pronounce it the most perfect implement yet invented for the purpose. Besides, taking large fish becomes an impossibility, and doing away with the tugging about of heavy minnow sleds, etc., it is a very good trap for new Government Intenders appointing a person to fill the position of Fish Commissioner for Middle Tennessee so long and ably filled by Col. George F. Akers. It is to be hoped that the rumor is unfounded, since no more efficient Commissioner could be found than the Colonel, besides being a base injustice to him after doing so much as he has for the fish interest of the people. He has created a desire for protection in the minds of the people, besides having been a most successful angler. He is known to the National Fish Commissioner, and to Prof. Goode, Mather, Nicholson and others, all scientific gentlemen and enthusiasts for fish culture. With proper laws, a hatchery, and the able assistance of the above-named gentlemen, the Colonel could soon stock our streams and make for himself a notoriety which, after years of stubborn opposition and difficulties, he is justly entitled to. Nashville, March 7, 1891. J. D. H.

PROPOSED LAW IN MICHIGAN.—Concord, Jackson Co., Mich., March 21.—Allow me to place before your readers the fish law which is to be passed by the Legislature of the State of Michigan. I find by glancing over the Legislative report of said State that if House bill No. 234, which has been reported on favorably for passage, becomes a law, there

will be little use of any other regulations in regard to fishing in the inland waters of the State for three or four years; for the three years prohibition includes the streams of every county. Brook trout have been deposited by the Fish Commission in the tributaries of every river, and by the time the three years have expired the probability is that they will be stocked with the California trout.

The text of the bill is: Section 1. The people of the State of Michigan enact, that hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons—1. To take or catch by any means whatever any fish from any stream stocked with brook trout by the Superintendent of Fisheries of the State for the period of three years after the plant of such brook trout therein; or to capture, in any manner, in any of the inland or public waters of the State, or to take in his possession brook trout, or gray ling, of a less size than six inches in length; 2. To take or catch, by any means whatever, any fish from any stream stocked with California trout by the Superintendent of Fisheries of this State for the period of four years after the plant of such California trout therein. Section 2. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall, on conviction thereof before any court of competent jurisdiction, be punished with fine not more than \$100, or by imprisonment in the jail of the county wherein he shall be convicted for not exceeding three months, or both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the Court. WOLVERINE.

SOARCITY OF CANADIAN SALMON.—In the article in your issue of Feb. 10, from the Albany Journal, on the "Unexplained Scarcity of Salmon," allow me to give my idea, and the reasons why. It is, as stated, the winter feeding grounds of the fish are on the far Labrador coast, and on the North Atlantic. I believe they get caught and many of them destroyed in the immense ice fields last May on their approach to the coast. Many fish were taken in the nets with the skin, fins, tail, and even the gill covers worn and split, not bitten or torn, as I have formerly seen them. They were also in poor condition, very milky, generally the first-run fish, more like meadow trout than salmon. It is not so common for their way through thick brush. The fish belonging to our different rivers arrive at different periods. Metacopia River fish, always first, they are easily distinguished from all the others. This, formerly a well stocked river, was nearly a blank, the netters getting none, and only 30 by the rod (formerly near 300). Main River proper, Patapedia and Kedon, were the best. Next came the others. This river had about one third the fish of last year, and only five years. Its fish gave the small supply the estuary and coast netters obtained last year. In this river the parent fish are taken for the hatchery, and owing to the very low water its stock could easily be seen, particularly when in October the fish come to the shallows to spawn. On its lower waters, for the first 40 miles, fish were very scarce, and in the proportion of five males to one female. On its upper waters it had half the usual number in stock, and three females to one male. Such was the proportion taken by us, and in all my former experience males were in excess. (I may here observe more females than males take the fly.) I can form no reason for the disproportion. The Upsalquitch River fish are termed greenbacks, generally small size, coming in July, many of them being through the netters' 7-inch meshes. I saw many pools in this river, and in the middle of the stream, and notwithstanding the low water and small stream, had better rod fishing than any previous year. I think this series of facts must show that if the ice fields did not do the damage, the late run fish escaped in a great measure the general destruction. As there is in the hatchery here 750,000 salmon ova, in fine condition, to supplement the natural supply, no fear need be entertained for the future. Metacopia, Feb. 18. JOHN MOWAT, Fishery Officer.

MAINE FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent in California writes us that the fishing in San Francisco Bay is excellent at present, notwithstanding the floods. The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which drain so large a portion of the State, are pouring immense volumes of muddy fresh water into the bay, and the water in the channels and surface water is fresh as far down as Sausalito, which is only a mile or so from the mouth of the Golden Gate. Yet the bay fishing never was better. Catches of fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred pounds of rock cod are frequent at the points of Angel Island, Goat Island and Aleatraz. All down along the Sausalito shores the rocky banks afford opportunity for rod fishing, with a little bait and a float anchor, and deep water work is done. Small boats to run early, and are of seeming larger size than formerly. The tom cod, too, are abundant, and in good condition. Drop line angling for rock cod and perch is indulged in from the wharves at Oakland, Alameda, San Quentin and Sausalito. Sea trout, blue perch and green cod are taken from the deep water off Lime Point, at the Golden Gate. In fact the rock cod have been so numerous that there is not much genuine sport in catching them. Aleatraz Island, where there is very deep water and strong current, sea trout, blue, white and ribbed perch, and rock cod are caught in abundance. Owing to the swiftness of the current, piano wire lines are used, and leather-fingered gloves are necessary. Very heavy sinkers are of course required. Our correspondent promises us a description of the deep-water fishing at some future opportunity.

EFFORT OF MUDDY WATERS.—Dauphin Co., Pa.—Will muddy water in any stream or river, if very muddy, say for several weeks at a time, kill or suffocate black bass? The reason for asking is this: Ever since the warm weather and rains of several weeks ago, which caused a rise in the Susquehanna, and made quite a lively fresher of ice and water in the same, the water in the river has been very muddy, and within the past week large numbers of black bass have been picked up at the water's edge in a torpid or seemingly unconscious state, while many were quite dead. The different papers of Harrisburg have all contained notices of the same, and have given it as their opinion that the fish have been suffocated by the muddy water, and as all the streams emptying into the river were equally as muddy, the fish were unable to get into clear water, as well as the fact that many are interested in this matter, should be glad to hear your opinion or that of some one else on the matter, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.—JOHN H. ROTHBUCK.

Ordinarily, fish stand freshets very well and the mud washed from the surface of the ground, but if the bottoms of the streams are stirred the gas asphyxiates them.

FRESH SALMON.—St. John's, N. B., March 26.—The first salmon of the season was caught last Tuesday morning in Port Meday River, N. S., by Mr. James Palmer. It weighed nine pounds, and was sold for \$4.50.—STANSTEAD.

HE SAW NO CATFISH.—Hampton, Ill.—In answer to "How far North do Catfish Run or Live?" one correspondent says perhaps the Mississippi takes them the farthest; another has told of them in the Red River, and another of the St. Louis taking them farthest north, which is correct, I think. In 1866 I made a boat trip from St. Paul up the Mississippi to Sandy Lake, 350 miles above, and was about four weeks going up. I fished and hunted all the way, and did not see a catfish or trout. The Indians and soldiers told me that there were no catfish or trout in any of the waters that fell into the Mississippi above the falls of St. Antony. I caught plenty in St. Louis. I then portaged out of St. Louis to Pike, and down Pike to Vermillion Lake, at the time when there was such a rush there for gold and silver. In 1876 I paddled down from Sandy Lake again, but saw no catfish.—A. M. STAYWARD.

ST. LAWRENCE CATCH.—Many years ago I used to catch some fish in the River St. Lawrence, between Ogdensburgh and the Galops Rapids, which were then called "hub." My memory is not very clear regarding them, but I believe there were two kinds—one small and silvery, ranging from 1/2 lb. to perhaps 2 lbs. in weight, and another, less bright in hue, with reddish fins, and very much larger. They were taken with a frog bait, and I have seen some very large ones, rather reasonable to ask you to name these fish for me, considering how absurdly meagre my description is; but as they are (or were) common enough in the locality indicated, some correspondent might recognize them, even from the above. Any light upon these points will be most acceptable to—X.

ILLEGAL BASS—Buffalo, N. Y., March 9.—I was very much surprised a few days ago to learn that black bass were, as is familiarly quoted in the price lists sent out by the dealers in New York, and that they are kept on sale all the while, regardless of the close season. I have mentioned a friend who is a dealer to have no transactions with black bass, as there were many appointed by the State to watch the markets and dealers as well as the fishermen, whose duty it is to prosecute all infractions of the law. I have seen some very large ones, rather reasonable to ask you to name these fish for me, considering how absurdly meagre my description is; but as they are (or were) common enough in the locality indicated, some correspondent might recognize them, even from the above. Any light upon these points will be most acceptable to—X.

VERMONT BASS—Highgate Springs, Vt.—We have some fine black bass fishing here. Two gentlemen from New York captured over two hundred with the fly one week last August. The largest catch was sixty-three in one evening, when one of them, in six successive casts, landed twelve bass.—L. L. P.

Fish Culture.

STRIPPED BASS IN LAKE ONTARIO.

WE saw the following in the Watertown Times of March 15: "Clark & Robbins, the fish merchants of Sackets Harbor, had brought to the city a few striped bass, rather small, but only one ever caught in the lake or river. It was caught in Chautauque Bay and weighed six pounds. They are a very fine fish and it is thought by some that this is a forerunner and that there will be other 'strappers'."

We immediately wrote the firm named, enclosing drawings of two fishes which might be meant by the term "sea bass" and received the following reply:

SACKETTS HARBOR, N. Y., March 24. Your favor of the 21st inst. at hand with inclosure of slip from the Watertown Times, also drawings. The fish taken here was the lower one in drawing—*Roccus lineatus*—or striped bass of New York.

It is the first one ever seen by us taken from these waters, and we have an idea that it found its way up here by following the alewife. The specimen was very handsome and there is no doubt as to its identity. The drawing is a fair one, and that will be the ultimate result of the appearance here of the alewife? Have they caused the extermination of the native osage? Will the alewife remain in us or are they to disappear as mysteriously as they came, or will they, as some of the food fishes of the salt water become habitues of our lake?

These are questions we hardly dare venture an opinion on, as we really can see no good that is to be enduring by the appearance of the alewife in our waters.

We should be glad to read your opinion on these questions, and would be pleased if the department at Washington would appoint a commission to investigate. The subject needs to be dealt with in a more thorough manner. CLARK & ROBBINS.

The Ogdensburgh Journal has an article on the alewife as follows, for we think we are correct in assuming that they refer to this fish when they speak of menhaden, which do not go into fresh waters. It says:

Considerable interest will hang upon the question, "What effect did the singular mortality noticed last year have upon the alewives or menhaden of the St. Lawrence?" The total absence from the fish markets of the old-fashioned osage of Lake Ontario, and the fact that species of fish have been supplanted by the newcomers as certainly as the aborigines have disappeared from the whites on the land. If it shall turn out that the menhaden are as numerous as ever the present season the fish commissioner should take some steps to investigate them, and teach the people how to utilize their presence. If the presence of the alewife recently caught near Sackets Harbor comes from the following of the menhaden to our waters and other species are liable to do the same thing, it is to be hoped that the department at Washington will suggest the appointment of the St. Lawrence in June of the present year to investigate the menhaden visitation which takes place at that time.

THE GEORGIA COMMISSION.

WE have received the annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, who is also *ex-officio* Commissioner of Fisheries for the year 1890, together with "Circular No. 145," new series, which is a supplemental report. We learn that "Dr. H. H. Cary, of Troup County, was appointed Superintendent of Fisheries Jan. 1, 1890, and has discharged the duties of that position with energy and fidelity without salary since that time."

Dr. Cary reports that it has been a grave question how to conduct the work with the limited appropriation which has been appropriated for the purpose. He thinks that no State in the Union is so well adapted for the cultivation of anadromous fishes as Georgia. In former times the shad passed up all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic Ocean, and the shad were found in those which fed the Gulf of Mexico it has been demonstrated by experiment that they will thrive in those rivers of which the State has several. The shad have been taken from the rivers at Rome and Columbus in Georgia, and from numerous streams in other States which empty into the Gulf, all of which are traceable to artificial hatching. In

Sportsmen's Goods.

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For Sale.

The Kennel.

WRITE TO
Geo. C. Henning
 WASHINGTON, D. C.


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 Put away the fine breech-loader,
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 rail of a fence about 4.80 p. m. of a warm September
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THE BLUE STAFF COCKER SPANIEL BREEDING KENNEL.—I will sell responsibly to increase the quality of the business care, which will call for all the spare time I care to give in the future, and also enable me to complete my stock of brook trout, and the breeding and management of Spaniels for American Sportsmen. Therefore I offer as my Kennel stock, all accessories, together with Kennel and good-will, to any one having the taste and competent to carry on the good work with it. The demand for this kind of dog is ever increasing, and the Kennel have been sold last year (1889) from this Kennel had we had them. My price, \$100, is extremely low considering the well established reputation and lucrative facilities. I will give all time and advice required, gratis, to the successor. One having breeding experience is preferred, and would like to hand over before June next. Any parties meaning business need apply. M. F. MOOKOON, Proprietor, Blue Staff Kennel, Franklin Co., N. Y. Mar10,17

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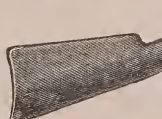
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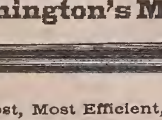
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WANTED.—A second-hand breech-loading shot gun, 12 bore, 30 inch barrel, in perfect order. Address, giving full particulars and lowest cash price, WILKINSON, office FOREST AND STREAM. Mar31,17

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SINGLE DUCK GUN, 8 bore, 40 inch dbl. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bar lock, rebounder, pistol grip, double grip action and very fine. This gun was imported to order by W. W. Greener, and is in splendid condition and a magnificent shooter. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRRES, 1 Cortland St. Mar17,17

TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND.—Two or three gentlemen can join a small club having lease of a good trout pond, well built and furnished camp, within 25 miles of New York city. Fine spring and full shooting in the neighborhood. Address F. HENIX, 60 horse street, New York city. Mar31,17

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The Kennel.

\$25 REWARD.—Lost at Grand Central Depot, New York, Feb. 13, a native bred setter dog, black head and ears, white star in forehead, nose and muzzle grey, one large black patch on right side, hair on shoulder, rest of body spotted black and white. The above reward will be paid for his return, and any information which may lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address "LYMAN," Revere House, New York. Mar31,17

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, England, and Lord, Ladyboys, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limerick, Libah, Laurence, Lena, Sydney, Bebb, Young Herb, Bessie II, Bar-tones, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,17

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 Price \$3 50.
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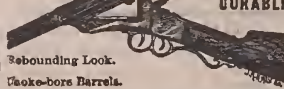
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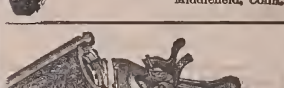
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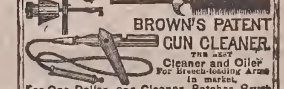
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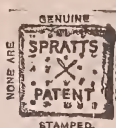
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 7.

THE SPRING SNIPLE SHOOTING.

IT is time for the snipe to arrive. For three months our dogs have had nothing to do; now, for two or three weeks, they can have a little work. All of our readers who shoot have looked forward for weeks to the coming of the snipe. The guns have been carefully looked over, cleaned and oiled, the shells loaded, the long boots dragged out from their hiding place and examined to see that they don't leak, and the dogs given an extra amount of exercise to wear off some of the fat that they have accumulated during their enforced idleness, and to harden their muscles for the severe exertion of trotting all day over the bogs and through the mud and water. For the next three weeks the meadows will be thronged with shooting men of all sorts and descriptions. If you choose to visit these meadows, you shall see, on any day during the remainder of April, an army of skirmishers who have vowed death to the unlucky snipe. There you will find the man accoutred in yellow leather leggings, white corduroy pants, a green hunting-coat and a fancy cap, who bears a gun bright with German silver mountings, carries a fringed game bag swung over his shoulder and is followed by a rabbit hound. You will find, too, the dandy, clad in velvet, with English high-laced boots, whose gun is of the most recent and improved make, and who is followed by, or rather around whom plays in circles half a mile in diameter, a well-bred pointer or setter, so wild and so little under command that it chases up every bird on the ground long before the gunner comes within shot. Mingled with these are the more sober-minded shooters, who, in long boots and quiet, well-worn suits of canvas, moleskin or fustian, handle their more or less well-broken dogs with a considerable degree of intelligence, and give a good account of themselves at the end of the day's tramp. Besides these men, there is the old fellow who carries usually a muzzle-loader, whose rags flutter wildly in the wind, and whom, but for his gun and dog, you would certainly take for a

tramp. This man scarcely speaks to his dog, and his dog hardly looks at him, but between them they find more birds than all the rest of the shooters put together; and the snipe that gets up within range of the old man has a marvellously small chance for life.

Our green-coated hunter, if he has good luck, returns home from his snipe-shooting with a mud-hen, a spotted turtle and a musk rat, which he found swimming in a creek in the meadow, and which, after it was wounded, his hound retrieved in excellent style. The dandy has even less to show, for he disdains the turtle and the musk-rat, and has nothing but one snipe, wounded by some one the day before, and today picked up and somewhat mangled by the dog, from which he recovered it after a sharp struggle. The others have each three or four birds, while the old ragg-man has, likely enough, fifteen or twenty.

Snipe shooting on the best known meadows here in the East is no longer sport. It has become a circus performance, in which each one who carries a gun acts the part of clown. The grounds are crowded, and if a dog makes a point you see men hurrying from all directions to surround the bird, each one fondly hoping that when it rises, it may fly toward him. The ground, having been thoroughly beaten over by the shooters, a portion depart for other meadows, while others, more lazy or more knowing, proceed to roost on the fences, the logs or the musk-rat houses, near the best feeding spots in the hope that during the day other birds may drop in. Should an unlucky snipe, startled from another piece, appear in the heavens, each man of the waiting multitude hastily seeks ambush behind his late seat, and if the bird alights, a wild rush is made for the spot he has chosen for his refuge. It is go as you please in very truth, and when the unhappy bird arises, pounds of shot are sent after him by his panting and breathless pursuers.

There are many pieces of meadow or bog land, however—each of our readers probably knows of one or more and jealously guards the secret of its existence—where a few birds are to be found each season. One can go in the morning and start from one to three birds, and again toward night with a reasonable hope of picking up one or two more. The spot is probably a small one, and we know just where the birds will be lying, according to the wind and the weather. The old dog trots carelessly, as a matter of form, through the portions where the birds never lie, and as he approaches the well-known feeding-ground, gradually slackens his pace. He takes advantage of the wind, and at the first breath of the scent stops until we come up. Then, slowly advancing and keeping just in front of us, he moves on a little farther, and stops once more. We step forward, and one, two or three birds get up. We kill what we can of them, and usually they can all be secured, and then pass on to some other ground. If we get a dozen birds and meet no one during the day we feel that we have done well, and go home at night contented.

Far different is the shooting in the West and Southwest, where a man can bag from fifty to seventy-five birds in a day. But, alas! the West and Southwest are far off, and the snipe is proverbially an uncertain bird, so that the business or professional man has but little encouragement to travel far for the spring shooting. Yet there are undoubtedly many localities which offer superb sport at this season of the year, but those who know where such places are as a rule keep the information to themselves.

The practice of shooting the snipe in spring is one which, in our opinion, is unhesitatingly to be condemned. We know well enough the old and worn out arguments in its favor: that the snipe are the only birds on which we can work our young dogs in spring; that they are the only birds we have which can be shot in the field between the close of the fall shooting and its opening the following year; but these statements are no reply to the undeniable fact that the birds are killed while on the way to their breeding grounds—nay, in some instances on their very breeding grounds, and often with eggs almost ready for deposition. These birds have been found nesting in Connecticut, New York and in Pennsylvania, and it is in the highest degree probable that, were it not for the uncompromising war which is waged up on them in the spring, many of them would each year raise their broods with us instead of, as now most of them do seeking safety from persecution in more northern latitudes.

We hope some day to see the game laws so amended that snipe shooting shall only be permitted during the fall migration, and when such a law is passed and observed we look to see the birds increase once more to something like their old numbers.

Most of our readers are old enough to remember when these birds were fairly plenty on our Eastern grounds, both in spring and fall. That day has long passed, nor can we hope for its return until the spring snipe shooting is done away with.

THE FISHCULTURAL DINNER.

FOR some years past it has been the custom to have a dinner at the close of the annual meeting of the American Fishcultural Association, at which dishes composed of such fishes as are attainable shall form a large proportion of the bill of fare. These dinners have obtained such a local renown for the quality of their menu and for their flow of wit that they are quite popular among gentlemen outside the association, and so it happens that on all occasions the latter outnumber the fishculturists. This year the notices read "Dinner of the American Fishcultural Association, at Sieghorner's, 32 Lafayette Place, Thursday, March 31, 1881, at 6:30 p. m. ('Tickets, five dollars.)"

At seven about thirty-five sat down and found an elegant card with the same beautiful chromos on the covers which were designed for Mr. Blackford's trout opening, on the inside of which was the following:

MENU.
ENTREES.
Blondoise de tortue a la grande duchesse.
Bisque d'oreilles, cardinal.
Amontillado.
HORS D'OEUVRE.
Ravioles of hard cheese a la Grimod.
Whitebait a la diable.
BELEVRES.
Rale au beurre noir.
Nicoisieur.
Redsnapper a la Windsor.
Filet de bœuf pique a la Duc de Montebello.
St. Etienne.
Moyonnaise de crevettes. Salade a la russe.
Pommes nouvelles. Asperges.
Courcoubes. Tomates. Radis
ENTREES.
Grenadins of chicken halibut a la Robespierre.
Poussin sauté et glacé en surprise. (?)
Muscovado au social.
PIECES FROIDES.
Aspic de carpe mouillé a la Neptune.
Grande piece de saumon en mayonnaise a l'artique.
Nicoisieur.
ROTI.
Striped bass pique et farcie a la normando.
Shad baked a la haitie et d'hotel.
English snipe sur canapé.
Cresson. Pommeury sec. Salade de fattue.
DESSERT.
Glace Napolitaine. Sorbet Americain.
Petits fours. Gateaux d'amanides.
Fruits. Dessert assortis.
Cafe.

Mr. Roosevelt, President of the Association, presided, flanked by Profs. Goode and Atwater, while Mr. John Ford, of the Times and the Ichthyophagous Club; Mr. Blackford, of the Whitebait Identification; Mr. W. M. Laffan, of the Tile Club and Long Island R. R.; ex-Mayor Smith Ely; Judge Godney; Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell and Mr. E. R. Wilbur, of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. Gilbert E. Jones, New York Times; Mr. James Annin, Jr., Rec. Sec. Am. Fishcult. Ass'n; Capt. J. H. Mortimer, the sailor naturalist; Mr. Charles B. Everts and Mr. F. Mather, of the Ass'n; and Messrs. C. Norwood, Jr., R. B. Hill, Douglas Smythe, G. W. Van Sicten, W. Ottman, C. L. Van Brunt, Mr. Embee, O. N. Jordan, J. L. Perley, Gaston L. Feuardent, W. Haveshaw and several gentlemen from the press. Little of note occurred until *Rais au beurre noir* was reached, when some gentleman of an ichthyological turn discovered that *Rais* was only another word for skate, and those to whom the dish was new approached it with caution which was soon laid aside, and all pronounced it "good," some adding "excellent," and others indulging in other superlatives, while three gentlemen asked the waiters for another piece. With the advent of the *Amion* the President arose and said the Fishcultural Association was now ten years old and its record was a proud one. The United States Fish Commission had grown out of it. Ten million salmon had been brought from California and planted in Eastern waters, and think of the good dinners in ten

million salmon! While he was in Congress he had advocated the propagation of fish, and James A. Garfield had voted to carry on the work. Now Garfield is President of the United States and the speaker is president of the Piscicultural Association. If part of the work of the association is to find presidents we can supply them for ages to come. Before the advent of the Smithsonian in fishculture we all knew a little ichthyology, but now they make new names so fast that we can't keep up, and he would call on Prof. Goode to give us the latest atrocity in nomenclature.

Prof. Goode said that perhaps the President would be best pleased with the restoration of the Russian name for the California salmon, which was now *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha* (we hope we do not mistake the spelling), and he would leave the gentleman to pronounce it as he chose.

Mr. Penardent caught the word "restoration," and immediately bethought him of the Ctesola statues, but his mistake was kindly corrected when the President remarked that while on the subject of words he would say that a gentleman had proposed a new Greek word for a class of fishes to-day, at the piscicultural meeting, which the author got stuck in pronouncing, and he now called on Mr. Mather to tell what it was and what it really meant. The gentleman referred to stated that it was late in the day to remember Greek words said in the morning, but that if the word was Greek to the worthy President, he would assure the members that it was also Greek to him. Mr. Hill was called on to know what relation the Long Island Railroad bore to fishculture, and replied that it was built entirely to afford facilities to this association to go a-fishing, and to bring skates to the President of the Ichthyophagous club, and referred to Mr. Laffan for confirmation. Mr. Laffan stated that his principal duties on that road had been to refuse passes to the President of the Piscicultural and his friends; that he had more than earned his salary during the past year and had been promised an assistant.

Judge Gedney rose to inquire if the skate which had been eaten to-night was of the roller or parlor variety; and from this time until 11:30 the wit flashed with such brilliancy that Seignior turned down the gas in order that the fire department might not be called out, and our eyes were dazzled so that it was no longer possible to take notes. We remember, however, that Mr. Everts spoke of the excellence of Vermont trout; and that Mayor Ely was called to account for the great numbers of little eels, after which the "good nights" were said and all retired to dream of skates eating chicken halibut on the half shell, or blue points pointing at the young eels which were running down the President's chair-back.

PROTECTION OF INTRODUCED GAME.

We print below the full text of a bill passed at the last session of the New Jersey Legislature and approved by the Governor, March 7, 1881. Such a law has been greatly needed by those interested in game protection, who have heretofore, when they turned out these birds, had no security that even the breeders let loose by them would be shot or trapped by selfish or pot-hunting individuals.

The step taken by the New Jersey Legislature is in the right direction, and all friends of game protection will feel encouraged at the action taken by this body. It is earnestly to be hoped that other States will follow in the footsteps of New Jersey, and that at no distant day we may feel confident that birds not indigenous to the East may, at least, have a fair chance to establish themselves here before they become objects of pursuit to the sportsman.

The text of the bill referred to is as follows:

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

An Act to Protect and Propagate Grouse or Prairie Fowl.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That where any person or game club shall, at their own expense, procure any grouse or prairie fowl, and turn out the same upon his or their lands or game preserve, and the same or their offspring shall stray or go upon the lands of others, it shall not be lawful for any person other than the owner of said lands or member of said game club to shoot any grouse or prairie fowl, and no person shall trap or catch the same.

2. And be it enacted, That any person other than those authorized by section one, shooting grouse or prairie fowl, or found catching with trap or any other device, any grouse or prairie fowl shall, upon proof and conviction thereof, before any justice of the peace of the county wherein the offense was committed, or any other court of competent jurisdiction, pay to the treasurer, for the use of said game club, or to the person turning out the same, as the case may be, for every such grouse or prairie fowl the sum of ten dollars, with cost of suit, or an imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding three months, or both, at the discretion of the court.

3. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to kill, by gun or in any other manner, any grouse or prairie fowl, between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of October, yearly and every year: every person so offending shall be subject to the penalties named in section two of this act.

4. And be it enacted, That every member of any association or organized game club in this State, turning out any grouse or prairie fowl upon their lands or game preserve, shall be and are hereby empowered to prosecute, either in his own individual name or the name of the game club of which he is a member, for the penalties above prescribed for the violations of the provisions of this act.

5. And be it enacted, That this act shall continue in force for a period of five years.

6. And be it enacted, That this shall be deemed a public act and take effect immediately.

ALL OF OUR READERS will pursue with interest the very full and exhaustive account of brant shooting on the Massachusetts coast which we publish this week. The author is an old brant shooter, and is thoroughly familiar with the particular phase of this sport which he describes, and no one could speak more authoritatively on the subject than he.

The Monomoy Branting Club is certainly to be congratulated on its prosperous condition, and on the excellent sport which its members enjoy.

THE PISCICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—We give this week merely a synopsis of the proceedings of the late meeting, but will give a full report of the transactions, papers and debates in future issues. It was one of the most agreeable meetings which the association has ever held, and the character of the papers read was fully equal to that of any previous meeting. The papers by Profs. Goode and Atwater were exceedingly valuable.

Quæstio, s'ocuse.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.

WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MONOMOY BRANTING CLUB.

BRANT-SHOOTING is a peculiar kind of sport that but few have indulged in. There are many obstacles in the way. The haunts of the birds are few and isolated, their feeding grounds limited, their sojourn brief; nor can any degree of success be achieved without the proper appliances, such as a house to live in, boats, boxes, bars, live decoys and a skillful hand to manipulate them. With, however, all these are attained no sport is shown on the coast of New England gives greater satisfaction or better rewards the energy and skill of the sportsman. The birds are large, numerous and, gastronomically, have no superiors. This little goose must not, however, be confounded with the brant of the West. In some of the States almost anything in the shape of a goose is called "brant." Our bird—*Anser bernicula* and *ferula berula*, Steph.—weighs about three and a half pounds. But they are not distributed universally along the Atlantic shores as are Canada geese, black ducks, coot and other aquatic birds. At the easterly end of Massachusetts is the nice, old-fashioned town of Clatham, and some three miles away to the southward of this is the island of Monomoy, a mere belt of sand running still further southward about six miles. Almost the whole of Cape Cod is composed of a granulated silicious sand which has great mobility in wind or water. Monomoy shares the common heritage of the cape and her sister isles. Had Rip Van Winkle fallen asleep on Cape Cod in place of Kaatskill he would on waking have found the harbor, channels and islands metamorphosed as thoroughly as the people. Not many years since the bar or island of which we are speaking had a ship channel between it and another similar bar, Nauset, through which the commerce of the town was carried on. Subsequently a shifting current filled the channel with this moveable sand, connected the bars and closed the entrance to the inner harbor. Still later, during a severe easterly storm, a crevasse near the town was made in the outer bar which has since so widened as to allow the tide to ebb and flow through it. This change of current has not only choked and fretted away the hill upon which stood the government light-house, compelling its removal, but also washed away the wharves, filled the channel and ruined the remnant of commerce that was left to the unfortunate town. What strikes one as most singular at this place is that at a depth of some fifty feet below the foundation of said light-house, where the hill has been cut away by the action of water, the stumps of large trees, quite unlike any forest growth of the present day in the vicinity, are exposed in view. Overlying these stumps is a stratum of clay which has the appearance of being hardened into rock by the pressure of the sap reabsorbed mass of sand or some other cause. Similar instances of large stumps still remaining in salt marshes occur at Hingham and other places along the coast. Of course these large trees did not grow in salt water. Whether the erosive waves have destroyed the barriers that guarded these dozens of the forests or the whole coast is not expressed than formerly, we leave to the researches of the archeologists to determine.

Facing eastward from Monomoy one sees the broad Atlantic where "they on the trading flood ply, stemming nightly toward the pole." It is no uncommon occurrence for a fleet of a hundred sail to be seen at anchor or struggling against wind or tide to reach a port, and many a gallant ship has been wrecked on the coast. The waves are so expressed upon the beach as a mere toy. After an easterly gale one of the objects of intense interest to tourists is the matchless grandeur of the spectacle of "bills of seas Olympus high" that dash themselves in thunder upon this sand bar, again and again to be absorbed in the bosom of the reluctant wave. On the westerly side of the island, stretching up and down some miles, is what is called "Clatham Great Plains," a sandy beach that water flows, varying from two feet to twenty nothing according as it is full or near tide. Adjoining these flats on the southerly or westerly side is deep, blue water where grows an immense quantity of common eel grass (*Zostera marina*) upon which the brant feed; and this is the great feeding ground for these birds on Cape Cod. So attractive is this locality that thou and of these little *Anserina* assemble here every spring to feed and bask in preparation for the long journey to the Prince Edward's Island to their breeding grounds at or near the North Pole. It will be understood the marine vegetable that proves so savory a morsel to the brant grows in water five or six feet deep at high tide, and as these birds are not divers they can only feed at low or nearly low tide. Then as the flood tide drives them from their feeding grounds, particularly when it is breezy, the birds become uneasy and scatter about in little "pods" or flocks, evidently seeking and their feeding grounds or more comfortable quarters where they can rest till the tide ebbs so they can return to the feast. It is during this periods—about half flood to half ebb tide—that the brant are fitting about over the flats and are liable to catch sight of and be lured to the decoys; and it is during these four or five hours each day that the shooting is done. The time for the brant to arrive from the Southern spring waters considerably; in fact, none of the swimming birds—*Natæores*—are as punctual on time as are the

waders or *Grallatores*. A warm, forward spring brings along the brant in considerable numbers by the 1st of March; whereas, a backward season will hardly make good shooting before the end of that month, and by the 1st of April so few remain as to offer the sportsman no inducement to pursue them further, though it is not infrequently a few straggling flocks may bescon as late as the 1st or even the 10th of May. During this period they are constantly coming and going, especially when the wind is to the southward and westward. It will be readily observed that the shooting season at best only extends over a period of four or five weeks. They rarely stop at this place in autumn on their way South, and if they do are not to be fat on the water. The birds on arriving in the spring enter the bay from the West in flocks or gaggles—varying from a few individuals up to several hundred—at no great distance from the mainland, sometimes passing directly over not deigning to stop even though their food is abundantly spread out before them, and thousands of their less suspicious brethren are feeding there, while other flocks will gradually lower themselves down, swing round once or twice, then plunge into the water. All the migratory birds that follow the coast line must of necessity pass this point both spring and fall. Sometimes they lift and go over Nauset Bar or Monomoy Island, and sometimes they pass around the southerly end of the island, Cape Malabar, but the great mass rise to a safe altitude, strike a "bee line," east by north, and pass directly over this strip of land. We have on one or two occasions seen a flock of birds that must have a pocket compass placed in the top of his head so unerringly do they steer. The flocks of brant on arriving, departing or passing over are quite irregular in shape—now in column, now in line, now one end or the other folding upon the centre, now are in a bunch, then again in line, and as the little dark specks disappear away down the dim, distant eastern horizon they are more and more scattered in the latter position. All the other. Of all the multitudinous millions we have seen during the last quarter century not a single flock was ever for any length of time in unicorniform or V shape as are Canada geese. We do not pretend to say how they fly in other latitudes or under other circumstances. Dr. Kane and other good authorities have spoken of their flight as being conical. We have on one or two occasions seen a flock of birds on the ground at Wellington Channel or Kamschatka Bay, but does not accord with our observations at Cape Cod. One would naturally suppose on seeing these birds constantly feeding at any locally along shore it would be easy enough to kill them. There are many such places up and down our coast, but for reasons very few birds can be killed. At the mouth of Bass River many brant linger and feed through the entire season, but they are not to be shot, for the water is so shallow and successfully worked that the water is too deep, the shooting bluff and the brant feed only at low tide. A box might be placed on the feeding ground, and operated for a short time during each low tide, but the depth of water in the immediate vicinity would prevent the recovery of cripples, an important item in brant shooting, and moreover, all our experience teaches us that shooting these birds on their feeding grounds soon drives them to their common haunts, and they would never return. The same conclusion was arrived at on examining the harbor of Nantucket. It will be found even at Clatham that before any shooting can be done a vast amount of hard work is to be performed. The feeding grounds and flats are so far from the town that living there is not practicable, and a shanty or house must be built on the island. Boxes and traps are not to be put out, but the live decoys and a well dug for fresh water. This arrangement is a curiosity to the uninitiated. The island where the shanty is located is not over 200 yards wide, but of undulating surface, i. e., composed of little hills and valleys or basins. If a hole three feet deep be dug in one of these basins and a common flour barrel inserted it will on the flood tide partially fill with pure, soft water, and will continue to rise and fall with each tide. The reason for this is that it falls upon this porous sand and percolates till it reaches shallow water, which, being of greater specific gravity, holds or buoys up the fresh water. If, however, one digs a little further down he will pass through the fresh water stratum, and arrive at bog mud, showing conclusively that this sand has been driven from the beach by the wind, and deposited on the island. In fact, the reason for this is that the water in the shanty, but an abundant supply of fresh potable water will be found indisputable to health and comfort.

Various contrivances have from time to time been introduced for slaughtering these wary winged wanderers, but none have succeeded so well as shooting from boxes built in the sand. It would really seem to one not acquainted with their peculiarities and habits, these immense flocks could be approached and slain by the use of a gun. The reason for this has been tried and as often failed. A well trimmed "float" in the hands of a skillful manager was tried with no better success. For several years one club used that domination of all true sportsmen, a "floating battery." This was anchored on or near the feeding ground, and for a short time met with moderate success, but the birds with their keen eyes soon discovered the location and were not to be deceived.

The bay is miles wide, and a stiff breeze or squall keeps the flood into such turbulent waves as to endanger the life of the occupant of said nuisance, and it was a wise move when they concluded to abandon the battery and return to the old method of shooting from boxes. About the same time the battery was in use some twelve years ago wood decoys were introduced, but to our mind were of doubtful necessity, for the live decoys, with all their disadvantages, do not attract the attention of a passing flock, but they rarely ligh with them, and if perchance they were deceived into such impropriety, the deception would soon be discovered, and so hasty a retreat made as barely to give the gunner a snap shot at a single bird. Nor are they very likely to swim up and mingle freely with dead decoys or wood decoys, but they are very shy, and it is true that sometimes a flock of brant that otherwise would not think of coming near the bar, will fly up and scale round a lot of wood decoys, but such flocks, scattered by doubt and fear, offer very little satisfaction to the sportsman, nor will any great shot ever be made in this way. Once fired at on the wing they will not return, but if allowed to alight in the water and swim up to the decoys a much larger number will be killed, and then the same flock will afterward visit the bar and repeat this several times on the same day. They do not seem to be frightened out of their wits when fired at on the bar, or near the live decoys, as they do on the wing or near wood decoys. Still, if two or three clubs are operating at the same time near each other, the one having most wood decoys, other things being equal, will get the most wing shots. But our boxes are not yet so perfect, and this is not all. To accommodate three persons, must be about six feet long, three

ness is found to be caused by the presence of an intestinal parasite—named by Dr. Spencer Cobbold *Strongylus douglasi*.

This worm was discovered by Mr. Arthur Douglas, and appears to subsist on the coats of the ostriche's stomach. No remedy has as yet been found for these parasites, nor has the cause of their existence been discovered, and the question of what is to be done in the matter is becoming a serious one to South Africa farmers.

SNAKE EATING SNAKE.

IN the number of FOREST AND STREAM for March 3, a correspondent criticises the account given by me in a previous number of the paper of the killing and swallowing of a rattlesnake by a large gopher snake, particularly the statement that the victor bit off the head of the vanquished, and rejected it before swallowing the body, and the editorial comment is that the act could not be performed by a serpent.

It happened that I received the paper with the above comments at the house in South Florida where the affair is said to have occurred. I therefore allowed the paper to my informant, Mr. Bartolo Paecetti, and asked if there was any error in my repetition of the story. He replied that there was none, that he saw the occurrence in his own door-yard, that it was seen by all his family, and also by a visitor, a Captain Hatch, master of a vessel trading on the coast. That the whole battle between the snakes occupied two hours during which they were closely watched, and were so fiercely engaged as to pay little regard to the observers, that the biting or chewing off of the head alone took nearly an hour.

And here Mr. Paecetti remarked that if the writer in FOREST AND STREAM had ever examined the teeth of a gopher snake, which resemble those of a file saw, he might change his opinion as to the possibility of the act. It went on to say that the gopher snake had finished the business, and had gone away unharmed, that he, Paecetti, buried the severed head under a tree in the garden from fear of accidents from the fangs. "I said he," "This is a true story which I buried the head, and perhaps I could find the bones of it there still, though it is ten years ago." This man is entirely truthful and trustworthy as will be testified by all who know him, and they are many, he being an old Floridian well known on this coast as the best fisherman in the region as well as a good hunter, and an Indian scout in the Seminole war.

I may add that I also had the account of the biting off of the head in all its details from Captain Hatch mentioned above.

Such is the positive testimony which I produce to confirm my statement, which I may be permitted to say is of at least equal value with a negative found on general theories.

Halfway Inlet, March 21.

S. C. CLARKE.

FACTS ABOUT DEER.—GLEN FALLS, N. Y., March 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your issue of March 24 a communication from Mrs. Westminister, B. C., about deer and what becomes of their horns.

Now what I have to say I have ascertained by an experience of twenty-five years of hunting and trapping in the northern part of the New York wilderness, in the southern parts of Franklin and St. Lawrence counties, and it corroborates the opinion of the above correspondent in respect to the weight of large bucks. If the whole carcass weighs over two hundred pounds, and such are very rarely seen, but occasionally I have captured deer that would go a little more when in prime condition. The heaviest one I ever killed was in October, 1876, three miles below the village of North Lawrence on Deer River, and I brought it there to ship to Moira Station, the next east of where I then lived, but as I received a bid for the venison dressed, at 12¢ cents per pound, I accepted the offer, for then I should have to skin, allow and send to the city, and I never saw a deer set with one exception; the left horn had nine tips and the right but eight. Can any one tell by the tips how old he was? The meat of this buck weighed 208 pounds with the legs off at the knees and gamblers. I sold the horns on the spot for three dollars. I think the hide, rough tallow, legs and head and horns would, if weighed, have brought up his weight to 250 pounds. This was a buck that had fattened on the grain and turpentine feeds the farmers. This, real as it is, is not only one of the weights in thousands, but the funniest part of the whole affair of killing this old stager came in this way. It was near sundown, and getting impatient I had started for home—four miles—and left Deer River behind a few rods. Suddenly I heard my old dog, Spot, at work on the creek, and knew by the sound he was swimming; all of a sudden he started for the river below and I for the river above, and on reaching I saw a wack as if some animal was swimming in the water, and such was the gray of the evening. He swam low in the water and was trying to hide as he had done before. It was getting dark, and being higher and having a side shot I held for his eye and let fly. Down went his old chair head, and what a floundering he made; but he couldn't get his big head out of the water. The fact was, my ball struck near the eye, but glanced and slid under the hide across his forehead and did not penetrate the skull but stunned him, and so the venison was "found drowned" in respect to him, when they are first shed naturally they are quite soft, and the bucks eat them before they leave unless driven from them. I have found them gnawing them, and tame bucks will also eat them if not provided with salt.

—JOYNER.

It is a well-known fact that cattle will chew and munch bones if they are not provided with salt.

CANADIAN BIRDS NOTES.—NEW YORK, March 29.—Your correspondent, "An Able," in your issue of the March 23, paid a well-merited tribute to the valuable ornithological researches and observations of John Neilson, of Quebec, upon the Canadian fauna. I am authorized by Mr. Neilson to say that he is now engaged in arranging for publication through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM a series of short notes upon the land birds of Northern Canada. In a recent letter to me, Mr. Neilson says that his notes are now well advanced and that he expects to forward them very shortly. You have already had submitted to you a few extracts from his voluminous memoranda.—G. M. FAIRBOLD, JR.

WINTER RANGE OF THE SONG SPARROW.—BRADFORD, Pa., March 21.—In your issue of March 17 "Lycoming" is surprised at seeing a song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*) through the winter. Last Christmas I saw one but heard no songs. March 16 I saw two and both were in full song. See "Cooles' Birds of the Northwest," p. 139.—Winters as far north as

the Middle States, if not in southern New England," also Maynard in "Naturalist's Guide"—"Have taken it December 3.—STALLA.

We have seen this species wintering in Connecticut.

MATED, BUT NOT MATED.—I have long known that I have god of love was, to say the least, very short-sighted, but he was loath to believe that in the dear creature was stone blind; but I have just witnessed an exemplification of the truth of this that entirely convinces me of the fact. I will recount the tale that you may fully understand the reason for my belief. Some eight years ago, upon one of the coldest mornings of the winter, my little boy came running in all excitement and had me come quick, for a wild duck had just alighted among the hens. Hastily seizing my gun and a couple of shells I followed him out and caught a glimpse of a strange-looking duck as she ran under the shed. Standing guard at the entrance, I ordered the boy to go in and catch her. As soon as he came near her she rose and started for the opening, and as she went over my head I made a grab and was fortunate enough to seize one of her legs, and, notwithstanding she gave me several severe whacks with her wings, I held on. Upon examination she proved to be a female "Muscovy." I clipped her wings and gave her the freedom of the yard where she has been ever since. Although I have provided several mates for her she has invariably turned up her nose at them and obliged them to keep their distance; and my fear, that "Old Prim" as we called her, would die an old maid, appeared well grounded. A few days ago I was presented with a pair of black-red, game hantams. I turned them down among the ducks—of which I have five pairs. The drakes held a short council of war and, deciding that the interlopers must be driven from the pond at all hazards, advanced in battle array and at once commenced a furious onslaught. The cock, with the well-known pugnacity of the breed, stood his ground, and by a well-directed blow soon hurst the tide of battle and forced his assailants to beat a hasty retreat. "Old Prim" had taken a lively interest in the scrimmage from the first, and when she witnessed the utter rout of her importunate tormentors, and probably knowing full well that "the brave deserve the fair," she mostloyally sided toward the hero and with a vicious snort as though she would embrace him, in humble homage knelt at his feet, and with the proverbial gallantry of his race he ardently responded to her loving advances, and ever since this devoted pair have been inseparable. Surely the love of this ill-matched couple is "proof strong as Holy Writ" that the gentle king of hearts is blind as a bat.—SHADOW.

SPRING NOTES.—HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., April 4.—Bluebirds and blackbirds arrived March 10.

Robins arrived March 12.

Song sparrows March 13.

A great many shrikes here now, a large white-headed eagle has been here for a week trying to get a meal of dead horse, but the crows drove him away—a nice bird surely for an emblem of American liberty!

April 1.—Saw a large flock of pigeons flying east.

J. OTIS FELLOW.

NEW YORK, March 25.

The following notes as to the advancement of spring were made at Eastchester, N. Y. I think they would be of some interest as showing the progress of the season. Birds were not as plentiful as they usually are at this date. *Turdus migratorius* is quite common, and a few specimens of *Sialia sialis* were seen. In a piece of open ground I heard the rather sharp notes of *Sturnella magna*, which are very common on the salt marshes of that section, and should judge that they were residents. A scattering flock of black birds also noticed.

The frogs make the swampspecho with their music. Walking along the banks of the creeks that intersect the meadows in every direction I failed to see many *Trituridactyla*, a few species of *Rana* and *Pseudis* only observed. On a woody hillside, where the sun shone very brightly I noticed that the *Hepatica* was just preparing to bloom. Last season they were in blossom the latter part of February; also in a swampy piece of woodland the skunk cabbage (*Symplocarpus foetidus*) was projecting forth its curious spathe and spadix.

From the appearance of the burrow of an *Ardoromyia monax* I should judge that he had awakened from his winter's hibernation.

CHAS. EARL.

BUFFALO, April 8.

Lake Erie is still covered with a solid sheet of ice of over two feet in thickness. The advance guard of robins, bluebirds, cow black birds and song sparrows made their appearance as early as the 30th of March, but have since then not been reinforced to any appreciable extent. They are all male in good plumage. Niagara River is all open with the exception of the little creeks and slips running into it from the American and Canadian shore. Vast flocks of ducks, composed chiefly of bluehills, redheads and mallards, arrived a few days ago, and afford incidental sport to those who are hardy enough to decoy them behind blinds made of snow and face the cold weather which ranges only at mid-day above freezing point.

There are, however, no authenticated reports concerning the arrival of the Wilson's snipe, although vague rumors are current that they have been seen in the neighborhood of the city. It is hard to conceive how they could manage to make their hearings unless by an attachment of the diamond disk to their beaks, as the ground is either still covered with deep snow or frozen solid wherever it is bare. Unless they long looked for southerly sets in soon we may not look for an opening of the navigation before the end of May, if not later. The southwest winds which prevail here, like trade winds in May, convert the bay into a vast refrigerator by the vast fields of ice which are finally firmly wedged up at that eastern terminus of the lake.

CHAS. LINDEN.

TO OWNERS OF TAME GROUSE.—CORTLAND, N. Y., March 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: In my article of March 3, signed "Mig," describing the tame grouse, I thought of making the suggestion myself that if the bird could be mated with a hen grouse—as the one I have is a cock bird—it would be well to try the experiment of breeding them in confinement. As this bird shows quite a disposition to mate with a human hand, it seems quite probable that with proper care and a suitable place they would, if mated, produce their young. If either of the two gentlemen that mention in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM having a tame grouse will try the experiment or send the bird to me I will give the matter a fair test.—EUGENE POWERS.

A FOND FOSTER-MOTHER.—SARDIS, Miss., March 31.—Last fall I was out in the country a few miles south of this place, and while stopping to let my horse rest in front of a country store the proprietor, a very clever gentleman and an experienced angler, showed me a sight that made me open my eyes wide. It was an old yellow cat suckling two kittens and three young rabbits (hares). She had found them in a field near the store and, after guarding them until their mother came, caught and killed her, and gathered up the three little ones and brought them to live with her and her family in the store. They lived until they could run about the house then all three died. The foster-mother seemed very much distressed over her loss and for several days sat around the house and worried pitifully. This is a true story, and a number of gentlemen from town went out to see them.—CROOK.

PARTIAL ALTRINISM IN CANADA GEESE.—NEW YORK.—On the 25th of March, while shooting Canada geese (*Anser canadensis*) at Capt. Lane's, Good Ground, L. I., a bunch of seven lit on our live snoots, but out of gun-shot. While we were waiting for our tender to swim their nearer we had an opportunity to watch their movements as they washed and plumed themselves. The captain called attention to the way the gander was marked; his head had large spots of white on it instead of being all black. When we shot he was not among those killed, so we had no chance to examine him further. However, among those shot were two that were also marked all over, but in the other way. One had on each of his thirty pure white feathers in it, and in the other the white throat patch extended to the base of the mandible, which was also white to its tip. The eyes and other markings of these birds were normal.—WM. DUTCHER.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WINTER AND THE BIRDS.

STATISTICAL REPORT SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE STATE OF LAST WINTER'S WEATHER ON GAME IN DELAWARE.

THE very wide spread interest with which our notes on the effect of the winter on the quail in New Jersey have been received in all quarters has induced us to push our investigations still farther, and to include in our canvass the State of Delaware. This extends the inquiry still farther South and includes all of Maryland and all the northern portion of Virginia. The whole inquiry has thus covered a north and south sweep on this coast, reaching from about north lat. 41 deg. 30 min. south to lat. 38 deg. We wish to thank our correspondents for their kindness in so promptly responding to our inquiries.

NEW CASTLE COUNTY.

Centreville.—Birds are not very plentiful during the gunning season in this locality, owing to the fact that early in the fall season they travel south into the lower part of the State. The destruction has been somewhat greater than in former years. I think I am safe in saying fifty per cent. of the quail perished. They were fed to some little extent.

Christiana.—The destruction compared with the last five years has been enormous. This winter, two-thirds of the quail have been destroyed, and few remain.

Christiana.—The cold winter has killed almost all the quail. I have been making inquiries far and near, and have received poor accounts about the quail. The Game Association, of Wilmington, is importing quail from the Carolinas to fill the void. The rabbits have not suffered much, nor have the squirrels. I think the birds in our section have suffered by the snow this winter as much as they did in 1893, which nearly killed all the birds, and we had no shooting for some years. The loss in our section is ninety-five per cent.

Claymont.—I have understood from the farmers and sportsmen that the quail have been generally destroyed by the severity of the winter and the unusual quantity of snow. I have heard of no quail being seen or fed.

Delaware City.—I find now and then a man who has seen a covey of birds (quail) this spring, but am led to doubt the existence of more than ten or more of those alive at the end of the shooting season of 1880. Constantly recurring snows prevented successful feeding, and but little was accomplished.

Delaware City.—The effect of the cold and snows of the past winter has been very destructive to birds in this section. Fifty ninety per cent. of the quail have perished. We know of several farmers who have fed sick birds as took refuge in their barn or stock yards, or in other sheltered places near the dwellings. We have seen whole beavies frozen at roost, and starved to mere skeletons.

Frankland.—The cold weather and snow did the birds no very great harm in this section.

Forest.—The cold and snows have been very hard on the game in this section. The destruction of birds has been noticeably greater than in other years. I judge twenty per cent. perished. Very few birds were fed.

Forest.—A great many partridges have been seen and not less than 75 per cent. Few birds have been seen and none fed.

Glasgow.—The cold winter has killed ninety per cent. of the quail. The winter has been extremely hard on all kinds of game. We have a good supply of rabbits left. Birds have been fed and saved until the last heavy snows killed them.

Green Springs.—The quail were nearly all frozen in this section. Those that were left have since been destroyed by hawks. Gunners believe the quail are all killed.

Greenville.—As a general rule we have but few birds in the fall, and what few we have are gunned to death. In other words there are more gunners than birds. I have not heard of any quail being seen since fall. No feed was distributed.

Kirkwood.—The birds suffered more this winter than for a long time past. Think one half have perished. People in many cases tried to feed them, but the snows drifted in the night and covered the feed.

McDonough.—It is said that nearly all the quail in the upper part of the State have been killed, and fifty per cent. killed in the southern part of the State.

Marshallton.—The past winter has been a very severe one on quail in this section, and I should suppose some thirty to forty per cent. perished. Some birds were fed, but the majority neglected.

Middletown.—The extreme cold winter has nearly destroyed the game in our country. The destruction has been far greater than any winter since 1857. I think at least seventy-five per cent. of our birds have perished. Many were fed by the farmers, although it was a difficult task to reach them owing to the depth of snow.

Middletown.—The severe winter has destroyed seventy-five per cent. of the game in this section. The loss is greater than

in any year since the winter 1855-56. The birds were fed when practicable. They often froze to death rather than starved. We had more game last fall than in years.

Mount Pleasant.—Our birds almost entirely perished last winter, but very few are reported yet alive. Our farmers fed them whenever they could.

Mount Pleasant.—A large percentage of birds perished than in a number of years.

Newark.—The winter has been very severe on the partridge or quail here, but some remain in good condition. Some few were fed, others lived on the wild grapes in the low swamp-land. Quite a number were caught and kept over. The Game Association imported from North Carolina about 1,200 for stocking for use in the three counties.

Northampton.—Nine tenths of the birds were perished by the cold weather and snows. Some of the farmers fed some of the birds, but having no cover the hawks "cotched" the most of them.

Port Penn.—Destruction of game (quail) from the frigid severity of the weather last winter was much greater than in any previous years. But few birds saved by the exertions of the farmers and but few lived that had no protection.

Red Lion.—The farmers did all they could to save the birds, but the snows and the cold weather caused many of them to perish. I would say nine-tenths of the birds died.

Red Lion.—Game is not as plenty as it was last spring. I know of no one feeding the quail through the winter.

Rockland.—There were very few game birds when the cold weather commenced. Some were fed, but the others are supposed to have perished.

St. George's.—The cold and snows had a serious effect upon the quail in this section, though many have been protected, and the actual loss is not greater than usual from such weather. In this immediate neighborhood my inquiry and search has proven that not more than one-third of the usual number of quail have perished.

The Wood.—There has been considerable destruction of quail and rabbits in this vicinity. There are very few rabbits and not a quail to be seen.

Towson.—The effect of the snows and cold has been most terrible and destructive on the birds. Whole coveys have been found dead, frozen and starved. My impression is that very few escaped except those that were fed and otherwise cared for.

Washington.—The season is exceedingly scarce in New Castle County. No care has been taken of the birds during time of snow.

Wilmington.—Should say at least one-third of the birds in the northern part of the State have been killed. In the lower portion, thanks to the pieces which keep the snow from the ground in places, most of the birds manage to live. A good many were fed through the agency of our Game Association, although they were caught by our hunters. We are respecting the State and hope to have (all things taken into consideration) fair sport next season.

Wilmington.—From all I can learn in regard to quail in this section, the heavy and severe snows which covered the ground for about six weeks, our native quail are scarce. The Sportsmen's Association is making great efforts and have so far succeeded in buying a few birds for the State.

Yorktown.—This has been a hard winter on the birds, twenty per cent. have perished by cold or been killed by hawks. They were not fed regularly.

KENT COUNTY.

Bowers.—Some birds have undoubtedly perished, but though the loss is greater than for a number of years, the birds, having been fed by our farmers, are not exterminated.

Brenford.—The winter has destroyed more birds than usual, especially quail. No birds fed by farmers; in fact very few are left.

Camden.—In regard to the quantity of birds left after the severe snow storm in this section, I would reply that I have been gunning for past nine or ten years, and every year after the gunning season is over I take my dogs out at least once a week during the months of March and April for a double purpose—first to keep them in practice, and secondly to see how many birds there are left over. And in my opinion there are more birds this spring than I have seen for years; not only so many small birds, but in instances where there would have been but the snow not fallen, several small coveys of four or five birds each, all have gone together in one, I suppose for the purpose of keeping warm—and then our farmers and sportsmen have fed them; so I think, with what birds our Game Protective Association are turning out and the good luck of our native birds living through the very severe winter, we may look forward to a plenty of sport next season.

Camden.—I am inclined to say I do not think that any one of our birds has perished during the past winter. But the game laws of Delaware, as you know, commence on the first day of November and continue until the 15th day of February, and if the snow had not fallen and the gunners kept shooting until that time, I contend we would have had less birds than we have to-day. In other words, the gunners would have killed more than the snow did, from the fact that snow fell about Thanksgiving Day, stopping all gunning for the season. We admire your idea of getting views from different parties and places for the benefit of the readers of your valuable paper.

Camden.—Game of all kinds has suffered very much in this vicinity.

Camden.—The people of this community or section that last winter 75 per cent. of the birds were killed by the winter. We notice there are very few. Some farmer fed the birds.

Harrington.—We have had a very cold winter and some of our birds frozen, but not over ten per cent. of them I am sure. I am sure we have more birds now than we had last season at this time. Our shooting season does not run out until the 15th of February in this county. Our Legislature was a session when the winter was so severe, and we had a special act passed preventing the shooting or killing of any game for the balance of the season.

Havertown.—A great many birds have been killed from the effects of the cold and snows. I suppose 75 per cent. of quail are dead. The farmers to some extent have fed.

Havertown.—The hard winter has been very hard, on quail in this vicinity. I suppose 70 per cent. of the birds have perished. The farmers fed the birds to some extent.

Leprie.—We have not many birds in this section; the winter has killed nearly all.

Little Creek Landing.—The cold and snow have been very severe on all kinds of game, especially the quail have suffered, and a great many have perished. A great many birds have been fed by residents.

London.—The destruction of birds is scarcely noticeable except of quail, which I feel confident 75 per cent. perished. I saved one flock.

Magnolia.—The past cold winter and heavy snows have been very destructive to our game. Birds and rabbits have suffered fearfully. I think at least 75 per cent. of the birds were killed. Some farmers would feed the birds when they could find them, but the cold and snows came so suddenly upon them that the birds died before we could think they were suffering. Our game for the coming season I think will be very scarce.

Miford.—The cold weather and snow have been very severe on all kinds of game birds in this section. Partridges have suffered 25 per cent.; rabbits about 10 per cent. There were very few partridges killed in this section by the gunners, the snows being so deep, that they prevented the sportsmen from killing the birds. I am the largest dealer in game in the State. Last season I sent to Philadelphia and New York markets 7,000 partridges, 437 rabbits, 288 woodcock, and this season only shipped 2,300 partridges, 184 rabbits, 36 woodcock. I merely give you the above to show you the falling off in shipment. The partridges have been fed by the majority of our farmers. The game Protective Association have been buying the partridges from farmers who have trapped them, and have paid as high as forty and fifty cents for each. They purchased considerable of them in this vicinity, and turned them out a short time ago after feeding them all winter. A few days ago they received some Western birds, and have also turned them out, so the prospect is good for next fall shooting providing the summer rains don't drown the young birds. The rabbit shooters report that there will be plenty of this game next fall. From my observations there are as many rabbits here perished as was first thought.

Petersburgh.—I should say there was 75 per cent. of quail killed.

Smyrna.—The partridge (quail), lark and opossum have suffered the most of all, but still we have plenty left if nothing more happens.

Towson.—My impression here is that nearly all of our partridges have perished. Some few have been trapped and kept, and a few others have been fed by the farmers; but I think about 50 per cent. were destroyed.

Vernon.—Although the winter has been very severe on the game in this section, yet we think very few birds have perished. In a few instances they have been cared for by the farmers.

Wilmington.—Very few birds have perished here. From what I can learn not over 10 per cent. The timber lands have protected them. After the snow fell they got game, and a great many were trapped. The Game Protective Association paid twenty-five cents for birds kept until spring, so that there will be plenty left to breed.

Willow Grove.—The winter has been very destructive to the birds in this section. The quail are mostly killed. I suppose three-fourths of them were killed. A few farmers fed them, but not much.

Woodside.—The cold and snow have killed a great many birds, yet there are many left. A few farmers fed the birds.

Woodside.—The birds have not fared so badly since the winter of '05 as they have this winter. In many places there have been birds who have frozen to death on the roost. I have noticed that this has not happened to birds that have had a stream of water close by or a place that they could get water and gravel; but in places that they could not get water or gravel they are all dead. I think I can safely say that three-fourths of them are dead. The farmers fed a great many and tried hard to protect them from the negroes who were sneaking around and tracking them up and killing whole coveys at a shot when the birds were so poor that they could not fly. There are a good many birds in this section yet. There was very little shooting done here before the snow, and the coveys were left large, and where they were large they stood the winter better than small ones. I have three coveys on my place that have thirty-eight birds in the three. Did not lose one during the snow. They are in a heavy cripple. I also have eight Messina quail that have stood the winter nicely.

Woodsboro.—None of the game has suffered except the quail. They have perished greatly throughout this section and in Maryland. They have been found dead by whole coveys. It will take several years to make good the loss.

Woodsboro.—On account of the cold and snows a great many birds were frozen and starved to death. The destruction has been much greater than ever before. At least one-half have perished. Birds were not fed when found.

SEXSEX COUNTY.

Angola.—There have been a great many birds frozen this winter, as the weather has been so very hard on them. It has been unusually severe.

Bethel.—So far as noticeable, the destruction of birds has not been greater than in the past. The quail have not been fed to any great extent with us.

Black Water.—The hard winter has killed most of the birds; they are very scarce—hardly enough to raise. The farmers fed them well.

Cool Spring.—The severe winter has not killed many birds in this section. They were not fed by any one.

Ellendale.—The destruction of birds has been about one-third greater than in other winters, and a great many quail have perished. The farmers fed a few birds.

Ellendale.—A great many birds have died this winter—about twenty per cent. The farmers fed the birds.

Georgetown.—The birds were not so much affected by the cold weather. Farmers did not generally feed the birds from what I can learn. There are enough left for further batching.

Georgetown.—The cold here last winter was intense, at one time being as low as 17 degrees below zero, but I do not think that any quail perished from that cause, although it was a "close" slipping. The coveys were not plentiful here last fall, and consequently very few were shot as there was very little gunning. The farmers did not feed the birds, but several trapped them. I bought twenty-five pairs, the last of which I released on the 15th of February. I think there will be fully as many quail here next year as there was last. I am exporting more birds from our Game Protection Association soon, which I will at once put on the market.

Georgetown.—The cold and snows this winter have been very severe on the birds. A great many have been found dead. I suppose 25 per cent. perished. The birds fed on the grain the farmers did not get in before winter set in.

Laurel.—The cold and snow this winter have killed at least thirty per cent. of our birds. Our farmers have not cared for the birds as they should have done, consequently many birds have been butchered at night. Our Game Association has been importing Messina quail and restocking the State with game.

Lees, Hanover Farm.—So far as this farm is concerned, we have more birds, owing probably to my having sowed buckwheat, a patch on each end of the farm. We have three coveys with from eight to fifteen birds each. The prevailing opinion, however, is that the winter was very destructive, more so than in past years. I have no knowledge of farmers feeding birds.

Lees.—Winter very severe on birds. Loss of birds greater than ever before. Probably 10 to 20 per cent. of birds have perished. Nobody fed the birds around here; people are too indifferent.

Milton.—The past winter was a very severe one on the birds. For several days the thermometer was 8 degs. below zero. About one-third froze and starved to death.

Naas.—The cold and snow this winter did kill a greater number of the birds than for many years before. I think I can say that thirty per cent. was killed. Some of the farmers and others fed the birds.

Ocean View.—There were a great many birds found dead this winter, more so than for several winters. They were not fed.

Rehoboth Beach.—I will say it has been a very hard winter on the birds. I should say about twenty per cent. has perished. I have not heard of one farmer feeding the birds; they take no interest in game.

Rever.—I do not think the cold destroyed much game. The birds were not fed. A great many farmers did not get their crops in, the cold came on so early.

Safoard.—The hardest winter we ever had on game. Very few farmers fed the birds.

Safoard.—Quail have perished in great quantities during the past winter, we think eighty per cent. We have been getting quail this spring from North Carolina.

Williamsville.—This has been a very severe winter. In regard to game the cold has not been uncommonly destructive. The farmers did not take extra care to feed the birds.

NEW JERSEY GAME NOTES.

REPORTS as to the effect of the severe weather of the past winter on the game of New Jersey continue to come in, and we publish this week another installment of them. The very wide spread interest which this matter has attracted, even among people who do not shoot, is surprising. The great number of pleasant acknowledgments of our work, and the numerous complimentary notices of the press show in a most encouraging manner how strongly the idea that our game must be protected and increased, is taking hold of the people at large.

Bergen County.—Carlsbad.—Game in our vicinity has suffered very much this winter. Many birds have died for want of food. Barn-yards were the only refuge for starving birds. Residents have fed some of the birds.

Broadway.—I consider the cold this winter has destroyed many more birds than usual. No farmers fed.

Waukesha County.—Cato.—There seems to be an unusual number of quail, considering the hard winter. The farmers gave them attention by feeding. There is about the usual number of partridge in the mountains.

Calno.—The comfort of the birds has been looked after. There is the usual number of quail this spring. Partridge are growing much scarcer in this vicinity, although the seasons are not a favorable average.

Monroe County.—Danville.—At least one-half of the quail in this section have perished. Some farmers have fed and cared for the birds. We had a nice lot of birds, but they are scarce now.

Somerset County.—Bedminster.—The destruction of game birds in this vicinity has been greater the past winter than for several years. Fully forty per cent. have perished from snows, hawks and foxes. The farmers do not feed the birds at all.

Union County.—Roselle.—The cold weather has not perceptibly affected the birds in this township. Some of the residents feed the birds.

Merger County.—Yardville.—Game of all kinds is very scarce in this section, with the exception of rabbits. There are no other mammals.

Monmouth County.—Cott's Neck.—The destruction of quail by the severe snows of last winter is almost complete; have hunted around a good deal with good dogs and have only found sixteen birds.

Mantoloking.—The cold and snows have taken off about one-half of the birds. In many cases the birds have been fed, and I think there is enough left to do well.

Barren County.—Columbia.—The birds of almost every kind have suffered severely this winter in this neighborhood. I suppose thirty per cent. of the game birds have perished.

Mount Holly.—The severity of the past winter has been very hard on the quail in this section; also on rabbits. I suppose fully 25 per cent. of all kinds of game perished. In some places whole coveys of quail have perished. A few farmers fed the birds, but not many.

Ocean County.—Bennett's Mills.—Fully one-half of the birds have perished. I do not think the farmers fed the birds.

Barreget.—Birds are not numerous in this section of the county. The cold weather has probably destroyed two-thirds of them. The quail suffered severely and are now very scarce. More birds were shot than the winter of any year before known. Do not know of any farmers feeding birds.

Beach Haven.—The general impression is that many birds have perished during the winter.

Manchester.—Quail and rabbits are about the only game that winter here and more than one-half have been destroyed by the deep snows. They have not been fed to any extent.

Manchester.—Game is not plenty in this section. The quail suffered, and probably two thirds of them perished. Some of the residents fed them.

Camden County.—Sicklerville.—The game in our section is quail, rabbits and pheasants. The cold and snows have completely destroyed the quail, with the exception of a few that were saved. The destruction of quail has been greater than has been known for years.

Gloster County.—Williamston.—The snows and cold weather have destroyed all the quail in this place except what I caught and bought and fed. I had thirty-two birds—twelve hens and twenty cocks. I don't think out of 1,000 birds that were within two miles of our place when the season closed, that over forty are left, and I had thirty-two of them. I do not think that a bird should be killed in Jersey next season.

Bridgeport.—The cold and snows have killed ninety per cent. of the quail. There have been a few birds fed

by the farmers. I have made inquiry of all the farmers and gunners in this vicinity and from my own knowledge I believe this report to be correct.

COMBESMAN COUNTY.—*Milville.*—The winter has been unusually severe on the quail. Many have perished—fully ninety per cent. The same is true of rabbits. Along the sea-coast only about sixty per cent were destroyed.

Greenwich.—Many birds and other game were killed by the severe weather during the winter. The farmers and residents did feed the birds, but many were found frozen.

Gouldtown.—The severe cold weather, attended with continued snow, has had the greatest effect to destroy the game ever known. The birds have been nearly all killed. I have not seen one since the snow. I think the hawks go nearly all or quite what was left. Pheasants and rabbits are very scarce.

Finey Station.—There are scarcely any birds left in this section. I think nine out of every ten quail have perished this winter and there were a great many birds in this section. The farmers fed them.

Port Elizabeth.—The birds have not suffered very much in our section this winter. They have been well protected on the swamps.

CAPE MAY COUNTY.—*Cape May Court House.*—Game in this part of the county has perished with powder and shot, and the cold weather has about wound up the winter game. If the game society don't restock this spring the shooting is about finished. There are some English snipe (March 31).

Petersburgh.—The loss in this section has been principally in quails. At least one-half have been frozen to death. Quail took to the hard timber tracks and could not be fed by the farmers.

SPRING SNIPES NOTES FROM DELAWARE.

The latest reports from the State of Delaware indicate that the birds have not yet come in in any great numbers. As soon, however, as the present cold snap is over, and we have either a southerly rain storm or a few days of warm weather, we shall expect to hear of the arrival of a flight. The season is right and the birds may be looked for at any time. Through the kindness of our many correspondents we shall continue to furnish the latest information on this subject. The following notes will be read with interest by those who intend to travel the meadows and marshes this spring.

DESSERK COUNTY.

Ellendale, March 30.—There have been a few snipe; they came last week.

Ellendale, March 30.—Very few snipe yet.

Gundorrough, April 2.—Not many snipe here.

Lees, March 30.—Duck-shooting is not a success. Snipe have made their appearance.

Lees, March 31.—Duck-shooting fair at this time. No snipe as yet, about the middle of April we expect them. Plenty of geese going southward.

Lees, March 31.—The snipe have come. The first dozen were killed yesterday on the Great Marsh by the best gunner in this vicinity.

Milbon, April 5.—There are very few snipe this spring.

Nassau, March 30.—The snipe have just begun to come. Very good shooting.

Ocean View, March 29.—The meadows are in order for snipe.

Paris, March 28.—It is time for snipe here early in April. No birds have been killed yet.

KENT COUNTY.

Camden, March 28.—I have heard of some snipe being killed, but not enough to make it worth while going out for. But I think they will be out by the second week in April if the weather will only get warm by that time. I find in my travels an unusually large quantity of woodcock, apparently getting ready to lay.

Canterbury, April 4.—We do not have any snipe here, as we are some distance from the water. There are plenty around the water courses, some eight or ten miles from here, if the water has not dried up.

Harrington, March 31.—The snipe meadows are a little too wet as yet, although there are some snipe on now.

Hotlettsville, April 2.—We already hear of the snipe below.

Hotlettsville, April 2.—No snipe have been killed as yet.

Leipsic, March 31.—Our snipe meadows are in good condition this spring. There are plenty of snipe.

Magnolia, April 2.—Snipe have come on our marshes; not a very plenty.

Milford, March 30.—Snipe-shooting has just fairly commenced. Quite a few have been killed. Your scribe killed sixteen yesterday, with the wind to the southward. Should it hold for a few days we would have plenty of them. Our sportsmen are making great preparations for them. I suppose in this vicinity, last week, there was killed by our sportsmen upward of a hundred snipe. Ducks are quite plenty on our marshes and considerable are killed daily and shipped to Northern markets.

Vernon, April 4.—We have no snipe.

NEWCASTLE COUNTY.

Delaware City, April 4.—The wretched weather continues, and we have had but few snipe.

Forest, March 30.—A few snipe have been killed.

Port Penn, March 28.—It is time for the snipe now.

Port Penn, March 30.—Snipe are bowing along rapidly now, and the shooting will continue good for several weeks yet.

NEW YORK.—*Corlandt, March 20.*—A flock of wild geese, thirteen in number, have been in our immediate vicinity for over a week. They have in the meantime been hunted by boys and full-grown sportsmen both day and by night with the use of lanterns. I cannot ascertain that any have been killed, up to this time. They have never before been known to remain with us for so long a time.—**BURGESS POWERS.**

NEW YORK.—*Hayt's Corners.*—Saw first robin on the 16th inst., bluebirds and chickpees quite numerous here now. Have seen no wild geese yet. Snow mostly all gone; not a quail have I heard since January last. We have had a severe cold winter and I fear we will be no quail the coming season here. I trust there will be a move made by our best sportsmen here to purchase some to replace those which have been frozen.—**L. E. W.**

SCENE IN COURT.—*Judge:* Why do you plead for your husband when he has just given you such a beating? *Wife:* Because the beating has made me tender.

THE STORY OF A WILD GOOSE.

PHILADELPHIA, MISS.

SUNDAY, October 24, we had one of the largest flights of geese that has ever been known in this section, commencing about the middle of the day on Sunday and continuing through the greater portion of Sunday night. I went out of the house very early between dark and bed time to listen to the honking of the different flocks, and it was never the case but what plenty of them were within hearing. The geese were going southwest and none of them stopped with us. Some preachers reported, seeing one flock that had five or six white geese with them, which was rather unusual for this country, as the Canada geese are the only ones that ever visit us, and they nearly always pass over without stopping. It is only occasionally during protracted cold spells that a flock will spend a few days on a weak in some wheat field, but upon being shot at once or twice they go to other parts.

This migratory instinct which enable migratory fowls to start for a certain point thousands of miles away, and go with unerring certainty to that desired point, unless frustrated by fire lights or other causes, is rather strange to man who has the higher order of intellect and will often get badly lost within a few miles of his own home. That geese can and do start for a certain point and make their way with unerring certainty to that place under circumstances will go far toward proving. It was many years ago when our farming was in my father's workmen came to the house and told my father that he saw a flock of geese alight in the wheat field. As they were out in the open field of young wheat it was useless to attempt to get near enough to them to get a shot with a shot-gun, so my father took a trusty old rifle and succeeded in getting a shot with it, but he had to shoot a long distance, and only wing tipping geese he shot at. He brought it to the house, and it was with me shortly. A few members of the family concluded to try to tame it, and it was put into the garden and its wound dressed.

It was very wild at first, and the children on the place gave it the name of Wily. Soon, however, Wily began to show less fear, and before his wound was entirely healed he became so tame that he was allowed to stroll about the yard, and afterward to be placed with the tame geese and to go where he pleased during the day, but he and the other geese were confined in the yard at night. Wily soon seemed to be perfectly contented with his new home and companions, and showed no disposition to wander away. He remained with us I believe through the next summer and winter, and during the time seemed to regain the full use of his wounded wing, although from some misplaced feathers, or other cause, there was a constant creaking sound produced by his wounded wing while flying.

During the second winter that Wily was with us there was a school opened within a few hundred yards of my father's house, and the children would come down during recess and after school to see Wily, and they would often, by clapping their hands, screaming and running after him, cause him to take wing and fly for a considerable time. This became so constant that Wily would often leave the place and be gone during the day, but was sure to come home at night. As spring began to approach Wily seemed to grow restless under his treatment, received from the school children, and one morning he did not wait as usual to be started by them, but took wing very early, and after rising high in the air, and circling around the place many times, as if to take a farewell view of his little home, then with a few "honks," as if bidding those farewell who had loved and cared for him while with us, he turned his head northward and was soon lost to sight. Nor did he put in an appearance that night as we had hoped he would do. Days, weeks and months passed away, and still he did not return, and no hopes of ever seeing him again were entertained.

One day, after the next winter had fairly set in, a flock of geese were seen circling around the place, and the children ran out into the yard to look at them. They came nearer and nearer, and at last directly into the yard, and the leader of the flock alighted within a few yards of the dwelling-house door and in the name of the geese in his wing he was recognized as our Wily. The other geese in the flock had become accustomed to the noise and sight of the children would not alight, but after hovering over their leader a few seconds started away toward the wheat field.

Upon seeing their movements Wily arose, and after circling with them for a while took his place in front, and again headed for the yard. This he did several times, but upon being conveyed to his family would not share his old home with them he carried out to the wheat field, but he did not fail to make repeated trials for a number of days to get them to take up their winter quarters in the yard.

My father and brothers commenced shooting the geese from the flock as we would need them for the table, and during the week they remained around the place killed seven of the number. The shooting was done with the rifle, and while the geese were in some portion of the field, and only as one was wanted for the table that the flock might not be scared away from the place. Up to the time that the seventh goose was killed Wily did not fail to make several attempts each day to bring his followers into the yard nor did he seem the least afraid of the noise or sight of anything on the place. It is supposed that the seventh goose was Wily himself as the balance of the flock suddenly left and never returned.

We have had several flights of ducks since the one mentioned above, and many of the ducks have stopped with us, but they are only to be found in the sloughs and marshy places in the river swamp. Deer are sometimes plentiful here, and turkeys are often to be found in abundance. We have a tolerable supply of quail, but there are so many briars and so much brush that there is not so much sport shooting them here as there is in more open countries. Squirrels were quite plentiful during the summer and fall, and it would have been an easy matter for a good shot to have killed from ten to a dozen during a day's hunt. The squirrels were killed in the swamps now, but they are not quite so numerous as they were two or three months ago. Farmers often have to guard their fields here to prevent them from destroying their crops, and it is a great blessing to the farmer that the game law does not protect the squirrel. They often afford good summer shooting, and when the game law protects other game the summer takes revenge on the squirrel. The large and small turkeys do so much damage in the gardens and young orchards that it would be a great blessing to this section of the country if they were entirely exterminated. Our game law does not protect the hare and should not for we have plenty of better game less mischievous.

Our best sport here in the way of fishing is in May, and for what is here called blue breem. We take many other fish through the spring, summer and fall, many of which are very fine, especially what are here called trout (but what I suppose

are really big-mouthed black bass), and what are here called blue cat, channel cat and forked tailed cat (all the same fish) I would not like to give weight of the largest of these bass, without giving names as reference, but if your correspondent who a short time ago spoke of a full-grown bass that weighed 77 lbs. would like to write to Capt. James S. Lewis or Mr. Jesse Fisher, Watkinsville, Neshoba County, Miss. he will find that the trout (black bass) are often caught in this county that weigh from 9 to 12 lbs., and some extra large ones a little over 12 lbs. S. P. NASH.

AN ALLEGED DEER HUNT AMONG THE POCONO MOUNTAINS.

ON Tuesday, October 26, 1890, at 8:45 A. M., three individuals might have been seen loaded down with hunting gear steering for the depot of the Wind Gap Railroad.

The individuals referred to were Dick, Doc and Jim, and the two latter were bound for the Pocono Mountains for a few day's sport with the game in that vicinity.

Just as we reached the station the train hove in sight, and shortly after we parted with Dick, who waved us a farewell as we rounded a curve and disappeared from his view.

The weapons the two sportsmen carried were respectively a Deane and a Parker both 12 bore. As we calculated to spend some of our time in a deer country we took some luck with us, all stored in a place which could never be found in case of emergency. We regretted then that we could not take a rifle, but we rejoiced afterward that we had not do so.

Well, the distance to the Wind Gap (twenty miles) was passed over in the smoking car, where we made various surmises as to what our success would be.

We very foolishly left our dogs at home relying on our friends in the mountains. In due time we arrived at Wind Gap, a small village somewhat famous as a local summer resort. Here we met a gentleman who was going our way as far as Saylorsburg, and who promised to take our traps while we went through the woods in the hope of securing up some game. On the way we flushed a bevy of quail from which we caught a bird, but as a slight rain was coming up and our time there was limited we went on, reaching Saylorsburg just in time for dinner. Our traps had gotten to the hotel and our dogs were all right. They consisted of about 250 cartridges, two blankets, two rubber coats, two overcoats, camp, hatchet, tobacco, matches and a Colt. 44. The latter was intended for bears, which are by no means uncommon in those parts.

After an excellent dinner, which was well attended to, Doc and I started out despite the rain to find something in the shape of game. One grouse fell to Doc's gun, and that was all we saw. Returning to the inn we played "seven up" till dusk, then came a good supper and a chat with the landlord. Doc bargained with him to take us as far as Effort (eleven miles), and shortly after we turned in. Next morning we started out early, and walked to Lake Pappanamong to look for ducks. Saw none, but I had the good fortune to flush and cut down a grouse.

After breakfast we left for Effort where we arrived at 10:30. Now we were only six miles from our Mecca, but we did not like to rest until we had seen a few more birds. The game as night fall in our way. Our "friends" had gone back on us, so we had no dogs, and beating the brush is not much fun, still we had fair success and ate our lunch with the air of men who were having a good time, but we regretted that Dick and some other club members were not with us. Next morning we pushed on for Pocono about leaving the bulk of our baggage with mine host, Herr Eherle. Passing along this road the tourist or sportsman cannot help admiring the picturesque beauty of the scenery on all sides of him. Right ahead looms great Pocono, and just as we saw it a dark cloud crowned its summit, and seemed to frown down at its poor mortals for attempting to scale its sides. In the rear was the great Blue Mountain plain, distant and hazy, stretching around the country at our feet like a vast world whose only portal visible was the Wind Gap through which we had come.

We reached the summit of old Pocono about 9:30 A. M. Here, contrary to our expectations, we found a small wide inn. Upon inquiry we found that the proprietor of the place, Steve Hurst by name, was out deer hunting, but would return about noon, so we passed the rest of the forenoon looking around for lures and grouse, in which pursuit we were moderately successful. On the return of Steve we "put away" a substantial dinner and started out, Steve and old Joe Eherle, the old deer hunters, being the only ones.

The top of Pocono resembles the upper surface of a truncated cone, and is surmounted by a small mound known as Temple Hill for the base of which westward. When within a quarter of a mile of it we stopped and consulted as to what our best move would be. It was decided that Steve should go over the hill leaving us to watch the runways, so he gave us our directions and left. We waited, but no deer came in sight all that afternoon.

When Steve returned he said he had started a doe and two fawns, but they had gone to the north while we were carefully guarding the south. Next morning Doc proposed trying for deer again, but having strained my ankle the day before I decided to go off "on my own hook" and get what small game I could.

Before I had gone far a very large hare started off, giving me a fine chance for a quartering shot, so I let drive at him and he never turned back. The shot hit him and he died instantly. When I held him by the hind legs at the height of my waist his forelegs swept the ground, and I am a six-footer. Shortly afterward I saw an eagle about 200 yards distant. I commenced "crawling" for him, but he left when I was almost within range.

About noon I returned, hoping to find Doc, but he had not come back. I waited two hours for him and then took my dinner. Just as I was about to start for the east end of the inn, and with him were Joe and Steve, but no deer. They had been outwitted the same as the day before. At 4 P. M. Doc and I started back to Effort, which we reached without incident. We stayed there all night, and the next morning our man from Saylorsburg came for us with a wagon. He made much fun for the bystanders by his questions concerning our deer. The rest of our trip was made in a driving rain, and uninteresting in the extreme.

We just caught the last train from Wind Gap to Bethlehem, and with a hurried farewell to our host were whittled rapidly home.

As we brought most of our game home we had a game supper for the club at a celebrated restaurateur, at which Doc and I presided and were the lions of the evening.

aquaria; Willett H. Robison, Patohogue, L. I., small trout; E. B. Rogers & Co., North Stonington, Conn., wild trout, plump; E. B. Sutton, Babylon, L. I.; Thompson Bros., New Hope, Pa., very nice; C. Valentin, Brookhaven, L. I.; Seth Weeks, Corry, Pa.; E. W. Woodward, Manlius, N. Y., plump, spots yellowish. Messrs. Middleton and Carman also made a display of Long Island trout. Two gold fish, and large striped bass flanked by an enormous lobster.

The fishing tackle dealers were all busy as they have been for weeks past, in fitting out the anglers for the opening of the season. Among the anglers who braved the season on Long Island, to have a cast at the trout on that dreary day which appalled all but the thoroughbreds, there went to South Oyster Bay, Luntz, Joseph Stanley, J. Van Valkenburg, and Mr. Noble, of Brooklyn. To the South Side Club's waters, at Oakdale, over Islip, went Shepard F. Knapp, Thomas M. Bissett, Robert S. Burling, John C. Congreve, W. R. Breece, George W. Hall, Charles P. Fearing, Pelag Hall of Newport, Harry Nichols, George H. Palmer, F. Shushard, James Denard, Henry B. Hollins, Frank Johnson, John A. Lowery, Fred. H. Halsey, Roland Redmond, Mr. Peacock, H. R. Clark, John Halsey, Alexander Lutz, John Bier, Fred. De Luce, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Brand, Ed. Heylin, James Gluck and Ed. Matthews. Harry Miner went to Loest Grove. To C. F. Imbrice's and Mr. Wilbur's Green River preserve, at Sayville, went Andrew Clerk, James R. Thompson and others. Charles E. Strong, H. S. Fearing, George R. Fearing and many other members of the South Side Club enjoyed the day at their preserve near Patohogue.

To our notion the trout fishing will be more enjoyable a few weeks later, when the spring rains have warmed up the streams and started the vegetation.

BLACK BASS IN TENNESSEE.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Men are at variance about just the kind of day, some contending for bright days, others for partially cloudy; but observation has taught me that a partially cloudy, sultry day is certainly better for very clear water, while a bright day is better suited for murky water. A south or southwest wind is the best. The best time of the year for fishing in our waters for bass is from the first of April till the first of June. They are more abundant at this season than at any other season of the year. They bite well, however, in August, September, October and November.

One of the finest bass I ever caught, weighing something over five pounds, I caught in the month of January. I was fishing at the mouth of a creek which flows into the Sequachee River, perched on the forks of a box elder tree, when I saw my float disappear and thought the current had washed my hook against a root or snag. I pulled gently and felt a fish; struck and gave him time to gorge the bait; struck him and finding that I had a large one, and my position not admitting of paying him, I was compelled to cut my rod behind me to the shore, through the boughs of the tree, and wind him up hand over hand. He measured two feet from the tip of the under lip to the tip of the tail; eight inches across the broadest part, and the tail, when stretched, six inches, and his mouth, when stretched, twelve inches in circumference.

One summer I went down into North Chickamauga gaitch on a tour of inspection. I had left my tackle in Chattanooga. I secured on the mountain a small perch hook and some flax thread, and this, with a fly hook I happened to have in my pocket, was the extent of my outfit. We descended into the canyon, which is at least 800 feet deep, over the most rugged part I ever traversed, which to be appreciated must be experienced. On reaching the water, I found a dry sassafras pole, crooked and knotty, that had been washed down by the high water—for this stream rises in winter and dashes through the gorge with a rapidity and roar which echoed by the mountain sides reminds one of Niagara—and attaching my flax line, upon which I had knitted my hook to this pole, I put an angle worm and caught a large chub, from whose shiny side I severed a fin with a small piece of flesh attached, and with this I made a cast and soon had dangling in the air a beautiful black bass. One of my companions had attached my fly hook much in the same manner as my own; and we followed the stream up, crossing boulders and great slabs of stone and broken fragments, and we caught with these rude fixtures in four or five hours over forty black bass, averaging from eight to ten inches long. We saw larger fish than we took, but they were shy of our rude gear—some of which I applied subsequently to the same purpose, by Mr. W. C. Crocker, Green Clerk of Sequachee, Mr. Pell Brown and Mr. Millsaps, of Walden's ridge, at which time we captured during the day one hundred black bass.

I mention this incident to show you how abundantly our streams are supplied with fish where they are unimpaired, and how successfully fishculture could be carried on in any part of our country; for where they exist in such great numbers naturally, artificially they may be increased more largely.

H. H. SIKERD.

LITMUS BLACKBERRY.—In speaking of the habits and mode of catching the little known "red-snapper," the New Orleans *Lemercet* says: "The red-snapper grounds are estimated to 700 miles. It is only a question of labor what amount can be caught. They are found in countless myriads at all seasons at a certain depth of water, say from fifty to eighty feet. They are caught with lines having a number of hooks, which are eagerly seized by the fish. It is pretty bad to draw up these lines with such a number of these fish attached to them. The fishermen are frequently used to draw them up. In a very few hours the wells of the snappers are filled with them. To prevent their floating and keep them alive until the port is reached, it is necessary to reduce their bulk by compressing the large excess of air accumulated in their long passage from the great depth of water in which they are caught to the surface. This is done by a small inflatable just behind the gills, which operates as a vent through which the air escapes until the fish is reduced to its natural size, so that it sinks and keeps alive and healthy. It was through this simple suggestion that the red-snapper became a great commercial fish. Previously it was found difficult to bring them to market fresh. Now they can be bought in far greater abundance than any other fish. There is a large fleet and a large number of men engaged in catching them. As the value and cheapness of the fish begins to be generally appreciated throughout the West, this industry will be greatly increased. With enterprise and labor, and cheap transportation, we believe that in time this business will equal in its proportions and extent the cod and mackerel fisheries of Mas-

sachusetts. The abundance of the red-snapper in the Gulf is equal, if not superior, to that of the cod off the coast of Newfoundland. It is a better fish than either, and involves less labor and expense in filling the demand and in transporting to any of the interior towns.

FISHING IN THE OSWEGO RIVER.—A correspondent from Fulton, N. Y., sends us an extract from a local paper giving a fishing record as follows: As the fishing season for 1880 has closed it will perhaps interest sportsmen to see the score of F. J. Van Valkenburg's fishing in the Oswego River, at Fulton. The season has been an unusually fine one for this kind of sport, and many strangers have been here during the summer to try for the first time their luck in the Oswego River, and all of them made good catches. Mr. Van Valkenburg's score for the season will show there are few places superior to the Oswego River for good fishing. He begins his record on the 20th of May, 1880, and closes it October 30. His fishing has been at odd times—at early morning, at night or evening—just as he could get away from business, and only once during the entire time has he devoted the entire day to the sport, and generally his fishing has been from one to two hours only at a time.

He has been out 73 times and at an average of two hours at a time or 144 hours of fishing, or twelve days of twelve hours each. During this time he has made an average catch of about 17 fish each trip out, or 102 fish for each twelve hours fishing.

The following is the score: Black bass, 532; Stranberry bass, 16; rock bass, 10; rock bass, 405; pike, 10; pickerel, 6; catfish, 26; chub, 20. Total, 1,213.

These fish were all taken, with the exception of 100, in the corporation limits. Of these 303 were taken by legitimate fly fishing. The balance of 300 were taken by bait. Those taken by bait were taken early in the spring and late in the fall. The bait used was the dobson or helgramite and no other. The best fly fishing is in the months of July and August.

A NEW BAIT.—Putnam, Conn.—As many of your readers are preparing their lines and would like to learn anything that would contribute to their success in trouting, and I have laid aside my rod and reel, I will insert a secret I have kept for years, and when fishing beside others I have wondered how it was that I was so successful.

Years ago I have perhaps noticed a bright shiny silvery hairs on a hen's neck after the feathers were plucked off. To make this bait, pluck off the feathers, but be careful not to pull out those hairs. Then cut round the neck up next the head, and also down next the breast. Then slip off the skin, and just when you want to fix the bait on the hook cut off a strip the size of a good-sized worm, and double it on over the hook, and you will see it is the most tempting bait you ever used and it being tough, will hold on for an hour. I used to secure the neck skin whenever I could and salt them a little, and keep them moist until I wanted to use them. Try it, and see if it is not the best bait you ever saw (r used).

G. F. W.

FISHING IN TENNESSEE.—Savannah, Tenn., March 21.—Fishing has begun this season several weeks earlier than last year. The bass hit well last week, and several line strings were caught, the fish being large and in fine condition. No pike, perch or black perch have been caught yet. The fishing with nets and trot lines in the river has been almost nothing for the past two years. The fishermen are beginning to see that their habit of setting nets in the mouths of the creeks and catching all that fish that run up them to spawn has exterminated the species. One of the best streams in Tennessee, the fishermen in past years has sold his nets and stopped fishing. The fish caught now are small, and so few in number as to make fishing a losing business. The supply of buffalo, drum and catfish, thought by many to be exhausted, five or six years ago, now seems entirely destroyed. What we need is a good law, well enforced, for the protection of fish, or in a few years this part of the State will be entirely deprived of this valuable and cheap supply of food.—WILL.

NO TROUTING HERE.—The Reading (Pa.) Times has the following: "The streams in the vicinity of Berkeley, six miles north of Reading, have for some years been favorite resorts for trout-fishing by lovers of the sport residing in this city. In anticipation of the usual advent of fishermen on the 1st of May, the extent of the trout season will open, the farmers residing along the Maiden and Willow Creeks have been signing a notice this week, prohibiting all outsiders from coming on their lands to fish. Trespassers will be severely dealt with."

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Mr. Fred. B. Divine, of Utica, N. Y., has given a prize committee of the New York State Association as follows: "I will donate two rods, a trout and a bass rod, all lucewood, silver mountings. Each rod to consist of one butt, two second joints (different weights), and three tips; also, extra bamboo tip case, making four different weights and hanging rods. The rods are put up in a handsome black walnut case, lined with velvet and bound with four hands of silver, as a prize in fly casting."

BASS FISHING IN THE POTOMAC.—We are now about to commence our spring fishing. We have the black bass in the Potomac, which affords us good angling; we have taken as much as 115 pounds in one day—myself and companion. It was in the fall of the year 1880, at Muddy Branch, in the Potomac. The best fishing is at the great falls of the Potomac, in early spring. The bass make up stream to the falls, and there they stay in eddies, as they cannot get over the falls. Any one wanting to have a good bass fish had better strike the falls. There is a good hotel, kept by John W. Carroll, who will take great pleasure in showing his guest how to catch large bass. This is a great resort for the anglers of Washington, D. C. It is only ten miles from the latter.—W. H. B.

TROUT TAILS STRIKE FLYS.—Charlestown, N. H., March 21.—Alluding to the quite extended discussion in your columns some time ago concerning the trout's use of its tail in striking the bait presented to it by the fly fisherman, allow me to say that there is no longer any doubt that the California trout at least (*Salmo trutta*) uses its tail intentionally for the purpose of disturbing and examining any unusual kind of food which it finds in the water. Long and careful observation has confirmed this fact beyond a doubt. Very truly yours, LEVISON'S STONE.

BEAVERHILL CLUB.—Two or three gentlemen will be admitted, upon introduction, into the Beaverhill Club, which

this year has obtained sole control of the trout fishing in the famous Balsam Lake, and a continuous four miles of the headwaters of the stream. Inquiries should be addressed to Mr. George W. Van Sicken, 99 Nassau st., N. Y.

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE tenth annual meeting of the association took place at Fish Monger's Hall, Fulton Market, New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 30 and 31. The weather on the first day was cold, rainy and disagreeable, and the attendance was small, not over twenty-five persons being present, but an improvement in meteorological conditions on the second day brought out about seventy-five. President Roosevelt was in the chair. Letters were read from Vice-President Page, now in England, on the importance of introducing shad into that country, and from Prof. Baird regretting inability to attend. While the shad question was before the house Mr. Masler was called to detail his experience in eating the German substitute for it, the mallesh, and Prof. Goode was asked for the specific differences. Mr. Masler then proposed an amendment to the constitution to permit honorary members to be elected by a two-thirds vote—carried. The same member then proposed for honorary membership Dr. Theodatus Garlick, of Bedford, O., the first American fishericulturist, which was unanimously carried. The President then read a paper from Mr. Seth Green on "Hybridizing Fish" and other matters, which was followed by a discussion about the death of fish in winter when the ponds were closed by ice, in which several members took part.

A paper on the habits of the German carp was then read by Mr. H. D. McGovern, which was followed by a discussion as to whether the so-called carp of the Hudson was a true carp or not, which was negatively decided. Dr. Hudson described the three varieties of the German carp. The Secretary then read "A Contribution to the Biography of the Commercial Cod of Alaska," by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean. Prof. G. Brown Goode followed with "Epochs in the History of Pisciculture," in all lands, down to the present time. Mr. Phillips gave some statistics of the value of the sturgeon fisheries and the amount consumed in New York. The Treasurer's report was read and accepted and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee on nomination of officers for the year: Messrs. Hudson, Wilbur and Miller. Mr. Wilbur having left a few moments before, Mr. Evans was substituted and the society adjourned for the day to eat Hackensack smelts at Mr. Blackford's invitation.

On Thursday at the opening of the session the nominating committee reported the following officers; after a ballot, were elected: President, Robert B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Geo. Shepard Page; Treasurer, E. G. Blackford; Corresponding Secretary, Barnet Phillips; Recording Secretary, James Annin, Jr.; Executive Committee: Fred Mather, G. Brown Goode, Samuel Wilmot, Benjamin West, Thomas B. Ferguson, James Denard, John B. Morgan.

The following new members joined: Robert T. Morris, David T. White, W. A. Wilcox, Charles Barrett, Charles Hewlett, Prof. A. O. Atwater, G. N. Woodruff, John D. Hicks, Samuel Whiting, Frank Endicott, Geo. H. Shafer, Abel Crook.

Mr. Barnet Phillips read a paper on the value of our edible fishes and included some statistics by Mr. George Lamphere. Mr. Mather read on fishes which live in both salt and fresh water. Mr. James Annin, Jr., read a paper on "Fanchers," including those wearing feathers, fur and clothing. Mr. Blackford called attention to some specimens of viviparous perch sent by Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, and Mr. Mather opened one and found no young, although he found them in another specimen after the Association had adjourned and the trout show had closed. Alcoholic specimens of *Salmo gairdneri*, from Alaska, by Capt. L. A. Beardsley and Dr. T. H. Bean, were also shown, and then Prof. Goode read: "Some further light from Europe on the ool question." This started the usual argument, Mr. Roosevelt taking his old ground that the eels spawn in fresh water and the young go down stream, at least on his place on Long Island, Mr. Hewlett taking the opposite view.

After this a messenger brought in a large package for Mr. Mather, which on opening, proved to be a diploma from Berlin recording the fact that a gold medal had been awarded him at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, for his invention of the conical shad hatcher. It had been sent by Prof. Baird, whose letter announced the arrival of the medals and their readiness for distribution. A valuable paper was then read by Prof. Atwater entitled: "The chemical composition and nutritive value of fish." Mr. Phillips then offered the following resolution: "That the American Fish Cultural Association heartily appreciate the importance of the investigations upon the nutritive value of fish, now being carried on by Professor Atwater, the results of which have been in part communicated by him at its meetings in 1880 and 1881, and that, in the opinion of the members of the Association, the importance of these researches to the fish industries of the United States can scarcely be over-estimated. We would therefore urge upon the United States Commissioner of Fisheries the importance of encouraging these investigations to the fullest extent possible. Carried. Mr. Crook, President New York State Association for Protection of Fish and Game, then requested the members to send communications on subjects of interest in time for their June meeting, papers to be ready by the middle of May. Resolutions thanking the Fish Mongers Association for the use of the room were passed, and the meeting adjourned.

We will publish the papers, debates and proceedings in full in our succeeding issues.

SMELTS IN FRESH WATER.—Some time ago I observed in your columns an inquiry relative to the finding of smelts or "frostfish" in fresh water. The so-called frostfish is found in several lakes of the Fulton chain, in the "John Brown's Tract." Most visitors to that region have naturally wondered at the sight of the old wooden weirs or "picket lines" set up the inlets. These fish run up the shoal inlets between those lakes in October, or about the period of the advent of frost—whence the peculiar title—at which time they are taken and stored in ice. Some are made up by the guides for home use, and occasionally sent out to the adjoining settlements. The fish is a regular habitant of Second, Fourth and Eighth Lakes of the Fulton chain, and also

In answer to "Lepus," asking for a woodcock, can I say I have a black and tan terrier, weight 14 lbs., which can whip any woodcock except the very largest. It does not go into the hole until he would not part with him. He is the best of his kind and then cuts off their retreat; and if too large to handle he snags and backs at them, to keep them from the hole till help comes. He has caught as many as thirty-eight, and sixteen is the least he has caught any one season in the last six years. We have lots of clucks here in Orange County, and they are a perfect nuisance.

SMAR.

VALUABLE DOGS POISONED.—Some evil disposed persons administered poison last Saturday to two valuable dogs, owned by Major John W. Mahan, in the Dorchester district. One was probably the finest St. Bernard dog in the country. He weighed 160 pounds, and had a head of the best quality, and a good tip of his tail, and was but two years and three months old. He was greatly admired by everybody, and was especially affectionate to children. Major Mahan was offered some months since \$500 for him, but would not part with him. The other victim of malice was a dog of the pure Shepherd species, eight months old, and was a gift to the owner from inmates of the Soldiers' Home, at Togus, Me., the father and mother being owned by Gen. Tilton, Deputy Governor at that institution. Major Mahan has offered a reward for the conviction of the perpetrator of the act.—*Boston Journal.*

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club are giving the following prizes for dogs that have run and been placed in the following classes:

A. For the best pointer dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. B. For the best pointer bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. C. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. D. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. E. For the best Irish setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. F. For the best Irish setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. G. For the best black and tan setter; silver medal, suitably engraved.

The Westminster Kennel Club also offer the following additional prizes: H. For the best kennel of large-sized pointers, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. I. For the best kennel of small-sized pointers, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. J. For the best kennel of English setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. K. For the best kennel of Irish setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. L. For the best kennel of black and tan setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved.

The following prizes are offered by a gentleman of New York City, who has been an English setter dog, and is now proposed to be competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes; winnings of dogs previous get to be taken into consideration; cash, \$25. N. For the best pure Laverack setter dog; cash, \$25. O. For the best pure Laverack setter bitch; cash, \$25. P. For the best Irish setter dog, for stud purposes; to be competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes; winnings of dogs previous get to be taken into consideration; cash, \$25.

Q. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. R. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. S. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. T. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. U. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. V. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. W. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. X. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. Y. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. Z. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved.

Special Prize.—For the best English setter dog or bitch, not live or imported, to be competed for by the winners in the respective classes of dog and bitch, and to be taken into consideration with winner's name engraved on same, value \$25; presented by Geo. C. Sterling, Esq.

Mr. Paul Dana will judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, New Foundlands and Scotch terriers. The entry list thus far comes favorably with that of last year.

Entries in special classes are free to all dogs entered in the regular classes. Entries close April 11th.

THOSE NERVOUS DOGS.—It is, perhaps, unfortunate for me that in my article on gun-dogs, I used the expression, "A few blue bloods are not bred as much as they should be." I am sorry to find, particularly, as a rule, excessively nervous," as it has brought forth an attack from Mr. Arnold Burgess; and I confess I do not wish to enter into any newspaper controversy with him. I should have written expressly on blue bloods, for certainly this was my intention, and did not intend to include the Irish Setter, the pointer, or the pointer, unless they were much inbred. I followed my remark by mentioning the Laverack setter, which it is known is greatly inbred, and will not bear correction, as other breeds do, and I regretted that I had written a letter to that effect on this subject, from Mr. Laverack to myself.

Mr. Burgess is not to be blamed for defending his blue bloods, but this attack on me is unequalled. I will confess, if I will call him blue, that I have not bred as much blue bloods as he has. I have a judge of the work of a dog and capacity as a sportsman, to rest with those who have been in the field with me. I do not aspire to be authority, and never intend to write a book on dog-dogs, but I will not comment upon any good work I come across. Mr. Burgess certainly cannot charge me with copying a line from his in my articles, which I ever strive to make practical and of interest to the lover of out-door sports.

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NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.—The following entries have been made since March 31, for the second annual Clarence C. Drane entered Dashing Novice, white, black and tan setter bitch by Dash II out of Novol, whelped July, 1890.

E. F. Stoddard entered Doctor Bob, red Irish setter dog by Bob out of Fend, whelped May 8, 1890.

E. F. Stoddard entered Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch by Bob out of Fend, whelped May 1, 1890.

Col. A. G. Stoc entered Gladly's blue Belton setter bitch by Gladstone out of Nellie, whelped June 8, 1890.

W. E. Hughes entered Cliffe, blue Belton setter bitch by Gladstone out of Nellie, whelped June, 1890.

following programme was adopted for the coming meeting of 1891:

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES.—Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1890.—Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$50; third, \$20. Nominations to close positively on October 1. Forfeit, \$5, with \$20 additional to fill.

PEACOCK OR ALL AGES STAKES.—Open to all sitters and pointers. Prizes: First, \$250; second, \$150; third, \$50; Forfeit, \$5, with \$20 additional to fill. Bernard stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes. Stakes to close same as in the Robin's Island Stake.

IMPORTED DOGS.—Mr. Robert Hume, of Orange Co., Va., has just returned from a visit to the other side, and has brought with him seven excellent dogs; four Dandie Dinmont terriers a brace of fox terriers (dog and bitch) and a cocker spaniel dog. The names are of the best breed, and well known. Mr. Hume a long price. The fox terrier are of a well-known champion strain, the bitch being a hard one to beat and the cocker a remarkably well made animal, liver and white in color and perfectly striking show. This remarkably nice lot will be entered in the forthcoming show.

AN ILLINOIS BIG ONE.—Highland Park, Ill., March 14. For several months past a number of notices of big dogs have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I contribute another. The dog to which I refer is owned by Mr. W. S. Crosby and is said to be a cross between a Bull Terrier and Newfoundland. His color black; length from tip to tip, 5 ft. 10 in.; measures round chest 3 ft. 9 in.; height at shoulder, 2 ft. 7 in.; weight, 193 lbs. I may be mistaken, but I think Highland Park is ahead.—Edward R. Truxton.

BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLE QUESTION.—Iroquois, Md., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice an article from Mr. Pottinger Dorsey in your valuable paper of March 17.

In reference to the bench-legged beagle. We have them in our county (Montgomery), and can say that they were first raised by Mr. Tobias Child, New Unity, Md. They cannot be surpassed for rabbits. As Mr. Dorsey says, they are slow but sure for the game. They are sought after all over the State and also in Pennsylvania. They usually bring from \$15 to \$20 per pair. W. H. H.

PURE LAVENHAGERS IN AMERICA.—At the time when we published our article from *Dogs' Lives* on the pure Laverack setters in England, we determined, if possible, to prepare a similar list of those owned in this country. We have consulted on this subject a number of prominent breeders who most kindly responded, and we hope before long to be in a position to furnish our readers with a fairly complete list of dogs of this kind on this continent from any gentleman who own pure Laverack setters in this country.

MASTIFFS.—We understand that Mr. Charles E. Wallace is building on his place at Long Branch, N. J., some very extensive kennels, after an approved English model. He is also importing some very fine young dogs from one of the first mastiff breeders and judges in England. This is a step in the right direction, and we shall be glad to see this noble breed improved in this country.

SAN FRANCISCO BENCH SHOW.—This dog show will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Kennel Club, on April 7 and 12. Valuable prizes will be offered for all kinds of dogs in each class, also certificates of highly commended to dogs possessing superior qualities who fail to win first or second prize. And a very valuable special prize will be given to the most perfect specimen of dog or bitch of the North American breed. Mr. Taylor, Secretary, office 513 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

IMPORTED HARRIERS.—There has been lately imported from England, by Mr. S. Reed, of Louisville, Ky., two large-sized harriers, dog and bitch, Bincill and Plaudit, from the kennel of Dr. Gordon Slane, B. N. These harriers are greatly admired. It is supposed that dogs of the kind from good strains will improve the breed of fox-hounds in the West.

GERMANTOWN HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB.—The Germantown Hare and Hounds Club will meet twice a month, beginning in April with a limit of a number of visitors from other clubs will participate. "Homo."

NOTICE.—In another column we insert the notice of a gentleman who wishes to secure a partner for the purpose of establishing a first-class kennel. References—Capt. M. O. Campbell and Capt. Jos. H. Dew.

AN ENGLISH ADVERTISER.—We call special attention to the advertisement of Mr. A. W. Langdale, and would advise our readers that any one who is interested in the subject of dog-dogs, or who is considered by Mr. Vero Shaw to be an eminent authority on the subject. Read what he says of the Sussex spaniel.

THE COCKER CLUB.—The advertised meeting of the Cocker Club did not take place at Buffalo.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

116 J. A. Barrytown, N. Y.—For beagle bitch use same treatment as recommended in this issue, but as the cases are identical. 2. The injury sustained by your cocker bitch can only be relieved by rest and the bathing of the sprained leg with some strong stimulating liniment; this is all that can be done.

117 G. S. Buffalo, N. Y.—The dog should be carefully examined by some competent physician. It is impossible to arrive at a proper diagnosis of the case from the account given.

118 F. W. N. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—My setter dog for three or four months has been troubled with his head, discharging from both ears, becoming excruciatingly sore, and causing him to howl. The dog does not trouble him. Don't seem to show any signs of pain. He scratches his ears occasionally; has no appetite. I have been treating him with a wash of equal parts of sulphur and water, but his ears when diluted with water. As far as I can see so his ears they appear to be all right. The difficulty is beyond sight. A white spot on his side which has been present for some time, but his skin still run and smell quite badly. He is very lively and apparently in good condition. He is a very young dog and I can quite anxious about his health. What can I do for him? The dog has probably been overfed and not sufficiently exercised. Give him low diet for a while and plenty of exercise, also a little sulphur in his food once a day for a week, and a purge of two castor oil. Continue to use the lead lotion.

119 H. C. Mount Vernon, O.—My beagle hound dog two years old has a cold in his head. Keeps sneezing and sneezing. Nose appears to be stopped up. When I rub him just to wind follow a few drops, I know he is no good. Will leave the track in five minutes. What shall I do for him? Ans. Try to promote his general health as much as possible by a course of moderate exercise, and give him two grains of quinine three times a day.

120 L. E. B. Westfield, Mass.—I have got a beagle puppy ten months old. About six weeks ago he had the distemper. The first two or three days he did not eat, and since then his appetite has been good, though he has gotten along nicely and now, to all appearances, he is entirely well, with the exception that within about a week he has twice passed a hard stool, which was very hard and dry. It is a natural result of distemper. It confounds me, give him a small teaspoon of castor oil ten drops of linseed oil each night until it stops.

121 J. R. C. New York City.—I have a small cocker bitch which is now in heat. One of my friends have advised me to cross her with a Beagle spaniel. Would the cross be advisable? Ans. The cross is no bad one made where direct breeding cannot be effected, but never cross when you can avoid it. Is the best motto.

KENNEL NOTES.

* * * Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes, but request in each case that notes be made up in order and conform, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Shoo Fly.—Messrs. Dan Stokes & Son, Lebanon, N. H., claim the name of Shoo Fly, a single black puppy out of Bess by Victor, purchased of Mr. M. G. Gilroy.

White-Mr. D. Ladd, Martin, Tenn., claims the name of White for his cocker spaniel puppy, presented to him by Mr. Ed. Joyce.

Dominion.—Mr. V. Weston, St. George's, Del., claims the name of Dominion for sold white Italian greyhound dog puppy, whelped Feb. 8, 1891, out of his lawfully bred female by imported Duke of Saborn's Nellie by Gladstone.

Chap.—Mr. John W. King, St. John, N. B., claims the name of Chap for his cocker spaniel puppy, presented to him by Mr. Ed. Joyce.

Trick.—Mr. Addison Child, Childwood, N. Y., claims the name of Trick for black, white and tan dog puppy, whelped Nov. 8, 1890, out of Lark by Don, Gordon setters imported by Mr. E. L. Barr, Boston, Mass.

Dick.—Mr. W. H. Hobbs and Mr. Chas. Smyth, Lake City, Minn., claim the name of Dick for pointer puppy out of Fleet by Ranger, purchased of Mr. S. B. Dibley.

Douglas.—Mr. F. D. Du Bois, Morristown, N. J., claims the name of Douglas for his seven-months-old foxhound puppy (white with tan spots) bred by imported Duke out of owner's Bess.

Kilroy.—Mr. E. B. Du Bois, of Morristown, N. J., claims the name of Kilroy for his seven-months-old foxhound puppy by imported Duke out of owner's Bess.

Mag.—Mr. C. L. Wrigley, Revere, Mass., claims the name of Mag for his red Irish setter bitch out of imported Ellen by Champion Elcho.

Firth.—Mr. C. L. Wrigley, Revere, Mass., claims the name of Firth for his young and white fox terrier bitch, whelped November 23, 1890, out of Trexley by Ike.

NAMES CHANGED.

Lora to Lora Laverack.—Mr. J. H. Henrichs, Pittsburg, Pa., changes the name of his pure Laverack bitch from Lora to Lora Laverack, she being purchased from Mr. G. C. Simpson, Ingersoll, Canada. Lora Laverack is entered for the Derby of 1891, and will be broken for that event by Mr. H. M. Short.

Beauty-Cheer.—Mr. F. B. Fay's (Boston, Mass.) Coo (Adelstein-Lose) to Dr. Greenough's black and tan Beauty by Copeland's Shot out of Dr. Carson's Lora. (Dor's imported Dan and Greenough's N. Y.)

Imperial-Dray-Morrell (Cocker Kennel's (Hornellville, N. Y.)) liver cocker bitch (bitch to black Cocker Bag, March 10).

WHIPLASH.

Maule's Cocker Bitch.—Mr. Richard Nagles' (St. Johns, N. B.) cocker spaniel bitch whelped, March 18, sixteen puppies, all living and doing well, by Mr. M. J. McGill's Gyp.

White-Mr. D. Ladd, Martin, Tenn., claims the name of White for his cocker spaniel puppy, presented to him by Mr. Ed. Joyce.

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A GREAT BLUE HERON.—Newport, R. I., April 4.—Robert Allan, a lad thirteen years old, while gunning at Price's Neck on Saturday last, shot a large heron which measured six feet from tip to tip. I have never heard of one being shot before at this place. The right wing has three long dark feathers on it. Head, but this bird only had two and a very long bill and legs. Color of back, slate color; wings black; neck a shade lighter. He was shot in the daytime. What is it? (J. S. B.)

The bird was no doubt a great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), a species quite common in New England, and the largest of our herons.

OUR READERS should not confound our frequent contributor Major W. W. Merrill of New Rochelle, N. Y., with the Major Merrill, who is sitting as a member of the Whittaker Court Martial.

Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot be so when STOP DRUGS are used.

Sportsmen's Goods.

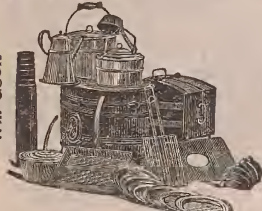
H. L. DUNKLEE'S PATENT

Camping and Mining Stove.

JUST the thing for people camping out for a short or long time. FOUR SIZES; prices REASONABLE. Send for descriptive circulars, with prices and terms.

Will Cook

For 12 Persons.



NO. 1-CAMP UNPACKED.

SIZE 12x12x20 INCHES.



NO. 1-CAMP PACKED.

Made and sold by PATENT IRON WORKS CO., 87 Blackstone street, Boston, Mass.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND.

POULTRY AND GAME

Nos. 289 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.

PIGEON TRAP

(PATENTED).

With attachment for starting without plugging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S. Harris' gun store, No. 17, Broadway, where orders should be sent.

The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader,

with the last improvement, is now ready—8, 10, 12 and 14-gauge. It extracts "light shells," wad caps, reaps, rams and crimps. Nickel plated sample sent by mail on receipt of two dollars. For extracting and recapping only the original Dudley Repeater is all that is needed, as thousands can testify. Sample sent on receipt of fifty cents; P. O. stamps taken in payment. Send for circulars to DUDLEY & CO., Foughkeepsie, N. Y.

APPARATUS; \$1 by mail, \$5 per dozen. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

LIVE QUAIL.-- Forwarded very cheap. W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla.

Wanted.

YACHT WANTED.—A keel cabin sloop. Hand-some, sound, well fitted and able. Price must be low and a decided bargain. Length, 25 to 28 feet on deck. SKIPPER, this office. April, 11.

WANTED.—Two D. B. L. guns (Parker's preferred), 10-gauge, weight 9 and 10 pounds. Will pay cash; will take other guns if good. Address W. H. SCHULZ, Turbotville, Nostrand Co., Pa. April, 11.

LIVE FOXES WANTED.—Address Box 173, Montclair, N. J. April, 11.



AGENTS FOR CARD'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP.

Howard's Steel Head Shells—Quality guaranteed. Price lower than any other.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

H. L. LEONARD'S

CELEBRATED

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS,

WITH PATENT FERRULES. TROUT FLY, \$25--SALMON, \$50. (WITH SOLID REEL PLATE, \$5 ADDITIONAL.)

SOLE AGENTS,

WILLIAM MILLS & SON, 7 Warren Street, New York.

Fine Fishing Tackle.

LEONARD'S SPLIT BAMBOO "CATSKILL" FLY ROD, Length 10 ft. Weight 5 ozs., \$25.

BEST "HYDE CLIP" FLY BOOKS, holding 3 doz., \$1.65.

RUSSIA LEATHER, six dozen, \$3.50.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

The Kennel.

T. JACOBS,

WOLBOROUGH HOUSE, NEWTON ABBOTT, ENGLAND.

Has a grand lot of spaniel whelps to dispose of, also black-and-tan setter whelps from his celebrated prize winners. See "Vero Shaw" & "Black Spaniels." April, 11.

A GENTLEMAN of experience and living below the snow line, wishes to correspond with a gentleman of capital in regard to establishing a first-class kennel or taking an interest in one already established. Satisfactory references as to integrity and ability as a trainer. Address X. Y. Z. care Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn. April, 11.

FOR SALE.—A liver and white pointer dog, thoroughly broken. Will be sold cheap if sold at once. For price and pedigree address N. R. BAKER, Topeka, Kan. April, 11.

FOR SALE.—A mastiff bitch pup, about nine months old, by Hieward and Brenda. Hieward took two prizes at New York in 1878 and 1879; Brenda one prize at New York in 1880. She is a splendid pup. For particulars and applications apply to JAMES MONTAGNON, Ringwood, Passaic Co., N. J. April, 11.

FOR SALE.—Setter puppies, orange and white, dark points, Red Gauntlet and Pride of the Border. Stock full and genuine pedigree. Dogs \$15 and bitches \$10 each. Address P. O. Box 248, New Brunswick, N. J. April, 11.

FOR SALE.—One litter of puppies out of a red bitch by my Pete (Twin-Snub); also one litter out of Smut II. (Twin-Snub); by Green's Sam, pure natives; also one shepherd dog bitch, eleven months old, imported. T. M. ALDRICH, Providence, R. I. April, 11.

A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN will sell cheap the handsomest pair of young setter dogs in the West: 16 months old, thoroughly broken, lemon and white; litter brother and sister; will get full particulars by addressing J. C. MORRISON, 283 and 240 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio. April, 11.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 45 out-of-free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

The Kennel.

\$25 REWARD.—Lost at Grand Central Depot, New York, Feb. 19, a native bred setter dog, black head and ears, white star in forehead, nose and muzzle grey; one large black patch on right side back of fore shoulder, rest of body spotted black and white. The above reward will be paid for his return, and any information which may lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address "LYMAN," Revere House, New York. March, 31.

FOR SALE.—One brace orange and white setter dogs, brothers, Rock and Glen, 2 1/2 years old, from Wm. Morris' Pets, out of Elliptical Hoovers' Faule, she from Senator Frank M. Ward's Bob, the latter from Scott Rodman's Scott. These dogs are staunch, good holders and fast. Glen is broken to retrieve. A. PLATT KELSY, Beaver, N. J. April, 11.

ROY O'MORE in the stud. The handsomest as well as one of the best field and best bred Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of 1st prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necktie at New York, 1880. For sale thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. COLLINS, DEL, Albany, N. Y. June, 11.

DOGS TRAINED.—The undersigned will take a few dogs to train for the field on very reasonable terms. G. W. EDWARDS, North Andover, Mass. March, 11.

FOR SALE.—One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old; price, \$30. Also three bitch pups, highly bred and handsome, 3 months old; \$10 each. JOHN L. MARTIN, Milford, Mass. March, 11.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the live for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUBL. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec, 11.

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Daily Gun,

HAS FINER BARRELS, THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR TO any other Gun, COSTING TWICE THE MONEY. Shooting Unsurpassed. Lists furnished on application.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

Or W. R. SCHARFEL, 31 Elm St., Boston. Or THOS. L. GOLCHER, 116 Girard Ave., Phila.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE.—THE BLUE STAR COCKER SPANIEL BREEDING KENNEL.—I will sell privately business cards, which will call for all the spare time I care to give in the future, and also enable me to complete my unfinished work on breeding, breaking, management of Spaniels for sportsmen. Therefore I offer as above my kennel stock, all accessories, together with Kennel name and good-will, to any one having the taste and competent to carry on the good work well. The demand for this breed is immense. Over five hundred pups would have been sold last year (1890) from this Kennel had we had them. My price, \$400, is extremely low, considering its well established reputation and lucrative facilities. I will give all dogs and advice required, gratis, to the successor. One having breeding experience is preferred, and would like to have over before June next. Only parties meaning business need apply. M. P. MCKOON, Proprietor, The Blue Star Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. March, 11.

FOR SALE.—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grimsa, by Moore's Rutus ex Twigg's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1877; KILUS, by Johnson's The Queen; Kate, by Patsy, (a Palmerston) ex Moore's Flora, dam of Miss and several other champion and prize winners. Grimsa won 2nd open class and V.I.C. champion class, Baltimore, 1878, when but 12 mos. old. Only time ever shown.

Red Irish Setter Bitch, Rodine, by Imp. Grimsa ex Imp. Bella; Bella, by Dr. Boyd's Patsy ex C. Moore's Bell; Bell, by C. Moore's Old Shod (father of Palmerston) ex Old Kildie. Both the above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Gladson, now with Mr. Ogilby. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog (Greek), by Mr. Jno. Stewart's Turk ex Mr. Martin's bitch. Address GEORGE BROWN, No 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. March, 11.

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European studs. Will be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A. Sept 15-17.

REMAKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vantage Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs (champion, breaker, setter) by most of the experienced Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of imported and native dogs for sale. Address BOX 253, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. Feb 17, 91.

EXPLORER IRISH WATER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For full particulars regarding Irish water spaniels, how to train and where to secure the best, send for descriptive circular to the undersigned. J. H. WHITMAN, 108 South Clark Street, Chicago. J. D. OLCOTT, 109 Reed street, Milwaukee, Wis. March, 11.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champion Lawver, beaten by most of the experienced Lizzie, Loustie, Letosser, Limerick, Lithuan, Laurence, Lena, Sydney, Bobb, Young Bobb, Bessie II., Barons, and many more imported and native winners of our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. March, 11.

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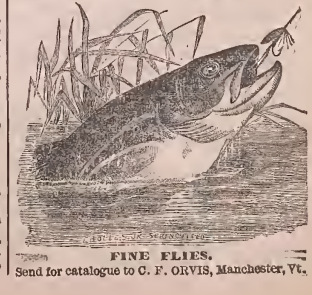
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 14.

AVIAN RIDERS.

DR. MERRILL'S interesting account of the belief of the Crow Indians that a small bird, probably a grebe, performs its migration on the back of the sand hill crane, was no doubt new to our readers. It appears, however, that a similar belief is widely spread among various tribes of North American Indians. Dr. Merrill's account referred to the Crows, but he mentioned also that the Crees entertained the same belief in reference to the white, or whooping, crane. Recently in the *London Nature*, Mr. John Rae gives an account of the supposed passage of certain small birds on the backs of the Canada geese as related by the Northern Indians which he apparently believes in. It is generally asserted by the Maskegon Cree Indians who dwell about the southwestern part of the Hudsons Bay, that a small bird, one of the *Fringillidae*, performs its northward migration in spring on the back of the Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*).

This species reaches Hudson's Bay about the last of April, and the Indians state that often when the geese are fired at the little birds are seen to fly away from them. The Indians of this region devote considerable time each spring—a month or more—wholly to goose shooting, and their method of doing this is to set out decoys near a blind and to call down the geese which are passing over. It is said that the small birds are only found to accompany those flocks which are called down from a considerable height, the low flying flocks never appearing to have the small birds with them. It is inferred from this that such geese having rested on the ground or having passed near it have been deserted by their little passengers. Mr. Rae says of this belief of the Indians:

"An intelligent, truthful and educated Indian named George Rivers, who was very frequently my shooting companion for some years, assured me that he had witnessed this, and I believe I once saw it occur."

It is said that these little birds only make use of the Canada goose as their conveyance, and it is certain that both arrive at the same time—about a week earlier than the white fronted and snow geese (*Anser albifrons gambelli* and *A. hypereboreus*). A similar story is told by the Indians on the shores of the Athabasca and Great Slave lakes, both of which are great resorts of wild geese, and the story is purely a fabrication it is difficult to see why it should be told only about the Canada geese and not about any other species.

Unfortunately the bird which is said to employ this labor-saving method of performing its migrations has not been identified, although the writer, an abstract of whose views we have given, stated that he knew it well, and had preserved specimens of it, but it is so long ago that he has forgotten the name.

We trust that further information on this most interesting point will be forthcoming before long.

CARE OF QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

PERHAPS there have never been at any time in the history of American shooting so many live quail in confinement as there are at the present time. This fact is the result, on the one hand, of the growth of a healthy sentiment in favor of game protection throughout the length and breadth of the land, and on the other, to the severe weather of the past winter which has led the sportsmen generally to believe that quail have suffered severely throughout the East and South, and in many sections have been so nearly exterminated that without a restocking of the covers little or no shooting can be looked for for several years. It is exceedingly satisfactory to see the interest in this matter so general and widespread, and it may be regarded as one of the signs of the times most encouraging to those interested in the protection and propagation of our game and fish.

Those earnest workers who have for years been laboring for the cause against almost constant discouragement and defeat may now take heart of grace and renew their efforts with fresh vigor. The people are really becoming interested and are taking hold of the matter on all sides. And if the sportsmen as a body and individually shall lead the movement it will unquestionably be a success.

The example of the Springfield sportsmen, already alluded to in *FOREST AND STREAM*, will, we trust, find many imitators. An enterprise of this kind, when it is once started and has gathered a little way, acquires constantly more momentum. It is cumulative. In winter we have all seen the children when the damp snow lies thick upon the ground make a little ball at the top of a hill and after it has attained respectable proportions roll it to the brow, and start it on its way to the bottom. At first it moves slowly, and sometimes stops two or three times before finally moving off, but when it does at last get started it increases constantly in size and power until at last it is a force that nothing living could withstand. So we trust to see it with game protection in this country, and we believe that the day is not very distant when almost every one will be deeply interested in this most important subject.

FROG CULTURE.—We have had some inquiries regarding frog culture of late. The subject attracted some attention some years ago, when the success of the culture of certain fishes caused people to look at certain other animals which are of value to see what could be done with them. Frogs and mink were among these, and Mr. Henry Kessig started a minkery in Central New York and raised a few, but his profits came in from supplying other beginners with live stock at \$25 per pair, and not from the regular sales of skins at three to seven dollars each, the average prices in those days. The fact that mink fur went out of fashion as seal-skin came in put an end to all trials in this line, and it is a question whether a mink will eat what his skin is worth or not; or if not, whether there is anything left after feeding the parents all the year and building stockades for them.

Frog culture never got as far as this. The few experimenters found that birds, by day and night, ate the tadpoles,

fish and larger frogs ate them, and that there was no way of feeding frogs, which was satisfactory and profitable. Large frogs will eat small ones, and unless each individual had a wire covering to protect him and an attendant to feed him, he either ate up his smaller kindred or was engulfed in the capacious maw of his grandfather. From time to time marvelous stories appear in the rural press of some enthusiastic lover of the tailless batracian who has accomplished wonders in rearing frogs. Tadpoles rejoice at his coming, the pipers cry "knee deep" and the bassos greet him with a "bollunk" from the lowest register as he approaches. We have investigated these frog farms, at the cost of much postage, and have invariably found that they were located in the brain-pan of the "funny man" of some rural journal.

The stories might be varied and an increased interest taken in them if the alleged funny man would add that the frogery was under the superintendence of a patriotic frog who nursed the sick tadpoles and administered justice to young scapgraces who took surreptitious rides on the backs of their aged grandparents; also, that he selected water for the maiden frogs in the spring and skinned the hind legs of all confirmed bachelors for market. But, alas! the idea of ringing a change does not occur to him, and so the old paragraphs do duty occasionally.

Frogs for the New York Market now mainly come from Canada. The neighboring States have been skinned; and as frogs seem to be of slow growth—perhaps three or four years—they do not give a chance to multiply in great numbers. We do not advise large investments in frog culture.

GOING A-FISHING.

EVERYTHING betokened an early start and very young was the day when we started, for punctual as the old-fashioned clock over the fire-place we are off, buoyant with anticipations of pleasure and delight.

We had talked over the trip during the winter weeks, when Jack Frost held possession of the trout streams, and this commenced to look like the realization of a — you might call it an Utopian dream, and more, for the wildest and most extravagant fancy could not picture half the charms of the reality. This is true of angling. It is a solid pleasure to put the rod and reel in order, to inspect line and leader, to take an inventory of the fly-book, to build airy castles, but this is not being among the green hills, nor on the rippling streams, nor in the woods, where sunlight and shadow play at hide and seek. Hoping and wishing is not feeling the electric thrill that tingles through one when some lord of the pool makes his rush for the allurement you have placed before him; but we are getting there fast as our Encephalus and Rozinante can drag us.

Snap! crack! goes the whip, and the graceful horses, moving easily along, whirl us across the hump-backed bridge to the music of their hoofs, and we are well under way. Not the least important ingredient of going a-fishing is the day's ride when it leads through a pleasant country, and more especially so if one has with him two or three anglers after his own heart; and the experienced angler can rarely be imposed upon in the choice of his companions. It is a very essential part of his piscatorial education to measure men as they are in camp, for he knows that is the place of all places where a man shows more decidedly than anywhere else the good or the bad that is in him. Attempt at disguising his qualities and disposition will not succeed. He will show his colors unconsciously perhaps, but show them he will.

Away we go nodding good-morning to every one we meet, except the pretty girls, speeding along the old road the wild winds

"..... Where old roads will
Here to a ferry and there to a mill;"

past meadows glowing with tender and dainty green; past orchards where the "wind that shakes the barley" has strewn the ground rosy white with the apple blossoms; past daisy-decked meadows by the brook that goes laughing and bawling over the stones, dreaming in the shade and playing in the sunlight. Cloud shadows glide over forest and clearing, and everything is one picture of delightful, blushing spring, the time to go a-fishing.

The nooning at the wayside tavern, where we bait our nags and gossip with the landlord, while his good wife, flitting about like a swallow on the wing, is superintending the

preparations for dinner, is quite a noteworthy event of the day. It is a substantial brace, and lets the high liver down by easy stages to the plainer and healthier diet of his lodge in the wilderness.

On again, the horses, brisker than ever after their hour's halt, until at early evening we reach our resting-place for the night, as pleasant a lodging as ever described by Izaak Walton. If a mechanic or master builder would not admire its proportions it would certainly meet with the approval of an artist. Everything about the exterior of the building presented an air of dilapidation and extreme old age. The moss grew thick among the shingles that covered it. The old-fashioned chimney, with its smoke blackened top, had a dangerous slope from the perpendicular. The old logs had commenced to settle, and gave the entire structure a disjointed and irregular appearance. Within doors, however, everything is perfect, from the great fire-place, with its immense capacity for consuming back logs, to its well polished floor and grotesque corners and closets.

We are expected and welcomed with the frank hospitality of a backwoodsman, who knows his friends and displays none of the magnificent indifference that strangers sometimes encounter from men of his calling.

A chatty evening follows, during which we pack our camp kit, for here we leave our horses and swell clothes, and early in the morning, with our guides leading "forward to the north," we foot it away into the woods beyond the last settlement and clearing, beyond the sound and sight of everything that reminds one of business and enterprise to every the primitive sanctity of nature still remains, where she works her fairest marvels and, untrammelled and uncalculated asserts her sovereignty.

Off the beaten track to some choice spot known only to a few hardy trappers, where quiet is the deity that presides over its solemn fastnesses, is the place where we unsling our loads, rig our tackle and in earnest go a-fishing.

MILLARD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.—The annual meeting of the League was held at Manchester, April 5, the President, J. W. Clark, in the chair. The Fish Commissioners reported favorably as to the progress of the work, which now includes also the care of the game. The League itself is giving its attention principally to the restocking of the Merrimack with shad and salmon. Addresses were made by Rev. Henry Powers on "The Future of New Hampshire;" Mr. Geo. P. Whitman, on the "North American Grouse," and by Col. Waterman Coleman on the introduction of the migratory quail. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John B. Clarke; Secretary, Charles L. Richardson; Vice-Presidents, Marcellus Eldridge, of Portsmouth; Luther Hayes, of South Milton; E. B. Hodge, of Plymouth; W. W. Fletcher, of Concord; Edward Spaulding, of Nashua; W. S. Shurtliffe, of Colebrook; John Clement, of Troy; W. M. Wood, of Sandwich; M. A. Haynes, of Lake Village; George P. Whitman, of Manchester.

The New Hampshire League is composed of the solid, substantial portion of the commonwealth, and its meetings are always characterized by a spirit of earnest and intelligent discussion of game and fish protection viewed from its highest economic standpoint. We shall refer later to some of the points of Mr. Power's address.

THE RIGHT WORD.—An esteemed Montreal correspondent, Mr. R. H. Kilby, writes: "I sometimes regret the term 'sportsman' is so often made use of in connection with fish and game protection, the word has a tendency to cause the non-sporting classes to feel that the effort to protect fish and game arises only from a desire to preserve that which contributes to the sportsman's amusement. Let us endeavor to impress on the minds of those who love neither Rod nor Gun what a bountiful harvest of food our Forests and Streams will yield if short sighted avarice and greed can be so far restrained as to permit nature to work out her wonderful laws of reproduction."

While endorsing fully the economic view taken by our correspondent we cannot share his regret that the term "sportsman" is so frequently employed in this way. The non-sporting public will find out in due time what an important work has been accomplished by the "sportsmen" of the country, and as the value and importance of the "sportsmen's" fish and game protective efforts are appreciated, it will be fitting that the "sportsman" should receive the credit. The connection between "sportsmen" and game protection is also doing much to eradicate some of the popular misconception which still clings to the title.

AMERICA HAS SENT TO AUSTRALIA her salmon and her pinnated grouse, and in the first instance at least the gift has proved a valuable one to the recipient. We learn that the favor is now being returned, and that on the Pacific coast the experiment of importing game birds from Australia is being tried. A Mr. Coates, of San Francisco, has recently imported several pairs of Australian pheasants, and has distributed them among a number of gentlemen interested in the acclimatization of game.

An interesting experiment has been tried by one gentleman, Lieutenant Richman, of Mare Island, who is said to have successfully crossed those presented to him with his game fowls, and now has a number of the half breeds alive and well!

It is proposed if the Australian pheasants can be successfully propagated in California to turn a number of them out to shift for themselves in the hope that a new bird may be added to the game fauna of that State.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION has elected the following officers for the ensuing year, a selection which gives ample assurance of the continued good work which has given the Massachusetts Association so high a standing: President, John Potler, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Esq.; Col. Henry Smith, Theodore Lyman, Esq., Edward P. Brown, Esq., H. T. Rockwell, Esq.; Treasurer, James R. Reed; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, E. S. Toley, Jr.; Librarian, E. M. Messenger; Executive Committee, Ivers W. Adams, W. S. Hills, Arthur K. Roberts, F. R. Shattuck, C. T. Jenkins; Committee on Membership, L. Prouty, F. Thekenman, E. Delano.

The society is doing a good work in the face of much opposition, and the determined manner in which its members are striving for the perfection of the game laws indicates that in time the laws of Massachusetts may be as efficient as those of any other State.

FISHERY EXHIBITION PROPOSED.—The Berlin International Exhibition last year and the national one held at Norfolk, England, this month have aroused the interest of the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association, and they talk of holding an exhibition in Edinburgh next year.

INTERNATIONAL HUNTING AND SPORTING EXHIBITION.—We learn from the *English Fishing Gazette* that an exhibition as above will be held at Cleves, Rhinisch Prussia, an 18-hour journey from London. The classification includes fire-arms and ammunition from the earliest to the present time. Dresses and accoutrements for hunters and anglers, fishing tackle, hunting carriages, stalling, hoes, hides, skins and articles made therefrom, stuffed animals, birds, etc.

The Sportsman's Tourist.

GETTING LOST.

WORCESTER, MASS., Quinsigamond Eyrie, March 18. An article in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 24, "What to Do When Lost," has called up in me some reminiscences which, for what they are worth, go to show that a white man is not only liable, but indeed has a natural tendency to get hopelessly lost when once he has passed beyond the limit of recognized landmarks and is without compass or such guides as he may be familiar with in the realms of space.

A pig and an Indian rarely get lost. An Indian may look for moss on the tree trunks, may cast his eyes to the tree tops, knowing that the higher branches will always bend and take a set from the higher winds, or may observe the direction of the tree or bush, rock, or swell of land to break the dead monotonous. Rivers and mountains, lakes and streams, forest and prairie, desert and wilderness have been my bed-fellows and messmates. From Mexico to the interior of Canada, from Eastport far to the westward I have hunted and fished, but not so much for the hunting and fishing as for the love of the company, the flow of the winds and heaves, rocks and rivers, the mountains, and seas of wild grandeur. I have seen my game world besetting, and I catch trout with an angle worm and I am a great tramp and would bet on extricating myself from a tangle about anything living except a fox-hound or a cat, a pig or an Indian.

And yet I have been lost many a time, and often under circumstances attended with great danger—in the night during storms of snow, or in the day, in flooded pine lands that skirt the Alleghania and in the forest.

I will relate one or two instances, but only such as are accompanied by that peculiar, unaccountable tendency to go astray, a tendency attaching itself to both horse and man, as I will try to show.

Men and horses, when recognizable points are out of sight and a distant enough, invariably fall to traveling in circles. Twenty-five years ago I bought a prize farm in the township of Chelms, fifty-eight miles south of Chicago. I located four miles west of the R. R. station, and nothing intervened but prairie, not a hut nor a tree, not even a trail. To the south nothing—fifteen miles of nothing—saving perhaps the village of Ashkum, and that under a swell and visible only in mirage. To the west, three miles away, was Mill's Grove, and fifty miles beyond that prairie again for miles, and then Vermillion River.

To the north was a range of hills thirty feet high, and between were two pre-eminences—Bard's—deserted, and one other; and beyond the hills was Kaukaue City, then a village of a few hundred souls, ten miles away.

Three of us had been deer-hunting with greyhounds. I had run a herd of six bucks, and my dog, which last week I had lashed with our knives to aid the dogs who had found their match and were hardly equal to their undertaking. It was now nightfall, the sky was overcast and rapidly thickening, and before we had the headquarters wrapped in the skip and were mounted a fine snow was falling. We put spurs to our horses and with a swift gallop went for the hills, now no longer visible. Ten minutes of hard riding and we were lost—horses and men. Before starting we could see Kaukaue and knew we were exactly in line for home. But where were we now? We should have crossed the hills at the pace we made, but we had missed them. We could have discerned the inclination, slight as it is, up to this time, but with a little more obscurity all would be level way to us. We halted simultaneously and without word or token. Each felt—somewhere in the region of the stomach—a disagreeable but unspoken sensation. I say stomach, for brains have nothing to

do with a lost condition until they are called to the rescue. Attached to this condition is a sort of sickening sensation half-way above the belt—a feeling that with the hardy usually vents itself in a mocking snile, to be dissipated as reason goes about her task. "Where are we?" "I don't know," was answered by two voices, and, in default of others, all agreed to give their horses their heads and trust to them.

On we went, walking our horses, and never drawing rein. One—two hours must have elapsed, and we had discontinued to aid circulation, keeping by our horses' whithers that they might not be influenced indirectly by us, when—"Presto!" "Hold up!" says one. "Here's that—buck's carcass."

It was now our turn. No more horse guides for us. We were lost to the horses, and the horses were lost to us. The wise one—there is always a wise one in a party of three—acted as guide while neither of the others for a moment dismounted with his direction. Somewhere about midnight, the snow still falling, but very fine and making on the ground very slowly, we came abruptly against the side of a board shanty, but it was too dark to examine it by sight, and the guide dismounted and, running his hands along the cave and counting the openings, pronounced it Bard's pre-emption.

Now we certainly were right. It had taken us as hours to straighten out, but the trouble was all over, and we were less than three miles from home, and knew the points of the compass precisely. Bard's shanty lay east and west from end to end, and I had often at my front door seen the needle in arrow Bard's roof at right angles with the ridge-pole. But how we used up the five hours' time at a brisk walk, I say nothing of a ten minutes' lope at a thoroughbred's pace, and gained not more than three miles? It was a puzzle, and as we jogged along we talked it over and theorized upon the inclination of a stray to travel in a circle. We were now moving due south

—true as pigeons. There was no wind to aid us, but we had no wind to hinder us, and the wind was not blowing to the right or left? The wind was long and the noise was dead. My uncle—the oracle of the party—took out his watch, lifted the crystal side of the case, and after a delicate manipulation of the pointers with his finger-tips and accurately locating the stone, ejaculated: "Four o'clock, by jimey! Four hours and three miles yet. I don't understand it, but the horses all stopped short, like horses that know their stalls, and within five minutes our feet were so tired we couldn't budge an inch. It was darker than night, and we could see nothing more, forsooth, it was extra darkness. The oracle dismounted, walked hump against some object, and we could hear his hands rattling and sliding away from us. And now the sound was lost, but now again it emerged from an opposite direction and my uncle said: "By jimey! It's Bard's pre-emption." The door fell down and we sheltered there till morning.

I had been with a pair of horses and prairie wagon to Friuk's Grove—seven miles away. Prink was the name, and the grove there was none. Two or three thirt-forsaken, lightning-riven, ghostly oaks that, being surrounded by wet pines and dry sloughs, had for a few ages escaped the annual fire, now to mention some lately planted locusts, made up the grove, and the rest was a mass of dead, fallen, and slabs. My load—was just one section away and one mile as the hen flies. In front of me was a slough of perhaps two acres. It was not far from the pan, but not so far across it, and I understood sloughs pretty well. Some of them are bottomless pits, but those almost invariably subside up near their ends, and the water runs out, and I found one such here. To be sure it was past sunrise, and what I saw was a drizzling rain had set in. But I could see across. I could even barely discern my horse, like a shadow in the gray of evening. I drove in. The horses nired, and one that always played me false lay flat down in the mud. Five minutes sufficed to unbind and lead the horse, and the other, after a cross and whiffle-tree to rear, took with a chain the horse for the end of the pole in four feet of mud to steer—as with a rudder—and so ordered, to shout "Git!" But the horses couldn't start it, and the next thing to do was to carry the stones, one by one, to land and arming for a start. This time I lauded high and dry, but it was too late to relate and so I went on empty.

And ceased raining but was getting quite dark, and as the way—all the prairie, I mean—was smooth, I sang out in Sucker parlance an emphatic "Git!" and admonished the beasts with bridled necks. It got dark and grew darker, and I drove on and drove ever, seemingly, but no landmark that I knew manifested itself to my only remaining sense of discernment—the sense of feeling—for all I could hope for was to jolt over some body of water. I stopped to take reckonings, for I was lost to light, and then I saw, and on my larboard bow. There was no breaking that signal—Mrs. R. had set a beacon light in the window. I knew the world, and I drove on, but it seemed as if the d— I carried the lamp, for I never reached it, and now it went out altogether. A little further on and I halted, took out my seven-dollar watch and dexterously fingered out eleven o'clock. But Mrs. R. had set a beacon light in the window, and I was confronted by the grim again—right astern, and I turned half round since I lost the light. I followed on to disappointment, for again my beacon disappeared but soon reappeared, though not just where I should have located it. Again I pursued it. I seemed now to travel miles and at last struck upon broken ground, very rough—in Ashkum, probably. I was to jolt over some body of water. For I guessed was seven miles from home and all the light I had seen was jack-o'-lanterns. I had often watched the *ignis fatuus* upon that prairie. Striking the breaking I was determined. I stepped down and out, slid off one harness and mounted after loosing the other horse. I had as lief follow that one as any other phosphorescent treachery—but not with wheels over plowed ground.

The light still glared—a flicker, lying, hollow promise—luring me to some new evil; to the black swamps of Vermillion—maybe into mire of Latham Creek, most likely—fornow on this side, now on that, sometimes in rear, but never in front, it seemed as if a thousand voices had opened from throats that already scented the effluvia that was to arise a week hence from the decaying carcasses of your correspondent and his horse. But didn't you think much care for the wolves. They and I were old acquaintances. I had more than once scattered a pack of them with mud balls. I jogged on, may be a minute, perhaps not half of it. That light stood for me. It was in my house, and I had unlatched just thirteen rods from my own door, at two o'clock by the Wallman.

I started on horseback with a companion from Savannah, with the mixed design of hunting and tramping, making Jacksonville the objective point. We crossed the

OUR LAST MATCH.

Ogechee at the twelve-mile bridge and ferried the Altamaha. It was now the third day out. We spied turkey tracks in the sand and separated, having previously arranged in case of a complete separation to meet at Jacksonville unless chance should bring us together. There were many turkeys. The pine woods seemed full of them. I did my horse by the roadside for an hour or more heard occasional discharges of fire-arms, distant and more distant, until the crack softened to a tick, and the tick was no more audible. Late that night I took lodgings alone at Trader's Hill, a village of two houses, a store and a blacksmith-shop, on the banks of the St. Mary's. At seven o'clock A. M. I mounted and made for the ferryman—his trail my way to Jacksonville was to "take this trail"—a blind sort of cart road that never a cart went over—and a mile below I was to cross a creek and take a bright blaze, which I might follow to a branch (brook), there to take a new blaze which I might follow a mile or so to an old blaze, that would lead to the King's road, an old Spanish road near the coast, thirty-three miles from Jacksonville. Trader's Hill was forty miles from the Floridian city. I struck the trail, crossed the creek, till the bright blaze, and was soon lost. This country is one vast stretch of pine standing far apart, with branches interlacing, and with underbrush whatever. So wide apart are the tree trunks that one may look for half a mile in any direction, or ride at a swift lope with perfect safety, and the things you might meet with were a sand-hill crane, a ratter, a deer, a black bear or a flock of turkeys, and perchance, but quite unlikely, one of those short-tailed grizzly things with unpromising claws and teeth, the thing usually seen curled up in the fork of a tree glancing at you. At 8 o'clock, the afternoon I struck the edge of a cotton field, and being on the west side of it the cheerful white faces, turned by millions toward me, seemed to invite me down the line which, following, soon brought me to a planter's house. The planter received me respectfully, but not cordially. He knew me for a Yank. He received me dignifiedly, and set his horse and stables at my disposal. I partook and thanked him, having learned long before better than to offer a planter compensation.

The gentleman gradually throwing off his reserve, inquired my destination, and informed me I was eleven miles from Trader's Hill, seven miles from the King's Road, and forty miles from Jacksonville, and having set me on another blaze for the aforesaid road I started and was lost in twenty minutes.

"How do you think you could have done better? I wish your supper hung for once upon following a bright blaze with time short and road long. Inexpert as I was I could have made it out, but I was in a hurry, and that was as good as three pairs against me. That night at 10 o'clock, by a digital calculation on the bulleseye, I was following the edge of an immense swamp, no slough or bog, but a wooded swamp that something that's astray has an abiding horror of.

Both myself and horse felt absolutely certain that we ought to head to the right, and sharply, too. Domestic animals and man mutely, but not less intelligibly, mutually communicate thoughts. We both kept bearing to the right, but no, that interminable swamp kept moving up in front of us every time we veered. Again and again we essayed it, sometimes the horse, unguided, and sometimes myself. I felt sure we were moving in a circle by the swamp forcing us to the left.

At midnight we saw a torch-light, and going for it brought up to a cracker's log-house and halted for the night. The cracker said I was seven miles from Trader's Hill, seven miles from the King's Road and forty miles from Jacksonville. The edge of the swamp we had followed lay due east and west, and our wish to turn to the right was the natural tendency to move in a circle. T. C. RICE.

I think it was the year 1864, in the month of March, I went in to Mollchukunuk Lake to prepare my camps at Angler's Retreat for the spring fishing parties. The camps are situated at the foot of the lake, near the outlet, and are sixteen miles from the Upton settlements and twenty miles from Andover, in an unbroken forest and on the lake north of Umbagog, being a difficult place to reach in the winter season.

I used to store all the provisions I had left from the summer supplies, as also the bedding and crockery, &c., in a room in the centre camp, and lock the doors and nail up everything in the strongest possible manner, not only to keep them from wild beasts, but also from any vagrant biped who might stray so far away from human society. It was not only expensive, but difficult to freight in supplies over Umbagog Lake up a rapids, and I had the greatest carry for four or five miles on my sled in the summer time, and I was the more careful to take care of every pound weight possible.

On approaching the camps I found they were open and everything in disorder—the wood burned up and the provision room broken into, and considerable of it gone. The bedding was all disarranged and overhauled, showing plainly that some one had camped there quite a while.

Recently I discovered a piece of paper tucked up on a post in the centre camp, and in a fair handwriting the following words:

"CAMP RICE, AT HEAD OF RICHARDSON'S LAKE, NOV. 6.
To who may read this, sir or lady:
Should I not be able to get away from here but kind enough to notify my friends or at least my father, the Hon. Peter Edsall, No. 10 Morton street, New York city—that is, should you find me dead. By examining papers in my pockets you will find out how I came here and my business. Yours truly,
WM. H. EDSALL.

After reading the above I immediately made a thorough search for the body, both indoors and out, fearing the poor fellow had perished in this lonely, faraway place. But I did not then, and neither have I since, in all these seventeen years, been able to learn the least tidings of any such a person. J. G. RICE.

Bethel, Maine, Feb. 28, 1881.

MINNESOTA DEER BUTCHERY.—The Long Prairie, Minn., Argus, says that, "In Ward and beyond, parties are butchering deer in a disgraceful manner. Some of the deer are so poor that they can scarcely stand, and yet these bones are relentlessly pursued on snow shoes and slates." Commenting on this abomination, one of our correspondents writes: "The inclosed slip I ask you to insert in your influential journal for the sake of humanity and civilization, as I feel certain that you are a civilized man or woman can regard the abominable butchers with any other than the most shocked and execration. The snow here is yet a foot deep on the level, while many huge drifts are from five to eight feet high."—M. J. E.

HAVING read many hunting and fishing adventures in THE FOREST AND STREAM, I contribute one of my own written for the benefit of myself, as well as for the hunting expedition in Colorado last October. We left our wagon in Estes Park and packed our outfit on a couple of mules and a pony up to the head of Black canyon and camped at the foot of the big lake at the head of Fall River, a well-known stream which runs through the park. Our camp was made nearly at timber line, and above were bald, bare peaks and huge snow banks which must have been there as long as the mountains were. The mountains in that section are very rugged and cut up by deep canyons, so that one has to keep a sharp lookout when going any distance to avoid difficulty in retracing to his camp. A man may be familiar with one side of a large peak and think he would know it if he were miles away, but let him change his location a few miles and it will look strange and entirely different. It is the same way with snow landmarks. One may pass down a small valley and see half a dozen large snow banks on either side, and then a day or two later enter the valley from a different direction and proceed up and nothing will look familiar. There several canons will head close together and lead in different directions so that you can hunt up one to its head, turn around a few times and start back down another and think you are in the same one you went up when in reality you are going in another direction. This will show how easy it is to get lost, especially in the night.

On the third day after arriving we all started together in a northerly direction to look for bears. And let me say right here that we do not hunt range grizzlies with shot-guns and squirrel shot, and when one is not on a bare mountain and a gun goes off the hunter always gets the bear, or the bear gets the hunter. So we always kept together, for three men with two leaders and many traps can keep a streak of lead in the air hard for any animal to follow. We got off about 9 A. M. in a northerly direction and at the sun was shining brightly and the day promised to be warm I left my coat in camp against the advice of the boys, who said it might get cold before our return. We tramped around until about 3 P. M. killing nothing but some snow quail, which at that season were spotted—about half white and half brown. Later in the day we started down toward the town, and I took down upon our camp from the town, and we were, but the sides was so steep and rugged that it was impossible to get down without going to the upper end of the valley, the way we went out, or else going down and cutting at the lower end. We decided on the latter route and started that way. After going a short distance we came to a deep canyon and had to make a long detour, and before we got up and a heavy fog came in, dense that it hid the mountains for over twenty feet. As this caused the sun's rays to disappear, it began to get cold and before we realized our danger night came on, and we were out in the cold on a dark night, tired and hungry. I was sure I knew the direction of the camp, but my companions were equally certain it was in an entirely different direction. So we went wandering on.

It getting very cold, the wind which came up after dark blowing over the snow, we were very busy. Then Tommy, the biggest and stoutest one of the party, got out and we had to carry his gun. It was so cold we could not stop and not a particle of wood of any kind. Finally we came to a sort of valley and concluded to follow it down and find wood and camp. At last we came to a patch of scrub-oak about two feet high, and prepared to make a fire. A search of the scrub-oak revealed six matches. Some twigs were gathered, a small stick of wood cut off, and no fire. Four times more was the same thing repeated with like result. We knew the other world go the same way, and so decided to keep it until our return to camp the next day, so as to be able to make a fire there. Then the fact began to strike us forcibly that we were in for a night on the mountain, too tired to travel, and too cold to be still. Once we all crawled up to a thick bunch of bushes, myself in the middle, and tried to snuggle up close and keep warm. But it was no go, the ground was hard and stony, and any object I would the top side would soon get so cold that I would have to change my position.

Finally this became unendurable and we crawled out and went on a little farther. Then we stopped at another bunch of brush and sat down out of the wind and shivered. I took the matches out of my pocket, and after considering the chances, said, "Boy, I don't want to do it to any good to-morrow, for we will all freeze to death before morning." Tommy produced quite a large piece of flour sack which he had in one of his pockets and proposed trying to start a fire with that. Lucky thought! The match was struck, the cloth blazed up and we laid it on the ground and put a few twigs on it, but the blaze went out and with it our hopes, almost. But as the cloth smoked and smoldered we commenced to blow and fan it, and the way we did work! One would blow until he could find no more breath, then another would try it, and then we would blow all together, until at last the twigs began to get red, they blazed, faint at first, but by careful nursing a fire was started. This we moved to a bunch of brush and soon had a fire blazing five or six feet high. The night kept getting colder, until toward morning we could hardly keep our feet on the fire, except by changing our positions so that first one side of the fire would be warmed and then the other. When the sun came out in the morning, was about played, but the others felt better. Tommy went up on a high peak to take a look and came back and said he did not know where we were, as everything looked strange. So we decided to follow our back trail, knowing we could reach camp that day. This we did, arriving about 2:30 P. M. Everything was all right, and the fire we had left burning the day before had been lit to a bunch of brush and was smoldering when we got there. We soon had a fire going, coffee put on and also the camp kettle, which contained some grouse and potatoes and plenty of broth. We broke our thirty hours' fast with soup and coffee, and wound up with bread and meat. The next day a big bill elk came pretty early into camp. Before he knew it and we all commenced shooting at once. He got off quite a distance, but was finally sent down after being hit in the neck. The day following we butchered a 300 pound grizzly in pretty much the same way. All commenced shooting at once. He fell at the first fire, then got up and made the mountain echo for a minute and tried to get to us, but it was no use. We shot as long as he kicked, and gave him one or two after he quit to make sure of his not playing possum.

I have been out in poor cold weather, but that our night above timber line, but a little better. I ever have. This is little doubt but for our "last match" that we would sit up there yet, frozen solid, perhaps serving as curiosities in a side-

show conducted by some enterprising old grizzly hunter. We afterwards found that the place where we spent the night was within a mile of our camp, with only a low divide between.

ANOTHER TOUR IN THE PROVINCES.

IF any one of your million readers has ever chanced to see a book published a long time ago, entitled "Stewart's History of Prince Edward's Island," and thinks he will treat to a sporting tour on that excellent and really—for its time—most reliable work, he will find himself (triflingly mistaken). Stewart, as is the effect that the Province of Prince Edward's Island in the "Gulph" of St. Lawrence abounds in game, large and small; and as to fish, you or any other man have only to drop a line in the shape of a crooked pin on the end of a string to catch any number of fish such as sea-cows, seals, smoggon and huss, with salmon (Richardson's and the other kinds), sea trout, river trout of colossal proportions, and every other phase of the *Salmonidae*. In fact, Stewart, and later people who have erred from his book, say that Prince Edward's Island offers a paradise to the sportsman and angler.

It don't! To the pilgrimages that it is my lot to make frequent throughout the length and breadth of the island now mis-called by the name of the otherwise forgotten Prince Edward—(please to understand that I am not a book agent and I repute chrome with scorn), I have been really sorry to see several American gentlemen who looked like sportsmen, excepting that their fit-out seem'd too awfully expensive, trying in vain to find where the paradise of gaming and fishing was in this Province of ours. That is the main reason I now write you.

Game laws here none to speak of now in Prince Edward's Island. Antlers of deer have been blown up, showing that good sport was once upon a time. Flint arrowheads, both of war and the chase, have been given to me from several localities, indicating a stone era long ago down into the abyss of ages. An archaeologist might take some interest in a locality that I could show him where the flint arrowheads that have been dug up within the range of an arrow's flight show a perceptible difference of construction. The defendants were evidently the occupants of the soil, the new efforts, but then not unpowerful nomadic sept of the Mic Maes; the plaintiffs were the Mohawks—those Indian Normans who beached their long galleys on the banks of Miminigish Creek here on our *Prospero's* isle. And, strange to say, in the inner consciousness of the remnant of the Mic Maes tribe now living on Ninous Island, here lives an unwholesome dread of the bogey "the Mohawk!" Once your present correspondent was privileged to hear a Mic Maes mother say to a pappose stammered Indian fashion to a shingle, "Uthi, uctahy, m'ijyayy, Abogee, Mowahk-ee-hoo!" or words to that effect, which being freely rendered may read: "You little brute, if you don't shut up I'll give you to the Mohawks to eat!" The remark was followed by a sort of rhythmic cadence that sounded not unlike the white-gloved applause at a successful opera. But I must confess that my unwritten legends of the Hiawatha type are mostly derived from an Indian of my acquaintance in the happy hunting grounds, where the security of game, I rather confess I have half a wish to be with him—and whom once upon a time in camp I reverently christened one of *A Jackwood's M'itigine* by the Christian and surname of Tony Butler.

To resume: The Province of Prince Edward Island is a long, narrow, stonless bank of earth, one hundred and thirty miles, more or less, in length, by a width of eight to thirty-five miles, and completely without rivers, estuaries, in which, at the right season, is always to be had some good fishing. "The Island," as we islanders love to call it, has been unecessarily called "the garden of the Gulf." No greater height on any part than thirty to eighty feet prevents the whole thing from being washed away. The soil is the loam of fruit-bearing Devonshire, England, and from what is told to the undersigned not unlike the earthy part of that New Jersey, where early frosts all ways kill, by telegraph, and the orchard peach crop.

In such a strip of land, barely showing above the surrounding sea its crown of green fields, dotted here and there with the *conifere*, that are now almost the only suggestion to remind that before Cabot came drifting along this was an isle

That on its summer shade of trees
Lay all atoot,
it cannot be expected that there should be any rivers. There are none. The temperature of the running waters over shallow depths is too tropical for salmon. Trout, however, are to be had in holes.

It is now two years and perhaps more since the present Canadian Minister of Fisheries came into office and at once took decisive steps to redress from utter fish-exhaustion all the waters of that smallest of the maritime provinces that made the largest show in ephering up that most reluctant \$5,300,000—meaning, of course, Prince Edward Island.

The fishery officers now state that the number of trout in our small but innumerable angling streams is certainly doubled during the past year, and is very enthusiastic. I know whereof I speak in saying that there is reasonably good sport for a reasonable number of legitimate trout rods. The only thing further to be remarked is that it would not be best to land upon the Island shore from the Gulf steamer and go wandering around with one's rod on one's shoulder, looking at all the horse ponds, without having previously arranged one's route. Perhaps your present correspondent might suggest that if any really enthusiastic angler would like to try the little purring trout-brooks of Prince Edward Island (trout only) at a total expense for rough accommodation—*ex-transport*—of scarcely over \$2 per diem, including small boys as missionary guides, he had better consult beforehand with the fishery officer for the Province whose name recently appeared with the other fishery officers of the continent in FOREST AND STREAM. As probably that designation of the *Provy* referred to does not live in the minds of his contemporaries, his address is: Col. Duvar, Alberton, P. O., Inspector of Fisheries for the Province of Prince Edward Island, Canada. D.

DEATH OF MR. COBB.—Warronton, Va., April 6.—Please notice death of the elder Cobb, discoverer and proprietor of Cobb's Island, Va., who died March 26, 1881, aged 81 years. Many sportsmen of the United States will remember him as a splendid hunter, a man wise in sporting lore, and withal a good raconteur. He was buried on the Island that he found, and in the blists that sweep over his grave, which come from the ocean, mingled with the tears of the gall and soul that he will sleep sweetly. An honest, true-hearted man.—CHASSAUB

obtain specimens for preservation, they seemed to learn nothing from experience, but would allow me to approach as closely as ever.

After the snow began to deep that I was compelled to wear snow shoes to get to them. The "crunching" of the crust under the shoes was a source of great uneasiness to them and I was unable to approach as closely as before. They would feed as unconcernedly as ever until an unusually loud "crunch" would cause the whole flock to take wing, the flight being led by no one in particular. Indeed, during my observation of this species I have never noticed any trace of that tendency to follow a recognized leader, which is so prominent a trait with many birds. They show no sympathy for a dead or wounded comrade, often feeding within a few inches of such without manifesting any concern whatever. There was in constant attendance upon this flock, the first three times that I visited it, a small hawk, of which they manifested a wholesome dread, but I gave him a charge of number eight upon a favorable occasion, after which I saw no more of him.

The grosbeaks are quite indifferent crows, showing no more agility on the small firs than a crow. I have seen them on the ground feeding on the seeds which had fallen from the bushes above.

Some writers have accused this bird of eating the buds of fruit trees, and one at least has said that buds form their principal food. I have dissected many of these birds and have yet to find the first sign of a bud of any kind. I have watched them closely while feeding on apple trees and have never seen them eat anything while there but the apples left on the trees the fall before, and have even seen them descend to the ground for these. I have never seen anything in the habits of this beautiful and interesting bird which should lead us to regard it as other than a very welcome winter visitor.

CHAS. E. INGALLS.
East Templeton, Mass., April 4.

THE RATTLESLAKE AS A TREE-CLIMBER.

FOUR WALLA WALLA, W. T., March 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have not had anything to say to you for some time, and as we are here looking for them, I will place to you what I know about rattlesnakes climbing trees. To put the matter concisely, let us say about the rattlesnake commonly found in the West—the *Crotalus tigris*—of Baird & Girard. This species at any rate does climb, now and then; if not on large trees, at any rate on sage bushes and small willows. I don't mean to say either that it is a constant habit of the species—I do not believe it is, but rattlers are found now and then in such situations. There is one instance at least, and I have a witness for it in First Lieutenant Chas. E. S. Wood, Twenty-first Infantry, now stationed at the Military Academy at West Point, New York, who undoubtedly remembers the occasion, as I showed him the snake in position on a small willow tree, probably about five feet from the ground, before shooting it. I told him at the time that I might want him to verify the occurrence, and here is your chance if you have any doubts about the facts. Lieutenant Wood and myself were returning from a hunt after musky grouse in the vicinity of Camp Haney, Oregon, some time in the latter part of August, 1875. I think, following down a small mountain stream called Rattlesnake Creek, along the banks of which a number of willows and cottonwoods grew. The willow on which the snake was found was somewhat leaning toward the creek and was probably three or four inches thick. The snake had worked its way up into a fork about five feet from the ground, and was curled up there and rattled as I passed it. It attracted my attention, and before disturbing it I showed it to the lieutenant.

What the particular inducement was to cause the snake to climb in this instance I can't tell, as there were no birds' nests or any thing of that sort on the willow in question or in the vicinity, as I examined the surroundings closely after shooting the snake. The snake was not over three feet in length, and had only five rattles.

On another occasion I saw a rattlesnake in a sage bush near Owens Lake, Sage County, Cal., but the bush was not over two and a half feet high. There are exceptions to every rule, and here you can have at least one well-authenticated instance where a rattlesnake climbed, if not a tree, at least a good sized willow.

CHAS. BENDIRE.

EVENING GROSBREAK IN WISCONSIN—FON DU LAC, Wis., March 23.—I send you as close a description of a bird recently shot here as I am capable of giving, and regret that I am unable to send you a skin, but have already mounted nine: Male bird; length, eight and one-half inches; bill, grescous yellow, very large and heavy. Top of head black, front of head bright yellow extending in a narrow line over eyes. Neck, dark olive brown extending down until blended with the bright yellow of the belly and back. Rump, pure yellow wings, four and one-half inches long, exterior covers black, those near the body pure white; tail and upper tail covers deep black.

Should I succeed in securing any more specimens I shall take great pleasure in forwarding skins to you. I am an enthusiastic sportsman, and very fond of observing habits, etc., of birds and animals. I shall in a few days send you a detailed description of a strange bird, no record of any large ones having been killed in Nova Scotia. The horns are well proportioned and nearly equal, one side having nineteen points the other seventeen. The pan or palmated part extends well on both sides and over the front. The head was killed last season in this country. The following are the dimensions of the horns spread from tip to tip: Five feet six inches (or sixty-six inches); from point of brow anterior to top of horn, three feet, four inches; from tip of beak to pan from twenty to thirty-five inches.—THOMAS L. BEAVER.

The antlers form a pair of the most superb specimens ever coming to our notice. We should be pleased to hear of other records.

A SNAKE-CATCHING KING FISHER.—The interesting account which we print below of the capture of a snake by the "laughing jackass," a large Australian king fisher, is taken from the New South Wales *Albany Banner*. It is as follows:

It has long been a matter of popular belief that the great king fisher was an enemy of the snake, perpetually warring upon the tribe in general, and never happier than when dining on serpent *au naturel*. It is not often, however, that even persons habitually residing in the bush have so good an opportunity as that afforded a few days since to Mr. Christian Westendorff, of Jindera, for observing the laughing jackass when in the act of hugging the gane referred to. Mr. Westendorff was engaged with another man in clearing some land, and in the course of the day's operations it became necessary to shift a large log. For this purpose levers were applied to each end, and after some straining the log was rolled from its resting-place. The very moment it commenced to move, a laughing jackass, which had hitherto been taking a deep but unobtrusive interest in the proceedings, made a swoop down from the limb of an adjacent tree and seized a large snake which had been lying under the log. The snake was gripped by the back of the neck (if snakes can be said to have necks) and borne away to the bird's previous perch, where the unfortunate reptile was hanged against the bough until the body separated from the head and fell to the ground. The jackass then dropped the head, and seizing the body sallied away in triumph with his prize. Whether the bird had seen the snake go under the log and was watching for it to come forth again, or whether it knew by instinct that the reptile was there, is a question which may be left for nature to determine. But we are credibly informed that as soon as the log was shifted, and before Mr. Westendorff or his companion had any idea of a snake being in their neighborhood, the jackass was down and had made good his seizure.

A CAT'S LONG JOURNEY—BANCOR, Me.—I am well aware that cats are not game, and are reckoned as "neither flesh nor fish, nor rod red herring," and so have no legitimate standing in *FOREST AND STREAM*, yet the recording of a pedestrian feat recently performed by one in this vicinity may interest you to admit her into your columns as a poacher on your manor.

A gentleman in this city had presented to him a Maltese cat with four young nursing kittens by a former friend living fourteen miles out in the country. This cat and her kittens were placed in a close covered basket instead of which was a blanket in which they were wrapped, and the whole then covered with a thick rug. The basket and its contents were then brought to the city by the distance stated. The cat and her kittens were kept in a room in their new home, and carefully watched, fed and petted for seven days she appearing to be wanted and content. On the morning of the seventh day she and her kittens were seen at their new home for the last time and were missed very soon after. The following day at noon she appeared at her old home with all her kittens. She did not return by the road, the way she came as she was seen by several persons going through the fields with a kitten in her mouth. Allowing thirty hours to have elapsed between the time she was last seen at her new home and the time she was first seen at her old home she must have traveled a distance of 112 miles, carrying a kitten one-half the same distance.

"TALKING A SKUNK"—ROCKLAND, Me.—A young man earned a quarter and made himself a hero by removing a skunk from an entry at the head of the stairs in a building on Main street. The skunk was master of the situation, preventing ingress or egress to the offices and tenements on that floor. Our hero coming upon the scene, approached the passive end of the skunk, and moving his hand in front of the skunk's nose to take his attention, he reached over him, seized him by the tail, carried him eight or a mile and threw him into the dock where the boat finished him with stones. When I came upon the scene he had just returned and was inviting the public to smell of him. I with a few hundred other citizens accepted of his kind invitation, and I can testify under oath that he was as sweet as a nut.—TURNER.

[Take a bull by the horns and a skunk by the tail.]

Game Bag and Gun.

CATCHING RABBITS IN SIBERIA.

BY XIL YORRIS.

ROMANOFF is a Russian and a Nihilist. Banished to Siberia he was fortunate enough to escape after a time and became a diamond hunter in the south of Africa. He failed, however, to discover Kohn's noors or great moguls, and went to the gold mines of Australia and from thence to the Black Hills. He drifted over the land wherever he could hear of gold or gems. A perfect cosmopolitan, thoroughly educated and informed, a Hercules in strength and able to curse the Autocrat of all the Russias in half the languages in Europe, he was gentle as a child, and his voice was musical as running waters. I believe he would have made his fortune as a singer. He was, of course, a fanatic, and capable of no doubt, if he thought it for the good of his cause, of committing any deed of blood. I met him for the first time in the San Juan mountains in 1880. We became friends, and after a time partners, and spent the summer prospecting near Ouray.

Very one day from climbing over boulders 8,000 ft. above the sea, we spread down our blankets in the hollow of a rock for a mid-day rest.

"Do you know, Mr. Yorris, how they catch rabbits in Siberia?" asked Romanoff.

I was watching a mountain sheep standing on the summit of a crag a long way off, but boldly outlined against the sky, and answered, carelessly, "As elsewhere, I suppose."

"There you are wrong," said the Russian. "Let us light our pipes and I will tell you.

"Rabbits are very numerous in the wilds of Siberia, and you know, the winters are long and terribly cold. We select a locality where we know they are abundant and, at night when the frost giants are abroad on the Steppes. Along the frozen streams and sheltered valleys we place a number of lighted lamps. The rabbits, poor things, freezing out in the darkness see the welcome lights, and soon approach near enough to feel the genial warmth. They collect around the

lamps in immense numbers, and tears come into their innocent, beautiful eyes, and fall down as frozen pearls on the snow. Higher and higher grow the crystal columns, and soon poor puss becomes a prisoner; bound by his own tears to the ice fastenured there. I caught in this way in a single night 92,003 rabbits."

I glanced fiercely at Romanoff; there was a merry twinkle in his eyes, but not the shadow of a smile. "Now, by the iron rule of Peter the Great, and the beard of Ivan the Terrible!" I exclaimed in simulated passion reaching for my Winchester, "Pill!"

"No you won't," said the Russian, curtly, as he coolly placed in his dark eyes that I had never seen before, "No man ever gets the drop on me."

A WOODCHUCK GUN.

AN inquiry for a woodchuck gun in your issue of March 1924 leads me to write of a woodchuck gun or rather rifle. Last spring I had some tree planting to do in a large cemetery in my neighborhood, Billy, but beautiful place. The President of the Cemetery Association told me that woodchucks were greatly injuring the beauty of their place by their numerous burrows, and asked me if I knew of any plan to rid the grounds of them. I told him that I could dispose of a good many of them by shooting them. He said that this would not do, as they did not allow guns in the inclosure, as their report would frighten visitors (it was quite a public resort), especially the ladies. I at once showed him that my rifle, a 30 inch, 22 calibre Ballard, made but very little report with a 22 short cartridge. He thought it might do to hunt grasshoppers with if I could hit them, but that an old woodchuck would laugh at such a gun. I showed him that it would shoot through three inches of pine, and then he told me to go ahead.

Well, I am not a very great "slouch" with the rifle, but I cannot shoot a grey squirrel's hind end every time one hundred paces as I heard once a fellow say that his brother could do, but I shoot as well as any of the boys I have struck yet at short range. I went a woodchuck hunting in the cemetery. I first looked over the ground, and found numerous holes or borrows, only a small portion of which were occupied at the time, and made careful observations so as to distinguish the used from the unused holes, and soon learned to get a good idea of the depth of the burrow, carefully watching, and soon as Mr. Woodchuck protruded his cranium from his burrow I flipped one of the little leaden pills into it, or missed it as the case might be. Yes; I missed sometimes, for a woodchuck's head is a pretty small mark for me to 100 yards away against a bank of clay of almost exactly the same color. And right here is where the joke comes in: the rifle made so little noise and so unlike the ordinary gun that the woodchuck would pay no attention to it, but they would run into their holes from the stroke of the ball near them and would generally come right out again to see what the rumpus was and give me a fairer shot.

The result of my rifle practice was, that I killed fourteen "chucks" by this still hunting about three hours in each of two days, and four more, making nineteen during the week, while going to lunch at noon. I found the best time to get sets in the spring, as they often were swelling, was between ten and three o'clock of bright warm days. When shot directly through the brain they bounded right out of their burrows, but if hit in the body they could work themselves back into their burrows and die, and this appears to be the most desirable way to get rid of them, for I have a theory that the woodchuck, being found dead in his hole in this way by his neighbors, strikes the survivors with mortal terror and they emigrate. At least the survivors all left this cemetery, for I am sure I did not kill the half or the third of them, and I could see no signs of any there a month after.

While "working" these woodchucks I made one of those wonderful shots we so often read about. Looking across a ravine one day I saw a very large woodchuck coming over the brow of the opposite bluff, full 200 yards away, run a little way down the bank, stop and sit down on his tail, hold up his full length, as they often do, and dig down and dig down on his back about three feet above his head, and let go. I heard the little bullet whack on his "noggin" plainly, and the "chuck" went tumbling heels over head to the foot of the bluff, fully 150 feet, and then gathered himself up and, running like a wild turkey directly up the bluff to within a few feet of where he was when I shot, bounced into his burrow. They can stand nearly as much killing as a cat. I shot one of the "boster" kind, and he died, and the ball coming out to be half an inch behind the left eye, the ball coming out to be half an inch behind the right eye; he bounded out of his burrow, admired around awhile and quietly died. I picked him up, admired the beautiful shot I had made, threw him down, and went on with my lunch. Pretty soon he gave a sneeze, jumped up and started off quite comfortably. I then gave him a rapping shot in the left flank, and out at the point of the right shoulder as he was quartering from me. He lay down and died again. In about five minutes he began making rather too much of a racket—I was watching for another across a ravine—and I shot him again right down through the centre of his head, the ball coming out at his throat. In about ten minutes I got the fellow across the ravine. He was a bad one; he would just raise his head from the burrow far enough to see me with the corner of his eye, and could not see his head as he was lying down, but I would give him a movement every time I could stir; so I drew a bead and held it until I thought his head was there and pulled, and out he bounced. I then picked up the old fellow I had killed so often, put him in my basket to show how big he was, and twenty minutes at least after I had killed him last found him breathing as regularly as a healthy babe.

And now a few concluding words about the modern .22 calibre rifle. I have used and carried them of different makes, actions and lengths, almost continuously for the past five years, and have found them not to shoot first rate and to be big enough for any game we find in our older settled States; grand for ruffed grouse, squirrels, rabbits, hawks, cats, etc. I have killed a great many ducks with them, and killed them out of large masses 300 to 400 yards away. I have found their trajectory for the first 200 yards to be about the same as that of a .38 cal. rifle with the ".35 long" rim fire cartridge. I have used all lengths of barrel from 12 inches up to 30 inches, but found I could not hold a short gun. I therefore got a 30 inch Ballard, weighing 9 lbs., same as my shotgun. This is the gun for enjoyment and pleasure. It makes but little report when fired, not near so much as the old-fashioned percussion cap. It cost but little to shoot it—twenty-five cents per 100 shots; is no trouble to load. One can car-

THE SILVER LAKE STANDS AGAIN.

ONE of the prettiest little sheets of water to be found in this section is Silver Lake, or, as it was originally called, Jones Pond. It is situated in Plymout Co., Mass., and has been the scene of several roving matches. The pine grove has been cleared up on the west side of the pond by the Old Colony Railroad Company, whose road runs in close proximity to the lake and, with its pines and boating, has proved a popular resort. Its waters are extremely deep, in some places measuring over sixty feet, and is probably fed by springs, as the flow of water from the lake is more than can possibly run into it. Its length is about three miles, which, with its width from four to six miles, makes a mile. Owing to its size and depth it never freezes until late and forms a r-sting and watering place for geese, ducks and other small water fowl. At various places, generally points, individuals have erected small houses or shanties, which in the fall are dressed over and maked with pine boughs.

It requires some capital to run one of these stands. In the first place a set of wooden decoys for geese and one for ducks are procured, those for geese being three times as large as a common goose. They are anchored in the center of the pond and are for the purpose of attracting the notice of any passing flock.

It takes from one to two hundred of these to make any kind of a show, and then the stand has to be supplied with live geese decoys, of which it takes from ten to fifteen to do any business. These last, if well trained, command good prices. Then about the stand there must be twenty or thirty live decoy ducks and one or two hounds. But let us see them light a flock and get them within gunshot.

It is a bright day in autumn, and as we sit listening to the musical honk of the old gander fastened on the beach, the look-out announces a flock in sight. Quickly, but silently, everything is put in readiness for their reception. The bush-covered slanters on the house are drawn up, while upon a little knoll a man sits concealed, ready to throw the fly geese, which are caught on the spot, circle-around and finally alight in the water. If not trusted decoys, young ones are used, as they will return. As fast as these are thrown the geese decoys on the beach and in the pens set up a loud honking and, if managed rightly, seldom fail to induce the flock to alight. The wild geese generally alight some distance from shore and when the birds are wild it takes an old hand to draw them near enough to shoot. To do this the geese decoys are pushed out on the beach in front of the stand, while an occasional fly decoy is thrown in one or two hours. The honking is made that all the display of decoys, together with honking, is made that can be invented.

Where there is only one stand this works all right, but when two or more stands are all trying to draw one flock the strongest team and most skillful handler takes the cake. The geese near enough, each man takes his place and fires at the word given by the one in command—first a volley; afterward you can get it in on the wing or shooting over the cripples; for, be it known, a crippled goose in the water is a hard bird to capture.

It seems sportsmanlike to murder these unsuspecting creatures while swimming boldly in your very face and eyes, but as it is the only way they can be captured here, and as there are plenty who like it, I don't know why it is not all right. As for me, the excitement of sitting around a stand day in and day out and not getting a shot is rather tedious; and when the flock is all over in ten or fifteen minutes, and it won't do to leave the stand, for if you do a chance may be missed. I tell it, upon the whole, poor sport.

We were much entertained by a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM a while ago, referring to the "Silver Lake Horror," in which the writer was fearful the geese would all be slaughtered. They need not be alarmed, for I have lived about here all my life, and all the geese killed at Silver Lake, and other parts in its vicinity, will not seriously diminish the family of honkers.

AN OTTER TRAPPED.

THE extreme wariness so characteristic of this animal is too well known to the practical trapper to admit of a positive mention, but suffice it to say they are very suspicious of the appearance of man, and will not frequent a place where he has left his scent. It is also a well-established fact that they will not partake of any bait the trapper may prepare for them, but, like the generality of the animal kingdom, have a curiosity that leads them sometimes into a very unfortunate situation.

A few mornings since as I was going the "grand rounds" on Bailey Lake, my trapping ground, I was agreeably surprised to meet an otter in the open water. He was swimming as carelessly paddling down the outlet of the lake, visiting the traps along the shore. Floating down near a huge cypress tree, behind which a trap was set, I heard a rattling of the chain and splashing of water that convinced me that a fur-beaver—a coon, I thought—was a victim to my devices. Landing just above the tree I stepped ashore, and to my wonder and astonishment, what should I see wriggling and fretting at the end of a milk trap chain—nothing more than a fine otter. It took but a moment to take in the situation. Seeing that the hold was more insecure than I liked, and under the extra excitement I was fearful he would disengage himself from his tenacious companion, so my rifle was soon brought to bear upon him. A crack, and there lay a prized treasure struggling his life out, with three toes of the right foot within the fervent clasp of a No. 1 Newhouse trap. After he was thoroughly dispatched and placed in the boat with the remains of the lucky creature, I returned to the trap. The torn leaves near the scene showed that the whole bird had been there, and had emerged from the water at the foot of the great cypress. The trap was at the base of the tree at the entrance of a V shaped pen, baited with a white bird's wing, and slightly submerged preparatory to taking a coon or mink. The otter having indulged sufficiently in the leaf-scratching pastime, probably took a retrospective view, resting in the discovery of the white trap, but that so proved to be an extraordinary skin, showing prime in quality and No. 1 in size, and can be easily classed with the usual more northern catch, so had been the winter.

West Point, Ark., Feb 7.

R. D. CHILDRESS.

NOTES FROM DETROIT.

IN the actual active game-killing world hereabout there is nothing to record beyond the fact that ducks are catching it. The ice in the lakes and bays has surrendered, and I find on making my accustomed rounds that the Hon. Andrew Jackson, of Sault Ste. Marie, and K. S. Fay, of Boston, led by some well-known sportsmen of Detroit, among them the irrepressible, ubiquitous, enthusiastic and enormous-appealed Ed. Gillman, are gone down to Point Mouillee for a few days' fun. Nothing has been heard from them as yet, but I am going down myself to see what will be able in the next to give all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a photographic, or at least a graphic, account of the party's adventures. It is the first rally of the season and we are all anxiously watching and waiting for results.

The Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, a history of which you published a few weeks ago, held its annual meeting a day or two ago and elected Wm. C. Colburn, President; E. C. Norton and B. F. Farrington, Vice-Presidents; Fred W. Hayes, Sec., and Wm. A. McGraw, Treasurer. It was also decided at that meeting to enlarge and otherwise improve the club buildings for use during the approaching season, the idea being to make them the most attractive places of the kind in the United States. The club's finances are in excellent shape and there is no reason why its property should not be made and kept in A 1 condition.

The North Channel Shooting Club also has buildings on the St. Clair Flats. It has just elected a new set of officers as follows: President, R. D. Robinson; Vice-President, J. P. Knight; Sec., Dr. J. Lathrop; Treas., W. A. Butler, Jr. Directors—Congressman Henry W. Lord, J. P. Donaldson, Geo. M. Savage, Julius Hess and Geo. H. Lathrop. There is some quirk about this club's title to the land on which its buildings stand. It seems that the Dickinsons, who occupied it for many years, never got from the Government a patent for it, although their right to such a patent is now conceded. The present representative of the family has informed the club that they will aid him to procure the patent for the land he will let them have the use of it for club purposes at a merely nominal price. They have commissioned Congressman Lord to bull-doze the Interior Department to that end.

GHEAR.

"FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS."

GANNETT, April 4, 1881.

I F we take the *ipse dixit* of "C" and "D. W. Cross" as a conclusive evidence upon this topic, why the whole matter is decided.

But is it decided? I think the fun is scarcely begun. The only argument employed by these gentlemen which leaves upon the issue "—An ounce ball or any ball fired from a rifle placed say ten feet above and exactly parallel to a horizontal plane, and the same size and weight of ball dropped from the same height at the same instant as the ball fired, will strike the ground at the same time, or if he blow a ball through the gun ten to fifty feet and drop another at the same time, both will strike the ground together. Taking this for an undoubted fact, when they will both begin to move toward the center of gravity, one on a level line" and strike the ground at the same time the dropped ball does."

Now I fail to see how Mr. Cross reaches the conclusion expressed in the concluding sentence of the above quotation. That bullets, one fired from a rifle and the other dropped from the hand, under the conditions named, will strike the ground at the same time is "an undoubted fact."

It is plain that in such case both bullets start toward the center of gravity from a state of rest, and that so long as they need not so resistance other than the atmosphere, will continue to approach it at the same rate of speed.

It is also perfectly plain that as both start from a state of rest, if there is aeretic resistance to the one, there is an equal amount of inertia to overcome in the other. Admitting that there is inertia to be overcome by gravity before the bullets will commence to move toward the centre of gravity, it is perfectly plain that the bullet from the gun will move forward in a straight line until such inertia is overcome, when they will both begin to move toward the centre of gravity, one in a vertical line, the other in an eccentric curve. We now come to the "pit."

Does neither oppose inertia to the force of gravity at the instant of leaving the muzzle of the rifle and the hand of the shooter?

Some may say that this is "splitting" very fine "hair." When it is remembered that the bullet may have an initial velocity of 3,000 feet per second, of course he means at right angles to the direction in which gravity acts, it is no trifling question to say that the centre of gravity, when they will both begin to move toward the centre of gravity, one in a vertical line, the other in an eccentric curve. We now come to the "pit."

I have been at considerable pains to derive the question for myself, and must not be regarded as having any ulterior motive toward that the bullet is "driven on a level line" for a short distance beyond the muzzle of the rifle.

What has become of Major Merrill? I for one would like to hear more of him in connection with the subject. It is now expounded with the view of favoring the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM with another carefully prepared article on the subject we can afford to wait.

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke is evidently the possessor of a remarkably "level head" upon the science of gunnery. The issue upon which he now invites discussion is one which has never been clearly settled, either in theory or practice, that I am aware of. Let the "fun" go on.

JOS. W. SHUTTER.

AN OTTO DECEIT.

The following case is reported in the Cincinnati, O., Times-Star of March 25:

On the 12th of last month H. J. Cain, the game dealer on Fifth street, near Vine, was cited to appear before the police court to answer a charge for exposing for sale birds, to wit: two quail which had been killed on a certain day, between the 1st day of January, 1881, and the 31st day of February, 1881, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio.

Mr. T. A. Logan appeared as attorney for Mr. Cain and made the point that the quail had been killed in the State of Illinois, and that the laws of Ohio did not apply to quail killed outside of the State. Judge Wilson heard the arguments *pro* and *con*, about a week ago and this morning gave his decision in Cain vs. H. J. Cain.

The defendant is charged with exposing to sale on February 17, 1881, quail which had been killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal. He does not deny the quail were exposed for sale, but sets up as a defense that they were killed in Illinois. Section 6,964, Revised Statutes, makes it unlawful to expose to sale quail killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal. It is held in Illinois quail "killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal" within the meaning of the section?

Section 6,961, Revised Statutes, makes it unlawful for any person to kill any quail between January 1 and November 1. The section is limited in its operation to the State of

Ohio; the prohibition as to time, which it contains, applies only to the State of Ohio, and consequently quail killed outside of the State are not, in a legal sense, killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal in Ohio. That such is the legal meaning of the words, "killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal," is further evident from the fact that by Section 6,964 the exposure for sale during the prohibited season is made *prima facie* evidence that the quail were unlawfully killed within the State. The defendant will be acquitted.

The present decision was rendered by Judge Ford in case No. 30,967, Common Pleas. The cases cited (Whitehead vs. Smithers, 2 Common Pleas Division [British L. R.] 533, Phelps vs. Racey, 60, No. 3, 10, Magner vs. People, Supreme Court of Illinois, February, 1881,) are based on statutes which made the exposing for sale of quail during the prohibited season an offense irrespective of the time or place of killing.

THE NEW JERSEY LAW.—The following bill, entitled: "Senate No. 193," introduced March 1, 1881, by Mr. Taylor, has been passed by the New Jersey Legislature. It explains itself, and we regret to see permits summer shooting the woodcock. We sorely expected that New Jersey would fall back from the advanced position she had taken among the States that wished to protect game. The text of the bill is as follows:

An Act to amend and to partially consolidate the game laws of this State.

1.—*Be it enacted* by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That from and after the passage of this act no person shall kill, take, expose for sale or have unlawfully in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock, except only between the last day of June and the first day of August, and between the last day of September and the twentieth day of December, and any person who shall be convicted of doing so shall be liable, taken, exposed for sale or had in possession after the provisions of this section.

2.—*And be it enacted*, That no person shall kill, take, expose for sale or have unlawfully in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any hare (commonly called rabbit), ruffed grouse (commonly called pheasant), or quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge) except only between the last day of October and the last day of December in any year, and any person who shall be convicted of doing so shall be liable, taken, exposed for sale or had in possession after the provisions of this section.

3.—*And be it enacted*, That the penalties provided by this act may be sued for and recovered with costs of suit in any district court in or for the county of the person prosecuting the same, and the remaining one-third shall be paid to the collector of the township wherein the offence shall have been committed, for the township; and in case the defendant in any suit shall neglect or refuse to pay the amount recovered against him or her, or shall be adjudged guilty of the offence, before whom judgment has been obtained, to issue writs of habeas corpus, or to be committed to the jail of the county in which the offence was committed until the judgment and costs are paid, the writs may be returned, not to exceed sixty days from the date of such commitment.

4.—*And be it enacted*, That all laws now existing relative to the preservation of game troated in this act, but the same are so far as the same are inconsistent with this act but no further, hereby repealed.

5.—*And be it enacted*, That this act shall be taken to be a public act and shall take effect immediately.

SNARED QUAIL IN NEW JERSEY. Your correspondent recently had a long conversation with a prominent gentleman from Burlington County, N. J., relative to the preservation and protection of game in his county and adjoining counties, Manahawkin, West Creek and Barnegat—there are parties who purchase from the farmer's boys all the quail snared or trapped by them, and that very many birds have been thus destroyed this season. He remarked to the writer that it would be a very simple matter for the West Jersey Game Protective Association to send to those parts counting under their jurisdiction one of their detectives who could learn from him always find snared quail in the possession of these dealers. There is a law against the carrying of quail in the five lower counties of New Jersey and these dealers know it. By making an example of one or two of the leading ones, my informant feels sure, will correct the evil. Let the West Jersey Game Protective Society begin at Tuckerton when the time comes.

The passage of the law two or three years since prohibiting fishing by seines in Tuckerton and Barnegat Bays in certain seasons of the year has had a marked effect. Almost any day you may enjoy fine fishing and the summer watering season at Long Beach and Beach Haven have become famous to the angler.—HLOO.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN GEORGIA.—Bainbridge, Ga., March 3.

Little do your sportsman dream of the glorious fun to be had in this part of the country. Our county—Deer—alone would furnish sport of this kind to hundreds of sportsmen year without diminishing the number of the birds. Last week myself and two companions left our law offices at eight o'clock, went five miles from town, commenced hunting at half-past nine, stopped an hour for dinner, ceased hunting at four and bagged seventy-five quail—killing every one of them on the wing. Pretty good for lawyers! During the same week, a few days subsequent to our hunt, three sportsmen bagged one hundred and eleven. The dogs were both pointers and setters, and their conduct in the field unbegging good hunters.

Ours is mostly an open, pine wood country. The birds range at large and do not confine themselves to fields, hence their great numbers. We have pleasant town, a climate that is genial and healthy, and would be glad to welcome our Northern sporting friends, with their well-trained dogs and fine guns, to join us in our winter sports. Should they come we are confident they will repeat the visit. Besides quail, there are deer, turkeys, wild ducks and squirrels in abundance.—O. G. G.

HAY BAY GAME PROTECTION CLUB.—We are happy to be able to chronicle the formation of this club, as reported in the Belleville (Canada) Daily Intelligencer: "Some months ago we announced that steps were being taken to prevent the despoiling slaughter of ducks on Hay Bay, which from there is the best resort of waterfowl in this region had of late years been almost deserted by the feathered tribes on account of the operations of pot hunters and so-called 'sportsmen' whose only object seemed to be to kill as many birds as possible. Some fifty persons, chiefly residents along the bay, together with a few sporting gentlemen of Napanee, petitioned the Ontario Government for a lease of the marshes

located on the east side of the river, thirty-five miles by road from Winn, an about same distance by river. The clearing is in good grass land and is beautifully located. The western river side of the farm is bounded on the river—Hunt's mountain and extensions in the background. There is a little a pool near the house, formed by the waters coming together after being separated by an island, the heaviest water making a sharp turn, forming the pool, in which we were informed the salmon were continually leaping during the months of July and August. Half a mile above is a splendid pool, at the junction of the Wassatquik stream, which enters from the west, being in the vicinity of Mount Katahdin, fifteen miles distant, which is the most rapid road following the valley of this stream. This is the salmon stream of the vicinity, and salmon will be taken from it next season by the visiting fishermen, also good trouting at any proper season.

The pool at this junction was waded every evening this season, from the arrival of the salmon up to July 15, and it was reported that over 600 fish were taken from it, weighing from nine to twenty-eight pound each. Thirteen was the largest number netted any one night from this pool while we were in camp.

Mr. Davis, while carefully drawing the fly along one evening, had a salmon rise to it, but missed, after which we whipped the pool an hour, without success; same evening the net took out seven, weighing 142 pounds. A few rods up the Wassatquik there is another nice pool and a good cast. Dr. Sturtevant found three salmon in it, one morning and succeeded in raising them twice. The same evening, they were another time, they came for the fly, but missed. (I will say here that Dr. Sturtevant never yet had the pleasure of handling a salmon with rod and reel, but proposes to realize the feeling in the near future.)

Going up the river from this point we found smooth water three miles to Sabovis stream, said to be a salmon stream, but we did not examine it. One of our party reported seeing three salmon at the junction, but did not give them any attention. Seven miles above the Hunt place we found a pool, in the river and a nice pool for fish at the lower end. Above the pond is three or four miles of rapid water. After pushing over it we arrived at Cold Spring Brook, where we found exciting sport with trout, taking all we wanted in a very short time. There is a good camping place here; good, cool spring water near. We noticed only one salmon in the pool on our return. One mile above this we made camp at foot of the Katahdin Hills. Hunting salmon we found a fine pool, about half a mile, with strong water between. At foot of Hulling Machine Falls good trout-fishing and a good salmon pool at head of Bowline Falls.

Howard Brown and myself, with our guides, visited Grand Falls, which were informed was the largest of any on this branch. We found it quite imposing—think about fifty feet fall—and a nice fishing point at proper stage of water. On our return from Grand Falls we broke up camp, arriving at Hunt's farm the same evening. Our party then decided to return to Winn next day and, starting at 7 A. M., we arrived at the Katahdin House at 5 P. M.

I can see but one reason why we did not succeed in taking salmon, which is this, that we met a rise in the water the second day out at Grindstone Falls, caused by opening of the gate of dam at Molokus Lake, giving us the benefit of some thirty miles surface water, for which we must wait until it run off and get down to the stage for which we are fishing. As you can see, wishing to visit the East Branch and try for salmon can receive reliable information when the water is at proper level for fishing by writing to S. B. Gates, Winn, Me., who will procure guides and necessary camping articles also conveyance to the Hunt farm. To go by road leave Winn on arrival of morning train from Bangor, arrive at Hunt's place early in the evening, over a good road to Sturney, thence a nice trail to the falls, but passable for light camp. As you can go over the same route by the daily stage to Hunt's, buy your ticket from Boston to Mattewaukeag, and check baggage to Winn, where you will find good accommodations at the Katahdin House.

We visited Gordon Falls on the Mattewaukeag River, three miles above the village, and found salmon leaping below the falls. The commissioners proposed putting in a fish-warehouse this season at this fall, which will make another salmon stream for fishing. Since writing the above we received information that H. L. Leonard, of Bangor, took the first salmon this season with the fly near the Hunt place which would establish the fact of salmon taking the fly on East Branch; also, Mr. Gates informs me he has secured the possession of the Hunt clearing, and will put the buildings in repair comfortable for fishermen. C. H. B.

PENOBSCOT SALMON.—A statement that has been going the rounds of the newspapers in regard to taking salmon with a fly in Penobscot River requires some correction lest parties be misled thereby. The question in question from the annual report of the Maine Fish Commissioners for 1880, but its meaning was misapprehended. Reference was therein made to taking Penobscot salmon with a fly, it is true, but those salmon had first been caught in weirs and then placed in a pond near Bucksport, where they were confined for purposes of fish culture, and it was from this pond that the fish mentioned were taken with a fly and not from the river. Some six hundred or more salmon were in this small pond where they had been kept many weeks without food other than such insects as nature supplied.

The statement in regard to the number of salmon caught in 1879 and in 1880 in the Penobscot referred solely to fish caught by means of nets and by professional fishermen. So far as is known but a single salmon was taken with a fly in the Penobscot River last year, although several parties of rod fishermen visited the east branch and other portions of the river for the express purpose of fishing for salmon; but their time, money and patience were spent in vain, and they returned without a fish, although they had many bites—from flies and mosquitoes. There was a single exception among the many failures. Mr. H. L. Leonard, with a persistency worthy of greater success, made repeated trips to the upper waters of the Penobscot for the purpose of catching a salmon and did succeed in catching one fish. This fact was consistently reported in the newspapers, and the only solitary salmon was the only one recorded as taken with a fly. Nor does this river afford good trout fishing as compared to smaller streams, although some of its lesser tributaries abound with small trout; the river itself does not, owing, probably, to the warmth of the water, until one reaches the very uppermost sources.

He who seeks the Penobscot for good fishing—for salmon or trout—is like to be disappointed as he would be did the water upon his trips made for that purpose. An occasional fish may be taken by an expenditure of time and means such as would afford some dozens elsewhere.—SAMADA.

NEW FISH LAW IN NEW JERSEY.—The following law, entitled An Act for the protection of fish, was recently passed by the Legislature of New Jersey:

1. Be it enacted, by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That it shall not be lawful to cast or draw any seine or net of a mesh of smaller size than four and one-half inches in the Delaware River above the foot of Trenton Falls, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of June in each year; and it shall not be lawful to cast or draw any seine or net in said river above the foot of Trenton Falls between the fifteenth day of June and the first day of November in any year, excepting small mesh nets used for the purpose of catching minnows and anconowets.

2. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful to take at any time in any of the waters under the jurisdiction of this State, any black bass or Oswego bass, with any contrivance or device, excepting with hook and line, in the manner commonly known as angling or with scroll, spoon or artificial bait, in the manner usually known as trolling; nor shall it be lawful to place any set lines in the waters of this State inhabited by black bass, Oswego bass, landlocked salmon, salmon trout or brook trout.

3. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to take from any of the waters under the jurisdiction of this State any black bass, or Oswego bass, before the first day of July, nor after the first day of November in any year.

4. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful to place any fyke nets in any of the waters under the jurisdiction of this State before the fifteenth day of June, nor after the tenth day of August, and it shall not be lawful at any time to place fyke nets at the confluence of any wing-dams in any of the streams in this State.

5. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to place in any of the streams of this State, which are runways of migratory fish, shingles or other devices, to frighten the said fish, or deter them from ascending the said streams on their way to their spawning grounds.

6. And be it enacted, That when any of the lakes, ponds or streams in this State have been stocked with game or food fishes by the Commissioners of Fisheries of this State at the public expense it shall be unlawful to take fish from any of the said waters for the term of three years from the date of such stocking.

7. And be it enacted, That the penalty for the violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be twenty-five dollars for each offence, and that when any of the lakes, ponds or streams of the several counties of this State to cause the removal and destruction of any of the appliances herein forbidden, and the arrest and prosecution of any offenders against the provisions of this act.

8. And be it enacted, That nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the Commissioners of fisheries of this State to take or to have taken under their direction fish from any of the waters of this State, at all times, for purposes connected with the performance of their duties.

9. And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby abrogated and repealed; and this act shall take effect immediately.

BLACK BASS OUT OF WATER.—I have been reading up the stories of carp living out of water for twelve hours or more, and believe that the black bass will exist just as well when twelve hours out of the water. Yes, and I would be prepared to back him to do the same at the end of twenty-four hours, provided the bagging is kept wet. Now for my fish story. Last October I took to the fly, and caught a black bass to fish for me. The first caught was a two-pounder, hooked and landed by a nephew of mine, a boy fourteen years of age, and being his first fish he was rather proud of it. The boy and I fished all day, from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M., the two-pounder being all this time the first fish on the string. We quit fishing at dark, jerked the string of fish over the side into the boat, rowed two miles to Linden, carried the string of fish to the boat, and then, as they were over one hour, when they were tossed into the wagon and we drove home. The porter takes the string of fish—about ninety nice ones—shows them all around to the ladies and gentlemen and places them on a slab in a cool storeroom. About half-past nine some ladies, anxious to see the string, went to the store, and while they were examining and admiring, I slipped the boy's first catch off, and while I was explaining to them how nearly he had done it, the first lady, Miss East, took it out of my hand on to the floor, and I picked him up and took to a fountain, where he lived till I had to dry up the outside water works. Seeing the whole affair I can vouch for it, and should you ever tell the story and an unbeliever say "Jonah!" and if he is a good fellow and the friend of all good fellows, just consign him to me next September and I will take pleasure in giving oenar demonstration. Wilmansport, Pa. M.O.D.

SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND.—The Shannon, Castleconnell, March 18.—The fishing season opened here on February 1, and up to the present has not been bad, in fact better than it has been for a few years past, considering that we never look forward to fishing with much chance of success before 20th of this month (March) after a succession of floods and rising water during February. The river is now scaling down to good fishing order.

Mr. Henry Hodges' fishermen on the Doonass fishery Feb. 11, one salmon 18 lbs.; 16th one salmon, 20 lbs.; 22d, one salmon 32 lbs.; March 4, one salmon, 14 lbs.; Mr. Henry Hodges, March 11 one salmon 17 lbs.; Mr. I. Muller's fishermen on the Newgardon fishery, Feb. 12, one salmon, 16 lbs.; 23rd, one salmon, 18 lbs.; Mr. I. Muller, March 16, one salmon, 13 lbs.; 17th, one salmon, 17 lbs. The fishermen on the Prospect and Landscape fishery, Feb. 23, one salmon, 12 lbs.; March 12, one salmon, 16 lbs.; Mr. J. E. H. Orr, Royal Artillery, on Mr. E. T. Ingham's preserves, March 15, one salmon, 21 lbs.; Captain Vansittart's fishermen on the Hermitage fishery, Feb. 12, one salmon, 14 lbs.; 16th one salmon, 16 lbs.; Captain Vansittart, March 17, two salmon, 25 and 19 lbs.; Mr. Richard Bourke Jr., on same fishery, Feb. 23, two salmon, 22 and 14 lbs.; Colonel John Vandeleur on the Irinas fishery, Feb. 26, one salmon 35 lbs.

JOHN ENRIGHT & SON

A NEEDED LAW IN ARIZONA.—AN ACT TO PREVENT THE DESTRUCTION OF FISH.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Arizona:

Section 1. From and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful for any person to take, kill or destroy any fish in any river, stream, pond, spring or stream of water in the territory by the means or use of giant powder or cart-ridges, or any explosive substance.

Sec. 2. Any person violating the provisions of this act

shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$300, or by imprisonment in the County Jail not exceeding three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 3. One-half of all fines collected under and by virtue of this act shall be paid to the informant or informants who shall have caused the arrest and conviction of the person or persons offending, the right of such claimant thereto appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, and the other half shall be paid into the County Treasury as the fines collected for misdemeanors.

Sec. 4. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 5. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 3, 1881.

(Signed) J. C. FLEMONT, Governor Territory of Arizona.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—Molina, N. Y.—I have just had an opportunity to examine Blodgett's new map and guide book for the Adirondack region. The map is a very good one, and shows up the northwest portion of the wilderness or St. Regis Rivers district better than any map I have seen before, although he has given some of the ponds wrong names, or different ones from the ones they are known by here. His book makes no mention of the Blue Mount-in House, but it mentions a house which he calls the Forest House, by C. A. Merrill. I never heard of a house by that name. I have known Mr. Merrill several years ago, and he lived in a small house near the Blue Mountain House, and also that he occasionally went with parties of sportsmen as guide and sometimes had one or two residents from other portions of the country. The Blue Mountain House, on the contrary, is a large two story building; Mr. Phelps, the proprietor, keeps a span of horses and a spring-seat wagon to carry his guests to the station, if they should wish it. He has several good hounds, and a few cats and dogs in the vicinity, two or three good hounds, and the best pointer dog I know of, also tents and camping outfit, etc. The table is as good as any house where the charges are moderate.

I am in no way interested in the Blue Mountain House or its proprietor. I always camp out and take along my own provisions, tent, boat, etc., when I go to the woods. I only write this to explain why I have not mentioned a house for a week or two at the head of the Adirondack, and also to numerous sportsmen in describing that locality. ALBERT CORNISH.

CANNED MEATS.—In your issue of March 31, under the heading "What Sportsmen Shall We Take With Us," you ask for the names of reliable dealers in canned goods. I was in the employ of Wm. Underwood & Co., of Boston, for five years and think their goods will be found reliable. The statement concerning the sheep and cattle is rather tough, but I can't say it surprises me much. I suppose there are few traders in which fraud can be more successfully practiced than in the canned goods trade. Nine times in ten the label sells the goods. Canning dried corn and peas which have first been soaked, and then selling them as "fresh" corn and peas is one of the most common frauds.

I mention the above concern simply because I have had some experience with them. There are good and reliable concerns in most of the large cities, and canned goods can be bought which are all they are represented to be. In making a selection of Richard's canned goods, you will find a few bottles of which are selling at prices below the cost of honest manufacture. A few cents can save will ill repay one for the loss of a meal, especially when out of reach of stores. As a rule cheap goods are dear at any price. SIALIA.

RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.—New York, April 4, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—The canned meats, fruits and vegetables of Richard's are good, and well known to the hunters of Gordon & Dilworth, and the Monticello brand of chow-chow, gerkins, etc., can always be depended on as being of the best quality.—T.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, April 4.—With the exception of snipe, our shooting season is over, until August, when doves become plentiful, the shooting of which will be liked by sportsmen about here. Snipe have been unusually scarce, owing, doubtless, to the bad weather. Messrs. Breyer and Legler were the most successful in their bags of the many who went out, yet they never got more than ten or twelve to each gun.

The "German Carp" imported to this State about two years ago, form the subject of conversation among our fishermen on account of their wonderful growth, and the fact that they are so prolific in spawning. One female, it is said, there can be no doubt of the fact, a female, one year old, was taken from the pond at the asylum grounds, which contained a roe as large as a man's hand. The superintendent, Dr. Callender, is the authority for the above and the statement that there are thousands of carp fry in the same pond. John Burkholz, a native of Bavaria, Germany, living here, told me that in a carp pond on his father's farm the year old females spawned from this three-year old theory would apply only to very cold countries.—J. H.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the new illustrated catalogue for the season of 1881, published by Messrs. Conroy Bissett & Malleson, 65 Fulton street, N. Y. It contains, besides the price list, a great deal of valuable information to the angler and camper-out and is very fully illustrated. The directions for selecting tackle are so explicit that the beginner cannot make any mistake in ordering his goods, and the well-known reputation of this house, established since 1830, is sufficient guarantee that everything sold will be of the best. This catalogue, arranged by Mr. W. Hetherington, has been published at great expense, and is furnished at the nominal price of 15 cents, which amount will be returned to customer ordering tackle.

BASS FISHING IN MICHIGAN.—I fully agree with U. S. S. in regard to placing a minnow on the hook for bass. We fish here in Michigan almost always with the live minnow hooked as U. S. S. describes or hooked only through the under lip. The fishing for bass has been tried but little here, but there are many anglers myself among the number, who wish to test it thoroughly before coming south. Our bass are very game and I see no reason why we cannot have fine sport with the fly.—A. P. S.

A POISONED TROUT STREAM.—Our correspondent, "J. M. B.," writing from Sullivan County, N. Y., says that an oil

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third Avenue and Fifty-third Street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, superintendent, No. 128 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,701, New York City.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials, First Annual Derby. C. E. Stanton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 1st, New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials, Third session on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Peina, Secretary, P. O. Box 514, New York City.

A PURE LAYBACK SETTER IN THIS COUNTRY NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

[T] is not generally known to breeders that at the time Fairy II, imported by Mr. Higgins of Delaware City, was imported, Mr. Taster, from whom the writer purchased, had ordered a blue setter pup from Mr. Lavrack, and fully expecting both animals in time for the Centennial Bench Show, made his entries accordingly—in the bitch class, Fairy II, already named, and in the dog class, blue-fleeced English pointer, not as yet named. Fairy II, arrived first, and just on the eve of the show the puppy reached him, but instead of a blue-ticked, the dog proved to be liver and white and named by Mr. Lavrack Price of the Border II. Mr. Taster, who had been told by Mr. Higgins that the dog was the same as that time he was but eight or nine months old. Shortly after this the writer purchased Fairy II, and Mr. Taster went to Texas to enter into the cattle business, taking Price II with him. He returned not many months afterward, disappointed in his enterprise. He had a few more puppies and being interested in the whereabouts of such a valuable animal unknown to breeders to the country, learned that "the dog had turned out AI and was now in the hands of Col. Hughes, president of a leading bank at Dallas, Texas."

Mr. Lavrack wrote to the writer that "the young setter I have sent to your townsmen, Mr. Taster, will make a grand field dog if handled properly. I can breed no better." If I am not mistaken Price II was a Coon puppy.

I think it will be safe to say that this dog is entirely unknown to the sportsmen of the East. Mr. Lincoln, Dr. Traddell and Mr. John L. Long and a few who know of his importation may remember him. At the time of the Centennial show the dog, as I have said, was a few months old, and being interested in his pedigree and magnet, made a very sorry appearance. Exhibitors at the Baltimore show the following January had reason to be much surprised at the improvement of my brace, Price II, and Fairy II, which were the best of the grand old-made dogs I ever saw; his color, liver and white—against him, however.

HONO.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Subjoined is the full list of entries for the second annual Derby, for puppies born on or after April 1, 1880; entries closed April 1, 1881:

- 1 Capt. Pat. Henry enters Buckel, lemon and white setter dog, whelped July 1, 1880, by Pride of the South out of Cammie.
2 Capt. Pat. Henry enters Adair, black and white setter bitch, whelped July 1, 1880, by South out of Cammie.
3 P. H. Bryson enters Linton, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
4 P. H. Bryson enters Memphis, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 23, 1880, by Gladstone out of Juno.
5 D. H. Dew enters Gilda, blue Belton and tan setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
6 J. H. Dew enters Gilda, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
7 D. H. Dew enters Gilda, blue Belton and tan setter bitch, whelped July 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
8 David McK. Lloyd enters Mack Lavrack, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeres.
9 Jos. J. Stuenkel enters Len Lavrack, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeres.
10 Jos. J. Stuenkel enters Pet Lavrack, black and white setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeres.
11 Edward E. Hardy enters Clair, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III out of Diana.
12 Edward E. Hardy enters Clairine, black and white setter bitch, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III out of Diana.
13 Edward E. Hardy enters Felix, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III out of Diana.
14 Edward E. Hardy enters Sautner, lemon and white setter dog, whelped April 20, 1880, by Scout out of Frost.
15 W. A. Blakemore enters Bonnie Scotland, white, black and tan setter dog, whelped May 1880, by Lincoln out of Kansas Beauty.
16 L. H. Smith enters Sue Morton, black and tan setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
17 L. H. Smith enters Lass of Kinneloe, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
18 L. H. Smith enters Bristol, blue Belton setter dog, whelped Oct. 14, 1880, by Paris out of Comassee.
19 L. H. Smith enters Dover, blue Belton setter dog, whelped Oct. 14, 1880, by Paris out of Diana.
20 Clarence E. Dreac enters Dashing Novice, white, black and tan setter bitch by Dash II out of Novel, whelped July, 1880.
21 Dr. N. Lowe enters Countess Peg, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped Sept. 25, 1880, by Daniel out of Peg.
22 E. F. Stoddard enters Doctor Boy, red Irish setter dog, whelped May 7, 1880, by Bob out of Fraid.
23 E. F. Stoddard enters Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 7, 1880, by Bob out of Fraid.
24 E. F. Stoddard enters Belle, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped June 3, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
25 W. E. Hughes enters Cliffo, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped June, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
26 St. Louis Kennel Club enters Lilla, black and white pointer bitch by Faust out of Lassie, whelped Oct. 17, 1880.
27 St. Louis Kennel Club enters Mistake, liver and ticked pointer bitch by Dow out of Junc, whelped May 20, 1880.
28 A. J. Faly enters Reform, white and black setter dog, whelped June 3, 1880, by Louise Beauty.
29 A. J. Faly enters Sallie, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
30 Wm. Segner enters Smart, black and white setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeres.
31 J. W. Orth enters Fly, setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Rake out of Pora.
32 J. J. Ladd enters Willie, black and white setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Rake out of Pora.
33 Sportsman's Kennel enters Show Flaks, white and lemon setter dog, whelped May 16, 1880, by Frarie Ranger out of Highland Lassie.
34 Sportsman's Kennel enters Judge, blue Belton setter dog, whelped May 16, 1880, by Shatto out of Jolly May.
35 Overman's Queen City Kennel enters Norwood, red Irish setter dog, whelped May 24, 1880, by Blich out of Rose.
36 W. A. Givens enters Minerva 2nd, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 4, 1880, by Rose out of Minerva.
37 J. R. Henricks enters Lora Lavrack, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped by Young Lavrack out of Petrel II.
38 Harvard Kennel Club enters Iess, black and white setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Dash III out of Comess Ada.
39 Harvard Kennel Club enters Holly, liver and white setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Dash III out of Comess Ada.
40 Harvard Kennel Club enters Judy, black and white setter bitch, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Comess Ada.

- 41 Harvard Kennel Club enters Rap, black and white setter dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Comess Ada.
42 Harvard Kennel Club enters Iess, black, white and ticked setter dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Comess Ada.
43 W. D. Gates enters Tom Paine, white, black and ticked setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Sanborn's.
44 W. B. Gates enters Twin Mande, black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
45 Arthur Merriman enters Oliver Twist, black, white and tan setter dog, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
46 Ed. J. Carr enters Slender, black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1880, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dent.
47 Geo. C. Miller enters Prince Lofly, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped May, 1880, by Lofly out of Dot.
48 George dook enters Spot, setter dog, red Irish setter dog, whelped April, 1880, by Fishmerston II out of Eva.

THE "BENCH-LEGGED" BEAGLE QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I have just appeared an article under the above caption and signed "Beagles." I request that inasmuch as I have written over my own signature, and am therefore recognized, and as the author of the articles questioning my statements assumes a cognomen which, upon the face of it, seems to claim to speak, or to refer to, the subject of the article, I will appear before the public in the same category with myself—in other words, over his own name.

When any one assumes to speak as I have done in reference to matters of which I profess to have knowledge, and the statement is called in question, he as well as the public have a right to know who the disputant is. Nor should a gentleman hesitates who occupies the latter position to let the party challenged, as well as the public at large, know whether he is entitled to responsibility in the premises.

In brief, whenever the gentleman who assumes by his signature "Beagles" to know so much gives his name I hold myself ready to answer his every retort and make good all that I have heretofore asserted. My name is not to be put out from your cover, "Beagles," and then your real issues. DR. MADDEX, Baltimore, Md., April 4.

WOODCHUCK DOG CHAT.

I NOTICED a letter in FOREST AND STREAM of March 24 that some one wants a "woodchuck dog." What kind of a dog is that? I have seen Newfoundland, setters, pointers, spaniels, terriers, bulldogs, beagles, fox-hounds and mastiffs, besides pretty well every other breed that can be named. I am not going to tell you about a little dog that can kill woodchucks about as fast as terriers will hunt a rabbit. He is a queer little fellow—all ears and body. When I am on my fishing trips up in Michigan he is generally the first to meet me when the steamer pulls up at the wharf. He is not a dog before I can meet the warm grasp of friends. When I have changed my city clothes for a dead-grass fishing suit and get outdoors again he is waiting for a hunt. "Well, Fido, where's the woodchuck?" sets him off. I cannot give his pedigree, because he has no any. He has no pride of ancestry, for he is a cur, without claim to any particular breed; in fact he is probably a combination of half a dozen kinds. Yet, for all that he is a faithful little watchdog and will hunt woodchucks until he is ready to drop. Here's a picture of him. A long body; short, dapper, little legs; a long snout; bright, sparkling eyes; swifl long ears. These are the marked features in the dog. As he lies they are constantly erect, like a jack rabbit's, and move backward and forward. While he is awake he is listening for something, but he is not a "sally dawg;" in color he is a dark brown and as sleek as a mole.

I left the house for the brook and was intent on trouting, when "Yap, yap, yap" came the ringing bark of Fido. He was calling for me to go with him. I have called him "Where are you?" Following the sound of his voice through the thick woods I came to a wood-pile, where Fido was bounding around as fast as his little legs would carry him. The bark was again heard as he was sitting a large stick I found a rabbit and poke. Finally I heard a rustling sound, a scrambling and snarling, then a yelp, but before I could run around the pile, climbing logs to do so, Fido had caught him by the back of his neck and sent him flying into the air, and it came down a kicking noise. Fido lay panting beside him, bleeding at the nose with a nip the chuck had given him, but intently watching to see if he was playing "possum." Just how it was done I cannot say, for it was a running chuck, a scrambling dog, both of them snarling dogs and through the underbrush I saw his chance came for the death grip, then he gave it quick as a wink. He can do this at any time and will hunt a mile for woodchuck.

I am inclined to think Fido is a species of the smooth-haired terrier, but he is something like a fox-terrier, a black and white rabbit, hunt-squirrel, trail woodchucks and gophers. He is grit to the backbone and will hang on when once he bites. So much of a pet is he that his mistress has refused a handsome cocker spaniel that we offered to send them. I think if the "frisk of a dog" could get a rough-haired Scotch terrier he would soon make the woodchucks scarce. They can watch a hole as long as any dog we ever saw when game is there. We have seen him hunting otters. "How' it howling in the lake when he has the back of the otter's neck in the thick of the fight the moment the otter makes a rush for the water.

We have never considered any dog as special for hunting woodchucks as the fox-terrier, but I have seen a number of such dogs kill them until it is a difficult matter to find any to hunt. Our observation has induced us to think that any plocky dog can be trained to kill woodchuck, because a dog never forgets the first bite of a rat or the first nip of a woodchuck, and from that time he never forgets the sweet memory of both these animals. NOTWAX, Chicago, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:—While the subject of woodchuck dogs is being discussed I wish to chronicle the achievements of an imported English setter. Finding a hound that was contented to stalk, but not take a dog that he could observe it, his head only exposed. This for hours would he wait, if necessary, for chance to come forth, waiting until his game had placed a proper distance between himself and the hound. Then he would spring forward, and with a single bound and kill his quarry, never miscalculating his distance. In this connection I cannot forbear relating other achievements showing remarkable intelligence. Taking an empty jug from any part of the farm to the house to be filled with water; seeking the mistress and making known his errand; going to any part of the lot for a farming tool or forgotten garment were a few of the many that might be mentioned. As a bird dog he had few equals—no superiors. So, too, as a watch-dog Sancho excelled. He would allow strange dogs to come in and sit on the porch, but would bark the stock at the stables he promptly notified his master. For the children he was a gentle companion and staunch protector. A quieter, more perceptible dog never existed. Still he would brook no insult or abuse from man or his own species. One instance of the latter in point: There was at the neighboring village the veritable "big yellow dog," a terrible tyrant, whose chief delight it was to pounce upon all passing dogs. One day, wiled Sancho was trotting beneath his master's wagon, the bully jumped in for a fight and got on for all through much larger and always before a victor, yet in less than a minute he fled indignantly from the field. WARFIELD.

BERRATA.—In the short article entitled "These Nervous Dogs" in our last issue, our correspondent "Hono" was made by the types to say "thine line" "expressly on bird dogs," whereas he had written "excessively in bred dogs" and "a line from eod) the types had it, "nervous instability," whereas the copy read "nervous irritability."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Mr. C. S. Fauntleroy lost by death, on the 15th inst., his grand old setter bitch, Snake, at the ripe age of fourteen years. Snake I had a great preference for; she was well made, a true setter, although not so fashionable as some, yet she won many first prizes, including Crystal Palace, 1871, and also secured a first at the South-western trials of the same year.

Snake's progeny have turned out well, both here and in America, she being dam and grand-dam of such good ones as Diner, winner of Field Trial Derby, 1877, and Darkie, winner of Challenge Cup, 1878; and of her illustrious daughters, Mrs. Fauntleroy still the well-known "Bird" by Reid's Sam, and two by Bine Prince—Sibus, in the Stock Register.

ACCIDENT TO FORTUNES.—Lord Fitzhardinge's well-known pack of foxhounds have had a narrow escape from being out to pieces. While hunting in the vicinity of the inland railway at Gosington, near Dursley, the fox crossed the line, and as the two leading hounds were following an express train came up and killed one of the dogs, a very valuable one, on the spot, and injured the other. Had the train been a little later the whole pack would have been on the line.

SHOCKING DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A fearful death occurred at Penwitherton, near Preston, on Tuesday, from Hydrophobia. A gamekeeper, a fine, stalwart man, named Peter Green, in the custody of Mr. L. Haselhurst, of the Penwitherton bitton at Pidsley by a stray dog. He sucked the wound in his right thumb and had it canterized. On Sunday last he felt a peculiar pain in his hand. Having on several occasions been in charge of persons suffering from Hydrophobia, he was called in by Dr. Bell, of Preston. This gentleman found hydrophobia quickly developing. The man rapidly became worse, and on Tuesday was so violent that he had to be bound to the bed by ropes and held by while hunting. All medical skill was unavailing, and he died in the afternoon.—Stock Register.

I am informed that the Cologne Field Trials will take place on the 11th and 12th of April, the draw being on the evening of the 10th.

MR. S. H. Prince Albert Selms, of Braunfels, has entered Champion Ringer, whom he has lately purchased of Mr. Macdon, and in event of the grand old dog carrying off the stake, has generously offered an extra third prize, which will be of equal value to the second.—SEXES, in the Live Stock Journal.

MR. MASON'S DOGS.—In a letter from our worthy friend Mr. Hugh Daniel, we are informed that Mr. Mason sailed from Cardiff on the 10th inst. on a tour to the Continent, and that we have already noticed would be entered in the forthcoming show. These of our friends who desire to communicate with Mr. Mason can do so through this office. The following notice, taken from the Stock Register, March 25, gives the list of Mr. Mason's dogs:—A pair of English Mastiffs, bred by Mr. Mason and sent for of Hebben Bridge, also, leave for America to-morrow. Both are well known as successful breeders and exhibitors here, and Mr. Mason is going to try his luck at New York Show and has sent his pair of Mastiffs to the Crystal Palace and sent for of Newfoundland.—Mayor of Bingley.

We wish Messrs. Mason and Lucy a pleasant voyage and success to them in their objects.

LIFE OF DOGS TAKEN OUT BY MR. MASON. Pointers—Champion Dog (4,201); Champion Clamcocker (first Place, 1880); Water Lily, with five puppies by Dou; Chalmford, by Don-Lady Lizzie.

Box-Terriers—Mouseta II, Twilight, Moonlight and Tartar (all winners).

Greyhounds.—Dropping Well, by Telegraph-Old Mother Ship-ton (grand young bitch, black and white, never exhibited); Fly, red bitch, by Riot Act-Affection; Stingsby, by Rapid (black dog).

Bulls.—Alexander, Noble (late Petrie's, winner at three kennel club shows).

Pigs.—Eugene—Young Bill.

Smooth sheepdog, Hatten greyhound bitch, deodoo bitch, pug, Lina (late Foster's), capital Airdeale, two good Yorkshires.

SAN FRANCISCO BENCH SHOW.—Our esteemed contemporary, the Pacific Life, so well known as the authority on sporting matters on the Pacific Coast, writes as follows in its issue of March 25, regarding the bench show of dogs which has just been held in that city: "The bench show was held at the Hotel de France, and the Pacific Coast Kennel Club, 313 Montgomery street. D. R. McNeill the courteous manager has been overwhelmed with applicants for entries and black forms of entry. Several entries of dogs were made in the city, but the majority of the exhibitors expressed an intention to enter their pets for the exhibition. The indications are that the bench show will be a great success, and next week we hope to be able to give our readers a partial list of the entries. At any hour during the day persons desiring to see the dogs may call on the exhibitors, and as it is our desire to find places among those to be put on exhibition. The majority of the owners of valuable animals seem to be uninformed as to the rules and regulations governing bench shows, and Mr. McNeill is daily assisting them in this respect. It is generally understood that while the pedigree of the dogs are desired they are not necessary. Many people fear that they cannot enter their dogs because their pedigrees are unknown to them. Mr. McNeill is daily explaining to them that pedigree is not necessary. Valuable prizes will be awarded to the best specimens of dogs in each class, also certificates of highly commended to dogs possessing superior qualities and fall to win first or second prize. And a very valuable special prize will be given to the most perfect specimen of any breed or bitch in any class."—Pacific Life.

ANOTHER BIG DOG HEARD FROM.—The Dodgeville, Wis., Chronicle, says: "A correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, writing from San Francisco, describes a dog owned by him of the species known in natural history as the 'Great Dane,' but more generally known as the 'Irish bloodhound,' and asks if any one knows of a larger one. His dog took the first prize at the bench show in New York, in 1879. He stands 33 inches high at the shoulder, 32 at the hump; is 6 feet 5 inches long from end of nose to tip of tail; 42 inches round the girth; and weighs 135 pounds. He is so well bred, and in such good condition that he weighs 175 pounds. 'If the gentleman were a subscriber of the Chronicle we could give him some information on the subject; but as he is not, we suppose he will have to remain in the blissful depths of ignorance. He is a very fine dog, however, and for his dog and handsome woman Dodgeville 'takes the cake.' We shall not undertake to mention the handsome woman, for we haven't time to make out a census report of the village, but Edward Dros, of this place, have a dog that has been over 10 years old, and is still in the prime of life of the same breed, is 34 inches high at the shoulder, 33 inches high over loins, girth, 47 length from tip of nose to tip of tail 6 feet 7 inches, weight 211 pounds, and is not yet four years old. How if that San Francisco correspondent had a big dog, let him trot him out, but if not, let him call that one a lap dog, and hold his yamp.'"

THE COCKER COMMITTEE CRITICISED.—Toronto, April 1.—I noticed the announcement in your journal that the Cocker committee would meet at the rooms of the Forrester Gun Club, Douglas street, on March 30. I had accordingly proceeded to Buffalo to subscribe to the American Cocker Club, I thought that by attending the meeting of the committee I might gain valuable information by listening to the arguments upon the various points and qualities of a cocker spaniel, and, accordingly, proceeded to Buffalo on the date announced for the meeting only to find one solitary member of the committee present. The absence of the other members, I have since been informed, was caused by a telegram received by Mr. A. H. Moore, of that city, in which he was informed that the meeting was postponed indefinitely. Matters are, it seems to me, being unnecessarily delayed. The great aim of some at the first was to rush things too fast, and now the order of the day seems to be to place stumbling-blocks in the way. Had the meeting been called for April 1 it could have under-

Table with columns for names and scores in various categories like 'Badge Match' and 'Forest and Stream Match'.

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Pistol Match (Ready-Measurement Target)' and 'N. A. MOTTIE RIFLE GALLERY-BOSTON'.

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Forestry and Stream Match'.

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Expert's Pistol Match' and 'Amateur Badge Match'.

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Amateur Pistol Match'.

Worcester, Mass., April 8.—Yesterday the rifle club of this place had a shoot at Cliff's Grove Range. Wind and weather were favorable. Distance 200 yards, 10 rounds, off-hand, with a possible score of 50. The following is the record:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Worcester, Mass., April 8'.

Worcester, Mass., April 8.—Quite a party of Worcester sportsmen, who control the Pine Grove Range, in Shrewsbury, had a shoot yesterday. Their work is told by the following score:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Worcester, Mass., April 8'.

John Norman, 200 Yards, Off-hand. M G Fuller, 18 1/2; C Jencks, 18; Dr Arnold, 17 1/2; A I. Hise, 17; F Wesson, 16 1/2; A B Plympton, 16.

Worcester, Mass., April 8.—The glass-ball tournament, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Fast Day, at their range, was presented in an attractive and highly interesting manner. Talism's seven fine blue balls were used; they were sprung from C. D. Holden's improved rotating trap, at 15 yards rise. The first event was the 100-yard pistol, shot by teams of three, 20 balls per man. The following is the score:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Worcester, Mass., April 8'.

The second event was for a purse of \$50; individual sweepstakes. A. H. Henshaw, who had the first prize, was divided between Perry, Cole and Gerrish, each scoring 9; the second was divided between Perry, Holden and Jones, each scoring 8; the third was divided between Kuge, Webster and Bush, who each scored 7 balls.

The third event was for \$100; individual sweepstakes; 15 ball per man. There were 21 entries. The first prize was divided between Perry and Haskell, who scored 14 each; the second between White and Pond, the third between Smith, Handy and Eager.

The fourth event was for \$100; individual score to the person shooting in all the events was awarded to W. S. Pond. He broke 62 of the 63 balls offered.

Mr. Pond is now on his way to Chicago. Mr. Pond is now on his way to Chicago.

Worcester, Mass., April 7.—Some thirty or so lovers of sport gathered at the Bellevue range to-day, and for seven hours, in spite of an adverse wind, the bullets pattered like hail-stones on the targets, a large percentage of the shots bringing in white discs to the center of the target. Subjoined are the seventeen best scores 200 yards:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'Worcester, Mass., April 7'.

Assistant-Secretary A. E. Weston is busy preparing an address of the members and ex-members of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association. There are some sixty in all, who have during the year past assisted in the councils of the Associa-

tion. The majority of the photographs have been secured, but he would like to receive imperial photos of the following gentlemen: Gen. A. E. Burnside, J. Powell, Jr., A. W. Craven, Col. H. G. Shaw (California), Gen. J. M. Vanin, Gen. Augustus Funk, Hon. David W. Hoag, Gen. J. H. Johnston, Gen. J. H. Liebenow, Col. Gouverneur Morris and Judge Hilton.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 7.—The weather this afternoon was not very inviting for the ribidon who attend the weekly matches at Betschelschewyck. The wind blew in gusts, and the matches set down for competition being at the extreme short range are not cutting to many of the mark. The matches were a succession of matches with re-entries allowed. In spite of the adverse conditions good scores were made by a number, though fully as many more did not get an average of 100, the scores in detail being:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'ALBANY, N. Y., April 7'.

Following this came a match at 300 yards for a Wilkinson re-loader. The entrance fee was small, the shots few and unlimited re-entries allowed. Mosher had gone over for the express purpose of winning that re-loader; he had all kinds of ammunition, and was ready to stay until dark, or later, to make a winning score. He nearly pulled the lock out of his gun, but he succeeded in winning the re-loader, and came back a happy man. The scores were as follows:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'ALBANY, N. Y., April 7'.

A new match was arranged at the same distance as the two previous matches, for a large cake. Lieutenant Spelman wanted the cake. He had come prepared to win something. He had a rifle which had been won by a team of the tenth regiment three years ago. After the disbandment of the regiment the rifle was delivered to Lieutenant Spelman by the State authorities, and now it was Spelman's turn to do something with it. He had got the hang of the gun, and for the sake of the gun the rest of the competitors were willing to let him win. They shot carefully, getting inners and centres right along. Spelman's chances were good, and the gun was doing splendidly. He had one shot to fire before he divided the cake. With the aid of two rangers and the banner, he succeeded in carefully loading the prize gun, and stepped to the firing point with a look of confidence that only comes to a man on the eve of a great battle. He fired, the bullet struck the bullseye at the right moment—and got—a miss, and lost the cake. The shot decided the fate of the gun. It will probably be divided among the members of the team. The scores were as follows:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'ALBANY, N. Y., April 7'.

Next Thursday afternoon will be three matches at 200 yards, for a gold badge, which has been in progress during the Fall Membership match; second, a match for a Wilkinson re-loader and the third, for a Greener gun, which has been presented to the association and will be won in one competition. These matches are open to any member and the entrance fee being small, there should be a large turnout to secure the valuable prizes.

COHEN'S RIFLE, PISTOL AND RECORD GALLERY, 1,222 Broadway. The Pistol Tournament, which has been in progress during the last few weeks ended on the 26th inst. The competition for the supremacy in skill was extremely close, and the general public evinced a great amount of interest in the shooting throughout the entire match. The wonderful scores obtained considered the fact that the tournament would be held for ten weeks. During each week the championship for a certain style of shooting would be contested, and the competitor making the best score to be declared the winner of the championship of each style of shooting. The contestant who makes the second best score to win an expert's badge, but in no case could the holder of the championship win the expert's badge. The competitor holding the greatest number of expert's badges would be the holder of the grand M. E. and the record made by the champion is rendered all the more notable by the fact that he is comparatively a new hand with the pistol.

Heretofore there has been no standard or basis by which the various records of crack shots could be compared owing to the differences in the target which they had to compete in. The uniformity of marksmanship had been performed. The tournament supplies the deficiency. If the conditions of same be stipulated for each of the styles of shooting, and universally adopted, then it will be an easy thing to compare the marks of a player in any one of the styles during the match form a starting point for the comparison of future records.

CAMDEN, N. J.—Stockton Rifle Range, April 9.—The opening of the range for the year took place to-day. Short-range match, all comers, any rifle, 200 yards, 1 rounds; 10 balls, value, \$65.00:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'CAMDEN, N. J.—Stockton Rifle Range, April 9'.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 26.—S. I. Kellogg, Jr., Robt. McKilloan, G. H. Brown and Nicholas Williams shot a match to-day at 200 yards, 10 shots each, N. R. A. rules. Brown was given 20 points by Kellogg and Williams, 10 by McKilloan. Brown was given 20 points by McKilloan. The prize was a silver ten-set. Brown and Kellogg used the Bolekiska rifle, 45 grains powder, 45 cent. McKilloan used a Remington-Union, 45 grains powder, 45 cent. McKilloan used a Remington-Union, 45 grains powder, 45 cent. McKilloan used a Remington-Union, 45 grains powder, 45 cent.

Table with columns for names and scores in 'SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 26'.

A match has been arranged between ten members of the New York Club, and ten members of the Riverston Club, to be shot some time in April.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB.—Dexter Park, Jamaica Road, L. I., April 8.—First contest of the Long Island Shooting Club for the prize gun, presented by the club, shot for 7 birds each, from a ground trap, hand-pumped rise, 30 yards boundary. The gun to be awarded to the competitor winning it the greatest number of times in the year. Club rules, Entrance \$1, one-half of which is used for extra prizes in ammunition. The shot of each was:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB'.

VICKENWORTH, N. J., April 1.—The Coaxen Glass Ball Club of this place held their monthly shoot here to-day; Cards' trap, 15 yards, 10 balls each:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'VICKENWORTH, N. J., April 1'.

Table with columns for names and scores in 'LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB'.

THE TRAP. LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB.—Dexter Park, Jamaica Road, L. I., April 8.—First contest of the Long Island Shooting Club for the prize gun, presented by the club, shot for 7 birds each, from a ground trap, hand-pumped rise, 30 yards boundary. The gun to be awarded to the competitor winning it the greatest number of times in the year. Club rules, Entrance \$1, one-half of which is used for extra prizes in ammunition. The shot of each was:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'THE TRAP'.

VICKENWORTH, N. J., April 1.—The Coaxen Glass Ball Club of this place held their monthly shoot here to-day; Cards' trap, 15 yards, 10 balls each:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'VICKENWORTH, N. J., April 1'.

THE BRONX GUN CLUB will celebrate Fast Day, April 15, with a glass ball shoot sweepstakes matches, etc. The noise will begin at 9 o'clock A. M. start.

SOUTH AMBURY, APRIL 7.—The first shoot of the South Ambury Gun Club, for the gold badge for the gold badge was held on the Park to-day. Card trap, 20 balls each:

Table with columns for names and scores in 'SOUTH AMBURY, APRIL 7'.

THE BRONX GUN CLUB will celebrate Fast Day, April 15, with a glass ball shoot sweepstakes matches, etc. The noise will begin at 9 o'clock A. M. start.

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Sportsmen's Goods.

THE COLLENDER BILLIARD TABLES.



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE H. W. COLLENDER CO. WAREROOMS: 783 Broadway, New York; 84 and 86 State Street, Chicago; 17 South Fifth St., St. Louis.

PICEON TRAP

(PATENTED)

With attachment for starting without plunging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S. Harris gun store, No. 117 Broadway, where orders should be sent.

Wanted

YACHT WANTED.—A keel cabin sloop, hand-some, sound, well fitted and able. Price must be low and a detailed bargain. Length, 25 to 35 feet on deck. SKIPPER, this office. April 11, 1881.

WANTED.—Two D. B. L. guns (Parker's preferred), 10-gauge, weight 9 and 10 pounds. Will pay cash; will take other guns if good. Address W. H. SCHUYLER, Turbotville, Newland Co., Pa. April 7, 1881.

THE LESSER of a Canadian salmon river would like to meet with a fellow-fisherman to share expenses this season. Address C. H., box 76, Montreal, Can. April 14, 1881.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.—Fifty pair. Address, with lowest price, R. W. JOHNSON, 21 Platt St., N. Y. April 14, 1881.

The Kennel.

JESSIE.

FOR SALE.—The English setter bitch Jessie, out of Flora (Sport-Flora), by Nick (Ned-Jennie), 8 years old. Will sell at the low price of \$30. Also one of her bitch pups 5 months old for \$10. For further particulars address H. KILMER, L. B., 179, Durbury, Ct. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—A beautiful Gordon setter bitch, color black and tan; from the best stock in the U. S.; is very fast, with extra good nose; has been hunted on quail and pheasants; is 4 years old; the only reason for selling have 18 dogs. Full pedigree with parties buying, and guaranteed. Price \$25.

Pure bred Llewellyn bitch, 6 months old; color, white and lemon, ears, black nose and eyes. Dan, Lady Elgin, the fastest Llewellyn bitch in Lancaster County. Lady Elgin is by Cartwright and Queen Bess, sire of Pap's Zanzibar, by Champion Gladstone and Mersley. Price only \$50. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—The red Irish setter bitch Roxie (Elcho-Bidget Plunket), color, rich, solid red; 3 years old. Price only \$25. Also the solid red Irish bitch Nina (Berkeley-Nell), very handsome; 1 1/2 years old. Price \$25. I have also some very fine Irish bitches, 1 mo., at \$10 each. For pedigree and full description address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. April 14, 1881.

ALL persons wishing to purchase red Irish setter or cocker spaniels of the most fashionable strains will do well to send for catalogue of stock for sale to CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. April 14, 1881.

SEND for catalogue of blooded stock. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—A very red and white setter dog with the best of pedigree, 18 months old, stands very staunch, price \$25. Address J. H. HODGES, Portsmouth, Va. April 14, 1881.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.



Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated BALLARD RIFLE. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced. (Government Ordnance Office.) .30 cal., 60 grains of powder and 280 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead (Government Ordnance Office). Send for descriptive list.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, 84 and 86 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



KEENE'S PATENT

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carabines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N.Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

H. L. LEONARD'S

CELEBRATED

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS,

WITH PATENT FERRULES.

TROUT FLY, \$25---SALMON, \$50.

(WITH SOLID REEL PLATE, \$5 ADDITIONAL.)

SOLE AGENT,

WILLIAM MILLS & SON,

7 Warren Street, New York.

Fine Fishing Tackle.

LEONARD'S SPLIT BAMBOO "CATSKILL" FLY ROD, Length 10 ft. Weight 5 ozs., \$25.

BEST "HYDE CLIP" FLY BOOKS, holding 3 doz., \$1.65.

RUSSIA LEATHER, six dozen, \$3.50.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

The Kennel.

T. JACOBS.

WOLEBOROUGH H USE, NEWTON ABBOTT, ENGLAND.

Has a grand lot of spaniel whelps to dispose of, also black-and-tan setter whelps from his celebrated prize winners. See Vero's show on "Black Spandrels." April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—A liver and white pointer dog thoroughly broken. Will be sold cheap if sold at once. For price and pedigree address N. R. BAKER, Topeka, Kan. April 14, 1881.

WANTED.—A setter dog thoroughly broken must be very staunch, fine nose and a good tender retriever. Address, giving full description and lowest cash price, P. C. box 509, 3 Ontario, N. Y. April 14, 1881.

COCKERS and BEAGLE WANTED.—One pair cockers not under 1 year old, and one black and tan beagle dog not under six months old. Address, stating age, weight, height, pedigree and price, H. W. HOPKINS, Thomasville, Ga. April 14, 1881.

WANTED.—A first-class pointer dog puppy, six months or over, out of steady, reliable field workers, S. B. Dilley's stock preferred. Nose preferred before speed. No sky scrapers wanted, as dog is intended for brush hunting. Address: LOCK 4 Box 21, Potsdam, N. Y. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—Choice prize winning and field trial setter pups. Sire, Royal Blue (Champion Gladstone ex Mersley); dam, Florrie (Basset Queen Bess ex Copeland's Pete), litter sister to Adair's snail. This stock, with sire and dam, ought to be in demand for sportsmen wanting the dogs for the field and fit for the fall shooting. Address N. LEONARD, 140 Medford St., Charlestown, Mass. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—Three high-bred pointer pups, 4 months old, Sensation stock, or double breech-loading shot-gun, light double flammish or poultry. M. J. NEWHOUSE, Oneida, N. Y. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—A couple of Virginia foxhounds, two years old black and tan, of the rare old stock, can be had for \$50 by addressing F. E. this office. April 14, 1881.

The Kennel.

\$25 REWARD.—Lost at Grand Central Depot, New York, Feb. 19, a native bred setter dog, black head and ears, white star in forehead, nose and muzzle grey, one large black patch on right side, back of fore shoulder, rest of body spotted black and white. The above reward will be paid for his return, and any information which may lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address "LIMAN," Reverse House, New York. Mar 27, 81.

FOR SALE.—One brace orange and white setter dogs, brothers, Rock and Clea, 2 1/2 years old, from Wm. Morris' Pige, out of Elizabeth Hoover's Fannie, sire from Senator Frank W. Ward's Bob, the latter from Scott Rodman's Scott. These dogs are staunch, good fielders and fast. One is broken to retrieve. A. BLAIR KELSEY, Bolivar, N. J. April 14, 1881.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUBL. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 30, 1880.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A fine Irish setter bitch, 1 year old, having crosses of both Elcho and Plunket; also a fine dog, 5 mos. old, same stock. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wetherfield, Conn. Mar 17, 81.

IN THE STUD.—DORR, from imported pure Gordon Don-Lady Dorr, was winner in Nebraska field trials (188); has had a large amount of game of all kinds shot over him and is the getter of first-class field dogs. FRID. A. TAFT, Dedham, Mass. Mar 17, 81.

WANTED.—Either a setter or pointer dog perfectly broken, must be a first class dog on snipe, have a superior nose and very fast. Pedigree of no consequence. Address SPORTSMAN, Hodgkins & I aight, No. 800 Broadway, for one week. April 14, 1881.

ON MAY 7 will take (not more than six) pointers or setters to board. EDWIN G. KOFF, Flushing, L. I. April 14, 1881.

FOR SALE.—Six liver, white and tan puppies, whelped April 8, sired by Ranker, he by the celebrated field trial setter Baton, out of Rose Dam, Bess (Crawson's Mack-Conkili's Nellie), L. Hilliar and J. Johnston, N. Y. April 14, 1881.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE.—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grina, by Moore's Intus ex Twigg's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1871; Rufus, by Palmerston ex The Queen; Kate, by Patsy (a Palmerston) ex Moore's Flora, dam of Mina and several other champion and prize bitches. Grina won 2nd open class and V.H.C. champion class, Baltimore, 1875, when but 12 mos. old. Only time ever shown. Red Irish Setter bitch Kosina by Imp. Grina ex Imp. Bella; Bella, by Dr. Boyd's Patsy ex C. Moore's Bell; Bell, by C. Moore's Old Shot (father of Palmerston) ex Old Kate. Both the above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Gladson, now Mr. Oryll. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog Greek, by Mr. Jno. Stewart's Turk ex Mr. Martine's bitch, address GEORGE BROWN, No 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. Mar 17, 81.

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FOR SALE.—One extra fine, high-bred pointer, 10 months old, price, \$30; 3 or 3 1/2 three bitch pups, highly bred and handsome, 3 months old; \$10 each. JOHN L. MARTIN, Milford, Mass. Mar 19, 81.

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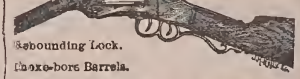
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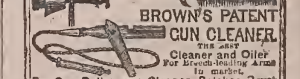
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Last Issue of Forest and Stream Contained:

Table of contents for the last issue of Forest and Stream, including sections like 'EDITORIAL', 'NATURAL HISTORY', 'GAME BAG AND GUN', 'FISH CULTURE', 'THE KENNEL', 'RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING', 'YACHTING AND CANOEING'.

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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 21.

LOCAL NAMES OF FISHES.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Augusta, Ga., says: "Your correspondent, 'Bucksfoot,' as well as yourself I think are mistaken in the name of the 'red-breasted perch.' It should be called 'bream.' It is very plenty in all Southern waters, and a gamey fish to catch, and delicious to eat when fresh caught."

This well illustrates the confusion existing among common names. We knew of the name 'bream' being applied to the fish in certain sections, but did not give it because we do not wish to extend that error. There are no bream in America. That is, if the fish which is so-called in England for centuries past has a right to the name by priority. The fact is, as has often been stated, that English names have been misapplied to American birds, fishes and mammals which have not the slightest resemblance to the originals bearing the names. The English bream (*Abramis brama*) is a fish with soft fins, a cyprinoid, nearer to the "fall-fish," "corporal," chub (of the North) and "shiner," whose only resemblance to the Georgia fish is in its outline; and that is not a very close one. The misnomer is as great as the application of the name of "salmon" to a pike-perch in the Susquehanna, Ohio and Upper Mississippi rivers, or that of "trout" and "chub" to the black bass in Virginia and Southern waters. The names bream, salmon, trout and chub are pre-occupied in the language, and really belong to certain fish as much as "cat," "dog" and "horse" do to certain animals, and to those who know to what they belong it sounds just as outlandish to transpose them.

We thank our correspondent for calling our attention to this matter, as it serves as an excuse to lecture upon. There is much confusion arising from the application of names purely American applied to purely American species in different parts; and we do not feel warranted in the latter case in assuming that a certain one is correct because it happens to be the one which has been familiar to us from childhood.

For instance, between the names "striped bass" and "rock-fish," applied to the same fish North and South; "bluefish" and "tailor," etc. These are commercial fishes, and as the great market is New York the names in use in the markets there will probably prevail, because the buyers use them.

Now to the fish in question: "Bucksfoot" wrote of "red-breasted perch," and described its colors and sharp dorsal fin-rays; and as we always like to make it clear what fish our correspondents mean, if we are sure that we can do so, a foot note was added in which we said: "From our correspondent's description this red-breasted perch is evidently one of the many fishes which are variously known as 'sun-fishes,' 'pond fishes,' etc. It is probable that it may be Jordan's 'bloody sunfish,' *Xenotis sanguinolentus*." We have fished in waters North, South, East and West, and have picked up an extensive vocabulary of local names applied, or misapplied, to many fishes. In the North the name "bass" is applied to many fishes which become "perch" in the South. Bass is a corruption of the Dutch *Barach* for perch, and therefore the two names stand on about an equal footing. The Northern angler knows only two "perch," the white and the yellow. The former is a tidewater fish; and the latter is common to all fresh waters except cold trout streams, and is the "raccoon perch," "barred perch," etc., of the South, where the yellow ground color of the fish did not attract so much attention as the dusky bars on its side. The Southern angler has many "perch," which often includes all the "bass" of the North, the "black bass" becoming "black perch" in parts where it is not a "trout," chub or welshman. But what shall be the name of our so-called red-breasted perch? "Bream," no matter how dear to the heart of the Georgian from old associations, is pre-occupied by a fish as widely different as a hedgehog differs from a rabbit, and therefore is not available. "Red-breasted perch" is descriptive, and there seems no objection to it. If this particular species, which belongs to an extensive family, which in some form inhabits all the ponds and warm streams east of the Rocky Mountains, were caught by a Massachusetts angler, he would christen it a "red-river," a man from New Hampshire would say "Here is a red-pond fish," while one anywhere from New York to Iowa, and along that line north and south, would immediately call it a "red-bellied sunfish," which Prof. Jordan has crystallized into "bloody sunfish."

Now to a few scientific distinctions: The family *Centrarchida* (centron) a spine, arches the anal opening, from many spines in the anal fin, or fin just behind the opening), includes not only many species but also many genera. They are all short bodied, flat sided fishes, quite rounded in profile. They have but one dorsal (huck) fin, which has both hard and soft rays, a large anal fin with three to nine spines according to species. There is usually a black spot at the end of the opercle (gill cover), which sometimes lengthens into a flap which projects some distance over the side of the fish. The family includes the black bass, the warmouths, rock bass, goggle eyes, red eyes, etc., as well as forty or fifty more species which are quite local and have different local names, but from the usual bright colors, in which red and green are usually prominent, they are widely known as "sunfishes." The name sunfish is also applied to a great marine fish not related to this family, whose body is flat sided, round as a cart wheel, and has the appearance of having no tail. And so the common names go. It is often impossible to tell to what fish a man refers, unless one is exceedingly well posted in the changes which are made in the names in every State or county in the Union. It is sad, but true, and it will take long to better it, so strong is local prejudice, even with the help of widely circulated papers like the FOREST AND STREAM and the reports of the Fish Commissioners, some of whom have tried hard to overcome the use of names which are palpable misnomers, but which people generally stick to after they know them to be so, because it is really difficult for most people to change a familiar for an unfamiliar name.

N. A. K. C. MEETING.—Mr. P. H. Bryson, president, has called a meeting of the National American Kennel Club at the American Institute Fair Building, on Wednesday, the 27th inst., at eleven A. M., to take action on such business as may be presented. The room for the meeting is furnished through the courtesy of the Westminster Kennel Club.

RIFLE PRACTICE VS. ENCAMPMENTS.

FROM being the leading State of the Union in the matter of militia rifle-practice, New York promises to become of the worst conditioned. The notion seems to possess the Adjutant-General that he has only to pass strict martial laws, and the volunteers of the National Guard will at once come up to the requirements. The fact that the members of the State militia never intend to do more than give their leisure time to soldiering does not seem to enter into the calculation of the officer general, who has shown thus far only a facility in throwing matters into discord. In rifle-shooting the evils of the present ill-advised system are specially patent. In place of having the citizen soldiers visit the range at their convenience and for the sole purpose of perfecting themselves in butt-firing, there are to be official encampments, where the men are supposed to learn something of camp duty at an expense of several days taken from business, and in connection with these brief episodes of tent-life there are to be intervals of practice with the rifle. The fault of the system which we have had for several years past was its wastefulness. There was a waste of labor, of material and of time. A regiment as a whole was ordered to Creedmoor or any other of the State ranges and set at work blazing away at the shortest distance. There was none of the gradual promotion from the instruction of the company drill-room, where the manipulations of the rifle and position were to be taught, to the opportunity of the range, where the varying influences of distance, light, wind and moisture were to be mastered. The results under the old system were not as great as they should have been, yet something was accomplished, and to-day we have in the ranks of the ten thousand national guardsmen in and about New York City scores and hundreds of marksmen whose performances would compare favorably with the sharp-shooters of any army of Europe. To cease practice now would mean the loss of those experts as they gradually go into the ranks of the veterans, and it would mean also the loss of the instructions by example which these marksmen are able to give to the new recruits in the guard. All that has been accomplished in ten years of careful cultivation of rifle practice by the National Rifle Association in connection will be lost by a few years of this repressive policy, and Gen. Townsend must be prepared to take the strong talk which will follow the placing of the national guard on its old basis of mere tactical knowledge; and while an enlightened policy would be looking to a change in the arming of the men to bring them up to the latest developments in rifle construction, the object of the present regime seem to be the rehabilitation of the old pompous packages of gold lace and uselessness. If our soldiers are not to shoot then we might as well buy up a lot of old army muskets at old-iron rates, for, with a little scouring, they will glitter very nicely on parade. But if we are to have a force of civilian soldiers, ready for any emergency, then we want not only the best arms that our inventive genius can devise and our armories turn out, but with efficient instruction in the use of them, so arranged as to bring out the best results with the least inconvenience to the volunteers.

THE PROTECTION OF BLUEFISH.

UNDER the provisions of the proposed law now before the Legislature of New York it will be unlawful to offer for sale bluefish weighing less than three-quarters of a pound. This clause has been the subject of some verbal criticism among the professional fishermen of Long Island, who claim that as there is no such law in other States all the small bluefish caught will go to other markets, and that these fish are caught by them in great numbers and are a great source of revenue. The anglers claim that often there is nothing else to be caught except bluefish under the weight named.

The facts, as they appear to us, are that there is little in protecting this fish in any manner. It is a bold, fearless and aggressive fish, which breeds freely in our waters and is abundantly able to take care of itself. It is a scourge and a terror to all other fishes which may be smaller than itself, and while the bluefish seem in no danger of decreasing it is a belief of ours, seconded by many fishermen and anglers, that their decrease would be fully supplied by an increase in weak-

fish, Spanish mackerel and many other fishes equally valuable. The fact, as developed by the inquiries instituted by the United States Fish Commission, is that the bluefish is increasing in numbers notwithstanding the enormous yearly captures, and that it is in no danger of extermination, nor even of diminution. It may seem odd to some of our readers that FOREST AND STREAM should look with disfavor upon a clause which proposes to protect a valuable fish, for our voice is usually for protection to all such, but the bluefish is a peculiar fish. It came as a stranger to our shores about fifty years ago, and after a year or two of trial took its place as one of our finest table-fishes; and not only did it establish itself here, but it has steadily increased in numbers at the expense of other fishes, which are decreasing, until it is an open question if it would be a loss to our food resources if the bluefish should depart forever, for then other fishes, relieved from the presence of this ichthyic tiger, could propagate in peace. All who know the bluefish well know that it slays after its appetite is sated, and often rushes into a setnet of menhaden and bites large pieces from their bodies, which its gorged condition forbids it to swallow.

If the law passes, it means an end of "snapper fishing," that sport of the juvenile which takes the family to the seaside; and if the fish is to be protected at all, it seems to us that a quarter of a pound is a better limit than three quarters. A bluefish of the latter weight is quite a respectable fish, and while not in much demand at hotels is largely sold to the family trade in New York bringing sometimes twice as much per pound as its larger brethren; but if there is a fish in our waters which can better do without protection, or about whose actual benefit to our food supply there may well be differences of opinion, it is the fish with stark-like habits of destruction known in the North as "bluefish," and in the South as "tailor," but whose full name is *Pomatomus saltatrix*.

EVENING IN CAMP.

THE day was one of abundant satisfaction. It could not have been improved upon had it been made to order. We had spent it with Nature, listened to her voice in the babbling brook and in the echoes that came rolling down the mountain sides, and had seen her face in a multitude of varying expressions, rough and sturdy in the gnarled and knotted trees and in the jagged rocks, bright and smiling in the quiet lake, joyous and laughing in the hurrying stream, modest and timid in the creeping vines and wild flowers, and radiant in the hues of sunset. In purple and gold and crimson the sun went down, and following came the gray of evening, and that in its turn melted into blackness.

Our shanty was a jewel among shanties. No temporary affair was it, hurriedly constructed to afford some belated sportsman a resting-place for a night, but one put together carefully and with full attention to details. A spring of water near at hand and a wood pile all around furnished a supply more than equal to the demand for those necessities. There was a back round of precipitously rising mountains, and a stone's throw in front was the lake whitening beneath the rising moon. Rods are placed safely aside, wading shoes kicked off, dry clothes put on, and wistful glances cast toward the preparations for supper.

The coffee pot was singing a solo for tea, the frying pan was hissing the song and putting golden brown touches on the trout, while the big kettle seemed to be bubbling over with light-hearted merriment and potatoes, and occasionally betraying a desire to throw water on the performance; and the odors that commenced to titillate our nostrils announced that four hungry men would soon have little cause for complaint. It makes one fierce as a wolf this missing of a mid-day meal, but it's well worth the missing if you are casting your lines where the trout sport with matchless grace and activity.

Appetites seemingly insatiable were satisfied with the quality and quantity that had been prepared and the pleasant, jolly evening around the camp fire commences. It may not last late, for the angler, while suffering no real sensation of weariness from his day's tramping and fishing, may perhaps have a feeling of being healthily tired, yet will not forgo for an hour the story and song and the after-supper smoke. He counts it as a very important factor in his sport when, glowing and pleasant in the ruddy glare of the camp fire, every face beaming with cheerfulness, comes the evening's reunion—a glorious lassitude.

Carlyle's precept, "Speech is silver; silence is golden," will not content him in holding his tongue. Speech by the camp fire is golden. There one wants a fellow to talk even though he says nothing. The brilliant flashes of wit may be very obscure, the choice morsels of wisdom seldom half done, and where well done spoiled in the cooking; but let them have free play. They help to frighten away the blue devils if there are any lurking about the camp. They can't bear the sound.

And then the smoking! No cigars, but the choice old pipes, next to the rod and reel the most indispensable articles of the angler's outfit. The shanty is fast filling, and we are soon enveloped in clouds from the fragrant weed which are peculiarly odorous and refreshing. The nicotine of civilization mingles best with Nature's oxygen here in the woods, where the air is laden with balsamic odors. It makes one's tobacco the more enjoyable, and improves the balsam of the forest.

And then the singing! The far-away hills reverberate our

songs and return our choruses in trembled sounds. Now and then the crickets crowd in a word edgewise, but seldom or even they heard, incessant talkers though they be. The sweetness of the music would be heightened by distance, and the greater the distance the sweeter the heightening. Revival hymns, campaign choruses, songs of love and war are irredeemably mixed and commingled with the monotonous refrain of the crackling fire, the sighing breeze and the chirping insects. It would make the average midnight serenade close his music-box and "sleently steal away."

The stories are told; the songs, thank Heaven, are finished; the pipes are empty; the night fire replenished. Read the Riot Act and disperse the crowd. Metaphorically speaking, we go to roost, and balmy sleep needs no more earnest wooer than the man who has angled from rosy morn till dewy eve. MILLEARD.

ANIMAL LIFE AS AFFECTED BY THE NATURAL CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE, by Carl Semper, Professor of the University of Wurzburg. D. Appleton & Co., New York. This is a volume of the International Scientific Series, and, like its fellows, is very fully illustrated. Prof. Semper writes in an attractive style, clear in expression and profuse in illustration, and his book may be read with pleasure by any one at all familiar with zoology. He thinks with Jaeger that "enough has been done in the way of philosophizing by Darwinists, and that the task that now lies before us is to apply the test of exact investigation to the hypothesis we have laid down," but at the same time acknowledges its difficulty. It appears to him that of all properties of the animal organism variability is that which may be fit and most easily traced by exact investigation to its efficient causes. This is no doubt, the subject around which the strife of opinions is at present raging, and therefore one of general interest. The author has collected a wealth of material which he compresses into a digestible form and presents it in a manner to show its fullest significance. His freedom from dogmatism may be seen in his frank admission that "in all zoological investigations, as in almost everything else, a certain influence may be detected which may be termed the person element."

The book is filled with his instances of the influence of changed conditions upon animal life, taken from his own and the investigations of others, and the variability of life in different situations seems to the author to be a vulnerable point in what is known as the Darwinian theory. He treats the subject very fairly and makes no claim to have pierced this point, which he only suggests exists, nor that he has by any means exhausted his subject—but he seems desirous of indicating paths for others to follow. He tells us that Darwin showed the possibility of discovering the path which nature struck out in order to produce her endless variety of animal forms, and of detecting the means she has employed in her task; and that under the influence of Darwin's views zoologists have begun to inquire into the true and natural affinities of animal types by the studies of comparative anatomy and embryology. They at the same time began to devise genealogical trees for the different groups, which is where the personal element comes in and renders the pedigrees doubtful.

Prof. Semper inclines to believe that the conditions which affect animal life are not of as great importance as have been attached to them, and claims that Darwin has partly modified his views on this subject. At times our author draws distinctions which require not only constant attention to enable the reader to follow him, but also a train of thought which may be called profound, such is his separation of the physiology of the organization of an animal from the physiology of its organs. Each chapter contains the conclusion which the author arrives at: "That no power which is able to act only as a selective, and not as a transforming influence, can ever be exclusively put forward as the proper efficient cause, *causa efficiens*, of any phenomenon." Among the influences which he considers as influencing animal life are food, light, temperature, stagnant water, a still atmosphere, water in motion, (currents as a means of extending or hindering the distribution of species, influence of other conditions of existence, influence of living surroundings, and the selective influence of living organisms on animals, each of which is treated of in an entire chapter.

THE BERLIN MEDALS.—The medals and diplomas from the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin have arrived at Washington, and have been delivered by the Secretary of State to Prof. Baird for distribution. Those intended for the vicinity of New York will be sent to Mr. Fred. Mather, of the FOREST AND STREAM, where their owners can obtain them. The diplomas are beautiful, as we have seen, and the cuts of the medals which we have published show that they also must be elegant.

A NEW EDITION of Westwood's "Bibliotheca Piscatorum" is ready for the press. We have received proof-sheets which show that it will be a most valuable record of all books on fishing and fish culture in English and other languages from the earliest times to the present, with occasional notes on their value, etc. An instance of the thoroughness of the work is shown in the fact that twenty editions of Dame Juliana Berners's (or Barnes) "Boke of St. Albans" are given, dating from 1486 to 1880, and the notes occupy as much space as in two columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The new edition will contain much fresh matter.

The Sportsman's Tourist.

SPRING ONCE MORE.

HARK! The blue-bird sends its carol
To the whiter-weathered air,
And the lark-land red-breasted robin,
Yells its awfully it is here,
Sings the tree-freer, happy bracket,
Or its best of pebble stones,
While Old Winter, his faint death song
Thro' the pines and birches moans.

Hang the bells and robes of wof's skin
In the darkened loft away;
Swing the skates and steel-shod coaster
Up above the land-up sledge;
Get your ezel and mussy in-shook
Down and lock them kindly out,
And those rods all grim and unsly
From behind the sanctum door.

For in the Forest, on the Stream,
Phosphyre waives the knighly band;
Those who worship God in Nature
Know His great creative hand.
Hear His music in the waters,
Find His shadow in the clouds,
And a pleasure, quiet, holy,
Never known to Fashion's crowd.

Brother sportsman, Spring comes blushing
Like a maiden to Fashion's court,
Sod and treading, clad with flowers,
Full of sweet and soft alarms;
Let us up and ready to be
With our guns and rods in hand,
Thankful for the health that this is
For the forest and the stream.

Eagle's Nest, March 22, 1881. NED BENTLEY.

THE WHITE BUFFALO COW.

"A P-WE-CUN-NY," said Pe-nuk-wi-um to me one evening when we were camped near Black Butte, "the young men say that there is a white cow in the land of buffalo below here. A white cow! The words sent an electric thrill all through me, for I unconsciously passed my hand along the barrel of the carbine which lay close by my side. A white cow! One of those rare albinos, so rare that among thousands upon thousands of buffalo I had never seen one of them. For a long time I had hoped to come across out of these animals, but as time passed and the buffalo kept decreasing in number, I finally concluded that I would never see one. I unconsciously passed here was a chance. A white cow was close by, and I determined to kill it or kill my horse in the pursuit."

"Pe-nuk-wi-um," I said, "let us 'unake medicine,' and you tell the sun I want to kill that white cow."
"Al, that will be good," he replied, and accordingly unwrapped the sacred "medicine-pipe," filled and lighted it, and blowing a few whiffs toward the sky and the ground, repeated the following prayer:
"Oh, Sun, Oh, World-maker. Take pity. Not far off a white cow stops; it is with many buffalo. Take pity. We are not strong. You are strong. Long ago you went behind the mountains. Be quiet and get up early to-morrow morning. One white man stops here. His name is Ap-we-cun-ny. Take pity. Give him *Xa-ye-ye* (that of the sun). Give his horse *Yi-ye* so that he can go on the white cow. We will not eat it. We will tan the robe and hang it in a tree. The robe we will give to you. I have said."

As he concluded and passed me the long pipe I asked him why he would not eat the meat of the white cow. "Because," he replied, "because the sun owns the white cow. He sends it from way off in the sky. It is his and we must not eat it. We must give him the robe. We must tan it soft and white and hang it up where he can see it. Then he is glad."

Taking down a yellow and red painted "medicine sack," which hung over his head, Pe-nuk-wi-um emptied its contents into his lap—queer stones, little fossilized snails, etc. Singing out one perfectly round pebble he gave it to me, saying, "Take it. I give it to you. It is the sun's, and we call it a buffalo rock. When you see it in your horse will not fall; you will shoot straight; you will kill the white cow."

Of course during all this I kept a perfectly grave face. For it is only by seeming to believe that a person can get an Indian to talk on these subjects. I had been so successful with Pe-nuk-wi-um that he thought I believed in his religion and legends as much as any one of his tribe.

"I think you are wrong," I said after a long silence, "tell me one short story and then we will go to bed."
"All right," he replied; "I will tell you a short one about the Old Man (Old Man: a mythical person who forms the chief subject of Blackfoot legends). Once the Old Man was taking a walk. It was night, but the moon and stars were all looking down, so it was not very dark. When crossing a little prairie he heard music, which seemed to come from a hole in the ground. 'Ha! Who can be in there, I wonder,' said the Old Man to himself, and looking in he saw a multitude of mice having a war-dance, some of them beating drums and others dancing about the fire singing and brandishing spears of grass over their heads. 'I would like to dance with you,' said the Old Man. 'Come in, come in,' replied the mice. 'I poke your head one way and another and the hole will be large enough.' When the Old Man got inside the Chief Mouse said, 'Let's have plenty of fun—let's dance all night.' 'All right,' said the Old Man; 'we will dance all night, and the first one who gets sleepy is to have his hair cut off.' 'Good, good!' all exclaimed, and then the dance commenced, each one trying to dance the best. When it was almost morning the Old Man said, 'Now all of you sit down and the hole will be large enough.' When the Old Man got inside the Chief Mouse said, 'Let's have plenty of fun—let's dance all night.' 'All right,' said the Old Man; 'we will dance all night, and the first one who gets sleepy is to have his hair cut off.' 'Good, good!' all exclaimed, and then the dance commenced, each one trying to dance the best. When it was almost morning the Old Man said, 'Now all of you sit down and the hole will be large enough.' When the Old Man got inside the Chief Mouse said, 'Let's have plenty of fun—let's dance all night.' 'All right,' said the Old Man; 'we will dance all night, and the first one who gets sleepy is to have his hair cut off.' 'Good, good!' all exclaimed, and then the dance commenced, each one trying to dance the best. 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with antelope hair and devoid of stirrups—a buffalo runner wanting no such death-traps to entangle him in case of a fall. Soon the horses were driven in, and singling out my favorite I bid the woman saddle it. "Saddle a horse for me," said Pe-nuk-wi-un in his own way. "Yes, you will, by the white cow," he said. "It is going to kill the white cow," I remarked. At this there was a general laugh, for Pe-nuk-wi-un is so heavy that the best horse in camp could not carry him and run a hundred yards. "No, no," he replied. "I am only going to the top of the hill where I can see Ap-we-cun-yi shoot the white cow." By the time we were mounted all the rest were ready, and together we started out toward the herd. Some three hundred men were to run that day, many of them as determined to kill the white cow as myself. When they saw me they looked disappointed. "Are you going to run?" said some one to me. "No," I replied. "I am afraid to run after the white cow." At this they brightened up considerably, and in less than five minutes the whole party understood that Ap-we-cun-yi, who had the fastest horse in camp, was only going to look on. Pe-nuk-wi-un, riding by my side, laughed, and quietly remarked that my horse might run away with me.

As soon as my rifle was come in sight of the buffalo, which were feeding on the edge of a high level prairie. A convenient "cutline" ran along close to them, and entering it, we carefully approached the herd. Arriving within a hundred yards of them, we slowly climbed the hill, and then the horses, catching sight of the buffalo, made a simultaneous rush at them. Soon the firing commenced, many of the Indians having no hopes of catching the white cow and starting in at the outset to make a big killing. Way up at the top of the hill, I could see the animal, and, with about two hundred others, I started after it. Our horses seemed to fly over the ground. An occasional bill, coming too close, was dropped to clear the way. Past hundreds of shaggy, sharp-horned animals we rode, every nerve strained, and our hearts, scintillating in our throats, beating time to the thumper of a thousand hoofs. In the excitement we jumped ditches and mudholes which a moment ago we would never have attempted, but would have preferred to go several miles around. But no one thought of danger. Several horses fell, throwing their riders far over their heads. No one looked back to see if they were hurt. We were now within three hundred yards of the white cow. It was time to make a dash, and hitting my horse several times with a heavy rawhide "quirt," I soon left all my competitors behind. But I found that the white cow was no easy animal to catch. It was as if I was close in pursuit, and left the hand in order to run faster. For a time it despaired of getting close enough to shoot; but my horse, perceiving what I was after, redoubled his energies, and before long I was within easy range. Bang! The cow dropped, and as quickly arose and ran. Bang! She dropped again and arose, but this time stood still. Bang again! She dropped, and with a quivering, rattling gasp, expired. Disappointed, I unsaddled the horse to roll and rest. Then I inspected the cow, which I found to be like any other buffalo, with the exception of light, dirty cream-colored hair; but it was a white cow, and I had added another feather to my cap. After a time Pe-nuk-wi-un's women came up, and giving them charge of the animal, I resaddled my horse and slowly rode back to camp. The news had already arrived there, and I found the lodge full of men, waiting to hear the details of the run. Pe-nuk-wi-un was holding forth, talking excitedly of his feat, and of the big medicine. I was asked and the sun to give Ap-we-cun-yi the white cow. I gave him a buffalo robe, and he wore it in his shirt. Is it not so, Ap-we-cun-yi?

"Ah," I answered; "it is the truth. I knew I was going to kill the white cow. I heard a voice right over the lodge before I got up. It said, 'The white cow is Ap-we-cun-yi's—the white cow is Ap-we-cun-yi's.'"
 "I really said 'Ap-we-cun-yi' and 'no, no.'"
 "Hi, hi, hi!" muttered the listeners. "Skoon-i-taps Nat-o-yi, Ap-we-cun-yi."—Strong sun power Ap-we-cun-yi's.
 Ap-we-cun-yi.

Upper Marais River, M. T.

THE NORTH SHOULDER OF THE BAY OF CHALEUR.

A FEW lines about the fishing in the above locality, and you go to get to it, may be of some interest to your readers. The point to make for first is Campbellton, N. B., a station on the Intercolonial R. R. and the head of navigation on the Bay. Within a day's drive of here are the Notre-Dame and Escombre rivers, both famed for the number and size of their sea trout, permits to fish them being obtainable from Mr. John Mowat, fishery overseer at Campbellton. The best place to make headquarters at Campbellton is at the Royal Hotel, and the obliging host, Mr. Sproule, keeps a capital team and is an enthusiastic sportsman himself. An attempt has been made to stock the Nouvelle with salmon, but so far, I believe, without success, owing to the poaching propensities of the people living on its banks. To reach the streams further down the bay it will be necessary to take the steamer City of St. John, which leaves Campbellton for Gaspe Basin every Wednesday and Saturday during navigation. The trip between these points occupies about seven-teen hours.

After leaving Campbellton the first stopping-place is New Richmond at the mouth of the Grand Cascapequin River, indeed as a salmon river, but which, also, is reserved exclusively for the use of the Governor-General. A mile or two farther on the Little Cascapequin enters the bay. This is only a fair salmon river, but full of very large sea trout. It is not leased at present.

The scenery, which so far has been very beautiful, comparing very favorably with the Firth of Clyde in general appearance, now becomes very tame, and about halfway down the bay the steamer stops at Grand Bonaventure, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is a large stream, leased by Mr. Donville, M. P., of St. John, N. B., but for some cause or other the catch of salmon has never been very large. After leaving the next calling places are New Carleton, the county town of Bonaventure, and Paspébiac, the headquarters of the large fishing firms of G. Robit & Co. and Le Boutillier Bros., the general hospitality of whose guests is well known to all salmon fishers who frequent this coast.

After rounding Point Macqueron the steamer turns into Port Daniel, a Scotch settlement situated at the head of a small bay affording good and safe anchorage. Here are two good trout streams which are not leased, and no permits are necessary to fish them. Very comfortable accommodations can be had at neighboring farm-houses at reasonable rates. Sixteen miles further the steamer passes the Grand Robeson River, a beautiful stream, full of salmon, and, in fact, a failure, owing to the extreme clearness of the water and the

skillness of the pools. It is, however, like all the rivers on this coast, a splendid trout stream. This river is leased to a Montreal gentleman. The Little Pabos comes west about six miles further. In this river are a few salmon and plenty of trout. It is not leased, and permits may be obtained from the commissioner in Ottawa.

Twenty-six miles from Port Daniel the steamer stops at Grand River, a considerable fishing village at the mouth of the river of that name. This is a capital salmon stream, as it has been well preserved for some fifteen years. It is leased by two gentlemen from London, Ont. Turning Cape Despair the steamer next reaches Force with its famous rocks. This is the county town of the county of Gaspé, and is one of the most picturesque spots on the coast. A twelve-mile ride from here brings you to the Malbaie or Barbois River, a fine trout stream, in which there are also salmon, though not until late in the season. It is not leased and permits can be had from Mr. Vibert, fishery overseer at Gaspé. Leaving Force the steamer reaches Gaspe Basin about midnight. The rivers running into Gaspe Bay—the Dartmouth, St. John and York—are all leased to American gentlemen. Leaving the question of sport out of the matter, the trip from Gaspe to Campbellton is well worth taking, the officer of the City of St. John most obliging, being quite willing to land you on any part of the coast you may wish, and there is a very comfortable boarding house in Gaspe Basin where a visitor in search of health can live almost in luxury and recruit his strength in as pretty a spot as can be found in North America.

VIATOR.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

MANY thousands of hard-worked, over-worked men are at this time asking the above question. Merchants, lawyers, editors, clerks, mechanics, all are looking forward to a holiday next summer, and all want to make the most of it. To get away from the heated streets of the city for a few days or weeks only to come back with a sense of lost time and money, not to say of being swindled out of both, leaves a misery on the mind which there should be only a pleasant memory.

I am led to these remarks by a letter published in FOREST AND STREAM under date of Jan. 27, requesting "Nesmit" to indicate a pleasant and available route for a three weeks' excursion in the woods. The letter is from a Utica gentleman, who signs himself "H."

It was at Winmar Lake last season, and seems to have had excellent luck with the rod, but complains of land sharks, and did not find his excursion satisfactory. "H." took in too much civilization. Winmar Lake is private fishing ground, and you pay for your fishing or leave your fish at the "House." Don't do it! I would as soon go hunting tame deer as fishing in private waters. I want to go where the waters, woods, forest trees and mountains are free as the air I breathe; where I may fish, hunt, camp, paddle and cut timber, with none to molest or present me a bill.

I think I lay out a route that will answer and will not be too expensive, including a much-needed, and with care, free and fair fishing, as a reasonable man can expect. I suggest the Brown's Track, Moose waters. Go in by Bonneville, backboard line, to Moose River; from there to the Forge House by backboard, or foot it to Jones' Camp at foot of the Stillwater, and boat up the Stillwater. If you bring your own boat, and it is light, the latter route may be best, but it includes a heavy carry of over seven miles from the Tannery to Jones' Camp. The rest is easy. It is twelve miles up the Stillwater from Jones'; by the road it is thirteen and one-half miles to Forge House, foot of Fullon Chain. The first two miles, from the Tannery to the Herkimer County line, is the most excruciating road I was ever on—or in—for it was between wading and swimming last summer, although \$200 would have made a decent road of it; but the Peckensiffs who had charge of road matters refused to lay out a dollar for a better road. The rest is easy. They spend the county funds to accommodate pleasure seekers, ignoring the fact that there was a constant influx of visitors, who all left money at Bonneville and Moose River; that these visitors kept up the Backboard line, and consumed the supplies that were constantly going over the road to Brown's Track via the Forge House, the money all finding its way to Lewis County, and that the guides, landrods and others who operated in the Moose River country belonged for the most part in Lewis County.

Plucky little Charley Phelps who run the backboard line worked like a beaver to get his parties through comfortably. This he could not do, but he did get them through safely with their multifarious traps, with no other mishap than an unavoidable coating of Browns' Track mud, which was soon cleaned off.

The road from the Herkimer County line was better. Men were at work on it all summer, and eleven and one-half miles of the road might be called quite passable. The other two miles will be very different the coming season. Jolly, energetic Tom Nightingale, of the Moose River House, has taken the matter in hand, and he assured me last September that tourists coming that way in the summer of '31 should find a respectable road to the lakes.

If you go to the foot of the Stillwater by wheels you can hire a boat of one Barret, landrod of the Forge House. If by the way of Jones' Camp hire a boat of Jones. Once at the foot of the lakes with a boat the route is all before you where to choose. I should stop a few days on Third Lake. It was the pleasantest camp and the most desirable lake of the chain to my taste. It is a salmon lake, and there is good speckled trout fishing within ten minutes' pull of the landing. Also it is within a hundred rods of Fourth Lake, which is the largest of the chain (1,979 acres), and is reputed the best for salmon trout, while there are many spring-holes along the shores that give fly fishing. Within a mile of Third Lake camp, and on the north side of Fourth, is the carry to the North Branch lakes. These are lovely enough, and afford fine fishing with excellent camping grounds. A week in this region would be little enough. Opposite Ed. Arnold's camp on Fourth Lake is the carry to Big Moose. One may spend weeks on and around this lake without tiring of it. But it includes four miles of carries to reach it from Fourth Lake passing two of the Branch lakes, on which there is good floating as well as fishing.

Having done Big Moose and the intervening waters come back to Fourth, row up to Fifth, which is a pug-hole of ten acres, carry from Fifth to Sixth, three-fourths of a mile, and if you are late enough for carrying you can get two or three miles of it in an excellent way, but is sometimes overdone by floaters. From Sixth to Seventh, by boat, and you will find solitude enough on the latter lake to content a reasonable man.

If not take the carry on the North (two miles) for Little Eagle and Bay Lakes. There you may fish from the rocks in fifty feet of clear, cold water, and, by lying bait over night and fishing in the evening, catch speckled trout of three pounds or more, with but a fly. The bait must be brought from Seventh Lake, as there are no minnows in Bug or Little Eagle. Three or even six weeks might be very pleasantly passed on the rocks indicated, with such digressions as information gained on the way might suggest. There are many other lakes easily accessible by this route. I have mentioned those I thought best and easiest. Supplies may be had at the Forge House, at Third Lake Camp, or at Ed. Arnold's on Fourth Lake.

Third Lake Camp is being renovated and enlarged for next summer, and will be kept by Robert Perrill of Bourville, Ky., fly maker and dealer in fishing tackle.

Ed. Arnold will probably keep the Jack Shepard camp on Fourth Lake. His charges are very reasonable, his people kindly and attentive, and he sold supplies at lower rates than common. He also is a guide, and one of the oldest and best.

Sam Dunsink is another of the older guides and knows as many of the Adirondack routes as any guide I found there. Nearly all the Forge House guides are competent and faithful to their parties. Although I never took a guide and could not well do it, having a canoe with me that weighed only eighteen pounds, and that I would not leave behind, I found the guides intelligent, friendly and willing to give any information they possessed to one going through alone for the first time.

Last season there was a rush of tourists to the east side of the wilderness, and I found every camp and woodland hotel overcrowded. Also the Louisville route on the west side was well stocked with tourists, twenty being obliged on one night to seek lodgings in the barn at Fenton's (No. 4), on the Beaver. The only quiet section I found was on the waters of the Moose. I do not expect to find it so quiet next summer, but I can easily find all the solitude I want and all the trout I can use in the much desired Brown's Track.

NESMIT.

Natural History.

OUR UNIQUE SPOON-BILLED SANDPIPER.

[*Eurynorhynchus pygmaeus* (LINSX).]

THE U. S. Coast Survey party on board the schooner "Yukon," commanded by Mr. W. H. Dall, in whose company the writer made a voyage on the coasts of Alaska and Siberia last summer, was so fortunate as to obtain what is now the only specimen in any American museum of the curious little spoon-billed sandpiper. The skin is one of the treasures of the National Museum collection. Most of the great museums of the world are without it.

Up to the time of Nordenskiöld's voyage around the north coast of Siberia but twenty-four of these birds in all were recorded as killed; how many of them are preserved is unknown. We found great flocks of them, but unfortunately the bird was not recognized, only a few skins were secured. The great bulk of the birds having been served on toast without regard to their distinguished identity.

The form of the bill resembles that of the common spoonbill so closely that Linnæus referred his type specimen to the genus *Pelecanus*, yet the bird is related structurally to the *Tringas*, and appears like any common little sandpiper with the exception of its bill.

The habitat from "Cis." vol. v, 1869, in which is given a colored plate of the species; "Mouths of the Ganges and east coast of Bay of Bengal; Edmonstone's Id., Saugur Sand, Saugur Id., Chittagong, Arracan, Anherst in Tennessean, Amoy, Behring's Straits, N. E. Asia (Barrow teste Scatler)." The species, therefore, is known from the extremities of the Asiatic coast. The exact locality of Barrow's specimen is not known. It is, therefore, interesting to have the bird from a well-authenticated place. One was shot on the end of a sand spit on which is the Eskimo village of Port Providence, Plover Bay eastern Siberia; it was secured for us by one of the natives during the interval between our first and second visits to the Bay. On the same sand and gravel beach I shot *Aedonopus interpres* (?), *Pelidna alpina americana*, *Streptiles interpres*, *Squatarola helvetica* and *Heterosopus incanus*. During the months of August and September it is said that the spoon-billed sandpiper is occasionally seen on this spit and always about the same place.

While in Plover Bay on the return from the Arctic our bird was shown to Capt. L. C. Owen, commanding the steamer Mary and Helen. Capt. Owen at once said that the same bird was brought aboard his vessel by Eskimo at Point Barrow. As the bird is unmistakable, there can be no doubt that the species is a member of our Alaskan fauna, and Mr. Ridgway so recorded it in his recent catalogue of North American birds on the strength of the statement made to us by Capt. Owen.

It is to be hoped that some of the parties who are to be sent to Point Barrow may collect additional skins of this curious bird as well as information about its habits. It is only necessary to remember it as resembling some of our common little beach snipe, but with a bill shaped like that of a spoon-bill. TALENTUS H. BEAN.

U. S. National Museum, April 15.

WHERE THE BIRDS WINTERED—New York, April 15.—Your correspondent, John Neilson, Esq., of Quebec, one of the best informed ornithologists of Canada, in a late issue of your paper calls attention to the marked absence in all parts of Lower Canada of its customary winter feathered residents. As the weather there was not severer than in former seasons he fails to account for their absence.

Through the valuable reports of your many correspondents in the New England and Middle States I believe I can offer a satisfactory theory that will remove all cause for further speculation and set the matter at rest.

As we are all aware, the past winter in the States above mentioned has been the severest experienced for many years and the snow fall unprecedented. Attracted by this favorable condition of things the more Northern species of birds have been led to make a more Southern journey and residence during these congenial months of cold and snow. The various different species of birds observed along their distribution through the sections before spoken of irresistibly lead me to this conclusion.

I myself in my snow-shoe journeys through the forests of northern New Jersey noted several species supposed to be

quickly dispel such illusion. According to such a principle a locomotive detained by a rope and straining with all its force would shoot off at full speed when the rope was suddenly cut. Any one who has seen a tow line part on a steaming, or had a rope break on which he was pulling with all his might, knows that this is not so. These cases are, of course, not exactly analogous to the action of gravity which acts on every molecule at once; but they are near enough to it to cast a shade of doubt on "C's" position on the release question.

I am sorry that "C." did not take more time, for I think he could have thrown some light on the subject. He has evidently written hastily and with full confidence in the soundness of his position—a thing liable to make any one mistake the true point of any question. But I am much obliged to him for even attempting to answer it.

The questions are—

1. Can gravity instantly produce motion any more than any other force?

2. Can release be transmitted from molecule to molecule any faster than motion can be transmitted?

One word about Express bullets. "Edmund G. K." need have no fears about Express bullets "reducing the inside of a deer's lungs, blowing holes in his entrails, etc." Of all objections to bullets calculated to spare animals unnecessary suffering, to spare the hunter frequent loss of his game and more frequent work in securing it, none proves on trial more useless than the "spoil the meat" theory. Occasionally a deer is badly "missed." But take an average of five, and there is not half the spoiling there is with chasing a deer half a mile with a dog, letting him lie down an hour or two and get sick, or shoot two or three more balls into him. In a deer killed and dressed at once there is not half the meat bloodshot and otherwise spoiled than there is in the other cases. The difference in the amount actually cut away by a large or expensive ball practically amounts to nothing.

There is nothing probably in hunting about which as much waste has been written as the effect of Express and explosive bullets. Blowing holes in a deer's lungs, as if it were a snuff box, "nutrizing a wild bear's head" as if it were a puff ball, "Express shock" as if it were a bottled-up stroke of lightning suddenly let loose, etc., etc., are only the least of their marvelous imputed effects.

It is astonishing that it never occurred to "Col. John Hills, of the Indian Army," quoted by "Nemo," that the dashing of a ball by penetrating into the entrails, the size and shape of the hole is not that, it is, instead of velocity, and the shock of a ball depends more upon its momentum and striking surface than upon velocity. If any one will run back the files of FOREST AND STREAM and other sporting papers they will find just such wonderful bullets as Capt. Hills speaks of, condemned by other Indian hunters, and also by American hunters such as H. Batty, W. H. Franklin and others who, it is safe to say, know better than are talking about. Read Capt. Williams's experience with grizzlies in FOREST AND STREAM of two or three years ago and see his opinion.

The truth of all this is this: A ball that flies to flinders is far the best, provided it strikes the heart, lungs or kidneys. For those favored individuals who know how to make a deer nose for a shot and know how to pull the ball in "to the heart" every ball on the face of the earth, "at forty rods" etc., these balls are the best. But then for American game they don't need them. But "duffers" like myself, who have to take a shot just where they can get it who have to shoot at dark or brown spots in brush without waiting to see just where the heart is, who think they are doing tolerably well if they hit a deer at a long shot or who are running a deer, who have to take a deer as such penetration quite as often as the other kind. Essential as expansion is, penetration is in the long run quite as much so. Such a ball as Captain Hills describes in "Nemo's" letter would make complete minced meat of the heart or lungs of a deer, but if it hit him in the hunch or stern would not kill him in one-tenth the time a Winchester 73 bullet would do it, and in the present world of game it is as effective as if it fattened out and passed clear through without breaking. A ball that flies to powder will have no penetration where solid flesh or bone is to be met, and no amount of velocity will give it. To the penetration of all such balls there is a limit which cannot be passed any more than that of fine shot can. And this limit is a very short one too.

I think Major Merrill has made a mistake in his figures of trajectory. If he can get a ball to go into a deer at the highest point he could do more than I ever could. He says the bore of a rifle so sighted will point nine and one-half inches above the centre at 100 yards. Unless the rifle throws downward from recoil, as is often the case, this ought to carry it at least four and one-half or four and three-fourths inches over at fifty yards. That is just about the rise I have often found, and I have seen balls being about ten inches with long range ball fired on a level.

Instead of fifty-five yards the point of highest trajectory for 100 yards will often be sixty-five yards with some rifles, and even a little over. The highest rise of my heavy rifle, with round ball sighted for 100 yards, is about sixty-eight or seventy yards, and is three one inch, and only about one-half inch at fifty yards; this will globe sights about three-fourths of an inch above axis or bore.

For the plains a rifle sighted over is all right, but for the woods and bushy ground, especially for quick shooting, running shooting, or downhill shooting, or in the dim light of evening or early morning, or with the sun on an actual front sight one that overshoots four inches at fifty to seventy yards is an abandonment. Better sight every rifle level for all such ground, unless you know how to make your game strike a mark and wait for you to calculate your distance—a valuable art that, judging from their writings, many seem to possess.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

SPORT ABOUT SAVANNAH.

SAVANNAH, Ga., April 11, 1881.

DURING the winter months the waters around Savannah are fairly alive with aquatic fowl of almost every description, especially on the waters adjoining the rice plantations. Among the numerous species are the canvas backs, mallard, wildgeon, ruff-blue and green-wing teal, hard heads, bald pates, butter-bell, and a variety of other snipe ducks. The most successful way of hunting them, in fact the only way (except by shooting), is to have a duck boat about 13x4, decked all over, save a cock-pit in the middle, and on the main deck a blind made securely of rice straw and cane tops. You sit behind this, and with your oars push the boat forward until you spy your game in the distance; then you take in your oars and lie on your left side, and by the use of a long

snell net that goes through a small hole in the stern you can snort right in their midst, especially in the early part of the season. Looking at the boat coming toward you it appears to be an old snipe or bunch of trash floating down with the tide. The boat can be bought at a cost of from \$25 to \$75. In the early part of the season I bought a fine one of white cedar for \$65, also a large 5-gauge duck gun weighing 20 lbs., together with a small breech-loader for cripples. Repeatedly during the winter I have been out with my snipe net and waters around the city with from 100 to 200 ducks of various species. The best waters are "Lonesomony," "Knockborough," "Union," "Collis," "Abeveron," and "Fife-maker" creeks, also the back rivers, which are too numerous to mention.

The most successful hunt I had this winter was about the 30th of January. I put my duck boat on the steamer "W. T. Wheelers," which plied between this city and Augusta, and went up the river as far as "Parachuckie," about seventy miles from Savannah, and sculled all the way back, taking in a number of lakes and creeks, arriving in the city again on Friday evening after a hunt of about two and a half days. I bagged sixty-five mallards, twenty four summer ducks, a few mall, eight wild turkeys and a small dove. Before reaching the city I had to take out my net gear and stop the snell hole to keep the water from running in my boat, it was so well loaded. One or two of the numerous professional gunners around here make a very fine living at it. One especially, a Mr. Westcott, who realizes, at his own account, from \$2,000 to \$2,500 for six months, and I don't doubt it, for I have seen specimens of his success myself.

Some of the best snipe hunting every winter to hunt for a living, but soon gives it up, the majority of them know nothing of the way to get it, to say nothing about the skill in manipulating the boat, and are totally ignorant of the waters, which is a very great item in successful duck shooting.

In the spring there are thousands of snipe in the low-lands, especially when the ground is wet from rains or a heavy dew. Myself and several other sportsmen of the Chisholm's plantation, and would have got more had our ammunition not given out. Quail are not so numerous in this immediate section, but a little higher up the country they are as thick almost as blackbirds. My dogs have repeatedly found eighteen and twenty covies in a day in Jefferson, Burke or Richmond Counties, and in those counties they are as thick as blackbirds. As the shooting ground is excellent and one has no excuse to miss a bird on ordinary occasions. The birds rise in old broom sedge fields, where there are a few young pines and stubble, also on the margins of the numerous little ponds in that section. With good dogs and a little knowledge of the country a good shot can bag easily from 75 to 100 birds in a day's shooting. It is best to hunt on horseback, as you can get over more ground in less time. I always find the best, and never hunt a quail any other way. You can very easily jump off your horse when your dogs "come down" if you don't wish to shoot them from the saddle.—K. W. A.

SPORTING SCRAPES.

THERE being a dearth of sporting news in this immediate locality, bar being rabbit hunting, of which there is considerable, with fair success, it occurred to me that possibly two or three incidents which helped to embellish and relieve my rather monotonous bird life in the country, might be of interest, and at the same time a warning to some of your youthful readers at my rate.

By the way, that life must be an exceedingly stupid one which was not its ludicrous side, and that mind dull of perception which cannot discern and enjoy the ludicrous as it crops out now and then, here and there, in speech and act.

Our nearest neighbor was a tanner. Through his name was Washington Barclow, a name very milks that of the Civil War farmer which has become so illustrious, yet by trade he could claim a sort of relationship to him, and by name to the Father of his Country. His son William and myself were about the same age. We had arrived at that delectable period in our boyhood when we were allowed, by the very reluctant consent of our parents, to handle firearms a little. Hence we used to practice our wooding together with an old fire-lock, hitting the bulls-eye over an twenty times at short range. His father was a good marksman and a fair huntsman.

His theory was, and he conscientiously practiced it, that all game should have a chance for its life; it should be taken in motion, either on the wing or on foot. A righteous theory, surely, and one which every true and honorable sportsman would heartily endorse. I have only to add that any one can find sport in stealthily crawling up, on a sitting rabbit for instance, and riddling it with shot. To my mind it is belittling to one's manhood. If it is not criminal, it is inexcusable butchery. It smacks somewhat of the "stab-man-behind-his-back" principle. It is anything but fair, and as for the fun and fancy that there may be in the game, it is far in going out alone in the woods, pinning a white patch against a tree, and shooting at that. I did not think so when I was a boy. In boys, still shooting is tolerable, but not in men. Men are supposed to have outgrown the crude ideas of their boyhood, many of which savor largely of folly. I went out for rabbits Monday afternoon with a boy who was old enough and had hunted enough to know better. Though I had never seen more than the plain back barn, I happened suddenly on a rabbit, he jumped on him with his great cow-hide boots, instead of giving him a fair chance and shooting him in a sportsmanlike manner. He seized him by the hind legs and dragged him out from underneath his big feet, when I insisted that he should let him go and get him alone fairly, or not at all. He let him go, and then disappeared. I went on for some time, and then I found that one of his hind legs was badly broken, and the boy then told me that he had that jumping on him, and that was the reason why he let him go, for he thought that he couldn't get away anyhow; but even with his three legs he would have made his escape if the boy had been alone.

The unfeeling youth I describe here, who in the plain language of a sportsman, and I sincerely trust that no boy or man that may read this will ever be guilty of such a mean, unprincipled deed as that was. A great deal of game is never killed outright, where it is in the power of the sportsman to do so, but is miserably tortured to death, inch by inch, as if the game possessed no more feeling than the hearts of those who thus butcher it.

Apologizing for this digression I return to the episode with my neighbors. One cold, crisp January morning I wandered

back to an old well on the farm, two fields away from the house. The well was almost full to the curb with water, and as I looked over the curb into the well I saw a rabbit floating upon the surface. It looked as if it had not been in there long, so I climbed the curb, reached down into the well and took him out. He was very quite lumber. Right behind our house and barn there was a young peach orchard. I brought the rabbit down to the orchard and set him up as nicely as I was long enough to point to the tree where the rabbit floated. He looked as natural as if he had been a rabbit floating to our neighbor's boy that there was a rabbit in the peach orchard behind the barn. He ran for his old flintlock, but when he emerged from the house, his father was with him armed with his own fowling-piece. I saw that my game was up. However easily the boy might be fooled the father could not be into shooting a dead rabbit. I stood my ground, however long enough to point to the tree where the rabbit floated. Mr. B. cocked his gun and, true to his theory, began to approach the tree nearer and nearer, waiting for the rabbit to leap forth. And somehow, curious as it may seem, the nearer he drew to the tree the further away from it I got, until, as he placed the end of the barrel underneath the rabbit and tossed him out from the tree a lifeless carcass, I stood behind the tree, my eye being behind the sight around the corner at the cool performance. Such a fine cool performance as burned in the orbs of that man and his son as they turned to look for the little practical joker was enough to squelch forever any boy of ordinary grit. For a long time thereafter it seemed to me the better part of valor to keep out of the way of both, and I did.

On the occasion while passing through this same orchard at nightfall on my return from a moon hunt, I started a rabbit, fired and missed him. He ran under the barn behind which I hid in the other scrape. The barn rested on stone pillars and there was space enough between the floor timbers and the ground to enable a boy to creep under with difficulty. I loaded again and crawling under a short distance I saw the rabbit, fired and killed him. The boy, who I had not seen before, came out from the barn and there. I forgot all about my gun and game in my anxiety and eagerness to put out the fire, which I succeeded after a while in doing. I then recovered my rabbit and gun and went home, did my evening chores and retired early to bed as the custom is in country life. But I could not sleep. I kept wondering whether or no there might not be some fire still burning, and I thought that I had been overlooked. I sometimes imagined that I heard the crackling of flames. I entertained my fear until almost midnight, when it became torturing. In desperation I sprang from my bed and went out in the darkness and looked under the barn to assure myself that it was all right. These incidents enforce two lessons:—First, never to play tricks on children that would be likely to involve the parent; second, never to be so over-zealous in any cause as to be regardless of probable evil consequences. H. A.

Butcher, Ill.

MY FIRST MOOSE.

I READ with interest and pleasure "Ned Buntline's Last Moose," in your issue of 31st March, and propose to tell you something about the first moose I ever shot or ever saw, although since that time I have killed a great many, at least between fifty and sixty, in the water and out of the water, in winter on snow-shoes and in summer in boats, as you will find in my book, "The Moose and the Moosemen of Lakes and Rivers, and the shores of pokokogons and cumberly bogs; and have called them out of the woods with a trumpet formed of birch bark, by imitating their call to their mates in the rutting season, in the early evening when they seek the low swampy feeding grounds to obtain the lily and other succulent plants, of which they are very fond.

My first moose was an old hunter of the Huroncy Lakes by the name of Kinnab (who has long since gone to the better hunting grounds beyond) and myself paddled up to the foot of Onspitup; Bog and camped for a canoe still-bunt in the evening. This being my first experience, the old man made me shoot at a mark with a bullet, seven rods, and I hit the spot on the tree to his satisfaction, and he said I'd do. My gun was a 247 lb. barrel of the Huroncy name. I believe he called it a smooth bore, and carried about an ounce bullet, and by the way, I used that same gun for many years after for all purposes—with shot for birds and small animals, and bullets for bears, deer, caribou and moose, and it seldom failed me.

We cooked our supper of trout and flap-jacks before night, so as to make all arrangements early for evening hunting, and in the evening we started for the better hunting grounds. Our boat was a wooden skiff, just large enough to hold two persons, and the Captain, as the old hunter was familiarly called, took the stern and the paddle, and stationed me near the bow with my gun at my right hand, in the bottom of the boat, and his old rifle at my left. The plan was for the Captain to hit me with his paddle when we were near enough to shoot, and I was first to fire my gun and then catch up the rifle and give him a long shot as he made off, should we miss him at first.

We got well started up the bog before daylight left, moving very slow and still. Not a sound greeted our ears except the everlasting croaking of the frogs and the sighing of the innumerable multitudes of mosquitoes, gnats, black flies, midges and other winged insects, which swarmed about our heads and necks, and, knowing our deadly nature, making the blood trickle down my face, although I had smeared myself well with salt pork before starting. (Salt pork was then the only antidote known for insect bites.) My orders were not to move a hand or stir, but to sit up straight and not look around or whisper. This, I think, was the toughest experience I ever had—being eaten up alive without being aware of it. I was first to fire, but I was five rods short in a moment to have rubbed my face well just once, but this could not be. The night was clear starlight, but no moon, and the captain propelled the light skiff steadily along without lifting his paddle out of the water, a feat that has to be acquired by long practice and much patience, so as not to hit the paddle against the boat, and all the way you could realize you were moving, and I was first to give my gun the sound of the grass blades as they rubbed against the boat.

It had now got to be between nine and ten o'clock, and the flies still were punishing us dreadfully, when all at once the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of some heavy animal running into the water at the upper end of the bog. No electricity ever went through a body like this sound. I can only speak for myself, but I felt no more fly-bites after that. I was first to fire, but I was five rods short, and I never forgot. Captain just then turned gently the head of the skiff into a little creek and headed toward the plishing in the water. I slowly raised my old smooth-bore into an

easy position for an aim and pressed my eyes intensely through the darkness to try to discover some thing tangible, and presently saw what I took to be a bunch of bushes directly ahead, and soon after the bushes seemed to turn partly around. Then I knew it was a living animal, and at the same time the Captain touched my back with his paddle and I drew a bead on him and fired and instantly grabbed the rifle for the last chance; but the smoke of my discharge cut off all chance for a second shot, and I sung out, "Captain, we have lost him, I cannot see or hear him." I approached them with a gun, and when I saw the how again, a large mouse waddling in the mud in his death struggles, and after cutting his throat we paddled our way back to camp and rested until morning, when we went back and dressed him off and divided him between us. J. G. R.

Bethel, Maine, April, 1881.

DO CROWS REASON?

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

IN your issue of February 24 "K. R. C." asks, "Do crows reason?" I think they do. I have watched the crow closely ever since I have been a shooter, and I know him as well as he knows himself. Crows differ in reason or talk. If not, why do they always know what's up? A crow will sit on a limb and caw and caw and look saucily at you and allow you to approach very near him, provided you leave your gun behind; but just sholder your gun and the argus-eyed black demon will take wing and keep out of range. Does he know what a gun is? As well as you do. And he appears to know what you are doing with it too, as the following circumstance will show. A roofer sportsman recently informed me, while discussing the cunning and sagacity of the crow, that he once attempted to "slip up" on a flock of wild geese in a field to get a shot at them; but a flock of crows got between him and the gun and, as he put it, "let me get right up on them. Never did crows let me get so near them before with a gun. Now, they knew my business in that field as well as I did, and I was after larger game. Do not mistake me for an apocryphal Pli shot, if it does make my friends mad who are approaching the geese from another direction." Bang, I went, and down came a crow and up went the geese, and then somebody was mad.

I have been amazed at the statements of some of your correspondents when they speak of the crow as the farmer's friend. With us here in the South, they are nearly as destructive to young chickens as are hawks. They never sackle at a grain of corn for a whole field of young chickens. The crow is a great peckster—nobody so fond of eggs as he; and he has such a hankering for young birds—will gobble up the last one he can find. But he is not a success as a depredator till spring comes and you plant your corn. Then he will take it up row by row. To shoot him is out of the question, unless you have a gun that will kill across a twenty-acre field. This is the way to deal with him then: Take out from a horse's mane or tail a few feathers and put in a machine size "thread" a hair in it as in sewing, pierce a grain of corn with the needle, draw the hair half way its length through the grain and then tie it. Prepare a number of grains that way and scatter them where the crows frequent. If the crow swallows one of those grains he may swallow the grain, but he will find six or eight inches of horsehair not swallowed, but protruding from his mouth. Then you will see an eagle, fly by, and you will see him cut full shins. He will begin to scratch and pull and claw to get rid of that grain of corn and hair, which will attract other crows. Every crow that hasn't got a hair in his throat will be on hand, and when a large flock of them thus congregates, each one trying to see what he can save the loudest and longest, what a racket! Now that crow will have to fly—perhaps not like Pterodactyl's "proud bird" that could

"Soar through heaven's unfathomable depths,
And baffle the fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe its plumage in the thunder's howl!"

but he will have to keep on the wing, for his relentless pursuers will not cease till they have worried and picked him to death.—BIBBO.

BIRDS IN CONNECTICUT.

SOMERS, TOLLAND CO., CONN., April 11, 1881.

SPRING has surely come to us again, and with it has returned many of our birds, which make nature more complete. I am seated on the old barnyard gate, south of the barn, where the sun shines warm, and not any one to disturb the quiet seat I possess. The flies are buzzing, blackbirds are singing in the trees, robins are singing, and the corn-stalk hills in the lot near by, and old Dan (I will not give his correct name, as he is known far and near) my setter, is enjoying their presence by working them up slowly and enjoying very good apologies for points. Here he comes now, with some of those pests of the setter which abound here in great numbers—burdocks. What is much worse to extract from the setter's fur than one or more of these dry things? All the snow disappeared from this locality some four weeks since, and since then the weather has been slowly improving. The earth is nearly settled and dry now, and we are looking for steady pleasant weather. Some few ducks have been seen to pass up the stream and stop at the head of the ponds a mile above. Last Friday two swallows made their first appearance and seemed to enjoy sailing, darting and dodging about the buildings. Saturday another was with them, and I also noticed a kingbird, carrying out his song on an old tree near the river. The presence of all these birds, and the feathered tribe give us full assurance that spring is surely with us. We all are grateful for the change, as the winter has been a long, hard, cold one; and if we are grateful how much more so must be the poor partridge, quail and other game that has had to find food and shelter through all this long, cold winter. A good number of foxes and skunks have been taken here this season, and I have seen a fox with the partridge and quail are to be found, therefore cannot tell how they have stood the winter. Some reports give us hopes of good shooting next fall. Chance, a few days since, threw me into conversation with a man that a year ago last fall made a business of trapping for the market. He said that a man came into their town, which is in this county, that had been in the business before, and told him what they could do and what he should do, and he went to the woods, and they commenced to build their hedges about the first of August, and by September 1st they had three hundred ready to set. The first month they made \$100, or \$50 each. They caught over 300 partridge, and sold what they could of the rabbits again, and gave away the rest. He said they took six partridge from less than an acre of swamp brush one afternoon, where a man could not have bagged two

of them with gun and dog. I don't know how truthful his statement is. I do know the locality he gave for their trapping to be one of the best about here for game. It is plain to see where our game is going. If trapping and vermin, which destroy our birds and eggs, were exterminated, we should have abundance of birds in spite of hard winters. Where are our men that can bag six or seven four partridge per day with dog and gun, in our cover here and with our number of birds? I tell you they are few that can average it. I have always hunted partridge, and it is no trap work. I can assure you.

Those that have followed this swift, wily fellow know it is not. He will steal away from you every chance he has, and you and dog have got to work very hard to average four per day. You will have an appetite every night, and also appreciate your bed. The most partridge I ever bagged in one day was nine, and these over Dan the day he was nine months old. But what a day that was! It never will be forgotten. I had hunted none for two years, and was badly "off;" Dan young, and had to be watched; and he whipped me badly, and where are the old dogs that can do much better? To be sure we found many birds that day, and had I done my duty I should have had nearer thirty than ten. Many men find fault with their dogs, when the dog will beat the gun two to one every day. I have been other days and worked just as hard, and had but my pair of partridge to show for it. Do mention my dog luck to boast, but only to compare with the snoring of these men. I am sorry to see the partridge so fast diminishing here. They are our best game birds. We all know they will take care of themselves during the winter, and are able to hold their own with the gun. I would say we always call our rough grouse partridge, so that no one will misunderstand my meaning. I have spun out much longer than I intended. Rock.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."—My son Lew and his young friend Joe thought they would like to go a-gunning. Having secured the loan of a gun they trotted off for a marsh some three or four miles distant in the country, and calculated on having some sport shooting at marsh hens. Neither one of them knew a marsh hen from a turkey buzzard, never having seen one; but somebody had told Lew that the marsh was full of them, and as the mud there was not over knee deep, by wading through it he could find plenty of birds and have lots of sport popping away at them. Away they went, skipping along the road like frisky colts in their haste to reach the marsh. The marsh in the distance looked beautiful and the exhalations from the foliage and clover fields would have been called delicious by their city friends. But what cared they for the sweet perfumes with which the morning air was charged! All such nonsense they left to those who could appreciate it. They wanted to shoot marsh hens, and had the air been as fragrant as the "perfumes of Araby" they should have enjoyed the smell of burned powder a hundredfold more. The mud they reached the marsh. As they walked along its edge a great blackbird suddenly rose up, and Lew, who was on the lookout, took aim and fired. Down came the bird, about thirty feet, but in the marsh, and out Joe waded after him. The mud was up to his knees, but he persevered until he recovered the bird.

"What is it, Lew? Joe inquired.
"It's a marsh hen, Joe. Ain't he a thin one. What long legs he's got."
"How long he smells!" Do they live on fish, Lew?"
"I guess he's lived on skunks by his snell. But people say they're awful good eatin'! You carry him and I'll shoot."

They soon flushed another marsh hen, and Lew brought him down. This kind of game was plentiful, and by the time they turned toward home they had lagged about a dozen. Lew divided fairly with Joe, giving him about one-half of the lot.

On their way homeward they had ample time to examine their birds. They were all neck and legs, and as Lew said before, "awful thin." The effluvia emitted from them was nauseating, but they hung on to them, thinking that the strong smell was caused by something in the marsh which had got on their feathers.

They entered the village with their birds hung out conspicuously, for they felt proud to exhibit such a magnificent lot of game.

Just before they got home they met Bill Somers.
"What kind of birds have you got there, Joe?" said Bill, taking Joe's bunch in his hands.
"Marsh hens, Bill. Ain't they thin?"
"Marsh hens, Joe? Pshaw! Skunks, you mean!" said Bill, dropping them quicker than he took them up.
"How are you going to do with them, Joe?" said Bill.
"Have them 'briled' for supper, Bill. Lew's going to keep his for a picnic."
Bill seemed lost in astonishment for a minute, and then he yelled out:
"I say, Lew, you old duffer; don't you know that them birds ain't marsh hens? The'n's pokes!" E. MANNING.

UNTIMELY SHOOTING.—Indianapolis, April 4.—A few days since I saw a man—not sportsman—walking along the street carrying a half dozen or more squirrels. This is enough to make one angry. I wish it was in my power to punish those fellows who shoot game out of season. Any man with common sense and a spark of humanity knows better than to shoot squirrels at this season of the year, especially north of the Ohio River. Every time a man shoots a squirrel now he runs great risk of starting a nest of them. If he does, he will tell whether it has not, before he brings it down, a nice little family, perhaps a week or two old in a hole in the neighboring oak ash? There should be a law preventing such fellows from carrying a gun at all. A man that will do it will shoot a farmer's ducks and chickens, and is a disgrace to the name of sportsman. The middle of May, better still the first of June, is soon enough to shoot squirrels in this section, or even to begin to start a nest of them, and take care of themselves. If the single case that prompted this letter were the only one it wouldn't be so bad, but it is not. There are hundreds of "shooters" in every large city who take advantage of the first nice days of spring to shoot every squirrel they can find. Shame on them. Very few hunters, however, think the birds have suffered to any great extent. I noticed some fine lines since in your *Field and Pond*, corresponding to what he declared there were very few birds in his section. Would say for his and other benefit that about the middle of last November a friend and myself raised nine good coverts with a single dog, and on a space not more than 100 acres within five miles of his place.—S. H. S.

IOWA DUCK SHOOTING.—Hastings, Iowa, April 11.—We are located on the C. & Q. R. R., about thirty-five miles

from Council Bluffs. The West Nishnabotna River runs close to town. The duck shooting this spring has been very fine; they did not arrive till March 23, owing to the cold weather, but they came with a rush—red heads, sprig tails, mallards and teal, all at once. The river is out of its bank and spread over the bottom for a mile in width, so we can only get at them in boats as they come in from the fields and light in the river banks, among the willow and cotton woods. I bagged nineteen in two hours shooting, eighteen of them mallards; killed them all but one dead the first shot. It is almost impossible to secure cripples as the current is very strong and the brush and driftwood prevent a dog doing good work.

As soon as the river runs down we will have good shooting in the sloughs and river bends, and a little later at geese in the fields. I find 43 drams orange ducking No. 4 and 13 oz. No. 4 killed shot make a good "duck call," with my gun, a 10 gauge, 10 lbs. We don't go much on 12 gauges here, as most of our shooting is duck and geese, although we have very fair quail and chicken shooting. The past winter was very severe on quail. Numerous crows have been found frozen.—M.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Snark County, Minn., April 9.—Following is the amendment to our game law passed last winter:

"No person shall kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any woodcock, saving only during the month of July after the first day of August, and during the months of August, September and October, nor any prairie hen or chicken, nor any white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chickens, save only during the months of September, October and November, nor any quail or partridge, nor any ruffed grouse or pheasant, save only during the months of September, October and November, nor any aquatic fowl, save only between the first day of September and the fifteenth (15) day of May in any year. In the foregoing willow and cotton woods, the chickens for a period of two weeks, and they will be our more difficult to kill, owing to the increased strength of their wings. This noble game-bird has received fearful persecution since the advent of the breech-loader and in a very few years would become extinct. Old hunters have put in an appearance, and the breech-loader is in active service once more. We expect grand sport in the stubble the coming fall, for geese and ducks will be unusually plenty.—DREXEL.

EXTERMINATING THE HAWKS.—The Clinton County O., Forest and Stream Association, with headquarters at Wilmington, offered a series of prizes for the destruction of hawks.

The result of the endeavor is thus told: "The Forest and Stream Association of Clinton County on Thursday received and counted the hawks killed in the county and awarded the prizes as advertised. Arthur W. Johnson had twenty-two hawks and took the first prize, \$100; Wm. Polk took the second of \$5 with forty-one hawks; W. H. Bay took the \$25 with ten hawks; Messrs. Lewis, Hildress, Pickeral, Richardson and McGillery had twenty-seven, making seventy-three in all. The association paid eight and one-third cents each for the hawks in addition to the cash prizes. The scheme has been very successful and has resulted in the destruction of nearly 200 hawks. Our farmers and sportsmen are very anxious to rid this section of this pest and they are making strenuous efforts to secure the passage of the Pennsylvania law, which provides for the payment of fifty cents each, out of the surplus Dog-tax fund, for each hawk killed in the State. There is a surplus of over \$1,300 in the fund in this county, and our sportsmen and farmers, who pay this tax, very properly claim they have a right to some part of it for the protection of game, as they (the sportsmen) have no sheep, and numbers of farmers who are paying dog tax have no sheep killed, so the money lies idle while the hawks are busy. It is expected that our State Senator, Cramer, will support the bill."

LATEL.—We learn that the "Grenier Hawk Bill" has passed.

CHINESE BIRDS IN OREGON.—Portland, Oregon, April 15, 1881.—Hon. O. N. Denny, a former resident of this city, and now U. S. Consul at Shanghai, has sent to the sportsmen club a fine lot through Mr. A. H. Morgan, a fine lot of game birds. He shipped by the Otage 66 Mongolian pheasants, 7 Chifoo partridges and 12 Mongolian sand grouse. There were received 17 pheasants, 5 partridges and 11 sand grouse. The pheasants and partridges were placed in the hands of Mr. George Green, a thorough sportsman and bird fancier, who has a fine place twelve miles from the city, where he will turn them out. The sand grouse were sent to Catsop beach ash with the pheasants taken care of. They were fine birds, especially the pheasants, which were large, strong and very brilliant in plumage. If they live they will be quite an acquisition to the game birds of this State. I will keep you posted with regard to their welfare.—FRANSEL.

TIM POND.—Kennedy Smith, of Eustis, Me., gives in substance the same report of the good fortune of ruffed grouse in this section of the country given by your correspondent, "Penobscot," of Newport, Me. He says these birds have wintered well from same reasons given by "Penobscot," and are unusually plenty, and if they are successful in their nesting there will be excellent sport about his Tim Pond cabins next September. For the first time the law has fully protected the trout in Tim Pond during the close season. Visitors will appreciate the fact the present season. Smith is making preparation for his guests, of which more anon.—J. W. T.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—The prize committee have announced that, excepting cash, no prize will be received after April 23, as the committee on printing must have all matter for the elaborate programme by that date. The Washington Gun Club have secured the following prizes: Emil Zeller, of W. Sachse & Company, New York, donate two cases of Mossie wire and two of Rihne wire, valued at \$50; C. W. F. Darr, N. Y., donate one baby carriage, valued at \$50; John E. Lenz, Brooklyn, N. Y., a mescalium pipe, valued at \$25; Trans-Atlantic Fire Insurance Company, of Hamburg, Germany, donate through Charles H. Hubbs, assistant manager, \$35 cash.

FLORIDA LAWYER IN THE BUSH.—"Blackstone's thrown aside while the FOREST AND STREAM is consulted by the court scribe his return from Tampa; in fact, the *Deerskin* forms an admirable position in his library."

The editor of the *Key of the Gulf* indulges in the above, just because the United States district judge, attorney and clerk, recently went on a camp hunt from Tampa, Florida, and helped kill six deer in three days, ten miles from town, the judge killing his first deer. FLEET.

ROCHESTER GUN CLUB.—The Rochester Gun Club has forty-five members, of whom twelve are lawyers. The officers of the club are: President, M. A. Stearns; Vice-President, J. W. Butts; Secretary, L. A. Amidsen; Treasurer, Dr. C. R. Sumner. Executive Committee—H. L. Ward, M. H. Briggs, George D. Butler. Vigilance Committee—M. F. Hines, Dr. R. A. Adams, A. Bigelow, Dr. H. S. Miller, F. Blaine, S. G. R. Monroe, B. McMurry. Delegates to the Coney Island Convention will soon be selected. The four clubs of Monroe County propose to have a tent in common at the tournament.

SUGGESTION TO WOODCHUCK KILLERS.—This woodchuck business is "none of my funeral." There is something utterly revolting to me in the murderous process of charging a rodent to death with dogs, and now that one "Jones" has struck the right chord, give him your ears. There are undoubtedly many ferrets kept for ratting purposes, at least there were some years ago. If the owner of one of these animals would take his gun (ferret) and start on a woodchuck tour through the Eastern States, charging each farmer so much a head for the dead "varminns," he would find it a better business than selling whisky at camp meetings.—**DIVYUM.**

INDIANA NOTE.—Cloverdale, Ind., April 11.—Snipe have made their appearance, but seem to be very wild. Was out a few days ago and managed to get three out of perhaps a dozen shots. Our quail are, I think, next thing to exterminated, caused by the severity of the past winter and by varminns. Rabbits and squirrels are numerous. A few woodchucks since I shot a red fox that was being teased by dogs not over two hundred yards from the house. These pests are particularly numerous, one dealer alone handling over fifty pelts the past season. Furs of all kinds have been plentiful and have proved profitable to the handler.—**LA BELLE.**

DO FOXES EAT APPLES?—Bethel, Me., April 1881.—One of my boys saw a fox the other morning jump into an apple tree in my orchard and run out on a limb and take an apple that had hung on the tree all winter and jump down again and eat it at the foot of the tree and then make off. A few mornings after I tracked one from the same tree, which had probably been there to try and find another apple.

J. G. RICH.

WEBSTER, MASS., April 15.—The Rod and Gun Club have elected these officers for the ensuing year: President, Henry Butterfield; Vice-President, T. F. Bigelow; Secretary, Victor Conant; Treasurer, A. E. Klobort. The officers are to constitute the executive committee. They are to have a practice Wednesday. The club are to plant twenty bushels of wild rice around the pond for the purpose of inducing wild duck to frequent its shores.—**J. B. ARD.**

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

FRESH WATER.

- Brook Trout, *Salma fontinalis.*
- Pike-perch, *Esox reticulatus.*
- Pike, *Esox lucius.*
- Pike-perch (walleyed pike) *Stizostedion americanum.*
- White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
- Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species.)
- Wal-mouth, *Chesobrychus gulosus.*
- Crappie, *Pomoxis nigricaudatus.*
- Saccharin, *Pomoxis carolinensis.*
- Chub, *Semotilus atropurpureus.*

SALT WATER.

- Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata.*
- Striped Bass, *Morone tenebris.*
- White Perch, *Morone americana.*
- Pollock, *Poliachius carbonarius.*
- Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*

We also meet sometimes with the "Spick and Span" Angler, who has a lightly varnished rod and a superabundance of useless tackle; his outfit is the most elaborate kind as regards its finish. He is a dapper, "well got up" angler in all his appointments, and fishes much in doors over his closet and window when he has a good listener. He frequently displays bad taste in his tackle, intended for fly fishing, by having a thirty-dollar multiplying reel, filled with one of Conroy's very best "reel" sea-runs lines strong enough to hold a dolphin. If you meet him on the towing waters of northern New York, in the evening, his display of his outfit depends much on the roughness of his guide. The Rough and Ready Angler, the opposite of the aforementioned, disdains all "tomfoolery," and carries his tackle in an old shot-bag, and his flies in a targeted mass.—**THAD NORRIS.**

A CHEAP TRIP TO THE NORTH WOODS.

I WOULD say to your many readers that parties desiring a pleasant and economical trip into the Wilderness will find it a good plan to buy a ticket to Prospect, on the Ulica & Black River R. R. From there they can get conveyance to any point they desire of the liveries there, or by hiring a few days in advance to J. E. S. Wilkinson or Griff Evans, of Wilmurt, Herkimer County, N. Y., either of those gentlemen will meet them at Prospect station and take them right through, and furnish guides at reasonable rates to visit any portion of the Wilderness with them.

Prospect is the best objective point for all the lakes making the West Canada Creek, the Otsego, the Jones', Otter, Moose, Little Salmon, Metcalf, Spruce, Little Rock, Big Rock, G. Pine, Morehouse, Wilmurt (private) and the Canada Lakes, six in number; also North and South Lakes, at the head of the Black River, and many other lakes and streams, well stocked with the finest brook trout in the world.

The expenses of a two weeks' trip through this section need not over five dollars per week after leaving Prospect, including carriage and horse hire, and a horse can be hired to any point they desire for guide if the party numbered five or over. All of which goes to show that a fine time may be had in the woods by parties that are not blessed with a large bank account just as well as though they were millionaires.

This locality is receiving a good deal of attention from State Game Protector Dodge, who resides at Prospect. A. E. Jones and a party, who have just returned from a fishing trip to Jack's, Jones' and Little Salmon lakes, report the fishing good, and not a sign of a deer having been killed in that region during the closed season, which makes the boys believe that next August will open the finest season for deer-hunting known for a long time. And the main reason is that, with a few exceptions, the guides and resident hunters are in accord and willing to co-operate with Game Protector Dodge and see that the laws for the protection of fish and game are enforced. Occasionally a "smart Aleck" tries to get the best of the law, but sooner or later they come to

grief. On the 30th of March Dodge seized a box containing forty-four trout in transit from Northville to Fulton Market, New York. The trout weighed thirty pounds, which you see made them a nice average lot to reach New York April 1 and bring a fancy price.

But the "fancy price" will rather be on the other side now, I fear, as the shipper will have to come down with twenty-five dollars for each trout, which is a little higher than the best quotations ever on the first day of April. The same week Dodge captured a few "crusing geese" up in the South Lake region, took him before Justice Garlock, and "squared him off" to the tune of fifty dollars, which satisfied the young man that he had got deer-hunting enough to last him until the season opened. This active and energetic work on the part of the State Game Protector is having a good effect. Many who have been quite indifferent to the game have now become strongly in favor of protection and show a willingness to assist in enforcing the law. All of which I believe will please the many readers of your valuable paper as well as

ZAOK.

THE SPANISH MACKEREL.

(Cybium Maculirene.)

LOVELY with all their spangled eyes,
Fairer than fish of any land or sea,
With golden borders their sides along,
Tinted like the rain-cloud's prismy bow,
The gorgeous Spanish mackerel roam
The rolling, sea-swept world of foam;
Now, glittering on the waves they skim;
Now, lost in deep abysses swim.

When fields are green and woods of June
Are vocal with the song-birds' tune,
When weeping willows, a fair group,
Full foliaged, or in moorland droop,—
When hazels their pale catkins ope,
By rivulet edge and turf slope,
Then swift these rovers of the deep
O'er all the Northern surges leep.

Far off the headlands of Montank,
Above the howling gull and hawk,
Far off the isles of Orient,
Where the Sound's breaking waves are spent,
And by the rough New England shore,
Where the vessels of the merchant rear,
Their gleaming schools of light and wide,
Disporting in the crystal tide.

Pursuing their erratic way,
Keen as a tiger for its prey,
They follow fast by island and cape,
The fish-school that hath no escape,—
Follow where'er the line sea reel
By sandy spit and pebbled shoal,
In open bay and spacious Sound,
Where'er the flying reel abound.

Most beautiful in shape and hue
Of fish that bustle the waters blue,
Fairer than plumes of the bird
Or fur of the wild forest herd;
Remorseless are they as the grave,
To all the tenants of the wave;
No speed or cunning they can boast,
When these marauders shall assail.

And yet a cruel fate prepares
For them its treacherous, vile snares;
The fishers, with their fleet of boats,
Outspread their meshes and their floats,
The wind sweeps on their leeching sail
As stoops the sea hawk in the gale,
And glittering squid and trailing line
Tear them reluctant from the brine.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

THE TARPON.

"Harness me down with bands,
Curb me with bit and rein,
For I scorn the puny hand
As the lightning does the chain."

—CHITRE.

YOUR correspondent "Al Fresco," an esteemed personal friend, says I must make contribution to the columns of your wide-spread and valuable paper, as from the mouth of two or more witnesses is the truth established.

Once upon a time, passing along the wharves in the city of Jacksonville, Fla., a schooner in front of the Carleton House attracted my attention. She was getting ready for sea and had a goodly number of passengers for so small a craft, and as I drew near I discerned a great number of Jacksonville brand for the "snapper hanks." "Al Fresco" was of the number. I was invited to join them. Nothing loth I sped to my boarding house to say good-by to wife and horrow a blanket, and within ten minutes was with them, having procured a proper line on my way from a friend at the "Club House."

The party, chiefly landmen, consisted of the Rev. Mr. Tully, Judge Randall, of the Supreme Court, with merchants, lawyers, "Al Fresco" and myself, eighteen in number. We dined while in the river St. Johns (en route). To meet the steward's requirements we divided into three parts, 1, 2 and 3 respectively, as the table would only seat six. First meal: No. 1 came to the first table, followed by No. 2, second table; then came No. 3, third table. Our next meal, No. 3 was entitled to the first table, No. 2 second and No. 1 last. Our third meal, No. 2 was to come to the front, etc., but the first meal was the only one the order was observed at. The second meal only six of all classes came to the call, and thereafter but three maintained their ground and their rations. Your correspondent, "Al Fresco," was among the first to succumb. As with the "Domine," before the vessel crossed the bar he will several times have a purse of \$50 begging and pleading to be landed; but it was no use. We started "to go a-fishing." Three or four times a day for three days did the "Domine" poll the party for a return (no majority each time). We reached the banks at midnight—first day out—and anchored. At daylight every line (save one) awaited the order (a prize purse awaited the captor of the first snapper) to cast, but it was no go. "Al Fresco" was somewhat excited; he took the lead and made a haul. At a moment all was explained; the schooner had drifted off the banks. We up anchor and by 11 A. M. struck a fine coral reef of thirteen fathoms. Our lines were all ready and into the water by the time the anchor was overboard. Within the first minute the deck of our little schooner was covered with the sparkling beauties, with scales of pearl covering a body of carmine, and about twenty fish were landed. It was my good fortune to get a thirty-pound grouper, a superior fish for the table. We had snapper chowder at once and black fish in abundance for the fry-pan. It was laughable and amusing to me to see

"Al Fresco" casting up his accounts and hanging up his snappers at one and the same time. He is an expert at both. Our sympathy for the landmen marred in a measure the full enjoyment of the "fish."

Mr. Editor, did you ever go in search of one of those "fabulous gardens of the great deep," where submarine plants grow in magnificent luxuriance and whose avenues are teeming with the "finny tribe"? Last June we formed a party of four "to go a-fishing" after snappers. "Al Fresco" was accorded the leadership by unanimous consent. Says he (to the Captain): "I can put you on the banks of our course lay nor by no'cast, on the light till you strike fifteen fathoms, distance about twenty-five miles. At that point the snappers are very large, and there is an abundance of submarine plants," says he to us—"tropical sea fern, sea coral, sea fans, etc., etc.; and as I have promised some specimens to a friend, will give you some." We were making about eight knots, testing the lead every thirty minutes for character of bottom as well as depth. Two of us, with six hooks each to our lines, sought for the "marine plants." We kept it up three days and three nights, eight knots and no stops. The "garden" (only one-quarter of an acre) was not struck. Went fifty miles seaward and cruised up and down. Thirteen fathoms was our greatest depth; still 'twas exhilarating and we returned pleased with the trip.

Excuse this divergence. My subject was the Tarpon—king of all game fishes throughout the world. I am indebted to that true lover of the sport, "Al Fresco," for the information that induced me last August "to go a-fishing" after large game. I was residing temporarily in Jacksonville, and almost daily the doctor would call upon me. As the "month gards" the fullness of the harvest, and the more the most frequent was "the gentle sport." I had frequently made mention of the enjoyment of taking black bass eight and one-half pounds each from my own wharf at Orange Mills, and "Al Fresco's" invariable reply was "Why, man, you have been catching minnows." 'Twas provoking, to say the least of it, to thus have my game fish disparaged. "Go down to the mouth of the river and fish," he said. We resisted me in making some snoods. He frequently remarked that my hooks were too small (they were the size of butcher hooks and would support a whole beef), and that my lines were too small (I thought they would hold a mad bull). All being ready, I started alone for the steamer to take me to "the fishing" (my friend could not accompany me). Meeting a "sportan" on my way, I wanted him to join me. We reached the mouth of the river St. Johns 6 P. M. The tide being favorable, went immediately to fishing. My hooks were at once broken and my lines were as cotton thread. My companion's outfit was very different from mine, and loaned me a duplicate line (twas like a bed cord, and the hook like an anchor). Our outfit for the evening was four "red bass" 4 1/2 lbs., two or three pounds; however, that was the night. Next morning at 4 A. M. was again upon the "fishing ground," and as the sun's rays made golden sheen of the ocean swells our fishing began.

After killing one thirty-seven and one forty-two pound red bass I felt—'twas touch and go. My hook was set, and Mr. Editor, three hundred feet of my line went out like streaked lightning. My hands were badly burned. My comrade seized my line, the auspicious moment and aided us. Three hundred feet away I witnessed the most magnificent spring (10 feet) into the air that my eyes ever looked upon. "What's that?" I cried out. My comrade knew the fish. "A tarpon," was his reply; "watch your line—don't let it snarl—let me play him." He reached the water, head foremost, describing a parabola, and off again with lightning speed. An addition of two hundred feet of line and again that grand acrobatic spurt into mid-air. With an angry shake of the head again he plunges into the water, and the maddening rush continues. Six hundred feet away we see him in his third spring, and he was checked, and his return was with like speed, undiminished, and with the same grand agility and power in his mighty leaps. At his fifth bound he broke my hook. Mr. Editor, twas fair to give adequate description to that grand acrobatic spurt into mid-air. With an angry shake of the head again he plunges into the water, and the maddening rush continues. Six hundred feet away we see him in his third spring, and he was checked, and his return was with like speed, undiminished, and with the same grand agility and power in his mighty leaps. At his fifth bound he broke my hook. Mr. Editor, twas fair to give adequate description to that grand acrobatic spurt into mid-air. With an angry shake of the head again he plunges into the water, and the maddening rush continues. 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A TRIP FOR BASS IN KENTUCKY.

Mount Sterling, Ky., April 18.

THE skies are clear, but the signs are not "the Neck." But a mysterious wad passed from the Judge to Ticket Agent Parker, of the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad, and from Coonie Jones, the jeweler, to the Doctor, that bass would bite. So the Doctor invited Grocer Thompson into the counting room as though he would pay his bill, and the same question was put and like answer returned, and in two hours the buck wagons were loaded with sundries and camp life, tent, mess chairs, and after a slight delay in repairing the minnow seine, we were off for Licking River, in Bath and Rowan counties. Nothing occurred to mar the ride through this fine Blue Grass country, covered with its greenest of green carpets, with short-horn herds grazing on every hillside. Here and there were plenty of plowed land, with hands plaiting corn or preparing the tobacco fields. We passed by the famous "Hamilton's Flat Creek herds," which contain some of the choicest blood of Europe and America's short-horn stock. Fifteen miles on our road and the scene changes. The country is very poor—plenty of oak timber of fine size, soil of an ashen color, grass thin and stunted. We soon came to the famous "Confedrit X Roads." Did not see anything of Isaacor McGavitt or Deacon Pogrom. Reckon they were resolved in solennit conclave to ascertain how to obtain a drink. We were near the main road some miles to Gleebs Dam, the only one in the main Licking river was constructed for a fish trap, but afterward put to grinding corn meal, "a more noble and glorious purpose."

We arrived at the Dam about 4 o'clock, pitched camp, and bought some eggs of a small boy at twenty cents per dozen. Upon reexamining at such a price, the lad said they were worth more than that, as he had to "break up the old water to sit on." He appended that "eggs was the powerful seace." While the supper was being cooked, we made valuable progress by adjusting our tackle and surveying the river, which tumbles over a low dam about a hundred yards long, placed at the head of a rapids, thus making some beautiful boils and eddies to catch bass and "salmon" in.

We were aroused at daylight next morning hastily, and dressing, we then gathered our rods and shoved the ferry scow into position and anchored, with a dug-out for a tender. All were eager for the first trial, which was made by a ring-eye five inches long, then a ten-inch bass to Jones. I handed another to the Doctor, then another to the Judge. Breakfast was announced, but such fun could not be left, so we continued until we had eight fine fish, not large but fair size—and who but a hungry, enthusiastic angler can tell how good those fish tasted, killed and cooked to a turn inside of two hours!

The next day we divided, two of us going over in the dug-out to the opposite shore, where we found one of our long, gaunt mountaineers perched on the end of a projecting timber, with a long stout pole cut from the natural growth, with a chalk line attached, fishing as solemnly as a kingfisher waiting for his breakfast. He east a loak of pity upon us as we threw full fifty feet to some favorable looking eddy or swirl or smooth patch of water. Then reeling in and recasting he, being the first, got our black's reels slowly unknicked himself, stuck the end of his pole into a hole, and proceeded to take a nearer view of our "trix," and relieved himself thusly: "Wal, 'I low it won't take much of a fish to break that buggy whip thing of youen." I good-naturedly informed him the fish that broke that rod would have to be near as long as he, and just then I felt that well known savage jerk that all know so well, and the fun began. This was, that way, then out of the water two feet high, and after a little more of the same, he was up to his chest in a half dozen places, but in two minutes I reeled in a fourteen-inch bass, whipped and subdued, as passive as a clip. Our mountain friend gave a low, long whistle, gathered his old coffee pot under his arm, pulled up his line, and somewhat initiated the Arabs upon a certain occasion. And right here let me say, of all rods I ever used (and they are many) a split bamboo is the best, and a level hook for a better. The cost is considerable at first, but it is an assurance one feels with them in hand!

We caught sixty-two bass, and one red-head twenty inches long. The bass were not large, but made fine sport. We had all we could eat and brought twenty home with us. Saw plenty squirrels, but the season is closed until May 15, and no member of Sterling Fishing and Shooting Club, I trust, will molest game in close season. YAN.

VERMONT NOTES—Ferrisburgh, Vt., April 2, 1881.—A Westport, N. Y., correspondent of our local paper stated a couple of weeks ago that game-protektor Liberty of Elizabethton, had made a seizure of nets in Pennsylvania. From last week's issue of the same paper I cut the enclosed slip, by the same correspondent: "The suit brought against game-protektor Liberty, of Elizabethton, by Byram, of Peru, for seizure and confiscation of Byram's nets, was tried in Pittsburgh last week, and resulted in a verdict for plaintiff for \$25 and costs. Cannot your old Keseeville contributor tell us how it happened, and how the case was successfully prosecuted by a violator of the laws? Why such things should be is a mystery to us, who are anxiously watching the workings of protection on your side of the lake. If it is impossible to frame a game or fish law without a hole through which the poacher may crawl out and get top of the heap, we might as well give up the good but losing fight first as lose another slip from the same correspondent's items.

What are the fish which have been caught near Valcour? I am very sure that our fish commissioners have never placed any land-locked salmon in Lake Champlain, and as sure that if anything of the salmon kind has been taken in the lake it must be the true salmon, the results of the planting of the salmon fry in the Winorski and Lewis Creeks in 1876. Later some land-locked salmon was introduced in some of the smaller lakes and ponds in the northern part of the State, from which they could not possibly reach Champlain. Perhaps the blue fish, salmon herring, etc., which from my drawing Mr. Hallock took to be of the salmon kind, have just reached the Valcour fishermen. I cannot learn that this beautiful and well-flavored fish had ever been caught in Champlain till within ten years, or twelve years at the utmost, and as far as I know is never caught nor put in winter by fishing with a hook through the tail.—H. E. B.

This slip which our correspondent incloses is as follows: Who can tell what they are? "It is reported that land-locked salmon of good size are becoming plentiful in Lake Champlain, several having been caught during the winter

near Valcour. These waters were stocked with land-locked salmon five or six years ago by the Vermont State Fish Commission, and it seems that they may yet become one of the most valuable fish of our lake."

THE TENNESSEE FISH LAW.—Our Tennessee friends intend making their State, in the language of a valued correspondent, "the grandest angling Eden in America." The Nashville Banner says:

"One of the important measures passed by the General Assembly was the enactment of a general law for the protection and preservation of the food fish of Tennessee. For this great benefit to the State and its citizens they are much indebted to the tireless and potent endeavors of the Fish Commissioner of Middle Tennessee, Col. George F. Akers, who has worked faithfully to secure the passage of the bill." This law is intended to prohibit the use of any net or trap for any person to catch, kill, destroy, or take fish in or from any of the waters of this State by any means otherwise than by angling with baited hook and line and with trot line; provided that none of the provisions of this act shall hinder or prevent the Commissioners of Fisheries, or their agents, from taking fish from any waters, at such time and in such manner as they may deem proper, and to them only, for the purpose of stocking or restocking the waters of the State; and provided further, that this act shall not be construed so as to prohibit the use of a hand or minnow net in taking small fish or minnows for bait.

It shall not be lawful for any person to place any trap, of any kind whatever, in any stream, or in the mouth of any stream or in lake or pond which has any outlet to any stream either in high or low water, thereby preventing the free ascent and descent, up and down, to and from said waters.

It shall not be lawful for any person to molest, disturb or damage any fish during the spawning season, or to disturb any fish eggs or young fish in any of the said waters in this State.

Any person violating the sections of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined not less than five nor more than twenty-five dollars, and shall forfeit all boats, nets, seines, gigs, spikes, grab and snatch hooks, and all other contrivances violating the provisions of this act, which contrivances will be sold at public auction by the sheriff of the county in which the offense is committed.

CATFISH AS FOOD—Quincy, Ky.—Dr. Sterling wanted to hear from some of his southern friends on the above subject.

First, the doctor is badly mistaken in regard to size. The regular yellow catfish of the Ohio River grows to a very large size. The father of the writer once caught a yellow cat that was 6 feet long, weight 127 pounds. Last summer one was taken that tipped the beam at 115 pounds within a mile of this place, and one was taken about five miles above that drew 185 pounds was taken in the summer of 1878.

We also have the blue or channel cat, as we call them, but they do not grow so large; one was taken Feb. 27, that weighed the scale at 42 pounds; it was injured some way and was barely alive when taken.

The blue and black cats are the fish we eat the most of in our creeks. They are quite a game fish, make a hard fight and will take any kind of bait from the common eel worm up the scale to the fly. The writer while fishing last season for bass looked a blue cat in very unexpected water. He was in the foot of a riffle fishing with very strong tackle, wirewood, etc., and was using a large sunfish as bait. All at once the line ran out at a very rapid rate, and after some further maneuvers he was finally landed—a five-pound cat. I never caught nor saw one caught in so swift water. They covet still, deep water, around old roots or logs, and prefer a mud bottom. They take the hook with ease and are caught in great numbers around here. They are one of our best table fish, being very free from bones, and are a rich, tender fish. They are cooked like other fish of the same size, but after they get above 25 pounds they are best stewed. I am sure if the doctor could get a dish of this fine fish, stewed by some of our Kentucky cooks, he would never say they were coarse and inferior again.—D.

THE GREENWOOD LAKE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION have arranged to erect a fine club-house this season on the upper part of Greenwood Lake, Orange county, N. Y., where for some years they have owned a valuable property. Among the members of the association are Messrs. H. O. Havemeyer, W. O. McDowell, C. Oleott, A. S. M. Hill, C. C. Cooke, Daniel E. Starr, C. H. R. Doringe, P. M. Millsap, C. A. Oleott, H. Griswold, John Underhill, E. A. Wallis and the Rev. A. H. Young. For a number of years these gentlemen and their colleagues have enjoyed camp life, boating and fishing on Greenwood Lake, and so well have they become attached to the attractions of the locality that the erection of a commodious club-house has been decided upon. The building will be complete in all its appointments and architecturally attractive, and measures are to be taken for its immediate erection, so that it may be in readiness for use early in June.

A FISH WITHOUT AN ENGLISH NAME.—There is a fish in Pyramid Lake, and sometimes in the river, which the Indians call couteyone. They weigh about 2½ pounds and resemble the whitefish. They have been caught weighing as high as four or five pounds. They come up as far as Wadsworth in the summer to spawn. Alvaro Evans says the couteyone is the best fish in the river. Comparatively few people know anything about the fish. Plans will be taken to secure a few specimens for the California Academy of Sciences. Old anglers say they never saw a fish of the same kind in any other waters. It may be that the couteyone is a species of fish peculiar to the Truckee and its lakes. If some of the fish sharps in San Francisco get their eye on a specimen its true species may be determined.—Reno, Utl., Gazette.

When you have a fish with no name call it "trout," no matter if it is not a bit like a trout. It is the fashion, and you might as well be out of the world, you know. America suffers from Old World names applied to new things, and can't suffer any more; so don't be original and get a new one for a new fish when good old names, as trout, salmon, etc., are plenty.

Ohio Fish Law.—The following was recently passed: "Under a penalty of a fine from \$50 to \$100 it is forbidden to catch any fish for salting, packing and selling from the 1st of June to the 1st of September. The fine goes into the

Common School Fund. The owner of every dam across any river or creek in the State must keep a chute or way open for the passage of fish. When he does not do so, such passage may be made at his expense by seine or net, or in any other way than by hook and line, and by law is prohibited, except in the Mercer county Reservoir, Laramie Reservoir, in Shelby county, and Lake Erie. The penalty is from \$10 to \$50, or imprisonment from ten to sixty days. Fishing of any sort, except in bodies of water containing as much as a thousand acres, is prohibited during the spawning season—from April 1 to June 15.

SALMON NOW GOOD.—The Pacific Life calls the attention of all salmon lovers to the excellent condition of the salmon now in the markets. They are more delicious at this season than they are later on in July and August. In these latter months the salmon are ready to spawn, and the flavor of the fish has in a great measure been lost in the nourishment of the eggs. Just now they are in prime condition, and would be relished by all who desire to enjoy salmon at their best.

PROBABLE EXTINCTION OF GRAYLING IN MICHIGAN.—A correspondent writing from Bay City says: "I fear the grayling are all killed by anchor ice in the Au Sable and Manistee rivers. I saw one of the residents a few days ago, and he said there were millions of them dead. I shall go as soon as the weather will permit. If you desire I will let you know the result."

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

[CONTINUED.]

THE SECRETARY then read the following paper: HABITS AND FOOD OF CARP.

BY L. D. GOVERN.

IT is with pleasure that I place before you some of my experience with fishes, more particularly the carp, during the past year. In the first I have taken great interest, and have been, I am glad to say, successful in developing their growth in our New York State waters. My first mention will be of a lot of eighteen-month-old carps, thirty-five in number, placed by me in a pond prepared for the purpose. The pond was three feet in depth, there being a bottom of mud or the loam of a garden. Some of my carp would turn the scales at two and a half pounds previous to placing them in the pond, which was constructed for observation and fed from springs. In the early part of January I kept an air hole open in the bottom, and accustomed on the pond, and fed the fish by means of a wooden spout, one foot square and four feet long, enclosed in a large sheet of calico and closed at the opening with a wad of salt grass to keep the frosty air from entering the tube or shaft. When I wanted to feed my carp I would remove the wad and drop my food down the aperture, after which I would obscure the light from the opening by throwing a cover over my head, and would then be rewarded by seeing all fish within range of the food opening at the bottom. By this means I could ascertain the food habits of the carp. And here it will be well to say that they disposed of oatmeal dough and a dough of rye meal mixed with chopped cabbage more quickly than any other kind of food given them. My shaft worked well until the temperature fell to zero, for then, the ice being so close to the pond, it was necessary to cut holes in it, and I was compelled to cut holes in the ice and remove all the particles remaining.

After the opening was closed I would drop in food, and as the fish were taken up by the opening and hovered around after eating. Then suddenly you would see a fine carp turn over on its side and, as if attracted by magnetism, come to the under part of the ice and there stick fast. I extracted some few, which you will see on exhibition in the market, with my other fish on Mr. Blackford's stand. I could have saved many more, but, to use an old fisherman's phrase, I could not see the point of wasting a mackerel to catch a sprat. Now, gentlemen, I am inclined to think that a carp pond should be at least four feet deep, with a foot of soft bottom, making in all five feet. I say this only for our Northern waters, and would not recommend feeding in the months of December, January and February as I think the fish I have mentioned would have gone in the mud and be safe now had I not kept them on a shaft of ice during the frosty weather. I would say a fish that I can assure you will withstand any amount of handling in moderate weather, and live longer out of water than any other fish I have ever handled. Some time ago I took an eighteen-month-old carp from my pond—its weight was about two pounds—folded it in a piece of wet muslin, brought it to my home, 283 Fulton street, a distance of four miles, and laid it on a slab, while I partook of dinner. I then started with it for New York, and arrived at Mr. Blackford's stand two hours and thirty minutes from the time I took it from my pond. I would say that I would fish in one of the tanks, and in presence of many of the market men the carp swam off as if it had only been changed from one tank to another. There was no swooning nor cause for reconstituting. I would still further say that the fish who may have carp in their ponds not to be astonished if, after placing them in one pond, at the lapse of a month or two they find them in an adjacent one having no seeming connection with the first. The fact is, the carp will swim the body of water, and then like an eel wriggle its way over such long grass, and make its way to other waters. This has been my experience, and having had, previous to its introduction from Germany by Professor S. F. Baird, but very little knowledge of the fish, I suppose some of my associates in this body are still in the same position of uncertainty in regard to the carp as I was in previous to my personal investigation.

MR. ANNIN—My experience with carp has been that I received seventeen from Mr. Blackford and have only one left. I would say that I would fish in one pond, and I would fish in the Hudson River for years? I have heard of one being caught quite often, but do not know if they are the same as the so-called German carp.

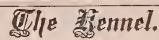
MR. ROOSEVELT—I have seen many hundreds of the carp in the Hudson. They seldom grow above a pound in weight in Ohio, but they have a carp which weighs several pounds, as high as seven, I think.

PROF. GOODE.—The fishes spoken of are not the German carp which has lately been introduced. The fish I speak of are found especially in the southern States. In the national carp ponds at Washington there are now two hundred of the original carp brought from Germany some four years ago; many of them are so large they could not be put in a ordinary sized tank. The smallest of them will weigh over fifteen pounds. So great has been the growth in America that the Germans have applied for some of the stock to improve their own. A carp sent to Texas when only a few inches long grew to eight pounds in one year.

MR. MATHER—I collected all the specimens of the growth of carp in America and read them before the Central Fish-cultural Society at its last meeting at Chicago. It was published in FOREST AND STREAM of January 27 of this year and will soon appear in the report of the Society's committee, of which I am a member, and being corresponding secretary, and I will be pleased to mail that report to any members of this Association who may apply for it.

MR. ROOSEVELT—I forgot what that large carp in Ohio is called. I gave some account of it in a book of mine, published many years ago.

PROF. GOODE.—The President probably refers to some of the carp suckers, which from their superficial likeness to the carp they are often mistaken for such. They are found in the Valley and occur in the great lakes. They were called *Carpodes* by the Germans, and belong in the family *Catostomidae* or suckers, and not in the family



FIXTURES.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual... Entries close April 11, Charles Linnell, Superintendent, No. 118 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,790, New York City.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day, Jacob Penz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

THE LAVERACK SETTERS IN AMERICA.

ATHERHEAD, in his article on the Laverack setters in England, refers to but few of the purely bred dogs and bitches of this celebrated breed which have been imported into and bred in the United States.

Prize from E. Laverack's kennel by C. S. Westcott. Pride of the Border II, from E. Laverack's kennel by C. P. Parker. Allershot from J. R. Robinson's kennel by A. H. Herzberg.

Of these, Pride of the Border, Pedigree, Fairy and Viectors are the best and best known of those imported into and bred in the United States.

Dogs—Young Laverack, L. B. Blue Prince-Fairy, 1874, E. Laverack; Pontiac, B. B. Pride of Border-Petrol, 18, S. J. C. Higgins; Not Named, B. B. Pontiac-Fairy II, 1880, J. C. Higgins.

Bitches—Petrol, T. B. Prince-Lill II, 1878, R. L. D. Llewellyn; Petrol II, B. B. Pride of Border-Petrol, 1878, J. C. Higgins; Petrol III, J. B. Carlowitz-Petrol, 1879, J. C. Higgins; Princess Petrol, L. B. Carlowitz-Petrol, 1879, J. C. Higgins; Countess Petrol, B. B. Carlowitz-Petrol, 1879, J. C. Higgins; Fairy II, L. B. Victor-Bine Daisy, 1878, E. Laverack; Fairy III, J. B. Pontiac-Fairy II, 1880, J. C. Higgins.

Dogs—Carlowitz, L. B. and W. Pilkington's Dash-Countess, 1878, J. P. L. Llewellyn; Not Named, J. P. L. Llewellyn; Not Named, 1878, H. P. Grant; Duke of Devonshire, B. B. Pride of Border-Fairy II, 1878, C. S. Westcott.

Bitches—Daisy Laverack, L. B. Thimder-Perress, 1879, J. J. Snellenberg; Carlena, I and W, Carlowitz-Spencers, 1879, M. Von Ouhls.

Dogs—Planel, L. B. Carlowitz-Petrol, 1879, J. C. Higgins. Dog—Thunder, A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa. Dog—Lulu Laverack, B. B. Pride of Border-Fairy II, 1877, C. S. Westcott.

Bitch—Lulu Laverack, B. B. Thimder-Perress, 1878, J. J. Snellenberg. Dog—L. B. Hendricks, Pittsburgh, Pa. Bitch—Lora Laverack, B. B. Young Laverack-Petrol II, 1880, J. C. Higgins.

Dogs—Maguet, B. B. Victor-Bine Daisy, 1878, E. Laverack. Dog—Shafio, B. B. Pride of Border-Petrol, 1878, J. C. Higgins. Dog—Laverack Chiot, B. W. and T. Pontiac-Fairy II, 1880, J. C. Higgins.

Bitch—Lulu Laverack, B. W. and T. Carlowitz-Petrol, 1879, J. C. Higgins. Bitch—Princess Nellie, B. W. and T. Pride of Border-Petrol, 1878, M. Van Galin.

Bitch—Rose Laverack, L. B. Young Laverack-Petrol II, 1880, J. C. Higgins. Bitch—Charm, L. B. and W. Pride of Border-Fairy, 1874, C. H. Raymond. Dog—Gut Manuring, B. B. Pride of Border-Fairy, 1875, C. H. Raymond.

Dogs—Aldershot, L. B. Emperor Red-Blue Coar, 1878, J. R. Robinson, Esq. Bitch—Pickles, Land W, Prince-Lill II, 1878, R. L. D. Llewellyn.

Dogs—B. B. Victor-Bine Daisy, 1878, E. Laverack; Mack Laverack, L. B. Thimder-Perress, J. J. Snellenberg; Prince Laverack, L. B. Thimder-Perress, J. J. Snellenberg; Bitches—Perress, L. B. Prince-Lill II, J. J. Snellenberg; Peggy Laverack, L. B. Thimder-Perress, J. J. Snellenberg; Pet Laverack, L. B. Thimder-Perress, J. J. Snellenberg; Mapie, B. B. Thimder-Perress, J. J. Snellenberg.

which are a subject of constant complaint of the fishermen, how much more could they thrive in the waters of this country, with their great riches of food? But if we take into account the rivers of the mid south and southwest of the United States, what success may not be expected for this fish in those regions?

If the carp finds food in superfluity it will grow much more rapidly than the above statement indicates. This gives an increase of from three to four and one-half pounds in one year and six months; but this is only a normal one, the food consumed being of an average amount. If the fish obtain food very plentifully it will grow more rapidly. In this case again, it is to be considered that the waters of the middle climate of this country possess this advantage. The water is of a moderate temperature, its purity value as yet—that too fish may be able, during three-quarters of the year, or even the whole year round, to take food, and will omit the lethargic winter sleep conditioned by the cold winter. There is scarcely a comparison to be made, far as the carp are concerned between the rivers of this country, so richly supplied with food, which it will not be compelled to seek for under a constant strife for existence, and those of the much poorer waters of the Rhine, Elbe, Danube, etc. In contrast of an active country, in Central Europe, after its first waking from the long winter sleep, it seeks most diligently after the contents of the seeds of the Nymph or larva and Nymphæa alba, the yellow and white waterily, the Tribolium aquaticum, Psephenus glabrus, etc. The contents of the United States in all these plants and numerous others, the seeds of which will serve the fish as food; for instance, the wild rice (Zizania aquatica and Z. australis), the water lily, Juncus racemosa or "water oats" with its great riches of seed and its green leaves, and the water hyacinth, etc. In Europe water does not possess, thus giving a great advantage to the American carp-enthusiast. And then there is the culture of fish in ponds. There are enthusiasts in Central Europe who, wishing to see the fish grow more rapidly, take the trouble to feed them with soaked barley, which they occasionally throw out in different places, and by so doing they have had a very full success, the fish growing larger, that is, more quickly, than when not thus fed. By introducing the above-named wild or natural water plants in carp-ponds they will be perpetuated, and the grains which have fallen to the bottom of the water will form an ample article of food for the first spring days, if we do not prefer to give them the almost worthless offal of the slaughter-houses. I do not advocate the so-called artificial feeding of the fish where the ponds themselves yield food in ample abundance, a consumption toward which the Tuscarora rice will largely contribute.

Let us once more consider the fact of its extraordinary increase of weight of about 110 per centum in the exceedingly short space of time. It is not to be wondered at, when we take into account the rivers and lakes, nature banishes it into its temporary tomb, which it chooses and digs for itself, to hold its winter sleep in. This fish needs fifteen or eighteen months of growth to gain, according to the most correct methods of time and weight, and when being fed. But much more satisfactory results are frequently attained when favorable circumstances combine, and it will reach a greater weight. There are some cultivators who obtain in the same space of time fishes of four pounds weight, of course they are provided with a very rich and abundant food, and perhaps they assist nature in some degree by feeding the fishes. I have done so myself in two successive years which were exceptionally warm, when I fed the fishes with the almost worthless material of saw-dust, and the weight was not attained to the above-mentioned weight in the same space of time.

This fifteen to eighteen months of the actual time of growth transpires during a period of three years and six months, as interfering months of winter sleep are to be included during which the growth is interrupted.

I will not recur to what this fish promises to become in the milder regions of the South, who neither ice-bound water nor cold temperatures force upon it the lethargy of the winter sleep, and by so doing it will have very early in the spring, and perhaps they assist nature in some degree by feeding the fishes.

It is not to be doubted that the carp will arrive at the weight of from 25 to 30 pounds in one year and six months. I do not think that I am mistaken in this; I am ready to stand by this assertion, which the future will surely verify. The above is all that I think is most desirable for the cultivator to know concerning the carp and its natural history, and I will now treat briefly of its culture in ponds, rivers and lakes, as also the construction of the ponds.

[This article will be published entire in succeeding numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.]

HOW BLACK BASS SPAWN—Florida, April 8.—Your correspondent, "Gringo," in your issue of March 10, is right in his surmise as to how black bass spawn. This I know from personal observation. I have seen a male black bass take a female that is stocked with them some four years ago, my attention was attracted by a large bass throwing its tail and only one-third of its body out of the water. After seeing this movement repeated I locked for the cause, and walking out on a tree that had fallen into the water, I saw very near the surface of the water a hole that I stepped on. The water was about three feet in depth. Very soon a smaller bass came up to the other, and heads together, they swam rapidly around in a circle directly over the hole which I noticed just under the tree. The male and female were very close together, and the female lay on her side and floated or rose to the surface throwing her tail and body out of the water as I first described, sinking gradually again. The male now swam rapidly toward her with wide extended mouth, and grasping her body pressed it to her. She then settled upon it, and he then sank to the bed and ejected the milt, making a rapid motion across and over the bed as if spreading everything evenly. This operation continued, I should judge, for nearly an hour, and during that time he must have grasped her five or six times. I noticed that she finally struck from his approach, acting as though she had been used too roughly. To me it was an interesting study, and I think it highly corroborates "Gringo's" ideas. I notice he offers to give his bass to any one who will undertake to examine the eggs and food fish. I think I could have proved to him to-day had he been at my table where I had a six-pound fellow nicely baked.

My carp are thriving. They will be two years old in June. Do you wish to see them? They are now in a box and are ready for shipment to them in this matter connect. Geo. E. Bixford.

Very likely the carp will spawn this year. Please inform us of the result, and their size.

TENNESSEE.—Mr. James E. Warner bought 100,000 eggs of the brook trout from Mr. James Amin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y., and has established a hatchery in Northern Tennessee, on a stream emptying into the Cumberland River. Mr. Warner says: "If the Legislature will appropriate the sum of money for the purpose of establishing fish hatcheries, I am willing to undertake the hatching of any variety of fish eggs for any individual or persons, at the actual cost of hatching them, as I have a good hatchery, well appointed with every requisite necessary for practical work, and I have had nearly twenty years' experience."

SMELTS IN FRESH WATERS OF FLORIDA.—Jacksonville, April 6.—I have seen the smelt about smelt breeding in fresh water lakes. Would say they are very abundant in all our fresh water lakes down in Eastern Maine, also in New Brunswick, and in some lakes grow to a large size and they never go to the salt water. They are not the same species as those we take in our water.—G. A. B.

TEXAS.—Austin, April 5.—The Legislature has erected the office of Fish Commissioner on a sound basis, making an appropriation of \$5,000 per annum, and giving him a salary of \$1,500 per year.—HASTINGS.

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, elastic step and cheerfulness in the old Bitters.

they rise more often from the depths below to the surface. Two or three or more of the male fish keep near the female; the latter swims more slowly on a warm, sunny morning, keeping mostly close to the surface. The eggs are laid in the water, and are called "streichel"—running-spawning—and is more frequent in warm than in windy and rainy weather. The female drops spots which are ovigerous with grasses and other kinds of aquatic plants, such as the water hyacinth, etc. The eggs are laid in the water, and are called "streichel"—running-spawning—and is more frequent in warm than in windy and rainy weather. The female drops spots which are ovigerous with grasses and other kinds of aquatic plants, such as the water hyacinth, etc. The eggs are laid in the water, and are called "streichel"—running-spawning—and is more frequent in warm than in windy and rainy weather. 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Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

All planned smooth on facing surface, and great care has been taken in obtaining a fair ship. The engines are by W. Webb, of East Boston. They are compound 22 in. dia. with 15 in. stroke. Boiler is of the tubular type, 1 1/2 ft. diameter and 10 ft. high. The wheel is 6 1/2 ft. diameter. A speed of 10 knots or 19 miles is expected. She is schooner rigged with the following spars, made by Boutwell & Bailey: Mainmast, 45 ft.; mainboom, 27 ft.; foremast, 44 ft.; foreboom, 28 ft.; main boom, 38 ft., and gaff 24 ft. There is also a square yard 40 ft. long on the fore. Laid by the following riggers: J. J. Baker, of Boston. This winter, among them for the new sloop of Mr. W. S. Eaton. He has also done a vast amount of overhauling and alterations on boats, and built up yachts, of which mention has already been made in these columns.

THE EVOLUTION.—Mr. W. Baden Powell writes very truly in the London Field: "The practical amateur yachtsman must view this subject with mingled feelings of pleasure, alarm and hope; for it is indeed a pleasure to be instructed in the ingenious modes of construction developed in the design before us—a pleasure to see that the changes sent forth by the evolution of the vessel are not the result of an alteration of the tonnage rule, and which were pool-pooled by one or two 'authorities' as mere 'logies,' are herein related, alarm they feel. Evolution should merge and multiply, and create so powerful a plea of vested interests that alteration of the rule which fosters such craft would be impossible. And they hope that the evolution may be successful, make a clean sweep of the rules, and clearly demonstrate that, so long as the present rule is law, you have only to go on in one direction—length—for success."

But what must be the feelings of the professional yacht architect? Simply alarm; for the value of theories as to lines and pet misadventures fades away as length increases. Till the design of the construction of a racing machine becomes a problem and work to be solved and carried out by the mechanical or practical engineer, who, with the assistance only of the sail-maker, will produce the latest idea in aquatic plows."

THE ANNUAL CANOE REGATTA.—Editor Forest and Stream: W. E. Welch, C. E., Surveyor of the Lake George Canoe Club, assisted by Messrs. L. Barber, H. E. Archibald, O. B. Lockhart, and James Kirkpatrick, completed the regatta course at the request of the American Canoe Association for August, 1881. This party of gentlemen volunteered their services for the purpose. A plan of the course will soon be drawn and sent to Commodore W. L. Allen, of New York. The survey was made upon the smooth ice of the lake, and will afford a correct distance of 1 1/2 miles. Secretary A. C. A.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—We learn that the club is considering a new measurement rule, and may possibly adopt a "three dimension" rule. Western clubs are generally wide awake to the necessity of a change from the length rule, at least for cabin yachts. Hingston Bros., of York street, are building a steam yacht for Capt. Hunter, of Cleveland. She is 40 ft. over all, 16 ft. beam, and 17 ft. deep. Steel boilers and double direct acting engines. The Knobloch Bros. have had a steamer 30 ft. long for Eric owners, which they hope to launch in May.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—The following officers were elected for the year 1881: Commodore, C. H. Harrison, yacht Frolic; Vice Commodore, J. D. Sprickell, schooner Consuelo; Secretary, Chas. G. Yale; Executive Secretary, Frank Tibbault; Treasurer, W. Follen; Bus, Messrs. Matthew Purser, school Nellie; Directors—R. B. Bowie, schooner Nellie; W. Lates Oliver, yacht Emerald; J. C. Claiborne, schooner Calista; J. A. Magee, Jr., John Rae Hamilton, sloop Clara.

FIXTURES.—As suggested in these columns, the Dorchester Y. C. has arranged its regatta to date June 18, so as not to interfere with the Marblehead annual regatta in the 17th, and the Boston Y. C. has selected the 19th for a similar reason.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. F. E. Peabody, the retiring Commodore of the Dorchester Y. C., has been presented with a token of appreciation by the club in the shape of a handsome yacht clock and barometer compass.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The colors adopted by the association consist of a pointed red pennant with horizontal white stripes through the center carrying the letters A. C. A. in red.

HOLLOW SPARS.—Laid by Messrs. J. J. Baker, of Boston, and Mr. Boutwell & Bailey, of Boston. The hull, a hollow yonk for Mr. Cabot's Maudslayi, and also several smaller yachts for New York owners.

J. L. A.—This sloop, 35 ft. long, built in New York nearly twenty years ago, has recently been purchased by Mr. J. L. A., and has been sold to Boston owners for the very respectable sum of \$694.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—Has now 225 members, 27 schooners, 52 sloops and steamers. Prizes to the amount of \$300 and over are offered for the July regatta regatta.

BOSDON RIVER YACHT CLUB.—The club have opened their new house, foot of Seventy-fourth street, N. R. They have fixed their annual meeting for July 5.

SLOOP WANTED.—The attention of owners of small sloops is called to our advertising columns, through which a sale may be effected.

ALICE.—Mr. W. Leckner's schooner Alice, now at Leighton's yard, East Boston, has been altered from a board to a keel.

C. F. R., Lexington.—Your inquiry will receive early attention.

S. F., Hollisburgh, Pa.—There is a letter for you at this office.

S. F. E.—For another address J. Tagliavia, 62 Fulton st., N. Y.

A. B. T.—Your letter has been forwarded to the canoe builder in question.

R. F.—An article on light drafts and sharpies has been deferred for want of space.

O. W. F.—Nothing else published about catamarans than the paper recently sent.

W. H. K.—Plans for two-tonner delayed on account of previous commitments.

C. A. C.—For catalog of engineers, guide books, etc., write to Van Nostrand, 37 Murray street, N. Y.

W. T. P., Danbury, Conn.—Write to Hartley & Graham, Maiden Lane, New York. They import the gun.

L. O.—The patent does not seem of much practical value, though inventor is sanguine. Want of funds prevent introduction.

S. A. M.C.—The contract with Brentano has expired. Kemp's Yacht Designing, 235. Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing, \$10.

R. M.—No other publication make a specialty of yachting all the year round. Bruce's Magazine is now devoted to chess only.

X. Y. Z.—Too late to do anything more than keep him quiet and prevent him from using the tooth jowl headed. He will keep it clean by using it.

C. F. P., Boston.—Mr. J. Matthew Jones, we presume, meant the common furl. There is enough of spunk in the furler to clean out the woodblock.

C. A. C.—For model, engines, etc., address Peck & Snyder, Nassau st. below Jackson, or Hatfield, 13 Liberty st., for heavier material. Mention this paper.

T. K., Lawrence, Mass.—We know nothing of the party beyond having been in the city. You can learn of his transiency by inquiring of his townsmen.

S. B., New York.—You will see changes in the game law duly reported in our columns. We have no knowledge of such a law as you mention having passed.

G. G.—Think you can canoe the Rappahannock from a village by that name in Pamunkey county, easily reached by rail. Write to the Y. M. C. of the place.

A. H.—There is ample testimony in favor of the boats you mention dry and salt. If you are sent in choosing either, head to maker for descriptive catalogue.

W. S.—Shower canoe see cut and figures in issue of March 17. She is a decked boat belonging to the "paddingless-sailing" class. Good for cruising and open water.

F. A. T.—The yacht in question has three beams to length, has outside keel and is considered safe and able. If you do not object to her draft, will suit your wants. She is very well built.

J. A. S.—Both your mention can be recommended for all that is claimed for them. It is a matter of individual preferences between them. They are extensively used throughout the West.

G. A. G.—Cannot recommend the plan of edge fastening outer plank instead of depending upon a regular frame. The article was probably not written by a practical person. Too heavy and too expensive.

H. and Others.—For cuts of canoes and steamboat with dimensions see issue of March 17. Only book on boat building is Nelson's revised by Kemp. Send to Van Nostrand, 37 Murray st., N. Y. Price about \$1.50.

H. R. S.—To give directions for building a boat would involve writing a small volume, and part is short, refer to Manning, 32 Beaver street, for Nelson's "Boat Building." Price about \$1.50, or consult with local boat builders.

SNAKE.—For cut and dimensions of snake-boat see issue of March 17. Could not help you by further explanation, as it is a matter of individual tastes. See Bishop's "Three Thousand Miles in a Snake-boat," Lee & Shepard, Boston.

M.—The book coating nearest to your wants is "Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing," replete with valuable information and data generally on building, handling and care of small boats. Price \$1.50. For Watson's "Model Yachts," send to E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. Price about \$1.50. Vanderleecken does not treat of building.

J. W. D.—Shadow cone will come nearest your description, or one of the "paddingless sailing canoes" of builders advertising in this journal. Any style you prefer than you will probably have to use for her with proper care. They are light, but tough. Do not like paper canoes. Not in the market now. Use removable keel for windward tacks. Centreboard is in the way and leechboard not very efficient.

W. H. D.—The yacht would be drier and larger with a raking stem starting with the load-line as a basis to build from. Also involves sheet of water-proofing canvas. By supplying mix will forward you get along with a single job and have larger mainmast. For bad weather use mizzen and jib only. Weight of anchors dead weight upon service to be seen. Ordinary work anchor, say 25 lbs. best power 40 lbs., and for extensive cruising a spare anchor slow-bow, say 50 lbs.

A. S.—For water-proofing canvas the following is recommended: To 60s. yard water-proofing add 1 1/2 pint of water and when boiling add 2 pounds of ground spruce, 3/4 pound patent, orders and 4 pounds berried linseed oil, or use less quantity of same proportion. Another recipe is to take 3/4 pound sugar of lead and 3/4 pound of powdered silica, dissolve in bucket of pure water and pour off into another vessel, steep the canvas in this, soaking well and letting dry naturally without wringing.

COMMODORE.—Yacht-racing in England is carried on according to different principles. Races are not annual and are confined to one club. They are open to all comers, almost without exception. They are public, the same as our "union regattas." Entries could only be limited by specifying "restricted," or, to draw the line closer, "recognized incorporated," or else publish list of clubs admitted. Limiting entries to a single club is baby's play, and would do many other old-fashioned features from the sport's youthful days. Time we progressed a little.

SUBSCRIBER, Wheeling, W. Va.—You will be kind enough to inform me of a mixture that will color silk-worm gus. I mist color for lead-gold or fading lines, so that it will not injure the strength of it. Also, the mixture to stain gum. Ans. Take an earthen jar with a quart of cold water; put in one dram of logwood and six grains of gamboge, boil one hour in the water and the other in the jar; add, rub it with a piece of India rubber. All bad pieces will break if rubbed well; those serving to full length in undisturbed water.

W. S. Shanon, Mass.—I what kind of ponds do land loaked salmon thrive best in? 2. What month to buy spawn? 3. What is their size at one year old? Ans. We have delayed answering this in order to get an answer from Mr. Charles G. Aldus, of the U. S. Fish Commission, Bucksport, Me., who is the best posted man in America on the fish in question, as he has taken trout eggs for years. Mr. Aldus writes as follows: Land loaked salmon thrive best in deep ponds and lakes of very pure water with clear bottom and fed or drained by large brooks or rivers of pure water with abundance of gravelly rapids. 2. They spawn a little in October, but mostly in November. 3. Cannot tell size at one year old exactly, but in six months they get to be from two and a half to four inches long, and 1 1/2 to 2 inches high. Both annual in minutes and, after allowing to stand two months, they will be from one and a half to two inches long, and 1 1/2 to 2 inches high. We have found among the wild fish in their native haunts on the Schoodic Lake, Maine.

H. B., Brimmondville.—Is there any good trout fishing, fly only, to be had in Ontario? If so, where and in which month? 2. Watch for humped fishing lines, both worn and new ones, be water-proofed with lead-gold. 3. Fly fishing. We could not enumerate all the places. Try the vicinity of Peterboro, or streams emptying into Lake Simcoe any time between June and September. 2. Humped lines we know nothing of. To water-proof silk line the following is given by Norris: "To a quarter of a pint of double-boiled cold-drawn lard, add about one ounce of gold size. Gently warm and mix them together, and be careful to keep the lard dry. When the mixture is warm, soak it therein until it is fully saturated to this end, press it twenty-four hours. Then press it through a piece of muslin, and sufficiently to take off the surplus of lard, which causes that which is in the interior to dry well, and in time to get stiff. The muslin then be hung up in the air, wind or sun, until of the reach of moisture, or about a fortnight, till pretty well dry. It must then be redipped to give it an outer coat, for which less soaking is necessary."

After this wind it again, and lightly; when it is clear hard or tough before a dry fire and to renew it for two or three hours, which will cause the mixture on it to "flow" (as japsen term) and give it an even gloss over the whole. It must then be left to dry as before, and so on. (The, as it depends upon the weather and place, observation must determine upon. By this means it becomes impervious to wet and sufficiently stiff to hold the line quite dry. The former quality, and the gold size which is insoluble in water) the latter, while the co-mixture prevents the size becoming too hard and stiff."

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpenter's or clothier's, rugs, etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of JOHN H. PRAY, SOUS & CO., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[Ad.]

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application.

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- KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, \$1 per pair.
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KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9.
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KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Keep Manufacturing Co., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

J. J. KING'S PIGEON TRAP (PATENT), With attachment for starting without plugging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S. Hart's gun shop, No. 47 Broadway, New York, or at No. 12 West 56th st., where orders should be sent.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND, FOWLER AND GAME, Nos. 280 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.

THE GREAT REDUCTION in the quality of this article, and the increasing admixture of rough strands, has forced us to go into the manufacture of it for our own account. Our Mr. Imbric has recently established in Murcia, Spain, where all the high quality gut is made, the most extensive and perfect factory of this article in the world. The grades named below will run at least 25 per cent. better than those of any other manufacturers.

Table with 4 columns: Per Thousand, Corta, Regular Ordinary, Padron. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$5.00.

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BRANDY AND WINE FOR VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the oat train and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents the return of the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300-600 packages. For sale by druggists or mail. E. CROSBY, 464 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY. Open to all puppies whelped on or before the 1st of September, 1880, and under 300 lbs. on Oct. 1, 1881. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to the list. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. PEACOCK OR ALL-AGED STAKES. Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$300; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to the list. Entries to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. J. O. DENVER, President. JACOB KENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 374, New York City. Special prices to follow after articles for their value.

Advertisement for Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP. Includes an illustration of the lamp and text describing its features and availability.

The Kennel

GORDON SETTERS.

BORDER LILY-GLEN.

FOR SALE, thoroughbred Gordon Setter Pups out of my Border Lily, by Dr. H. V. Aken's Champion Glen, Glen winner of first in Brace Stake of the Eastern Field Trial Club, etc.

SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE.

Five Dog Puppies from H. T. Bloodgood's celebrated Nat (see FOREST AND STREAM) sired. Dog's Island Field Trials ex Juno (Eager's Don John Davidson's Bessie). They are in natural hunting qualities unexcelled by any strain; have been bred solely for the field and are confidently offered to shooting men.

T. JACOBS.

WOLBOROUGH HOUSE, NEWTON ABBOTT, ENGLAND.

Has a grand lot of spaniel whelps to dispose of, also black-and-tan setter whelps from his celebrated prize-winners. See Vero Shaw on "Black Spaniels."

FOR SALE—A liver and white pointer dog thoroughly broken. Will be ready for a good tender-revealer. Address, giving full description and lowest cash price, P. O. Box 200, Monticello, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—One brace orange and white setter dogs, brothers, Rock and Glen, by J. A. Kent, from Wm. Morris' Pet, out of Elphibeth Hoover's Fannie, etc.

PORTHOLDS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1.

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL—Champion dog, 1st in one of the best fields and best bred Irish dogs in the United States.

FOR SALE—One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old; price, \$30.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vanha Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience.

FAXELSTOR IRISH WATER SPANIEL KENNEL—For full particulars regarding Irish water spaniels, how to train and where to secure the best, send for descriptive circular to the undersigned.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Luton, England, late owner of Champion Lawyer, Bachelor, Ladybird, Lady Love, Lizzy, Louisa, Leoboy, Limerick, Libby, Lancer, Lena, Sydney, Belle, Young Bob, Bessie H., Barton, and many other dogs.

RICHARDSON AND RANGLLEY LAKES ILL. ILLUSTRATED—A new and complete guide book to the Rangley Lake Region, Kennebago, Cuscutta, Parmeneuse and Connecticut Lakes and the headwaters of the Connecticut, Sagalloway, Androscoggin and Dead Rivers.

OLDFIELD COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL—For pure Cocker from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the field.

ON MAY 7 will take (not more than six) pointers or setters to board. EDWIN G. KOFF, Flushing, L. I.

The Kennel

NEW YORK

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THE FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW

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THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill all fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with silver pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use.

AREGUT NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail. Both the above are recommended by ROY AND STON FOREST AND STREAM.

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I keep only Cocker of the finest strains. I sell safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed gray and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz: Liver with white ruff in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruff in bosom, are now open for service; fee \$15; usual conditions. Correspondents enclosing stamp get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

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"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.

exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for

"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

BENEDICT.

Imported black field spaniel, at the STUD. FOREST AND STREAM, March 8. "A remarkably fine dog of his breed. His brother, Kath, is illustrated in Vero Shaw's 'Woodcock and Pheasant' (the winning blood in England to-day). Limited to ten hitches; fee, \$38. A few well broken setters and spaniels and pups of each breed. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I.

Hare Beagle Kennel.

For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be good for fox, hare, hoes, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Penn. Mar 17.

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The Kennel

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Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have full access to salt water.

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PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly.

WATER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia, Oct 2, 1887.

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The waters of the Grand Traverse Region, and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these wild and unbroken regions.

THE TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1. THE GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends Nov. 1.

BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and lakes of this territory. The sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish can be had at nearly all points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU, the scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful. The fish are dried and brined. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with Hay Fever and Asthma Affections.

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Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk.

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The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Pulman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 3 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M. MERCER BLAUGHTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

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2.—Laminated steel	2	"	68	60
3.—Damascus	3	"	78	70
4.—Superior Damascus steel, p. grip	4	"	100	90
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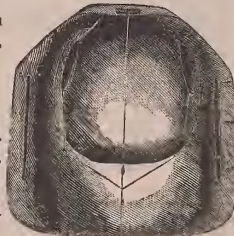
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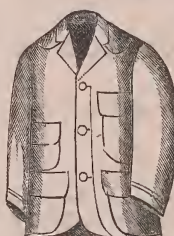
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Three excellent Cigarettes, each having their own peculiarities. NEW VANITY FAIR, just out, and is the Mildest Cigarette yet produced. A DAIRY SWEET BIT. 7 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. Vienna, 1873. Philadelphia, 1876. Paris, 1878 Sydney, 1879.

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Hazard's "Electric Powder." Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of strength and cleanliness. Packed in square canisters of one pound only.

Hazard's "American Sporting." Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). In 1 lb. canisters and 1 1/2 lb. kegs. A fine grain, quick and clean, for upland prairie shooting. Well adapted to shot-guns.

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Hazard's "Kentucky Rifle." FFG FFG and "Sea Shooting" FG in kegs of 12, 15, and 25 lbs. and cans of 5 lbs. FFG is also packed in 1 and 1 1/2 lb. kegs. Burns strong and sweet. The FFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard Rifle Powder of the country.

Superior Mining and Blasting Powder. GOVERNMENT CANNON and MUSKET POWDER; also, SPECIAL GRADES FOR EXPORT, OF ANY REQUIRED GRAIN OR PROOF, MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

The above can be had of dealers, or of the Company's Agents in every prominent city, or wholesale at our office.

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A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

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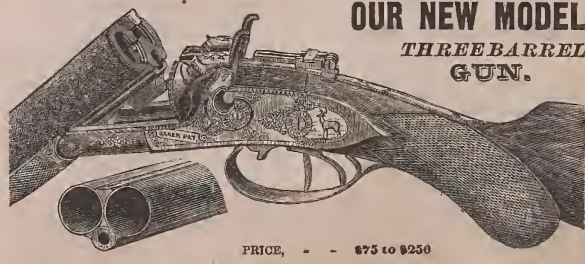


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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondents' name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 28.

A NEW NORTH CAROLINA CLUB.

THE quail grounds of North Carolina are to Northern sportsmen what the grouse moors of Scotland are to English sportsmen. The number of strangers who visit that State for sport is yearly increasing. If the people of North Carolina are wise enough to protect their own interests by restricting the excessive killing of their game, this influx of sportsmen tourists will be unabated, and the advantages accruing to the residents undiminished.

Among the game centres of the State one of the most inviting is Gaston, in Northampton County. Quail are abundant all about for an area of thirty miles, with other birds in goodly numbers, and ducks and geese on the Roanoke from October to March. Within that compass there is not a pack of hounds, and foxes and deer are in consequence numerous, and the pursuit of them successful. Our valued correspondent, Col. Goode Tucker, of Gaston, whose many fox chases in his old age have been recorded in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, proposes to organize a club of sportsmen, with headquarters at Gaston. Riding by the old Gaston Hotel one day, it occurred to him that here was just the spot for a yearly rendezvous of congenial spirits. The hotel is a substantial brick structure, with accommodations for fifty guests, and was built before the Greenville & Gaston Railroad collapsed. It is now unoccupied and somewhat out of repair, but can be put into good condition at a small expense.

Col. Tucker's project is briefly this: He wishes first to organize a social hunting association of twenty members, ten of whom shall be from the North and ten from the South, and our friend proposes to banish politics and political opinion entirely from the association. The shares are fixed at \$100 each. The fund of \$2,000 will be used to purchase the hotel building, with several acres of very productive land belonging to it, to make necessary repairs, build stables,

dog kennels, etc. The preliminary labor Col. Tucker offers to assume himself, without charge, and the general management of the property, after the association is formed, also placing at the service of the club his pack of seventeen well-trained hounds. It is further proposed that the association shall be governed by a board of managers, to be elected by the members, and other matters to be determined by the will of the members.

This necessarily brief outline of Col. Tucker's plan is sufficient to show its inviting character. The opportunity to secure an excellent club house in a fine game district is one not often found, and we do not doubt that some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will avail themselves of the advantages offered. The names of gentlemen who wish to associate themselves in the enterprise may be sent to us, and we will gladly endeavor to promote the speedy formation of the Gaston club.

Col. Tucker is one of the best known sportsmen of the Southern States. His fund of field reminiscences, adventures and anecdotes is inexhaustible, and to gather with himself and comrades, after the sport of the day, to listen to the stories of men and things in the past would be to none of the most enjoyable pleasures of a stay in the club house. This in itself would repay us for the trip.

THE KITTY HAWK BAY CLUB.

THE organization of the "Kitty Hawk Bay Sportsmen's Club" will be regarded by a large number of gentlemen sportsmen throughout America as a progressive and timely movement toward the preservation of our choicest varieties of wild fowl and the rarer species of game fish, which, if properly protected in the localities which they frequent during their migrations, would for many generations to come afford hunters and anglers rare sport, combined with opportunities for mental repose and bodily invigoration so much needed by the overworked in all our large cities.

The ruthless destruction of canvas back, redhead, black head and teal ducks in the waters of Currituck, Kitty Hawk Bay, North Carolina, during the month of October, 1880, by natives and market-shooters who employ batteries by day and fire by night, is a circumstance greatly to be deplored. During the period mentioned canvas back and redhead ducks were slaughtered by the thousands and packed in barrels, only to decompose before reaching market. Such a general and wanton destruction as this of our very choicest wildfowl is shocking to the sensibilities of every true sportsman, and cannot often be repeated without the most serious consequences.

It is plain that these shooting grounds must pass into the possession and control of well-managed club organizations, or a marked decrease and rapid extinction of game, now so abundant, will surely follow.

The various clubs heretofore organized in this section have found it difficult to secure legislation favorable to their interests, chiefly because the clubs themselves have owned comparatively little territory or shooting privileges. The Kitty Hawk Bay Club, owning as it does nearly fifty thousand acres of land and controlling a water frontage of over fifty miles, will, by reason of its vested rights, become a leading factor in obtaining such legislation as is now needed for the preservation and protection of game. We hardly need urge the importance of this matter, as judging from the character and standing of the gentleman projecting this club its success in every direction would seem already assured. Certainly, with telegraphic facilities already established at Kitty Hawk and the early completion of the Norfolk and Elizabeth Railroad, the matter of communication is most satisfactorily settled, and the distance from New York is now covered in about twenty-three hours instead of eighty hours as was formerly the case. The latter advantages will be greatly appreciated by members of the club living in New York, as they have rarely if ever before been combined with such unusual opportunities for really first-class shooting and fishing as are here offered. That the great future value of these vast acres of our choicest fowl and fish is beginning to be appreciated is attested by the very general inquiry and demand for these properties (since they were secured for the Kitty Hawk Club) by parties at the South as well as at the North. The variety of shooting ought to satisfy almost any sportsman, as it includes

canvas back, redhead, black head, widgeon, teal and other kinds of duck. Swan, geese, brant and snipe, deer and bear are also plentiful, and the waters abound with bluefish, Spanish mackerel, mullet, sheep's head, sea trout, spot perch, striped and black bass, oysters and diamond back terrapin.

We have ever deemed the question of game preservation one of national importance, and have felt a growing interest in this region, whose very remoteness and inaccessibility, rather than the intelligence of its people, have combined to protect and secure from extermination its vast, varied and almost numberless flocks.

A CANADA ANGLING CLUB.

IT gives FOREST AND STREAM much pleasure to note the proposed formation of an angling club, which will have its headquarters at Lake St. Jean, at the head waters of the Saguenay, where most excellent wiminish or land-locked salmon fishing may be enjoyed. The enterprise is projected by a gentleman well known to the anglers of Canada and of this country, who knows the country thoroughly, and whose enjoyment of the sport to be found there has prompted him to devise a means whereby others may share the same. The purpose of our friend—who has already, we believe, secured the land—is to build a suitable house for the accommodation of the club members while on the ground, and to put this in charge of a man who shall live there the year around, keeping a cow, poultry, etc., and cultivating a vegetable garden, all for the benefit of the club's table. There is room for from ten to fifteen rods, good sport being assured. The season extends from June to September 10, being best in July and to the middle of August.

The expenses of building the house, making roads and other necessary preparations, will cost from \$1,000 to \$1,500. There will be either ten or fifteen members, and if the latter number, the entrance fee will be \$100; if there are only ten members, the fee will be \$150. The annual dues for the maintenance of the property thereafter, \$10. Each member will be allowed to invite one companion to accompany him. The fares from New York to the grounds will not exceed \$60 for the round trip, and supplies can be obtained at Quebec. Besides the angling attractions of the country, there are several varieties of game in abundance and within a short distance from the club house. The surrounding country affords bear, beaver, martins, minks, caribou and moose.

We commend this movement to the attention of our angling friends, being confident that they will avail themselves of the opportunity here afforded to secure—a share in the advantages offered. We may add that the enterprise is due to the efforts of Mr. J. U. Gregory, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Quebec, a gentleman for whose many courtesies American anglers have been indebted in the past, and whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the success of the club. Further information of the conditions of membership in the club may be obtained on application to the Secretary, W. A. Griffith, Esq., Quebec, Canada.

AN EXAMPLE FROM THE SOUTH.

THOSE who supposed grit and enterprise to be absent among Southern sportsmen were completely taken aback by the bold, well executed and successful venture of a New Orleans yachtsman in sending his vessel two thousand miles and more in search of the best of her class to sail in the New York Bay regatta last year. Others who imagined that our friends from Dixie could teach us nothing in the way of mechanical contrivances of a nautical sort had occasion to modify their opinions when Mr. Israel's crack, Snelc S., went over the line. There is, to the honor of New Orleans and Southern yachtsmen be it said, as live a spirit of the true sort, as much and more "go ahead," as good and better management, as keen and keener competition, as honest sailing, more method and far greater public interest manifested among all classes than in any city of the North. We are not surprised, therefore, at the offers made with liberal hand to induce a visit from the higher latitudes, and live in hope that the owners of some of the fastest and smartest of our "open boats" may find the time to ship their racers around to Lake Ponchartrain. Those who own craft of the second order may as well stay at home, for it takes a live ship, a quick crew

and a very fair allowance of good luck to keep abreast of a Southern flyer toiled by a naive skipper and worked by a crew used to their waters. The dates for the races have been considerably left open to be filled in accord with the wishes of the strangers expected. The prizes exceed anything of the sort ever offered in the North, and apart from the credit attached to winning a well-fought match, are inducement enough to travel a long distance, and will cover the expenses of the undertaking. In the modeling of fast shifting ballast boats New York thinks she has taken the lead, and in our waters there is little or nothing to dispute her well-established fame. But it was a Southern-built crack that first "took down" our vanity, at least on Lake Ponchartraine last year, when Cydus most unmistakably beat the smartest of the Northern importations, and we have a little more to wipe out in that direction. Unlikely to succeed in raising attractive purses for a public "day regatta" at home, will not some of those devoted to racing open boats show hitherto unseemly colors among the fleet of the Crescent City this summer? They will have no cause to regret the trip from any point of view, and may bring home with them some conceptions of what a live and wide-awake yacht club owning open boats may be when animated by a sportsmanlike spirit and controlled by men of broad views and intelligence. We quote with pleasure a letter from Vice-Commodore Harris, S. Y. C., and commend a consideration of the matter to all interested:

"The Southern Yacht Club decided April 18 to offer in the "Water-State Regatta" under its auspices, to first-class boats (over 25 ft. and not over 25 ft.) a prize of \$1,000. If one yacht from your city will complete \$1,200, it will enter and \$1,500, if three or more will sail. We are anxious to have your first ones down here and will fix the date of regatta to suit the convenience of intending visitors. Yachts in this class allow an another 515 seconds per mile per mile. Arrangements for the transportation of yachts and crews can be made at advantageous rates, and you can guarantee a hearty welcome and every attention from our people.

HOWARD WARRICK,
Vice-Commodore S. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION

Governor Cornell vetoed the appropriation for fishculture last year, but fortunately the Commission has surplus funds enough on hand to bridge over by a severe economy the time when a new appropriation may be available. If it were not for this the results of former years' labor might have been entirely lost. Now that the season approaches when the subject is again brought before the Legislature, the New York Times, the Sun and the Brooklyn Eagle have taken up the question, and beseech the Governor not to repeat the veto. On this point the Times said:

The Governor took the ground that it was contrary to public policy to allow an appropriation for such a purpose to become a fixed annual charge on the State, and that as he conceived the purpose of the appropriation in restocking our depleted streams with fish to have been fully accomplished, there was no need for further prosecution of the work. In point of fact, the propagation of good fishes in the waters of this State, as of other States, is still in its infancy. There is not a State in the Union possessing any extensive habitat for fish which does not make an annual appropriation for fishculture, and New York is the first in which any objection has been made on the score that the money cannot be profitably expended. Private enterprise will certainly not provide for keeping up the supply of shad in the Hudson River or for carrying on the proposed breeding of Spanish mackerel for the Long Island shore any more than it will do the work of the United States Fish Commission in distributing German carp by the thousand throughout the entire country. There are, it is true, private persons who breed their own trout, but the streams of the State will not be replenished by that agency. The entire business properly belongs to the State and national Governments, and we have yet to hear of any public protest in regard to the non-productiveness of the small amount of money which it requires.

It is not that the Governor had doubts as to the benefits which fishculture has already accomplished, but he seems to think that after a stream is once stocked that should be enough. He should remember that our increased population requires an increase of nets, and that shad cannot be kept in the Hudson without artificial culture. The Times further says:

If an appropriation is to be made this year, it would be wise if a certain amount of the sum granted by the State should be used for fishculture of Long Island. Long Island possesses certain natural advantages which no other portion of the State enjoys. The artificial propagation and rearing of trout has always been very successful here. Trout seem to find their natural food in the Long Island streams, and grow with wonderful rapidity. But it is not for trout alone that Long Island would serve as a nursery. Since the United States Fish Commission has found that Spanish mackerel can be reproduced without any trouble, the waters of the Sound could be made to abound with this excellent fish. Last year Spanish mackerel were almost entirely wanting in the waters adjacent to New York, their absence being attributed to the damaging of refuse in the Bay. In the Sound they were exceedingly scarce, the whole number of pounds of Spanish mackerel reared last year in the wholesale markets of New York being only 235,189, whereas it should have been four or five times as much. From having on one side a protected shore the Long Island presents certain advantages for the construction and maintenance of experimental hatcheries for Spanish mackerel, and there are the best reasons to suppose that just as cod can be reproduced so can Spanish mackerel and striped bass be largely increased in numbers. From Long Island all the southern and southeastern counties in the State could be supplied. With the appointment of a fourth Commissioner, Mr. E. G. Blackford, it was distinctly understood that some efforts should be made toward fishculture near New York City. For all these reasons, the principal ones being that money thus given by the State serves a useful purpose—that of giving food to the people—and because for every dollar expended

the return is a thousand-fold, it is hoped that Gov. Cornell will not withhold his consent to an appropriation to be employed in such a legitimate way.

There are so many things to be said in favor of the good work done in the past by the able Fish Commission of New York, and so little against it, that we do not at all despair of seeing the Governor convinced that an appropriation for the purpose of increasing the food supply of the people is money well invested.

It is an ENCOURAGING SIGN OF THE TIMES that a Western newspaper, long notorious for its scurrilous and abusive attacks upon gentlemen of unblemished character and reputation, has announced that it will no longer permit its columns to be made the vehicle of "personalities." The lame attempts at explanation and excuse by which this announcement is accomplished are so feeble that they might excite feelings of amusement were it not so pitiful a spectacle to see a person compelled to struggle and squirm in such a humiliating fashion as does the writer of the paragraphs in question. He assures his readers that he has "endeavored to publish a gentleman's paper," and tacitly asks their sympathy for him in his struggles to this end, and in his notable failures. It is certainly to be hoped that his efforts hereafter may be more successful than they have been. We cannot but feel a certain pity for one whose course has been such that he is now obliged to go about to the different individuals whom he has vilified and, humbling himself with cap in hand, to apologetically apologize for his unwarrantable conduct in the past. To be sure, in such a case the humiliation is not so deeply felt as might be supposed, since long before such shameful attacks as those referred to could have been made or permitted, all self-respect and pride must have been lost; and it is a suggestive circumstance in this connection that the sudden determination to wash and be clean was not a voluntary resolution of the individual himself, but was, on the contrary, a tardy concession to the emphatic demands of numerous outraged subscribers.

We are glad, for the credit of American journalism, that the torrent of reckless abuse which has so long poured from this source is to cease, and we shall watch with some little curiosity the continuance of the endeavors to publish a gentleman's paper. That these efforts will be attended with any very marked degree of success is, under the circumstances, scarcely to be hoped for; but there is such abundant room for improvement that we may, perhaps, look for some change for the better.

FISHCULTURE AND EVOLUTION.—At a recent meeting of the Illinois State Natural History Society, Prof. S. A. Forbes made the statement that the time was past for arguing the truths of the doctrine of evolution; that scientific men substantially agreed that, if it was not in all cases proved to be truth, it in most of them approximated so closely that its entire truth could be safely assumed; and that they agreed that it was easier to believe than the theory of special creation. On every hand the naturalist found evidences pointing in this direction, and he instance some of his own observations upon the development and anatomy of fishes.

In speaking of the development of fishes he referred to the work of the fishculturists, and objected to the theories of some that all or any fishes could be indefinitely increased without regard to the numbers captured or to their competition for food with other fishes. He claimed that this was a contradiction of the accepted theory of natural selection, and that the protection of fishes was as important as their culture. He explained how the food supply of the fishes was diminished by the drainage of swamps, the restriction of the overflow of streams by dykes or levees and other works of man, and doubted if the supply could ever be made to equal that of the country before its subjection to civilization.

HON. W. B. WELLS, of Ontario, died April 8, in Toronto, of paralysis. Judge Wells was born at Maitland, in the County of Grenville, October 3, 1809, and commenced the practice of law in Prescott in 1832. He was actively interested in politics, and was three times elected to represent Grenville in the Canadian Parliament. In the year 1853 he was appointed Judge of Kent, and filled this position with ability and honor for twenty-seven years, resigning it two years ago, when he went to Toronto, where he has since resided. Up to within a short time he has enjoyed excellent health, and his death was sudden. He was struck down by paralysis on Monday and died the following Friday.

To the sportsmen of the last generation Judge Wells was known as a brilliant and versatile writer on subjects treating of the rod and gun. He was a frequent contributor to the old *Porter's Spirit*, and under the pseudonym *Cinna* contributed to the *British Whig* a series of interesting "Sporting Sketches." He was also the author of a book on field sports, which was highly thought of in England.

AS IF THE GAME OF NEW JERSEY had not suffered enough from forest fires last spring and bitter cold and snows last winter, fresh reports of destruction now reach us. Extensive forest fires are raging in Sussex county, New Jersey, among the pines, and it is feared that unless they are promptly checked by rains much game may be destroyed.

Nor are the fires confined to New Jersey, for in the mountains of Pennsylvania, near Port Jervis, the forests are on fire. There has as yet been no loss of life so far as reported, but much property has been destroyed and probably a large amount of game has perished.

The Sportsman's Tourist.

TID FRANKLIN CLUB AT REELFOOT.

IT has long been the custom of the "Franklin Hunting and Fishing Club" to spend a couple of weeks of every fall in shooting and fishing at Reelfoot Lake, situated in the extreme northwest corner of this State, and within a short distance of the Mississippi River. This lake is twenty-five to thirty miles long and from four to eight miles wide, with many numerous arms or inlets extending in every direction, many of them to a distance of three or four miles. These arms are favorite resorts for ducks and geese, the water being shallow and their appropriate food abundant. Patches of lily and bonnets impede somewhat the headway of the sportsman's watercraft—generally a dug-out—but give many good stands for shooting the game in its flight, and here the best bags are generally made. The lake is fringed with the remains of gigantic cypress trees, still standing straight as arrows, but limbless, and all showing more or less the effects of fire on their charred and blackened bodies. This feature is so constant and gives such a sameness of appearance as to make it necessary for the uninitiated to have guides. The depth of water does not generally exceed ten feet, and where it is only three or four feet in depth the bottom is covered with moss, furnishing vast amounts of food for waterfowl and such fish as live on vegetable diet, besides giving shelter and protection to the small and growing fish against their large and rapacious brethren. Sportsmen from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville and all portions of Tennessee and Northern Mississippi meet here, some camping out, some in the city, and some in the hotel. The guides are expert, especially for sportsmen, and furnishing comfortable quarters, good, substantial fare and kind attention, with guides and boats for all comers at a rate sufficiently moderate to be within the reach of men of modest means. On the opposite side of the lake from Carpenter's stands a beautiful and well-built club-house, the property of some Nashville gentlemen who, in making arrangements for their annual pilgrimages to this Mecca of Tennessee sportsmen.

We left Nashville at five o'clock p. m. Nov. 11 by rail, and the trip from Nashville over the Northwestern Railroad is always made pleasant by the courtesy and attention of the officers and employes, who extend every desired and proper privilege to sportsmen in the way of transporting and caring baggage, dogs, minkoes, traps, the guides and one independent outfit for a party on a campaign. The game on the road may be left either at Union City or Hickman, both of which places are provided with excellent liveries. We stopped at the former place, and after a drive of twenty miles, reached the lake at 3 p. m., near Carpenter's Hotel, and immediately crossed in boats to a narrow strip of land known as "Loig Point." Here we made camp, and before eight o'clock our tents and our quarters made as comfortable as a house. Our camp was about thirty yards from the margin of the lake, looking southward, while toward the north and east we were sheltered by a dense emerald protecting us against the biting winds whose visits were in store for us.

Every duck known to Western waters may be found here and, in some seasons, in numbers almost incredible. It is a source of sorrow to those who love the birds and their Northern habitat and their southern points to which they migrate. Their stay is a sometimes a question of food, and sometimes of weather. Geese were very plentiful last fall, and large numbers remain here during the entire year, rearing broods of young. The native geese is much heavier than his migratory brother from Canada, and possessed of an amount of soft sense which the Canadian bird would not be fancied and our quarters made as comfortable as a house. Our camp was about thirty yards from the margin of the lake, looking southward, while toward the north and east we were sheltered by a dense emerald protecting us against the biting winds whose visits were in store for us. Every duck known to Western waters may be found here and, in some seasons, in numbers almost incredible. It is a source of sorrow to those who love the birds and their Northern habitat and their southern points to which they migrate. Their stay is a sometimes a question of food, and sometimes of weather. Geese were very plentiful last fall, and large numbers remain here during the entire year, rearing broods of young. The native geese is much heavier than his migratory brother from Canada, and possessed of an amount of soft sense which the Canadian bird would not be fancied and our quarters made as comfortable as a house. Our camp was about thirty yards from the margin of the lake, looking southward, while toward the north and east we were sheltered by a dense emerald protecting us against the biting winds whose visits were in store for us.

The weather on the day following our arrival gave promise of good fishing, and after breakfast we set out for the "drift," some half a mile from camp. This is a portion of the lake in which there is an occasional live cypress growing, among which numbers of fallen trees and logs have drifted and become so wedged and rotten in as to defy removal by winds and currents. They are sufficiently scattered to allow canoes to penetrate in almost any direction, and afford the fish security against every device except hook and line. There were four of us, and from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. we caught thirty-seven black bass, many of them going over four and none under two pounds. Although the next morning was more colder, we determined to fish again, and from 10 a. m. until 1 p. m. caught twenty-five—Capt. P. taking the largest, five and a quarter pounds. The weather was now getting colder every moment, our lures standing up from the eorks like wire, and not a man with fingers enough to put a minkow on a hook. As we started for camp, Col. W. had a bite, and did not get off in company with the rest of us. The fish carried his own collar, and was a fine specimen of a black bass, and the moment he was on the hook he stepped up to the stump, but after a short struggle his hook was released and the fish gone. On turning to enter his boat, imagine his feelings to find that the wind had blown the boat thirty or forty feet away, and it was still going. His first thought was to make a cast with his hook and sinker, and he heaved them in the canoe and drew out. His landing net. His next cast was more fortunate, the line lodging in a split on the side of the boat and holding where the sinker had reached, enabling him to reel it in. The situation was suggestive to a man of a contemplative turn of mind—water ten feet deep, wind blowing half a gale, thermometer far below freezing point, and camp half a mile away.

The weather continuing to grow colder, our party gave their attention to hunting, with but success. On the 17th of November, Capt. P. and Jno. C. went up one of the arms a distance of two or three miles, to what is known as the "Hickles," a famous stand for ducks and geese. But few birds were seen, and by 12 o'clock they found the ice making so rapidly between themselves and camp as to render their

escape only possible through great exertions, and indeed men of lighter physique or less pluck could not have made the return trip. Shooting from boats was now out of the question; the ice too thick to force a boat through and not strong enough to bear the weight of a man. We were in for it, and had to wait for a thaw or for ice strong enough to bear us.

Most of the parties at Carpenter's Hotel had left for their homes, as had those encamped where wagons could reach them, but we were completely isolated and determined to bide our time. We discovered an air hole of some acres in extent about half a mile from camp and near the terminal point of our peninsula. By dragging boats over the strong ice and working through the thin places, Col. W. and John C. reached the further side of the opening where ducks and geese had congregated in large numbers, while Capt. A. and I remained on the shore. Here, by dint of perseverance and defiance of an amount of cold that would have congealed an Esquimaux Indian, we managed to bag fifty or sixty ducks and three or four geese per day, losing at least as many more that fell on the ice where we could not reach them. On the 23d the ice became strong enough to justify us in venturing across the lake with bag and baggage, and this we did. Our tents were pitched within a 100 yards of a hole in an old boat and piled his vacation for six or eight miles up and down the lake. To him we were indebted for much kind assistance in making our escape from our imprisonment.

Most of a sled upon which we moved our baggage that could not be packed in the boats, and when everything was loaded we presented rather an Arctic appearance as we swung out along the ropes with which we drew them over the ice, and I can still remember the solemn and still painful fact that the slippery side of that ice was unpropitious and that it developed a wonderful dexterity in its motions. After great labor, much fatigue, unnumbered falls and several breaks through thin places we reached a point within a 100 yards of the hotel shortly after nightfall, leaving everything on the ice until morning. After a supper at Carpenter's, we retired to clean beds and slept the sleep of the innocent. Wagoning the waiting us early next morning and we left for Union City, reaching our homes in the time, and so far from being the worse for wear, feeling that we had gained in health, strength and vigor. KILMER.

Franklin, Tenn., 1880.

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN COLORADO.

OUR starting-point was the ranch on the Fountain, fifteen miles from Pueblo. Our destination, Chico, a dry creek some thirty miles to the eastward, from the bed of which rise numerous springs called by the natives "water holes," where the antelope came to drink. Our outfit—blankets, provisions, rifles, ammunition, etc.—was packed in a large covered wagon. There were three of us in the party, Harry, who was to drive the mule team because he had seen service; Dan, a New England boy, who had been in the army, and myself. It was quite necessary that some one should pick out the best path for the wagon, as the country was quite rolling, and we were to strike directly across it. The Fountain Valley reminds one of New England. Its clumps of cotton-wood trees are similar to our silver leaf poplar, and its grasses of wild plum are mixed with huge grape vines much resemble our black alder swamps.

These thoughts were quickly dispelled, however, on mounting the opposite bluff and seeing spread out before us as far as the eye could reach, a brown and sere desert, not a tree nor even a shrub, except the clump of cactus and sagebrush, and patches now and then of prickly pear, and occasional tufts of buffalo grass about the color of an "old fog," and crooked bushes Harry called "cholla." Huge turkey-buzzards wheeled in the air, watching with keen eye for the carcass of some sheep that had succumbed to age or disease, or, perhaps, for the remains of the coyotes' last night's meal. Cotton-tail rabbits scampered before us from cactus to cactus, while occasionally a jack-rabbit leaped out from beneath the horses' feet and bounded off with the speed of the wind until he had placed a safe distance between himself and our party. Now we came upon a prairie dog village with its mounds of holes, each one resembling the frustrum of a cone, the entrance at the top being ten inches or a foot above the level of the ground. On the rim sat the dogs upon their haunches, chattering like so many magpies, ready on our nearer approach to dive into their holes.

All the morning we traveled toward a butte which seemed only a few miles from us at the start, but which was really only a few miles from Chico. This we reached about 1 o'clock, but seeing a cabin some distance further on we concluded to push ahead, for there we were sure of water for ourselves and beasts. No one thinks of locating in that country except by never-failing springs. Although the cabin was deserted we found the spring, and after quenching our thirst, and watering and picketing our animals we gathered dry sagebrush enough for Dan to cook our dinner, which we relished keenly after our ride of nearly thirty miles.

After the dinner we drove down the Chico about three miles to an old abandoned "doby cabin," close by a number of water holes, which show signs of antelope, and here we concluded to camp for the night. We had heard before starting that there were plenty of ducks in some of the water-holes, and had brought along our guns hoping to bag a few. After tramping three or four miles and crawling up to numerous water-holes without seeing a duck or a sign of one, we at last reached a large one, and following the same tactics, crawled up to it on our hands and knees, keeping between us and the pond a large cottonwood, and hugging the earth so that our buttocks fairly plowed the ground. The pond was packed and we were within thirty yards. Dropping down, we laid two cartridges on the ground before us, and together poured six barrels into the thickest bunch of them. Such dashing and splashing, and such noise of "whizzing bullets," as the great flock rose straight in the air never greeted my ears before. Cranking in our other cartridges we gave them a parting shot as they were about separating into smaller flocks, bringing down a few more. The pond being narrow, all the birds were easily poled ashore, and we found on counting up that we had thirty-four of the largest and fattest gray ducks I ever saw.

The next morning we took our stands at different water holes. Harry, who had founded a cottonwood lodge, built a cab-house fashion by some rancher; Harry fired rods further down the valley, behind a big stump, and myself

about equidistant between the two, with an old bench from the "doby" for a blind. We had waited nearly an hour when a band of antelope made their appearance on the bluff some four miles away, their sides glistening in the morning sun like so many silver dollars. They halted ten minutes or more, seeming to take a survey of the situation, and then galloped toward us at a rapid rate. Every now and then they would stop a second, throw their heads in the air, and gaze about them as if to assure themselves of their fire safety, and again dash forward at their old pace. Thus they approached until within three hundred yards of us, when they slackened up to a walk and I counted twelve in the band. They were making directly toward my stand. Keeping so low down that their horns were only visible until they were near enough to shoot, I carefully raised my head. Within fifty yards of me were twelve of the finest animals of the deer kind I was ever my lot to behold, each one seeming to dare the others to go near, as they walked round and round nearly in a circle. The end of my rifle all the while had been resting on the bench in front of me. Clutching it more firmly, and glancing along the barrel, at the same time making a sharp whistle to bring them to a stand still, I singled out a large buck and fired. Down went a fine fellow, while the rest bounded toward the bluff. Three or four more shots at the remaining band only crippled one which, however, led the whole band until they were out of sight. We carried the killed animal to the "doby," and had hardly regained our places when a band came over the bluff further up the valley and headed directly for Dan's place of concealment. When they were yet a thousand yards away, the report of a rifle rang out sharp and clear, and they wheeled and galloped back to the plains. It did not sound like Dan's gun, and appeared to be a longer distance off.

Although greatly surprised, I kept my place until it was repeated on the next band, and then went up to Dan's crib to find out the cause. Dan was walking back and forth in a towering rage.

"Did you shoot, Dan?" said I.

"Shoot! Do you see that cabin up there," pointing with his finger to a "doby cabin" some half a mile up the valley. "Yes."

"Well, old Sykes and his two sons live there, and a meager crew can't be found between Denver and the Spanish Peaks. The old man is in the calabos for shooting a fourteen-year old boy in Colorado Springs, and the boys dare not show their heads in Pueblo. Every band of antelope that comes down from the west one of the boys goes out and shoots across, and turns back to the hills. Now if they do it again I'll show them a trick worth two of theirs, or my name ain't Dan. I'll put a ball so close to him that he'll think he has had a pretty loud call."

"Suppose you kill him?"

"Well, everybody in the country would be glad, and it would save the 'cow pinchers' the trouble of hanging him to a cottonwood, which they will surely do if he stays in the country much longer."

Another band showed themselves in a short time, and while they were yet a long distance off one of the Sykes walked out a little way and more from his cabin and sent a bullet whistling across them, sending them scampering back to the bluff.

"That's what I call a dog in the manger," said Dan, worked up to fever heat again.

Grasping his rifle and laying it across a log he blazed away, and down dropped Sykes.

"You have killed him," said I.

"No, I haven't," he said, "want any more; see him crawling on his hands and knees through the sage brush. He is all right."

And it proved to be the case, for when within fifty feet of his door he sprang to his feet and ran for dear life to cover.

"Now we have cooked him well we will have some shooting for the day is hot and they will come in certain," said Dan. We kept our places until nearly two o'clock, when we had ten fine animals, making up the three fine ducks Harry had shot for thirteen. With these we loaded our wagon and started for home, where we arrived about midnight. Don't think that we needlessly slaughtered them, for the ranchers along the Fountain Valley were very glad to change their diet of corn bread and bacou for delicious, juicy antelope. J. M. B.

MINNESOTA SPORT.

AMONG the many happy hunting grounds, Clear Water Lake, on the branch line of the St. P., M. and M. Railway, sixty-three miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, is one of the best. The lake is an irregularly formed body of water about six miles long, and from one to two miles wide. It abounds in gravelly points and marshy bays, and each year from September 15 until the lake is closed with ice it is a favorite resort of the toothsome teal and its larger and warrier brother the mallard.

Each returning year finds me there on some lone point which guards the passage between contiguous bays marking up and down that the leaden messengers of death within my faithful "Parker" may be sped at the adventurous duck that seeks a passage from one feeding place to another. Large flocks of game do not always reward me for my visits there, but the plovers, snipe and redpolls, is almost unknown to the pot-hunter and good passes are abundant where the sportsman can see his game, a mere speck in the distance, can watch it increase in size until he can name the genus and species of the feathered balls which are shooting toward him, and can make his shot and know that whatever falls is due to his gun, and is a legitimate trophy of his luck or skill.

On an early October day I had piloted a party of three to this lonely spot, and sprang from my seat to return.

There was Pat B., the blushing, modest Pat, who says there is no sport in shooting glass balls (his average on the vitreous spheris is a fraction over one in ten), but who loves to shoot ducks (in a crowd). He has a first-class retriever that learned to steal from the half breed who first owned him, and Pat actually believes that every duck his dog brings him was shot by him, and, therefore, that he knows how to use the same. There, too, was Jim B., who has French blood coursing through his veins, and who is, therefore, a hunter by instinct, and there was the subscriber, as ardent a lover of a gun and dog, green fields and shady woods as ever lived. We left St. Paul at seven o'clock A. M., and after a three-hour's run on the cars reached Clear Lake section. Mine host, Mr. Peterson, met us at the depot, and stowing ourselves, baggage and dogs in his commodious platform wagon, we started for the lake, thir-

teen miles distant. The day was a jewel, even among the many lovely days a Minnesota autumn brings to us, and we were a merry party as we bowled along the faultless natural road toward our destination. An occasional mallard in the little lakes along the way excited the sanguine Pat, but as our experience of him was that he was a very successful water duck, we held him in the wagon and passed on that we might have an evening's shoot at the lake.

We had engaged accommodations at the farm-house of Mr. Ross, a veritable hunter's home, made so by the ever watchful kindness of his excellent wife and accomplished and pretty daughters. Arriving there, we were warmly greeted, and soon after, hunters' style, we were on our way to the pass, a ridge of land between two lakes, distant about a quarter of a mile from the house.

We found Frank W., a romancer (with all the name implies), a New Yorker, a spinner of tales, an inflated Col. Schlers, at Mr. Ross', and besides there were millions of ducks about the lake. Of course we knew there were not when he said there were, so we trudged along to the pass rather dispirited. The aggravating Pat sarcastically said, "This is a fine place to bring a man," and the quiet Frenchman said, "It is a fine place to bring a man," and I got very much recollecting "No ducks here." As luck would have it, just as we reached our stands a single mallard passed over rather high, and Pat scolded an "unaccountable" by dropping it as prettily as one could wish. Then loudly he he his horn, and smiled like his healthiest smile, and he said, "I told you so;" and, as Jim B. shortly after commenced his pile with a bronze-head we were a happy trio and thought we had struck "just right."

It was rather early for the evening flight, and as I had some doubts of getting any ducks while in the vicinity of Pat's dog, I took a stiff and rowed across the lake to a point covered with low bushes, where the unreliable W. said he had bagged nineteen mallards the evening before. I found it a daring point for a sportsman. The flight was mostly single mallards, but they came low, against the wind, and as they winged their flight within range they grew upon the vision until they appeared to be as large as geese, and when the little pellets which were hurled from my gun found a vital spot they came down into the clear water with a splash and a bound, as if they were hurled from so heavenly bowitzer. I bagged seven mallards before dark. Then came the invigorating pull for home, the merry music of the waters as they dashed against my boat, and as the deepening gloom of night fell over the waters, blotting the shore from sight, the feeling evoked over me that was alone in the world. The tinkly waters of the lake glistened like the dreamed-of seas which the phantasy of nightmare sometimes conjures up; and the dapping mud-hens were demons gloating on my loneliness. But the shore was soon reached, and a few moments afterwards I was seated at Mr. Ross' hospitable board playing the knife and fork and listening to the romances of W., vouched for by his "Old Bill Jones," the general Pat, and laughed at by all the rest. As my companion tonight only secured five ducks I was accused of picking-up the ducks they had wounded and lost. The penalty of greatness easily submitted to under the circumstances.

After supper, cards (old sledge) to which the ladies joined, and then bed with dreams of all the feathered tribe—they being the hunters and I the hunted, the only retribution the poor things can ever get with man.

The following day was clear and warm, and small bags were made by Pat and Jim, began to get anxious about their business, and started for home, leaving W.—and myself sole monarchs of the lake.

That evening the elements let themselves loose. Old Boreas sought southern climes, and whistled and howled about the house in a manner quite ridiculous for an October visitation. The next morning the blizzard was upon us. A hurricane of snow filled the air with driving whiteness and a biting wind sought such shelter as they could find. About three o'clock in the afternoon the storm lifted, and I started out through drifts of snow to my waist, for I knew the lee shores would swarm with ducks and that I could relieve my mind of the bloody thoughts which the howling winds had engendered by imitating its stealthy march, *seras* its bluster, and by dealing out destruction upon the unsuspecting mallards that would be feeding out of the reach of the wind. The noise of the elements and a snow-drift favored the hunter and doomed the ducks. I made a bee line from the house to the lake, and peering over the bank felt the indescribable thrill of pleasure which the sight of a mob of bobbing mallards within easy range must ever give the sportsman. My first barrel surprised them in the water, and the second crashed through the straggled swarm as they rose in the air. Three birds were bagged at this shot, and soon after Dan, Mr. Ross' son, and I got a four-bird haul. The fourth shot was a dud, and I was left with one heavy mallard less than half an hour satisfied me, and the load was a heavy one to pack home through the deep snow and against the strong wind.

The following morning furnished me the finest sport of the hunt. The wind had changed into the South, and I chose for my stand a little point near the house. I hardly had my blind completed before a green-head swept down upon the water and was dropped sixty yards away from me. The bird had found about the shores of the lake during the night. Now came the test of Pat's dog, and nobly he proved himself an all-weather hunter. Every foot he made toward the duck was gained by breaking the ice before him. Yet he never hurried back nor flinched the cold rattle he laid his duck at my feet. The noble dog repeated this ten times before I was signalled for breakfast, and you may be sure I rewarded him with a good square meal when we reached the house. The mallard is regarded as a very cunning bird, and they have to be hit hard to be retrieved in open water. This morning I did not lose a duck, however slightly hit. When one of the beauties came down it broke the ice, but the rebound sent them forward on the solid ice, and then they were helpless. It was very ludicrous to see the old fellows frantically pounding the thin ice with their heads, no doubt wondering why they did not disappear beneath its surface.

This ended my fall hunt at Clearwater Lake for 1880. It combined several elements of true pleasure, pleasant companions, a hospitable stopping place, fine weather for game and a fairly filled bag. It furnished pleasant memories for the long winter evenings which followed, and it heightened the anticipations of the coming time, when stooping low behind my blind, with every curve struck, and every wing and tail-pulse, I clear my path, I slip away in the coming flock until it passes within range, and the waiting fingers, responsive to the moment, presses the trigger and the shot is made.

THUR.

Natural History.

NEW CATALOGUE OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

MR. RIDGWAY'S paper on the nomenclature of North American birds is by far the most important of the shorter ornithological works that has appeared in this country for many years. It is a complete revision of the last Smithsonian List, published in 1859, and is brought down, as nearly as such a work ever can be, to date.

Three catalogues of the birds of North America have been issued previous to the one now before us, and of these the only one which has had any general circulation even among ornithologists is that of 1859, which was based upon the work of Baird, Cassin and Lawrence, published as Vol. IX. of the Pacific Railroad Reports. Another one entitled, "A Catalogue of the Birds of North America," by Robert Ridgway, forms part of the proceedings of the United States National Museum III. This last is in fact the basis of the present one, which, however, has been much modified, and in many ways elongated and corrected, and to which a new introduction has been written.

The present list contains no less than 226 species and recognizable races which have been added to the North American bird fauna since the year 1850, while sixty-two names contained in the old catalogue of that year have either been reduced to the position of synonyms, or have been removed from the list as not occurring within the region to which it refers. Of the remaining 698 names over 300 have been more or less changed orthographically and otherwise, so that in the present list only 395 of the 760 names given in the old catalogue are retained in the nomenclature of the day.

Only those forms which are regarded as distinct species are in the present catalogue distinguished by separate numbers, the races or varieties being marked by a letter of the alphabet—a, b, etc., under the number of the species. There are 764 numbers in the list of 1881, and 180 sub-species or races, so that the catalogue in reality contains 924 names.

North America, as understood in the present list, includes the entire continent down to the Southern border of the United States, Greenland, the peninsula of Lower California, with the outlying islands of Guadalupe and Socorro. The bird fauna of these two islands is essentially Neartic in character, only two species of Neotropical birds being found on them. A number of species, known only from Audubon's description of them, are retained in the list, and reasons, which will commend themselves to every one, are given for falling to throw them out. One great difficulty encountered by Mr. Ridgway in the compilation of this catalogue consists in the adoption of trinomials for the designation of forms, which, while differing from the typical stock, has not yet become so differentiated as to merit a specific appellation. In other words, the determination of the question; when does a certain form cease to be a variety and become a good species; where shall the line be drawn between species and a sub-species, variety or race, is an extremely difficult matter, and one which has to be decided anew in the case of each different bird.

That this is a point about which individual opinions are extremely likely to vary is evident enough, and it is not to be supposed that all of Mr. Ridgway's decisions will be accepted by ornithologists, but all will feel sure that the work has been carefully done, and that the determinations have not been made without reasons which seemed good, and at the time convincing, to the author of the present list.

For the benefit of those of our readers who, while they are interested in birds and more or less familiar with the nomenclature of the older authors, do not keep up with the progress of ornithological science, we print below a few of the more important changes of the generic and specific names of our more common birds.

Hyalocichla is substituted for *Turdus* in that section of the thrushes of which *Turdus mustelinus*, Gmel., is the type. *Merula* is substituted for *Turdus* or *Planesticus* in that section of the thrushes represented by *Turdus migratorius*. *Turdus naevius* has become *Hesperocichla naevius*. *Helminia* has been changed to *Helonina*. *Helminthorhis*, *Collyria* has been changed to *Lanius*. *Hirundo horrorum* is now *H. erythrogastra*. *Cotyle* has become *Cottie*.

Chrysomitris is changed to *Astragalinus* for that section of the American goldfinches of which *C. trisidis* is the type, while the generic name *Chrysomitris* is applied only to *C. nictata* and *C. pinus*.

Spizella socialis is now *S. domesticus*. All of the Junco heretofore regarded as mere varieties have been elevated to specific rank.

Melospiza melodia becomes *M. fasciata*; *Amphispiza* becomes *Zamelodia*; *Cyanocitta* becomes *Pusserina*; *Euspiza* becomes *Spiza*; *Corvus americanus* becomes *C. frugivorus*. *Pica melanoleuca hudsonica* is *P. rustica hudsonica*, while *P. nuttalli*, so long regarded as a variety, is given specific rank. *Cyanurus* has become *Cyanocitta*; *Chocura pelagica* or *pelagica* is now *C. pelagica*. *Antrostomus nuttalli* becomes *Phalacropterus nuttalli*. *Picus albolarcatus* has become *Xenopicus albolarcatus*. *Otus* and *Brachyotus* are united in the genus *Asio*; *Strix* is changed to *Aluco*; *Syrnium* is changed to *Strix* for the barred-owl group, while the great gray owl is placed in a genus *Otus* by itself. In the *Fulcoidea* there are some changes of name which we

have not the space to enumerate, and in the herons we notice the adoption of a number of generic appellations long since proposed by Prof. Baird, but not generally accepted until the publication of Mr. Ridgway's paper on this group a year or two ago. Among the blues the white and scarlet species are removed to the genus *Ibisoides*, while the glossy and white-faced are called respectively, *Plegadis fulvicinctus* and *P. guarana*.

The rosy spoonbill is *Ajaja rosea*; the killdeer plover, *Oxyechus vociferus*; Wilson's plover, *Ochthorhynchus wilsonianus*; the mountain plover, *Poasopus montanus*; and the Wilson's snipe, *Gallinago media wissoni*. The old genus *Tringa* is separated into *Arquatella*, *Actodromus* and *Pelidna*, and certain of the specific names are changed, not only here, but among the godwits and other waders. The grass, gray or upland plover is no longer *Actitis trivernis*, but *Bartramia longicauda*.

In the *Anatidae* there are a number of changes. *Cygnus* has become *Olor*; *Anser* (in part) *Chen*; *Bronca*, *Bernicla*; *Bucephala*, *Oxyungula*; and the genus *Somateria* is separated into *Polyptila*, *Lamprotoneta* and *Somateria*, while the old term *Eidemia* now includes *Eidemia*, *Melanetta* and *Peltonetta*, and *Erismanura dominica* has become *Nomonyx dominica*.

Among the remaining groups a number of important changes in nomenclature appear, most of which, however, are of interest only to the ornithologist, who will, of course, at once supply himself with a copy of the present work.

In a very full Appendix to this catalogue, Mr. Ridgway furnishes a condensed analysis of the changes which have taken place in North American ornithology since 1859. This extremely important portion of the work includes a list of species eliminated from the catalogue of 1859; a list of the species and races described or added to the North American fauna since 1859, with references to the first description or first North American record of each species; a list of North American genera, which have been described or added to the fauna since 1859, together with those whose names or orthography have been changed since that date; a list of the species included in the catalogue which have not yet (according to the records) actually been taken within the prescribed limits; a list of (chiefly) North European species which occur only as stragglers in Eastern North America, or regularly only in Greenland and adjacent portions of the continent; a list of Palaearctic and Oceanic species occurring only in Alaska and other parts of the Pacific Coast; Palaearctic species occurring both in Greenland and Alaska, but not recorded from any intermediate point in North America; a list of tropical American species occurring only in southern portions of the United States; an enumeration of valid species described by Audubon and Wilson which have not since been met with, and of which no specimens are known to exist in collections; a list of untenable species and races of North American birds described since 1859; a list of exotic species attributed to North America by various authors apparently on insufficient evidence; a partial list of foreign birds introduced into the United States and those which have been captured after escape from confinement.

From the summary which we have given of the contents of the present paper it will be seen that there is compressed into a very small space a vast amount of information of the greatest value to the ornithologist. We have here collected matter which was originally scattered through hundreds of volumes, journals, proceedings of scientific societies and the like, and the service which Mr. Ridgway has performed in collating and arranging this material cannot be overestimated. The author of this list, too—standing as he does in the first rank of American ornithologists—was just the one to have undertaken this laborious task, for his name gives us the assurance that the work has been well done, and that a mature and ripened judgment has been brought to bear on all doubtful points.

BREEDING OF THE GREAT HORNER OWL.—The following slip is from the Cayuga (N. Y.) *Chief*, and is interesting. The local science of Cayuga is, however, at fault when it states that this species is supposed to "incubate later in the season." *Bubo virginianus* is one of the earliest birds to nest in this latitude, and the eggs are usually deposited by the middle of March. The extract is as follows: "On Thursday morning, C. K. Durlin, son of Thomas Durlin, taxidermist, while out on a hunting expedition, succeeded in capturing a large horned owl, while on its nest. Two little owlets were in the nest, which are the queerest creatures we have seen. They are evidently but recently hatched, and are covered with the nest, uttering sounds not unlike a young chicken when seeking the comfortable shelter of its mother's wings. The mother owl had evidently laid in a good stock of provisions for her young, for in the nest were found eight mice, a rat, a rabbit and a robin. The capture is quite important as a contribution to natural history, inasmuch as the species were supposed to incubate later in the season. The family are alive and may be seen at Durlin's greenhouse."

CANADA BIRDS.—BOWENSVILLE, April 14, 1881.—I send you a few notes on the winter and early spring birds observed by me in this section of this country during the past winter. I am inclined to ask you with my friend, Jno. Neilson, what has become of them? Who can give the information? That we have had a very severe winter there is no doubt, but I do not think this accounts for the scarcity, as most of our Canadian winter birds, and especially those of the Quebec district, are of the most hardy kind and not likely to be frightened by any amount of cold, as long as food was plentiful. I have occasion to see only solitary specimens of the woodpecker ful. I have seen but one of the most common of winter birds, and but once have I observed any crossbills.

Below I give you a list of the winter kinds and the date of the first spring arrivals:

- January 17, Shore Lark.
- " 21, Hudsonian Chickadee.
- February 24, Pine Grosbeak
- March 3, Crossbills, Blue jays, Bufflehead, pintail duck.
- " 4, Red-shouldered Buzzard.
- " 5, B. Iddhead Eagle, Cedar birds.
- " 13, Crows, purple grackles.
- " 14, mns. downy woodpecker, red-tailed hawk.
- " 20, blue birds, robin.
- " 25, hermit thrush.
- April 9, song sparrow, ground or field sparrow.
- " 15, wild pigeons, golden winged woodpecker, meadow lark.
- " 16, peregrine falcon.

Most of my observations have been made under difficult conditions this winter, as we have no woods near the town, and my time is generally taken up by my business.—A. U. SABLE.

MIGRATING HERONS.—PAWTUCKET, R. I., April 21, 1881.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Yesterday I was spee shooting on Valley Falls Flats, in Rhode Island, and saw what I supposed to be a flock of geese flying very low, but soon discovered them to be blue herons; there were twenty in the flock. Now I have had a great deal of experience in shooting and have never seen them in such numbers before. Will you please inform me if it is not a very unusual occurrence for this part of the country.—G. W. PITOWER.

We saw once such a flock as this observed by you. It was in the gray of the morning in April, and we were rowing out to the ducking ground, when we observed twenty great blue herons, and about a quarter of a mile behind them nine more. The birds were coming from the South across Long Island Sound and were about half a mile from the north shore of the Sound when they were seen.

FLORIDA NODDIES.—HALFAX ISLAND, E. Florida, April 17, 1881.—We sometimes see a party of fish-hawk to tempt the pursuit of the predatory eagle by ascending high into the air. Apparently the eagle, *Haliaeetus leucocapillus*, cannot or will not ascend so high, for, at a certain elevation, she abandons the chase. The osprey only occasionally adopts these tactics. Perhaps only when the fish carries is light enough to allow the upward flight, or it may be only the older birds, which have acquired by many contests this cunning. A specimen of the marsh hen, *Ardeus longirostris*, was brought in lately, with its bill caught between the shells of a clam; so imprisoned, the bird had been drowned by the rising tide.

Four specimens of the shell of the paper nautilus were brought in from this beach lately, after a storm. It has been doubted by some whether any species occurs on the coast of Eastern Florida, but specimens are found here every winter, sometimes containing the animal.—S. C. C.

TAME QUAIL.—DOVER, N. J., April 20, 1881.—Last summer Elias Carter, living between Sweeneys and Flinders, drove a mowing machine over a quail's nest. He took the eggs home and set them under a basket. Nine were hatched. A cat killed one, but did not disturb the rest. The hen would wander with them in the daytime, but always brought them into the kitchen to sleep. I saw them a number of times when small. Yesterday I saw the only surviving two (males). They are fine, large, healthy birds, and are allowed their freedom and go in and about the house just as an ordinary fowl would.—A. C. C.

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.—WEST MILFORD, W. VA.—On the 15th inst. I killed a great northern diver (*Columbus glaucus*) on our mill pond, which measured thirty inches in length and three feet and nine inches from tip to tip of wings, and weighed eight and three-fourths pounds. I believe it is a very rare bird in this section. Will some of the correspondents of this paper state whether it is common in the northern part of the United States and what is the usual size of the birds.—B. D. H.

The loon is common in the North, especially on the sea coast, during the spring and fall migrations.

ALBINO ROBINS.—A milk-white, red-breasted robin is exciting considerable interest among citizens of Sewickley, Pa., where she has been discovered building a nest, assisted by a male robin of normal color, save that he has a white head.

MAINE.—LINCOLN, April 16.—A fine specimen of a white-headed eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocapillus*), measuring eight feet from tip to tip of wings, was caught in a trap in this vicinity recently, and is now in possession of our local taxidermist.—F. C. P.

Game Bag and Gun.

"BLACK POWDER" EXPLOSIONS.

LAST Thursday morning there was a terrible explosion at the Dittmar powder works at Binghamton, New York. The buildings of the manufacturers were shattered, and the stone foundations distributed over an area of half a mile. The trunks of trees were twisted off and others torn up by the roots; many thousands of panes of glass were broken in all parts of the city, and the shock of the explosion was felt for thirty miles around. This tremendous explosion was that of "black powder which had been stored on the premises." Mr. Carl Dittmar told the reporters that the first and most serious explosion was caused by the spontaneous combustion of a barrel of nitro-sulphur; and then explained to them as they in turn dutifully explained to the public:

"The Dittmar powder first took fire and was consumed in a slow blaze which reached the black powder in about five minutes, when the terrific explosion which startled the inhabitants for many miles around took place."

There is a flavor of simplicity and ingenuousness about that statement which leaves no room to question its entire veracity. Mr. Dittmar is now engaged in the manufacture of blasting explosives; the "black powder" part of the story reminds us of a similar curious circumstance attending the Park Place, New York, explosion last year. On the morning of the 30th day of last June a tremendous shock started the Park Place, and a dense cloud of smoke was seen pouring from the Dittmar powder company's establishment. Amid the commotion of firemen, police and excited citizens, a news-

there for air, which may be shot or speared from the banks. This method to be successful must not be attempted when the ice is higher at the shore than on the surface, as the floats break and the ducks which will be of advantage in preference to the openings described heretofore.

Experiments, which were the results of long experience, and which have been successful, were always considered secrets of the trade and jealously guarded, but such secrets are of no great importance except to experienced hunters and trappers; for you may explain just how to cast a fly, or how far ahead to aim on a ruffed grouse, and then it takes years of practice and long experience which will be necessary to make the information of any practical use. H. C. W. *Wellsville, N. Y.*

SHORE AND INLAND NOTES.

LEHIGH VALLEY, Pa., April 12.

I HAVE been summoned to the beautiful town of _____ in the Lehigh Valley, by a friend who is anxious that I should accompany him on a fishing trip to a stream not far distant, where he has always enjoyed good fishing, and especially in the season, when the trout are in the best of condition, and running in torrents, and I must content myself with looking out of the window at the dull clouds as they roll over the hills, tops, and be impressed with the not very good prospects for the morrow.

Before leaving Philadelphia and stopping in at Krider's to replenish my stock of flies, leaders, etc., I met Capt. Bond, of Long Beach, N. J., and arranged to learn anything of interest from Tuckerton. Bond questioned him regarding the fowl in his waters and the effect the freezing of the shoal places had upon the feed of the ducks. The Captain tells me that when the ice broke up it carried off all the vegetable matter with it, pulling it up by the roots, and thus leaving no food for the fowl. "Geese and brant have been plentiful enough, but not so good as they were in Tuckerton Bay." The black duck shooting is being done, he states, by the night shooters and "poond watchers." "Captain Sam Shords and his boys and Captain Billy Gaskill and his boys following this sort of work every favorable night. The consequence is," said Bond, "the black ducks are yearly decreasing in numbers, and soon will not come into the bay to feed."

I found Captain Clay and Dan Wells just about starting on a yachting trip down the Delaware River to the bay for ducks and snipe. They will go down as far as Prime Hook and Slaughter Hook marshes.

Last week Mr. Geo. Filer had a shot at a swan, a short distance below Philadelphia, but it was a long one, and the bird was not killed. This swan is the second one that has been seen so near the city for many years. One of our river men killed several wild geese near Timonium's Island a few days since. This is considered a "ten-strick and a spare."

To break the monotony of the dull, rainy day your correspondent ran up to Mauch Chunk to inspect the trout ponds of Mr. Alex. Leisenring, and to pass an hour or two with the genial sportsmen of that place. At the Mansion House we were shown a very well bred red Irish setter belonging to the worthy landowner, Mr. J. M. Blackfoot. The dog was told, in three thousand words, that the dog was never another very fine setter we once had the pleasure of shooting over when she (Kate) was in the possession of her former owner. We looked at a number of very fair native setters belonging to the sportsmen of the neighborhood. Some are famous for ruffed grouse, and their owners kill not a few of these noble birds every season, as the boys and girls in this district do not care to witness the commotion.

The quail of the Lehigh Valley have been completely destroyed by the snows of the past winter, but we are pleased to know that a few gentlemen have clubbed together and housed between one and two hundred birds, which will furnish the stock for the coming breeding season.

We were luckily present at feeding time, when we reached the trout ponds of Mr. Leisenring, and witnessed the commotion made by two or three thousand hungry fish, as the attendant threw upon the water the minced liver with which they were fed. Mr. Leisenring has two ponds—in one there are twelve or fifteen hundred fish, at least fifteen inches long—in the other a like number, averaging eighteen to twenty inches. One of the fish we saw Mr. John Leisenring stated was twenty-six inches from tip to tip—Mr. B. Blackfoot should have this monster. The ponds are well understood as for sale and can be bought at a very low price.

To-morrow, if the weather will permit, we will try the trout in _____ Creek, but the prospect, as I look out of the window, is a forelorn one. Home.

GAME NOTES FROM MANY QUARTERS.

California.—Our quail season closed on the 18th of last month, and we have lots of them left for breeding purposes. I am glad to see that a war of extermination is begun against the hawks; they are a terrible scourge and I never miss an opportunity to kill heavier cover than the Eastern quail do.—H. M. B.

Colebrook, N. H.—The game of this part of the State has wintered unusually well. Some crabs hunting have been seen in the water. The natives are killing deer at a great rate, and the hotel men there are encouraging it to all appearances. Sportsmen will contribute to their own pleasure by increasing the price. Tom Chester in one of his excursions after fishers found where they had been digging in the snow. Investigation revealed an old bull moose that had died here some time last fall. The horns measured 8 ft. 7 in. spread, and had a great number of points and broad antlers. E. J. Gansby, of this town, has caught fifty-eight foxes since last October.—NED MORRIS.

Woodstock, N. Y.—Woodcock, snipe and plover are coming in.—Doc.

Osterville, N. J.—Whole boxes of quail were found here frozen to death after the snow went off.—W. J. O.

Pittsboro, Pa., April 21.—Ducks are beginning to arrive on our rivers; some fair bags have been made. A few arrived within the city limits, but they did not stay long, as they came to the conclusion that they had found an unsafe place, as every gunner in the city almost was out after them.—N.

Minnesota.—Camden, N. J.—I have just come in from a few days' sojourn in Minnesota. What a grand State it is, with its roads and tracing air! Ducks and geese are very thick, and I found some very good gunning ground a section of the State in which I had hunted some time last year. I was very much surprised to find the land—then a wilderness—now on the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, and near the former city. I came through with Gen. Gibson, of Montana, of the Regular Army. He told me of a splendid mountain trout in the Missouli River. Montana. I took the liberty of

telling him you would be glad to get his experiences by "flood and field," and he said he would gladly avail himself of your pages.—J. M. S.

St. Ignace, Island—Brooklyn, April 12.—A friend and myself made a flying visit to Staten Island last Thursday to try our luck. After a tough fog day, cold and windy, we found twelve birds of which we bagged eleven. Birds very wild—only getting two points out of the lot. We hunted down wind.—Snoaks.

WESTERN NEW YORK—Buffalo, April 17.—Spring is still very backward and fishermen are catching large quantities of the blue and yellow perch through holes in the ice, which still covers Lake Erie to the depth of nearly three feet, as far as the eye can reach. The first Wilson's snipe of the season was shot here on April 15 by Geo. Swartz, an irrepressible purveyor of fur, fish and feather. A few specimens of the snipe were secured. Our water was very low, and the mountain ash trees in and about the city are alive with flocks of the cedar birds. Beyond this everything has a January-like aspect, with sharp frosts every night.—C. L.

WEST VIRGINIA—West Hillford, April 19.—I seldom see any communications in FOREST AND STREAM from our State, and I am awfully sorry that I have not much interest in this section as in many other States, nevertheless we are taking more interest of late years than formerly. Our game laws are good enough, if enforced, and of late are generally observed in regard to fish and birds, and the fact that we are so much interested in this section is well stocked with pike, perch, catfish and a great variety of the sucker tribe. Ruffed grouse (here called pheasant) and quails are our principle game birds—geese, I think have wintered well; and the above are the only birds that are secured. Our water is saved. We will have no shooting now for three years; expect plenty by that time, if the following winters should be favorable. We had no good shooting last fall, on account of winter setting in so early.—E. D. R.

WHO SHOT "OLD ALEX."—Confluence, Pa.—There appeared in the Pittsburgh Post, Sept. 18, 1880, an article signed "J. C. B., Confluence, Pa.," in which he stated that he had within a mile of Confluence, Pa., a fine family of foxes, "Old Alex.," roamed in the mountains near Confluence, Pa., defying the skill of our own as well as Pittsburgh's most noted marksmen. But by good fortune it fell to Mr. Ed. W. Watson, of Allegheny, to kill his buckskin; and the writer of the article ends by saying that shot would settle all controversy as to who killed "Old Alex." Now I wish to correct the above, and give the honor to whom it is due, as we dislike very much to see any one wearing laurels not their own. At the above mentioned time "Old Alex." was not alive, as he was shot by R. T. C. Stephenson, of Burgettstown, Washington Co., Pa., with a rifle, distance 110 yards, the deer on the dead run at the time he was shot. He was killed in Fayette County, this State, on the 9th day of December, 1874, at 7.15 A. M., by the first shot fired by Silas Butler, but now with possession, and Matthias McClintock. For the past two or three years before he was killed he was often seen pasturing on the farms of Squire Tice, Jonathan Butler, L. P. Shipley and Wm. Rickner, who are among the oldest settlers; and who, upon seeing him dead, pronounced him the famous deer known as "Old Alex.," and would testify to the same, if necessary. Stephenson has his horns and tide in his possession. We wish to give him the mercy to show that Stephenson did shoot the old and only original deer known as "Old Alex.," and that Washington County is entitled to the honors of his death, and not Allegheny. If "J. C. B." will go back to the files of the ROO AND GUN, then published in New York City, in February, 1877, he will find an account of his having been shot by Stephenson.—G. C. BUTLER.

DETROIT NOTES.—This is the first day in which there has been felt a genuine touch of spring. Yesterday (April 17), we had a tremendous fall of rain, which began about 3 P. M., and continued incessantly for a period of fifteen hours. When I came down town this morning the air was balmy, the grass between the curb and the sidewalk in the city parks and on private lawns had taken on a lively green, which twenty-four hours before was not visible; singing birds made pleasant music; the pavements were warm and dry, and there was in the city a kind of business quiver that made me think spring had indeed come at last. We of Detroit, in common with you of New York, have had a distressing winter. An old hunter told me not long ago that no such severe winter as that just ended had been known hereabout since 1841. The fall of snow was enormous—hunting was out of the question, except during the season of deer, and fish through the ice was practically impossible, even the most cautious fishers had to quit their sensitive, unable to have the extraordinary severity of the weather.

I can look out of my window nowadays and see considerable flocks of wild ducks flying up the river Lake St. Clairward, though at this moment the river is checked with ice floating Erieward. Shooting is going on rather lively.

It is reported that several Marquette sportsmen intend to erect a hunting box at sixteen-mile Lake. They could not select a better spot for such a purpose, as there is in that region an abundance of game and speckled trout. Trout fishing, says a wagfish friend, is rather slim just now—the snow and ice darken the water so much that they can't see to bite. CHAS. O.

A LOON-Y PERFORMANCE.—Last Saturday afternoon we had a rather animated shooting tournament to this place. It was on the city a kind of business quiver that made me think spring had indeed come at last. We of Detroit, in common with you of New York, have had a distressing winter. An old hunter told me not long ago that no such severe winter as that just ended had been known hereabout since 1841. The fall of snow was enormous—hunting was out of the question, except during the season of deer, and fish through the ice was practically impossible, even the most cautious fishers had to quit their sensitive, unable to have the extraordinary severity of the weather.

Wild ducks and geese have been flying here this week in large numbers, and I may have been shot about this time. There is but one fox left in the county but we are getting flying over our village. It gives one the "gun fever" to hear their unmonotonous cawing, and large coveys of ducks like the rush of mighty winds. Hix.

MASSACHUSETTS WILD FOWL SHOOTING—Pocasset, Mass., April 13.—Spring shooting affords us much sport at times. This bay—Buzzard's—lies in the way of many migratory fowl. The best shooting places are "Baek of Marshnee," "Hog Island Narrows," and "Cape Cod Neck," and some points on the western shore. Brant favor Catamnet Beach, as they sometimes are killed "Baek of Marshnee," "Baek of Marshnee" is the passage between Marshnee Island and Toby's. Coots, loons, sheldrakes and many other species fly up through this passage on their way North.

A party of three camped for a few days near Catamnet Beach. They were out early for the coots, but did not get some sheldrakes, and had a great time notwithstanding the bad weather. In a week or two the coots will come, and though poor eating they afford fine shooting. In season I have seen thirty boats lying between Marshnee and Toby's islands. The coots fly in flocks ranging from a few pair to thousands. The time of shooting is from daybreak till an hour or so after sunrise. The afternoon shooting begins at about 4 P. M., and lasts till it's too dark to see. A southern sportsman, as he calls himself, then try to cross over the cape—Cape Cat. fly too high then the gunner whistles them down. I have known them to pitch down to the water from a height of more than 200 yards on hearing the gunner's sharp whistle. At these times they often fly very close to one's boat and are quite difficult to hit. After they are whistled down they go up like a flash, and the short time for the gunner to discharge his two shots. In this way many are killed in one hour. Loons give good point shooting, but they are tough in every sense of the word. Our winter ducks have left. MERRIS.

THE WAYS OF REYNARD.—Pittsford, Rutland Co., Vt.—I see in issue of Feb. 24 an article in regard to foxes relieving one another when hard pressed by the hound. My experience has not been so good. A southern sportsman, as he calls himself, then try to cross over the cape—Cape Cat. fly too high then the gunner whistles them down. I have known them to pitch down to the water from a height of more than 200 yards on hearing the gunner's sharp whistle. At these times they often fly very close to one's boat and are quite difficult to hit. After they are whistled down they go up like a flash, and the short time for the gunner to discharge his two shots. In this way many are killed in one hour. Loons give good point shooting, but they are tough in every sense of the word. Our winter ducks have left. MERRIS.

PIPPY-DOLLAR GUNS—Bowmanville, Ont.—I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM of some weeks ago (I cannot just call the number to mind) an article entitled "The Best Fifty-dollar Gun." I have been so long in the habit of using a fifty-dollar gun that I am unable to get a pair of Damascus or laminated steel barrels on a fifty-dollar imported gun. I am inclined to differ with him. I think that any imported breech-loader that is represented as having these barrels really has them. The barrels turned out in a factory are by no means uniform in quality nor free from flaws. The barrels of these cheap guns will without exception be found to have some laminations; but they are rejected barrels; and in some hundreds of these guns, that I have had opportunities of examining, I never remember seeing one without one or more flaws, either inside or outside of the barrels. This is the secret of their cheapness; not because they are stained imitations, as many suppose, for it is impossible to figure the barrels of a gun by striking to represent the weight of metal where the fraud is done. I killed the fox the dog was after and found him very tame. In all my experience in fox shooting, during which time more than 150 foxes have fallen to my gun, never to my knowledge has a stray fox relieved the one started by the dog, and never have I owned a dog that would not start and chase a pregnant fox as long and well as any other. We have nothing but red foxes here, with gray ones it may be different. With a dog that has taken no doubt as much change could take place.—E. S.

AT SABLE.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—The Rockland, Me., Express reports that a pair of Messina quail have been seen in the west part of the State, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, and that they were liberated. The same paper says that "Dr. Stevens has in his stable at North New Portland a deer that is a curiosity in that section. It was taken in the Dead River woods near Flagstaff. Woodmen and hunters who have seen it say they never saw the like. The ears of the animal are nine inches long, and its tail is like a young colt's. It completely answers the description given by Howell of the mule deer of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains." Mr. Everett Smith writes to the Portland, Me., Argus: "The quail liberated and known to have bred in Maine last year, migrated south in the autumn, but may be expected to make their appearance here in May, and commence nesting in the fields in June. In reply to inquiries about these birds, which always nest on the ground, I will quote a paragraph from the report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for 1880:

NOTE.—A quail's nest may be identified by the number of eggs, from 5 to 15 to each nest. None of our native field birds lay so many. Farmers are requested, when finding nests in hay-fields, to leave a square foot of grass standing about it, or, if mowed over, to place some small branches around and over the nest, so that it may not be deserted. See article on quails, page 86.

It is hoped that the above description will be kept of this section, and produce quail to the sportsmen of our State, and I would therefore request that any observation of these birds be communicated to me at the above address.

A FORMIDABLE FISH OF ORDNANCE has recently been submitted for our inspection. It is the invention of Mr. Fayette S. Giles, well known to the sportsmen of America as the founder and leading spirit of the Express. The fish is a gas-siphon, and consists of a breech-loading six-barreled rifle, so contrived that one, two or three barrels may be discharged at once, or the entire six "turned loose" simultaneously. It is claimed that the arm will give the same pattern at 500 yards with bullets as that usually attained at 30 yards with shot from a choke bore, the penetration being equal to that of an Express rifle. The object of the arm is to give the squirrel on a stump and the grizzly on a mountain peak.

THE WINDCHESTER EXPRESS IN INDIA—Poona, India.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having lately seen several let

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Table with 2 columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species such as Brook Trout, Pickerel, Pike, Yellow Perch, Striped Bass, etc.

We have also the Literary Angler, who reads Walton and admires him hugely; he has been inoculated with the sentiment only; the five-mile walk up the creek, where it has not been fished much, is very fatiguing to him, he "did not know he must wade the stream," and does not until he slips in, and then he has some trouble at night to get his boots off. He is provided with a stout bass rod, good "strong" leaders of watermelon, and a stock of Corry's "journal flies," and considers if he had not better put a shot just above his stretchers fly.—THAD NORRIS.

SMELLING BLUEFISH AT A DISTANCE.

The following letter from Dr. D. Webster Prentiss, Professor of Materia Medica in the National Medical College in Washington, to Prof. G. Brown Goode, of the U. S. Fish Commission, contains an idea new to us, and we hope to have a chance to verify the odor of a school of bluefish and locate them by the odor alone, when summer comes, without reliance on the leaping of the fish when feeding, or on the presence of screaming gulls. He writes:

Prof. G. BROWN GOODE: WASHINGTON, D. C. Dear Sir—Visiting Nantucket last summer (1879), I was present on the South Beach when several fishermen came in with bluefish in their dories. In conversation with one of them I asked how it was on the broad ocean he knew where to find fish, and they do not to the surface, and the gulls were attacking the small fry from above. Shortly after, passing near the spot, I noticed a peculiar fresh odor, something between the smell of cucumbers and watermelons.

On the return from Wauwinnet down the Nantucket harbor we again passed through a school of bluefish, and a line was cast and one caught. On board the yacht was a party of twenty-five or thirty ladies and gentlemen. Just after the fish was caught one of the ladies remarked, "I smell watermelons, where can they be?" I noticed the odor very strongly, and several others of the party also spoke of it and conjectured as to its source, coming to the conclusion that a school in the distance must be carrying a cargo of watermelons. Such, however, was not the case. The day after this occurrence I joined a party for a trip—bluefishing—out to the "rifls" at the northeastern extremity of Nantucket. On reaching the fishing grounds the captain of our yacht called attention to a smooth surface on the water a short distance ahead and explained that a school of bluefish had recently been there feeding upon unheeded, the smooth appearance being caused by the oil liberated in chewing up the young fish. He further remarked, as we approached the spot, "If you will notice now you will smell 'em." In a few moments I perceived this same odor of watermelons. "Do the bluefish smell like watermelons?" I asked. "Yes, that is the smell, and we always know in that way when we are near a school of them."

After this, while beating back and forth along the "rifl," I was reminded frequently of fresh-cut watermelons, and each time we had evidence of the presence of bluefish in the catch, either on our own yacht or another on the same course. Thus, from being utterly skeptical of the story of the South Beach fishermen, I became a thorough convert to the belief in the reality of a peculiar and easy recognized odor betraying the presence of schools of bluefish. This odor, as nearly as I can describe it, is as already stated, that of a freshly-cut watermelon and combined with fresh cucumbers. Whether it is an emanation from the bluefish, or whether it is produced by the mangling of the small fish which they make their prey, I am unable to say. The odor, however, is certainly not the same that the bluefish gives out after being taken from the water, and I am inclined to the belief that it owes its origin to the small fry upon which it feeds.

There are three ways in which schools of bluefish are tracked by the fishermen in their pursuit: first, by the flocks of gulls which hover over them, feeding upon the menhaden which they drive to the surface; second, by the spots of smooth water caused by oil escaping from their mingled prey (this, however, only indicates that the bluefish have recently been at that point); third, by this peculiar watermelon and cucumber-like odor. D. W. P.

WEIGHING vs. GUESSING.

AMONG the many departments of a paper like the Forest and Stream there is hardly any more interesting to the angler than the advertising columns. He scans them closely from week to week, and in every issue his attention is sure to be called to some useful article pertaining to his craft. But for once, at least, there has appeared an advertisement against which we most earnestly protest, as it is so antagonistic to one of the most valuable pleasures enjoyed by the angler.

It says, "Weigh your fish on the spot." Great heavens! Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, when you knock Piscator's privilege of guessing at the weight of his fish and guessing as high as he pleases, by producing a pocket scale that tells the exact truth, you are depriving him of one of his most, inestimable privileges. Measuring was in a degree an infringement of his prerogatives, and he was obliged to resort to innumerable quibbles to circumvent its accuracy, one of which was insisting that the fish he caught made up in thickness what they

lacked in length. He would say, "I do not doubt that the system of calculating weight by first judging the length might, in many cases, prove nearly accurate, but mark the unusual breadth and thickness of these fish. Why, man, the ordinary weight of a trout is a young one in comparison to these magnificent fish in my basket. You may have a trout that takes into consideration not only length, but breadth and thickness, before it approaches anything like correctness in all cases. Besides, did you ever feed a fish so firm and solid as this one?"

Measuring was bad enough, but against weighing, oh, shade of gentle, truthful Walton protect us! When we return from a day's sport and with radiant smile display the result of our skill—"I sent you a heavy 'em." "What will he weigh?" "Well, three pounds and a half." "Hardly," says Mr. Matter-of-fact. "Oh, yes, easily." Mr. 30-40 unfortunately is the possessor of a pair of pocket scales, and unconsciously attaches them to the jaw of the fish in dispute, and the record is two pounds and a quarter.

"It's devilish queer," says Mr. Piseator, "but that is the biggest I ever saw to weigh so little," and he immediately proceeds to impeach the veracity of the scales. They have the stiffest springs, the appearance of the graduate is faulty, and they show no mark of ever having been officially inspected. No, it will never do to ring in on an old traveler such a playing as that. It is not half as accurate as the old-fashioned style of weighing Western hogs, which was to take a rail, balance it across a stump, put the pork on one end, and in a basket attached to the other end place stones until the pork was hoisted; then guess at the weight of the stones, deduct the basket, and there you are, so much per pound.

These scales are robbers of the angler's reminiscences. They will dwarf a five-pounder into a fingerling quicker than the angler can fill his creel in his mind. For the dealer they may be necessary in order to protect his trade from any exaggerating tendency he may have to overstate weight; but so far as the angler is concerned they are an encumbrance and a nuisance that ought to be looked out for and banished.

He can tell no fish-stories with a clear conscience and unblushing perversion of the truth, with the evidence of Scales staring him in the face. He is not so lost to all moral restraint as to misrepresent when he knows he is going to be smoked out. It is the most genial and unselfish person in the world. He will not keep secret a good place where the trout or bass may be captured, but he will brook no infringement on the cherished privilege of weighing his fish to suit himself. A scale that will at least double the weight of the fish caught seems to us to be the great desideratum, and such a one might be made which would meet the approval of the angler and put money into the purse of the inventor. Its sale should be restricted to those who go a-fishing. But even then the demand would test the capacity of any manufactory. Some capricious people would perjure themselves, "Leave the angler alone for over-estimating the weight of his fish." Very true, but fortify him with a pair of patent dupesters, and he will observe more strictly the commandment treating of this particular point. There is nothing mean about him, for he will let the scales do the lying for him, and attach the charge of perjury to the manufacturer.

Dr. Johnson's drive about a fool at one end of a rod and a worm at the other was ignorance, but for a vicious attack on anglers the scales promenade away with the sweetest. E. E. M.

THE TROUT STREAMS OF CORRY.

CORRY, BERK COUNTY, PA., April 3, 1881. ACCORDING to law, trout-fishing began on April 1, 1881 in Pennsylvania; but from the look of the landscape around here not a trout will be caught, or even fished for, for many a long day. With snow from twelve to twenty inches deep on a level, and the nights so cold that the morning sun, from sunrise to eleven o'clock a. m., doesn't even cause a drop of water to fall from the pend at icicles draping the eaves on the east and south sides of our houses, it don't look much as if the fish of Western Pennsylvania would attempt to rise and expectled denizens of the sparkling (frozen) brooks; and if they were so rash as to wade through the snow, whether the fish would be visible is a mooted question.

We have here in our vicinity and near neighborhood some of the best trout streams in America; and an hour's ride on the railroads will bring us to brooks and streams literally crowded with trout, which are almost as anxious to be caught as the famous fabulous piece of one child's days, and in their month's crying, "Eat me, eat me." Whether these streams will continue to be as munificently stocked with trout by natural production is a somewhat mooted question, as the catch is so very large annually, and the smallest is taken home as eagerly as the largest, and counting one in numerical luck and boasting equally with the larger ones. I often have wished, when I have seen the creels emptied by so-called sportsmen that there was a law forbidding the catching of trout of less than half pound weight. Then we should not only have trout in their prime, but every one could spend a day catching something of epicurean value. In my boyhood days, when I used to "whip the streams" of grand old Kent (Eng.), and in the moonlight nights would see the pounders and such sized trout jumping up to theackle, or the white muck, or whatever "fly" was in season, which will naturally increase in importance to that army of workers who are continually prophesying a dearth of lumber and corresponding exorbitant prices. But I notice that each year as it passes brings no sensible diminution to the eye; and as one passes through the country, whisked along by the fast traveling railroads, there are still to be seen acres upon acres, miles upon miles, leagues upon leagues of forest and woodland, beautifying the sides and crowning the

ters in your very interesting paper on the subject of hunting rifles, and as inquiries are being continually made on the same subject in the columns of the *Astorian*, our only sporting paper, especially one or two lately on the merits of the Winchester Express rifle, may I be permitted to say that from all accounts this weapon appears to me to fulfill nearly all the conditions required of a perfect sporting rifle. Its one defect, however—the smallness of its charge for the comparatively large calibre—will prevent its general adoption, I think, in this country. When that is remedied and the gun is made to take the usual English .500 Express charge of 120 to 160 grs. powder, and 340 to 390 lead, the days of the double rifle will be numbered, for in addition to the advantage of having a reserve of five shots in the repeater against one in the double-barrel, the price of a really good double rifle would buy several repeaters.—SEFOY.

A CUBAN QUAIL SKAVER.—HAVANA, Cuba, April 9.—Our colored sportsman arms himself with a bag and a long cane pole with a mass of horsehair at the end and a little dog to find and flush up the quail. As soon as flushed the dog runs after them, harking as if his life depended on it. The flock generally light in the first tree; then the dog keeps barking, and as soon as the negro comes up he joins in the bark, and with his pole he will put the loop over the bird's head and then, in a flash, of one catching the most of the flock before they fly out that he will not allow this. This style was best early in the season when the birds are quite young. In this way of catching the birds this season they have taken them all near the small villages. I wish that your game law could be enforced here.—J. W.

KITTY HAWK BAY CLUB.—Another large tract of land in Currituck and Dare counties, North Carolina, is to be taken up by a club for shooting and fishing grounds. The Kitty Hawk Sportsmen's Club has secured the purchase and lease of 25,000 acres of the far-famed sporting district on the Carolina coast where the shooting includes canvas backs, red-heads, black heads, mallards, teal, brant, geese, swan, snipe and deer, and the fishing comprises black and striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheep's head and mullet.

SEABOARD SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.—PORTSMOUTH, Va.—At a recent meeting of the Seaboard Shooting Association the following officers were elected for ensuing year: President, Dr. W. H. Williams; Treasurer, James M. Binford; Secretary, H. G. Williams; Treasurer, A. C. Freidlin; Executive Committee—Dr. H. F. Bunt, H. G. Williams, E. V. White, A. C. Freidlin and James F. Carr.

BOWMANVILLE, Ontario.—Our spring has opened in earnest, and the duck shooting has commenced, but as yet the bags made are neither heavy nor many. I have seen no snipe nor woodcock, but expect them in very soon. Wild pigeons not seen so far this spring, which is a very unusual state of affairs as some always come in, though often in small numbers compared to what I have seen in years gone by.—ALU SABLE.

WILD PIGEONS.—The wild pigeons are about seventy miles west of Atoka, Indian Territory, nesting; set in about one week ago. Large body of them reported.

QUAIL FOR SPRINGFIELD.—The Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, Mass., have secured a quantity of quail to be hunted by a party of the four hundred and twenty club purchased by them, and are in hopes that the balance will arrive soon.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

By the way, that reminds me—

PROPOS of the stories published recently in Forest and Stream in connection with shooting, I send you the following to find if anything similar has come within the observation of the fraternity.

One morning last fall, one of our gunners, armed with what "Byrne" would call a "woodchuck gun," was out in the bottoms west of town after squirrels. A number had already fallen to his unerring aim, when, observing a squirrel working toward him, he sat down on a log to wait. He had hardly seated himself when a "Byrne" came in, and he had to look around. What was his surprise to see a big cone about ready to descend. Thinking this a chance to obtain the wherewith for a coon-pie, our Nimrod raised his rifle and fired. By the way the cone kicked he was evidently hard hit, and struggled to retain his grip on the tree. But his conspish was not destined to become a hungry man's meat, for immediately cone No. 2 came out of a hole above, and snatching his wounded brother by the wool, gathered him in to a place of safety.—ANON.

This comes from Micoon, Ga.: I read with much interest in FOREST AND STREAM of March 31, a very good article on turkey hunting by "Splatser." He writes about killing four out of five turkeys at one shot. This calls to mind a story an uncle of mine told me some years ago. This uncle was from North Carolina, and was, when a young man, very fond of sports, and I have listened to some marvelous stories from his experience with the game of North Carolina. There was in his neighborhood a man who was notoriously trifling and lazy, disagreeable and offensive in many ways, and, in fact, a real pest. One day, on one occasion he approached one of his neighbors and requested that he would allow him to use his gun for a day or two—stating that a large flock of turkeys were near his house, and he having baited them could kill several of them at a shot. His neighbor, thinking the opportunity to get rid of him a good one, readily consented; told him he would load the gun for him, and going into his house put in about three charges of powder and shot—each shot, and a single charge. Then he approached the owner of the gun congratulated himself on ridding the community of the vagabond. Several days after, to his amazement, the man came to his house with the gun, and in response to his questions about the turkeys entered into a graphic description of how he saw the flock approaching, how they came up to the trench, and he, taking aim, fired. "And did you kill them?" "Yes," said he, "when I came to, I picked up seven."—J. H. J.

"We wonder if that uncle could not be induced "to tell another."—Ed.]

The vigor of youth given to the aged and infirm by using Hop Bitters. Try it.

grammus), hake (*Phycis*), or of a cusk (*Bromius*) in Alaskan waters. The only members of the cod family definitely known are the true cod (*Gadus morhua*), the low-cod (*Micropogonias undulatus*), the polar-cod (*Boreogadus saida*), the "wachna" (*Gadus macrocephalus*), and the pollock (*Pollachius catenarrhinus*). Wherever the cod is found, it is the best of the *Gadus* species, *Gadus vulgaris*, the same as the Atlantic species. These two prime fish are associated; they come almost to the doors of the fishermen and are present now around the shores of Alaska in the proportion which attended their capture at Cape Cod fishery.

The cod seems to be entirely unknown as far south as San Diego, California. A circular sent by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, W. A. Brown, collector of Customs at San Diego, elicited the following response: "The cod is not known here. W. Barnes, the president of a society of natural history, and to various fishermen, but cannot ascertain that the codfish is known to exist in any of the waters adjacent to this port." On the Hecla bank, north-west from Cape Oxford, Oregon, cod are found. The Indians residing on that coast report this fish as quite abundant in the summer months, and they are said to be large, solid and delicious.

Dr. Donald, in a book entitled "Hidden Treasures, or Fisheries Around the Northwest Coast," states that "cod are taken in very limited numbers off the Farrallones; they are rare and very poor and resemble the jaundiced cod on the Grand Bank."

James G. Swan, in a report on the food fishes of Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, writes on the cod of the North Pacific is not found in abundance at Cape Flattery; occasionally it is brought in, but it is by no means common. It seems to inhabit the deep water of Fucus Strait, and for that reason is seldom fished for, except on occasions of a cold storm, when the weather is very fine weather to take fish in eighty fathoms. Further up the sound and in Hood's Canal and a few other localities the *Gadus* is found, but it is small, evidently a young fish. Although its existence is well known to residents of Puget's Sound, it is not taken in sufficient quantity to collect as a cod fish.

Mr. H. A. Webster, collector of Customs at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, writes thus to the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics: "The cod, I believe, is always present in the waters of Puget Sound, and is taken in small quantities. The best catching has never been pursued as a business, and the knowledge of their habits is very limited. Young cod, about the size of shad, have been seen most abundant in Puget Sound during the winter months. Cod were taken in the harbor of Port Townsend during the summer months by Indians at Neel-Bay. The presence of small cod in the winter months in Puget Sound and at the mouth of the Strait of Fuca is an indication that large quantities may be found in the neighborhood of Cape Flattery—say, south of the 'Hatchet'—if a diligent search is made. The most efficient search has been made off the coast of Washington Territory for this valuable fish."

At Sitka Indians brought a few cod to us vessel in June, 1880. They were rather small, and of a reddish tint, but the hake, in the many fine "lass" (*Sebastes*), several species and "rockfish" (*Hecemus*) seemed to have greater popularity. Mr. A. T. Whitford told me that the cod spawn in the vicinity of Sitka in spring, and that they have a remarkable number of eggs. We caught a fine cod twenty-six inches long, for ten cents here. At Port Mulgrave, Yakutat Bay, we took but one cod in the harbor during the day spent there, this one was large but sick. Good fish are to be had in the deeper water outside. Nothing but hand-line is used for the capture.

Capt. J. Halsey reports cod very abundant on the Hoochoo bank in Chatham Strait. The bank extends from Hoochoo Point to Point Sumner. He also states that there is a bank off Point Sumner, and that there are banks off Cape Sabine, Fort Barroff Island near Foghish Strait, also that small cod are abundant in Prince Frederick's Sound.

While on a visit to the Aleut village near Graham Harbor, Cook's Inlet, we were told by Mr. O. Gibb, the chief of the village, that Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, a great many fine young cod were seized. It was in Port Chatham that we first saw capelin schooling. Plenty of excellent cod were caught with lines from the vessel.

At the island of Unalaska, we were told that the young cod were taken on Wedded Island, July 13. Between Kodiak and Unalaska are the extensive and well-known banks Portlock, Semionoffsky and the Shumagins, which have furnished the great bulk of the cod so far taken in Alaska.

The true cod is the vicinity of Unalaska. We had no difficulty in catching all we wanted with a small trawl line or with hand-lines late in July. Native fishermen at Iliulik were bringing in bidarra loads of beautiful fish, most of which were very large, to be taken for cod. On the 17th of July, we were told that a young cod three to four inches long was a feature here in October.

Cod have been reported as far west as the island of Atka of the Aleutian chain.

Cod are being reported abundant in Bristol Bay; they appear to be uncommon in Norton Sound, though occurring again more abundantly further north as far as the ice line. The eastern portion of Behring Sea may yet furnish important supplies of cod in suitable depths, since there is an abundance of its favorite food—small fish and larvæ. On the 17th of August, 1880, we were told that the "whiting" spoken of by Seman as occurring abundantly in Hotham Inlet, Kotzebue Sound.

A island of St. Paul cod are taken rarely, the fur seal having been nearly exterminated. At St. Lawrence Island Messrs. Maynard and Elliott caught cod on the 22d of August, 1874.

The great fishing grounds of Kamchatka are in the Okhotsk Sea and the Sea of Kamchatka.

We were informed by one of the whaling captains in Plover Bay last September that he has caught cod off the heads of Marcus Bay, East Siberia, in latitude north and about longitude west. Off Indian Point (Cape Tchaplina), East Siberia, a little further north than the former, we were told by Estimo, who came aboard the vessel, that they sometimes take cod at that point.

In the Arctic Ocean we saw no traces of the *Gadus morhua*, its place being supplied to some extent by myriads of small polar cod (*Boreogadus saida*), which were taken in the same manner as the larger than the polar.

On the 19th of August, 1880, in latitude 60 deg. 45 min. north, longitude 166 deg. 35 min. west, we saw great numbers of young *Boreogadus* from an inch to an inch and a half long swimming under the tongs of a *Kyadlet* jelly-fish.

J. G. Swan writes that the cod is called "Kadlet" by the Mahah Indians. The Sitkas call it "Sacht." A Kodiak Eskimo, to whom I showed one of the fresh fish, told me that they knew it as "Animo." The Russian name for the fish is "Wachna" and is a pretty widely known in the territory. It is worthy of remark here that natives generally distinguish closely the "Wachna" from the "Treska." To the fishermen generally the fish is known as "the herring" when they are taken from New England. The "Treska" has been brought with them the term "brook cod" and "kelp bangers" for certain individual varieties. The "brook cod" are the variously colored algae fish, exactly similar to those known by the same name at Gloucester. "Kelp bangers" are the purple fish that are taken in the kelp. The name "Wachna" is a term applied to several species, among them the tom-cod and a species very different structurally from this.

J. G. Swan reports that none but small cod occur in Puget Sound and in the Grand Banks. He reports that he took one at Sitka, which was brought from Indians; one taken May 30 in 662 millimeters long and two others secured June 12 were 435 millimeters and 542 millimeters respectively. Capt. J. Halsey informed me that he purchased 10,000 cod from Indians at Sitka, which were dried. The largest he saw weighed thirty pounds. He saw a few young fish. A cod caught by us in the harbor of Port Mulgrave,

Yakutat Bay, June 24, measured 570 millimeters. It was stout and heavy, but not fat. In Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, two healthy fish of one lot taken July 5 measured 722 millimeters and 750 millimeters, one of these was a spent female. Off Marmot Island (Portlock Bank) on the 8th of July we caught with hand-line a fine cod, weighing 25 pounds. It was a fine plump and healthy, averaging not less than twelve pounds. Capt. D. C. Bowen, who passed twenty-five years on the eastern fishing banks, gave me the following information about the shore fish around Kodiak:

First, comes the "herring school," consisting of medium size fish, continuing from May 1 to June or July; then the "lant school," short, thick, well-meated, but not so large as the herring school, June to July. After this the "capelin school" of good-sized fish, best of the season, from July to August. Last comes the "spud school," averaging twelve pounds each. All of these are shore fish, the lank fish are always larger.

Capt. J. C. Caton, who is well acquainted with the Shumagin fishing, says that in 1857 the "Sunborn" took 50,000 fish averaging 2 1/2 lbs. ready for market. Now she will average eighty (80,000 fish) of 2 1/2 lbs. each. Capt. C. told me that none of the fish are so large as the George's cod. Capt. Andrew Anderson informed me that when he was made in the "Wild Gazelle" in 1873 she took nearly 100,000 fish, 30,000 to 35,000, averaging 2 1/2 lbs. dressed. In 1874 she caught 37,000, averaging 3 lbs. Capt. H. R. Bowen, of St. Paul, Kodiak, gives the average of the shore fish there as six pounds, and says that the largest weight taken by her was 25 lbs. The Shumagin fishing, as done at Prine Cove, Shumagins, was done as an average of the fish there something between eight and twelve pounds, the largest weighing fifty pounds.

On the 19th of July I saw many fish brought in to this station by the "Sunborn" on the 15th of July. The fish were of two kinds, one of them being less than twenty-six inches in length, and many of them weighing not less than thirty pounds, the smallest weighed about eight according to my estimate. Prof. George Davidson, assistant to the United States Fish Commission, has reported that in north latitude 53 deg. 30 min., west longitude 164 deg. 10 min., in fifty to sixty fathoms of water, many cod were caught from his vessel, the largest being thirty-seven inches long; several reaching thirty-six inches; the finest was thirty-six inches long, twenty-three inches girth, and weighed twenty-seven pounds, was very fat, etc., etc. In the New York Times of July 15, 1879, is found the following extract from the report of Capt. White of the United States Revenue Marine Service, who was on duty in the Aleutian Islands during the month of July, 1879. He reports, wishing to lay in a stock of codfish, ordered the sails set, and prepared twenty lines with four or five hooks to each line. Perfect sound claims were used as bait, and in two hours we caught 250 fish, weighing from 3 to 15 lbs. each.

From Dr. Kellogg, of San Francisco, surgeon and botanist of one of the Coast Survey's expeditions, I have the following memorandum: "I copy from my diary verbatim the very brief note made on the spot relative to the cod caught on board the 'Lincoln,' July 25, 1859, at 30 miles from the mouth of Kodiak. The fish, girth, thirty and one-half inches, length, fourteen and one-half pounds; twenty and one-fourth girth and thirty-four inches long, weight twenty to twenty-two pounds; three feet long and twenty-three inches girth, twenty-six inches long, weight twenty-seven pounds. We were in the harbor of Iliulik, Unalaska, from the 27th of July to August 3, and from October 6 to 18, 1880. Between the first two dates we saw native fishermen daily bringing in cod for winter use. The fish were caught in the village, and were miserably small, and of a poor quality. The fish were taken in two or three feet off in the supply, and the size was about the same. In deeper water further from the village we took larger cod."

I had in the notes of Prof. D. S. Jordan the following comparison between the fish of the Shumagin and the fish of the Kodiak. "Otokok cod are larger and more numerous than Shumagin cod, but they are thinner, less fat and more pot-bellied, and weigh rather less than dressed—80,000 Shumagin fish, dressed, weigh 260,000 pounds; 80,000 Otokok fish, dressed, weigh 220,000 pounds. The Shumagin cod are larger and more numerous than the Kodiak cod in spring. They are fatter in July; fishing, however, begins in June." For the dressed Shumagin fish this gives an average of three and one-quarter pounds each, and for the Otokok two and one-quarter pounds each. The Shumagin fish are found in the banks substantially with that given by most persons who have furnished information about the Alaska cod. Prof. Jordan's information was obtained from the foremost fish merchants in San Francisco, and none from captains of sailing vessels.

With reference to the Shumagin cod Capt. J. C. Caton informed me that most of them are black napes, but there are some white napes. Some of the fish we caught on Portlock Bank, July 8, 1880, had black napes, and others white napes. Thomas Devine, who has charge of McCollin A. Co.'s fishery on the coast of Alaska, and who is well known as a cod fisherman, says that "very seldom find fish with white napes—generally black." Capt. D. C. Bowen, of the same place, told me that he had never seen a white nape fish, but that he had seen many black napes. He says that white napes are generally young fish; the big ones are almost always black napes. Capt. J. Halsey informed me that the Hoo-chee-no cod have black napes. These information coincide with my own observations at various points along the coast of Alaska, and seem to be true as far as the present information goes. The Alaska cod are of two large ones, measuring 722 and 750 millimeters, caught in Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, July 5, 1880, had black napes. The same variations in the external color of the fish exist as far east in the Atlantic; the shore fish are generally darker than the bank fish, and a reddish tinge is very common. Rock cod are as well known as with us. Mr. Devine states that they are very pretty yellow cod are sometimes taken. Capt. H. R. Bowen says that he has seen a yellow cod taken in the Hoochoo bank. Mr. Devine informed me that the winter fish are whiter than those of any other reason. The same gentleman mentions peculiarities of shape among the cod, as, for example, "bull-eyed" fish with prominent eyes and seal-like fish with short snout and large forked tail. The latter of which were brought to us by Indians from Old Sitka were always dark colored, with long heads and eyes far apart and with conspicuous blotches, in general appearance often resembling the small cod taken in shallow water off the coast of New England. The Alaska cod are of two large ones, no differences so far as general appearance go between Alaskan and New England cod; it would be impossible to tell one from the other if they were mixed in a tank without tags or some other means of identification.

DISTRIBUTION. In general terms we may say that cod are found around the whole southern shore of Alaska and westward along the Aleutian chain as far as Atka, extending on the western shore not much beyond British Bay, though they have been secured as far north as Cape Sabine. Large quantities were secured far into the interior of the Kodiak group, the Shumagins and Unalaska Islands. I have seen them taken in about nine feet of water at Iliulik, and at a depth of at least fifty fathoms off Cape Chatham, and in the harbor of Port Chatham, which is not the entrance to the inlet, we found them common and good. Mr. Cohen told me that cod were taken in the Hoochoo bank, and in the Hoochoo Cove, a small arm of Port Chatham, we took many young cod in brackish water. At Chernoffsky, also, on the island of Unalaska, we again found them abundant in brackish water associated with young *Onchorhynchus*, *Sebastes*, *Arctogadus*, *Zoarces*, and *Leptocottus*. The central small streams that run to Chernoffsky Bay at this point, and the young fish were taken in water varying from three feet to one fathom in depth close to the shore. Fish of considerable size (weighing several pounds) were taken from the Hoochoo bank, and in the Hoochoo Cove, and in the Hoochoo Bay. I have seen them taken in about nine feet of water at Iliulik, and at a depth of at least fifty fathoms off Cape Chatham.

Mr. Devine, of Pirato Cove, says they are caught as far as thirty miles off Semionoff Island and as deep as forty-five fathoms, and that on the middle ridge, in sixty to seventy fathoms, the best fish are taken with hand-lines.

Captain H. R. Bowen states that they are caught in three feet of water off the village of St. Paul, but these are always the same fish. Whenever there are soundings of fish they are always sick fish. Whenever there are soundings of fish they are always sick fish. The cod of the Shumagins are generally taken at such short distances from the shores as can be readily reached in dories. The fishermen go out in dories from their vessels, or from the fishing-boats, and return in the evening, and return in time to dress the fish aboard on shore in the evening.

MOVEMENTS, ETC.

MR. DEVINE. Mr. J. B. McIntyre, Mr. D. C. Bowen and Captain H. R. Bowen all agree in stating that cod remain throughout the year around the island of Kodiak. They were the last winter to be taken on account of the extreme cold, and up to the time of our arrival at St. Paul (July 9, 1880) the customary summer run had not yet begun. Between that date and July 14, however, we saw schools of them around the vessel where they lay anchor. According to Mr. Bowen they made their first appearance at St. Paul Aug. 1, 1880. Captain Bowen states that they are always found in the same places. Mr. McIntyre said that they were so scarce about St. Paul last winter that the natives could not catch enough of them for their own use.

According to Capt. J. C. Caton, cod are present around the Shumagin Islands all the time, but at some seasons they are very scarce. The best fishing is in February, commencing about the 15th, and continuing to March, the best of the year's coming up, get the best fish and best fare in April, some times they do well in May. The fleet come up late in July or early in May and stay until the 1st or 15th of August.

Mr. Thomas Devine, who manages the permanent fishing station on Point Iliulik, Semionoff, also informed me that cod are to be found all the year, but that they go into deep water in cold naps and toward evening. He stated that the schoolish leave in August or September and return in January and February. They seem to move off to the southward and to return from the southward and westward.

With reference to the bank, twenty miles east northeast of Semionoffsky, Capt. Andrew Anderson told me that the fishing is best in August, and September. The yellow fish, *Pleuronectes macrocephalus*, school there in numbers about the middle of August, and follow the bait up to the top of the water. Cod will bite at the yellow fish in preference to anything else.

Mr. Alrons Baker has translated for me a note by Ivan Veniaminoff, the Russian collector of the Bales of the Unalaska region, containing the following sentence: "Some of these, and especially the cod, in the winter go off shore into deep water, but in summer time they are found along the shores of certain bays and in shallow water."

Mr. D. C. Bowen, of St. Paul, distinguishes various schools of cod about the island of Kodiak, which vary in size and other particulars, and take their names from their favorite food during the time of their stay. He gives them in the following order: First, the "herring school," consisting of medium size fish, which come about May 1 and stay until June or July; next, the "lant school," feeding on sand-lance (species of *Ammodytes*), made up of short, thick, well-meated fish, not so large as those of the herring school, which are present in June and July; then follows the "spud school" (the capelin is our *Matlubus villosus*), July to September; these are good-sized fish, about the same as Newfoundland cod; the "spud school" comes in August or September, and remains until October.

The fish of this school average twelve pounds in weight. The schools are far from numerous, and are all shore fish, and they are always smaller than bank fish. From October there are winter schools in some places; these are generally short, thick fish.

Mr. G. C. Caton says that they catch males and females together in the spawning season, and that they do not school when spawning.

Mr. Wm. J. Fisher has furnished the following information concerning the schooling of the fish of Kodiak. He says that cod are taken from Captain H. R. Bowen: Cod associate in schools generally from May to the middle of September, and they live independently the rest of the year, the severity of the winter having much influence. At different seasons and in different places there are different schools. Males and females are found in the same schools. The movements of the schools are affected by the presence of food and by the state of the tide, the fish taking the hook more readily at slack water.

With reference to the schooling of the Shumagin cod told me on the 19th of July, 1880, that they found the fish both in schools and independent. There were "picking fish" at the time, and there had been "no great fish" of school fish this year. Different schools were present in different places at different times. Mr. Devine says that males, females and young are not found associating the males go together at certain times and the females. At the spawning season there are more females than males. The movements of the schools are very much affected by sharks especially, and dogfish, which are extensive in Kodiak Bay, and all shore fish, and the dogfish is identical with our Atlantic spotted dogfish. We did not get a specimen of the shark, but the National Museum has a couple of small ones from Sitka, which are very close if not identical with the one from Kodiak. Mr. Devine says that fishing is best during the spring tides, and poorest in slack tides.

Sometimes the cod have such a superabundance of food that they refuse to take the hook.

Mr. Bowen indicates various points along the Alaskan coast seemed to observe that young cod from two to four inches in length prefer to school near the shores in sheltered coves where the water is shallow, and often where it receives a large admixture of fresh water. At Iliulik I found myriads of such young fish playing about the wharves eagerly seizing the hooks baited for larger prey. Occasionally a larger cod of say sixteen or eighteen inches in length would be caught in the same vicinity, but almost always they would form a school of themselves.

A supply of food forms a very important motive for the presence of cod in particular places at certain times. When we were in Port Chatham, for example, capelin were schooling there abundantly, and many of the fish were very fat. On Portlock Bank again capelin were plentiful, and nearly every cod examined had its stomach filled with them.

At the Shumagins "England hake" or more properly pollock (*Pollachius catenarrhinus*) were abundant in July, and the cod were taken on the 19th of July. The *Pleuronectes macrocephalus* is one of the finest of all baits for cod, and will play an important part in the future of the fishery. This "yellow fish" is said by Capt. Andrew Anderson to be very abundant about the island of Kodiak. It was first taken on August 1, 1880, northeast of Semionoffsky, where they are found schooling, and will follow the bait up to the surface of the water. It is to be noted that August and September are the best months for cod on the bank.

The herring (*Clupea harengus*) also has a great deal to do with a prosperous cod fishery. Capt. J. Halsey told me that herring are wonderfully plenty on the Hoochoo bank at the fishing season, and that there are enormous quantities of the herring in Prince Frederick's Sound where also cod are abundant.

ABUNDANCE. Before entering into an examination of the influence of modes of fishing and practices of the fishermen upon the abundance of fish it will be well to review the actual numbers taken at different times and places during the season. On the 19th of July, 1880, two weeks from Indians on the Hoochoo bank, and could have got many more. The Indians caught these cod with bark lines on barbed, but iron hooks, two to four inches long in a canoe and bringing in from twenty-five to fifty fish, which were quite enough to satisfy their hunger.

Mr. D. C. Bowen states that as many as five hundred have been taken in a day by one hand-line on Portlock Bank, and that the average catch of the whole season per man is seventy-five a day.

Here may be repeated the statement of Captain White, of the U. S. Revenue Marine Service, who reported the capture, south of Kodiak, of 250 fish weighing thirty to forty pounds each with their heads having four or five hooks each. This number was taken in two days.

From the New York Times of July 15, 1879, I extract a sentence by William S. Dodge, formerly Mayor of Sitka, to the effect that: "As Kodiak Henry Richard and Thomas Lake, fishermen, caught about a hundred fish, with the last fish weighing 22,000 cwt."

Captain Andrew Anderson told me at St. Paul that with a crew of ten men, on Semiofki bank, he has caught many as 4,000 in a day, and that his average catch there was from 1,000 to 1,800 cwt.

Mr. D. C. Bowen stated that John McCarthine and a man used Smith caught 1,700 cod in a day on one trawl (a 12-line trawl of 600 or 700 fathoms) in "One strain." Their average catch was 1,200 fish. A corresponding trawl, of 200 fathoms, caught 22,000 cwt. in 1876, says: "The men on board the schooner Selma, which arrived the other day, had 18,000 fish to his credit," etc. These were caught during a season of four months.

Captain J. C. Catin, who has been familiar with the Slumagin fishery ever since the second year of its existence, affirms that fish are plenty enough to supply a large market when that is found. The evidence of all the fishermen goes to prove that the great want is fish, but demand for fish. One such customer as Gloucester would whitewash the Gulf waters with hundreds of sails which there are less than a dozen, and there is every indication that full faves will repay the venture.

As to the nature of fishing and its accompanying practices, we have information from the two points—Port Kodiak and Pirato Cove, Slumagin. Capt. H. R. Bowen, of the former place, says that cod are as abundant there now as they were when white men began fishing; that their habits and habits have not been changed by the introduction of man, and that numbers are not diminished by over-fishing. Trawls have never been used in that vicinity. He regards the practice of throwing gurry overboard as injurious to the fishery; the cod, he says, will leave the trawl to be taken on Portlock bank.

Mr. Thomas Devine, of Pirato Cove, said that cod are scarcer there now than they were five years ago. He accounts for their decrease by the increased fishing, the injurious effects of trawling and the throwing of gurry overboard. He says that the extent by the capture of the mother fish, which will sometimes take the hook freely. The lost gear attendant upon trawling has a bad effect upon the fishery.

The food of the cod in the Pacific is as plentiful and as varied as in the Atlantic. Most other fishes of suitable size are liable to suffer from its voracity, while certain species for which it has an especial liking are slaughtered in great numbers. There is a wonderful variety of marine life in the waters of the Pacific, and holothurians, crabs, marine worms, sea-leeches, and in short, just such forms as are well known to every fisherman on the eastern ground. The waters of the Alaskan fishing grounds fairly swarm with such food for fish. One such customer as Gloucester would whitewash the Gulf waters with hundreds of sails which there are less than a dozen, and there is every indication that full faves will repay the venture.

Mr. Devine says that sick cod are sometimes seen feeding at the surface, and sometimes healthy fish will chase bait up. In this way yellow fish will attract cod to the surface and capelin will also, and the cod is so used to enter for cod in the eastern States.

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Mr. Thomas Devine tells me that the Slumagin cod spawn in from ten to fifteen fathoms of water in January and February; the size and color of the eggs is the same in the Eastern States. The yellow fish is the best bait for cod, according to Capt. Anderson and Capt. Catin. Another food fish of the cod is worthy of mention here, because of the interest which attaches to its common name of "Cusk" (*Bathymaster signatus*). The cusk is a fish which comes from the coast of Alaska to the coast of the eastern States.

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Mr. Devine mentions, as parasites found on Slumagin cod, "cuttle-fish, whelks, worms and fish-lice." The commonest external parasites observed by me were small lozenges.

Amund Kodiak seals and sea-foxes prey upon cod, frequently taking them out of the net according to Captain Bowen.

Mr. Devine tells me that sharks are very abundant about the Slumagin and very destructive to cod; dogfish (*Squalus acanthias*) also prey upon cod, but they are not abundant. We caught comparatively few dogfish during the summer—one at Port Althrop, one on Portlock bank and many at Sitka.

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THE DETROIT HATCHERY.

OFFICIAL information has been given by the building occupied by the State Fish Hatchery in Detroit is ill arranged and so rotten that the Commissioners have determined to seek another habitat. The city Water Works donated pay for every pint of water used in the hatchery, and with that Sibiokian fact to guide them, they have decided to expend to rebuild the present concern. It is said that Detroit is the only city in the United States which makes a charge for water used in fish hatcheries, and there are matters which seem to indicate the possibility of a removal of the hatchery to the Huron, at the mouth of the River, where water, ground and railroad transportation will be free. Detroit has obviously the best advantages for this kind of business, the one thing wanting being free water. The Fish Commissioners have held a meeting at Port Huron, at the residence of Mr. J. M. Kollig who will keep the readers of FOREST AND STREAM advised as to any important action which the Board may take. The present water (at \$200 a year, and a pretty liberal rental for the ground on which the hatchery is situated) is not so good as it used to be, and so far as possible for economy's sake, the Commissioners have been obliged to use it four times. Inasmuch as the hatchery is a public good I do not see why the city of Detroit should exact its price of fish for the water used *pro bono publico*.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—At the recent meeting of the New Hampshire Fish and Game League, Mr. A. B. Powers, superintendent of the hatching-house at Plymouth, was called upon and gave a detailed report of the operations of the commission for the past year. He said that 138,475 salmon fry had been hatched at this hatchery, and that 3,000 California trout eggs, and that 70,000 fry of the brook trout had been planted in various waters; 67,000 land-locked salmon, 2,000 California trout and some black bass have also been distributed. He further says: "I have in the hatchery at this time 3,000 California trout eggs; 124,000 Schoodic salmon eggs; 30,000 shad-worm or Lake Winipisaukee white-fish eggs now hatching. January 21 I received from Germany some 60,000 sabbing eggs, a present from Prof. Bell, which have hatched, and I have some 35,000 or more young sabbling to plant.

There were some 220,000 brook-trout eggs taken last fall, one-half of which were sent to Massachusetts, but it is safe to say I have 100,000 young trout. Sixty thousand salmon eggs were taken last fall, and I received about 149,000 salmon eggs. It would be safe to say that I shall have 450,000 young salmon for the Merrimack River."

Mr. Luther Hayes, of Milton, also one of the commissioners, was called upon. He reported that wherever he has been the people were well pleased with what had been accomplished, and had spared no pains to further the plans of the commissioners and entertain them.

Fish and Game Commissioner Webster spoke of the German fish, and furnished undoubted reports of the success which had met with in introducing this fish into American waters. He stated that the greatest obstacle to fish propagation was the use of the spear and that the spear had been stopped there by the State. He said that he doubted but that we shall have plenty of fish. He believed the low water in the Merrimack last summer was the only reason why salmon were not seen in abundance, and with a fair quantity of water coming down the river, he thought that they would be seen. He stated that the establishment of a branch fish and game league in every county would greatly assist the commissioners in their work. In closing, Col. Webster stated that the commissioners proposed to stop the catching of snails, which would probably had been stocked, and also to reduce the size of fish tanks which was quietly dropped out at the last session of the Legislature.

Dr. Fletcher suggested that the stocking of the waters of the State with whitefish should be mentioned in connection with the work accomplished by the commission.

FRANK BUCKLAND MEMORIAL FUND.—34 Portland Place, London, W.—A proposal has been made by some of the friends of the late Frank Buckland to form a memorial fund to honor his memory and the recollection of his services to natural history and agriculture, and generally afford to the public an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to his memory and appreciation of his life-long work. For this purpose a subscription list has been opened. It is intended to expend a portion of the sum subscribed upon a bust of Mr. Buckland, to be placed in the museum at South Kensington with the collection which he so generously bequeathed to the nation. It is desired that the names of the subscribers should be published to supplement the income of Mr. Buckland's widow by an annuity of £100. Should there be any surplus after the purchase of the bust and annuity, the committee propose that it should be applied to promoting the interests of the fish and game industry generally. The names of the subscribers should be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Frank Buckland has so much at heart. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Cox & Co., Bankers, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, and at the above address by T. Douglas Murray, Esq., Bridges (Lionel Col. Grenadier Guards), Honorary Secretary.

HYBRID TROUT.—Worthville, Mich., April 13.—On the 25th inst., Mr. E. N. Clark took 824 eggs from two California trout, and fertilized them in the regular way this season. Up to the present he was unable to decide positively that impregnation had been accomplished when he was called away on the 11th inst., and requested me to drop you a line as soon as the result was definitely known. To-day the result, although very much satisfactory, is not yet clear. The eggs which were taken from the two California trout had not been done in more than one or two instances, and that an item in FOREST AND STREAM noting the success of this attempt would probably interest fishermen generally by giving added value to the eggs. The result, however, was possible. Although ripe nuclei of the *fontinalis* are rarely found as late as this, the one used in the present instance was by no means "stinky" quite the reverse—the mill being some six or seven days younger than the regular trout season. Up to the present date (April 13) forty eggs have died leaving 484, of which undoubtedly ninety-five per cent. will hatch. SEYMOUR POWERS.

HATCHING THE SAIBLING.—Plymouth, N. H.—The Saibling eggs have hatched. The first egg hatched Feb. 28, the last March 24. The loss has been quite large, but no more than I looked for. No doubt some of the eggs were chilled when they arrived here, which may have a great deal to do with the loss. When arrived, 3,000; died since, 6,515. Total, 11,515. I shall have 85,000 or more to plant in Newfound Lake, as that is the place they are to be planted as I understand it.—A. H. POWERS.

THE CULTURE OF CARP AND CONSTRUCTION OF PONDS.*

1.—ITS ADAPTABILITY TO ARTIFICIAL CULTURE.

THE conclusion from what has been said will be, that the carp is excellently qualified for culture in inclosed waters, such as artificial ponds, and also for the stocking of open waters, such as rivers and lakes, for what is called "free fishing."

As to the power of the culture by means of, by means of artificial impregnations and hatching, as also by the natural increase of the fish, with its abundance of eggs, any amount of fry, as well for fresh water as most probably also for salt water, as the fact of its occurring in the waters of the Danube, and very frequently in that of the Adriatic Sea, will demonstrate.

There is no other fish which will, with proper management, be as advantageous as the carp. Its frugality in regard to its food, its adaptability to all climates, in rivers, in lakes and ponds, and even in salt water estuaries, its rapid growth, and its value as a food fish, are its best recommendations.

2.—THE LOCALITIES BEST ADAPTED TO A CARP POND.

I will try to describe, in the first place, the manner in which carp culture in ponds is conducted in Central Europe, and subsequently explain more fully its introduction in open waters.

If intending to establish a carp pond, it will be necessary to ascertain the following points before the execution of the plan:

1. Is there a sufficient quantity of water at hand for all purposes, for the summer as well as winter?
2. Is the ground, soil and water available for culture?
3. It is important to examine the land minutely, in order to find what are the components of the soil, for not every kind of soil is suitable for carp culture.

It is difficult to be decided from the commencement how large the establishment is intended to be, whether only for private use and pleasure, or whether wholesale production of the fish as an article of trade is contemplated.

Points 1 and 2 are most satisfactorily settled, then the ground must be examined, particularly whether it is so constituted as not to allow the collected water to penetrate, and whether the ground is sandy or loamy. Above all, it must not be neglected to ascertain the nature of the soil, and whether it is so fully assured that it is sufficiently impervious to withstand the pressure of the water and to hinder its oozing through, so as to prevent the consequent drying up of the pond.

Points 1 and 2 are most satisfactorily settled for carp culture. Sandy ground, without a considerable mixture of loam, clay and humus, is of small use. I speak here of large ponds of considerable extent. Small ponds with a sandy bottom may be improved by supplying them with loam, as it is frequently done in agriculture.

Loam is a mixture of a small per centum of sand and a larger quantity of clay, and is suitable for ponds. If such ground contains some marl, or, in other words, small elements of humus, it is of the greatest advantage. The advantage of these constituents of humus, if dissolved, give the water a yellow, muddy color; and this water supports by its ingredients a profuse number of microscopic beings, which again form the support of a larger number of minute insects, and these in their turn produce the food of the pond, on which, in its turn, the carp depends for its subsistence. Too much humus or dissolved peat is injurious. Water which runs through bog meadows or oak woods is not of much value, because it contains a considerable amount of tannin. (These impart a muddy taste to the fish. A too considerable amount of gypsumiferous earth, carbonate of lime, or sulphate of lime is injurious also. Should any mineral springs fall into a pond they must be stopped off. The water of a pond must be such that it comes from rivers and brooks. Ponds might be constructed which would fill themselves with rain-water during the winter or at any other time, but such water takes a muddy taste, which is not all commensurate to the fishes, as does the water from logs also.

In Europe, experience has shown that water coming from fertile fields and meadows, carrying with it particles of soil from villages, is the best adapted for the purpose.

Spring water direct from the ground is not favorable, and ought to be conducted for at least a few hundred yards through wide, shallow ditches, in order to receive more nourishing components from the soil, as well as to purify the water. These considerations must be taken into the account, and above all it is to be warned to avoid a tract of land, such as above described merits the preference as a site for a pond, if in other particulars the ground is favorable and has not too great a fall. In this case, the cost, very high and strong dikes, are necessary to prevent the water from overflowing, which cost large sums if constructed of good waterproof material.

A low undulating country, with only slight elevations or hills, where the small valleys are easily closed up by dams for the purpose of collecting water, is the most favorable for the construction of ponds involving comparatively trifling expense.

3.—THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PONDS.

Ponds must not be too deep, as the water will be colder and will harbor fewer insects, larvae and worms, which form part of the carp's food. Besides, this fish does not grow quickly in cold water. A position for the pond is to be chosen in such a way that it should ward the outlet-slopes it may be from six to eight feet deep, but only for an area of from 200—1,000 square feet. In the depths of this "collector" the fishes seek their resting-place for the winter. A position for the pond is to be chosen in such a way that it should ward the outlet-slopes it may be from six to eight feet deep, but only for an area of from 200—1,000 square feet. In the depths of this "collector" the fishes seek their resting-place for the winter. The other part of the pond should not be deeper than one foot for the distance of about 70 or 100 feet, so that the water there may be warmed more thoroughly by the sun.

The depth of the water should be in accordance with its size, a cavity of from twenty to fifty feet in length and two feet deeper than the rest of the ground should be dug. This will serve the fishes for a resting-place in summer and winter. This cavity is sometimes called a "kettle," though the appellation varies in different localities.

From the entrance of the pond to the other end, where the "collector" and the outlet-slopes are situated, two or three ditches (two to two feet in depth) are to be dug, and these are to be connected by "kettles" transversely as far as the collector. These ditches are intended to carry all the fishes into the collector when the pond is being drained. The collector is nothing but a place of from twenty to forty feet in length and breadth, near the outlet-slopes, and is to be dug to a depth of from six to eight feet. In ponds of proper construction it has generally a wood flooring, and must be cleaned of the mud every year, so that the fishes may not become too much annoyed by the mud. The water should be conducted into the pond sideways from the stream; and if it should be a small brook only, it may be turned off entirely and conducted into the pond, from which point the latter can be easily applied with water.

The inlet-ditches from the stream must of course be of a strong and practical construction, so that an overflow is impossible, and they ought to be provided with gratings to prevent other fishes from intruding.

It is an indispensable condition for the culture in ponds, according to established rules, that they be so constructed as to allow of being thoroughly drained, so that the bottom of ponds should be of such a nature as to permit their being dried up for agricultural purposes if necessary.

* "The Carp and its Culture in Rivers and Lakes, and its Introduction in America," below Part IV. of the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1876-77.

Major Taylor finished all the English setter classes, except the bitch puppies, and, as already stated, his duties were admirably performed.

Excellent Breeze was Leicester never looked better, and as Mr. Moore states this is his last exhibition, we were glad to see the old dog retire a champion. St. Elmo was not looking as he usually does, and Coin showed the effect of his washing in the morning. Timmer was Leicester's most formidable rival. The struggle in the bitch class was between Lizzie Lee and Spark, decidedly the best two shown, and Spark won—a thing being between them.

The imported dog was of a very difficult one, a dozen dogs, being magnificent dogs. Finally Major Taylor got Duke of Beaufort and Emperor Fred together, and muscle carried the dog over beany of conformation. We do not doubt Emperor Fred's claim, but he is not a dog of quality, compared with the second or third. Pontiac was in splendid trim, and also Dashing Monarch, the latter's coarseness keeping him back. Temple Bar looked as handsome as anything in the ring, but a description of all the good ones is out of the question. Mr. J. O. Higgins won in the bitch class with Petal II, a sweet bitch. But we sadly missed Mr. Moore's pair—Luna May and Less 'o' Gowrie, who had not come on from the South. Daisy Lavracker is slightly undersized or she would have taken a little higher than third. Blue Bell is a well-shaped bitch and was shown in excellent trim.

Native dogs of the class were of a very good one, the best were finally selected. Count Zora, a good one for his age, was, we thought, a little better than the winner, who was not looking well. Racket, at third, was a good choice, and Mr. Goodsell's Royal Carl is a handsome blue Belton. Blue Dan, a talking dog of the same color, was equally well taken care of.

In taking the class of imported dogs it was as good as anything seen before, and Afton, second last year, was this time only highly commended. The native bitch class was not a large, but it was a good one. Donna, the winner, is a bitch of great merit, but if she had only been second it would have been no hardship, as Flirt is a genuine good one, beautifully proportioned. Maida, we regret to say, was an absentee. Lady Lavracker, like her sister Daisy, is small, but a good one. The dog to go to as a good one would have been expected, and beyond Royal Dale and Doc there was nothing to call for any mention. The former was decidedly the best, and does credit to his dam, Daisy Dale.

Dr. Niven began his work in the afternoon with spaniels, and got through them and fox terriers before six o'clock.

Irish Water Spaniels.—Mike, a fine dog, won and deceased his hind leg. Judy, the next best, taking second, and Limerick, a credit to Barney, was given a very highly commended mention.

Field Spaniels.—A large class of various kinds. The question was at last reduced to Dash and Benedict, both of the Jacob's strain. Dash was beaten by his younger relative, Jenny, more of a cocker stamp, was placed third, and a daughter of hers, Jessie, secured v. h. c.

Cocker Spaniels.—The dogs were pretty fair; Brag, decidedly the best, being first, with the liver and white Teddy second, and the well known Music third. Music is hardly a working cocker. The bitches were not so good as dogs, and there was nothing in the class as good as Queen Vie. Busy was in bad condition or she would have won. Beatrice was the only good puppy.

Fox Terriers.—Dr. Niven began by selecting the clunky-bitch, Beatrice as the champion dog—a sound and justifiable decision. Tipsey was not of the same stamp, however, and Mr. Rutherford should have been first here also. The open dog class was an extra good one, and Moslem II. had all he could do to come in ahead of Royal. Notts is a hardy dog but not overmuch quality, and we do not think Tark should have been where he was. Mr. Mason was again in front in the bitch class, and the decision was sound. Mr. Rutherford again hunting him home with the smart Sally and Tricksey. Junker made up somewhat for disappointments by easily winning in the dog puppy class. He should make a good one. The bitch puppies were very poor, winner the best.

The remainder of our comments will be concluded next week.

FULL LIST OF AWARDS.

- v. L. C., very highly commended; H. C., highly commended; C., commended.
- Class 1. Champion Mastiffs: Dogs, silver medal, C. C. Bulls' Turk, New York.
- Class 2. Champion Mastiffs: Bitches, silver medal, M. Rathbun's Leah, New York.
- Class 3. Mastiffs: Dogs, first prize, \$15, C. P. Fraleigh's Grim, Brooklyn; second, \$10, C. C. Dodd's Mrs. Grub, Zanesville, O.; third, silver medal, C. H. Mason's Jugg, New York.
- Class 4. Mastiffs: Bitches, first prize, \$15, C. H. Mason's Creole, England; second prize, \$10, Miss S. C. Hewitt's Jemima, New York; third prize, silver medal, Mrs. W. J. Haines' Queen, New York.
- Class 5. Mastiff Puppies: First prize, \$10, Miss S. C. Hewitt's The Anal; second prize, silver medal, Miss S. C. Hewitt's Frou Frou; v. h. c., W. R. Hubbard's puppy, New York.
- Class 6. Champion Rough Coated St. Bernard Dogs: Silver medal, Mr. P. F. Foster's Turo.
- Class 7. No entries.
- Class 8. Rough Coated St. Bernard Dogs: First prize, \$15, H. Clawson's Barry, New York; second prize, \$10, H. Baxter's Turk, New York; third prize, silver medal, H. Baxter's Turk, New York.
- Class 9. Rough Coated St. Bernard Bitches: First prize, \$15, A. E. Goddard's Brantley, Guyard, N. J.
- Class 10. Champion Smooth Coated St. Bernard Dogs: Silver medal, J. P. Haines' Don, Tom's River, N. J.
- Class 11. Champion Smooth Coated St. Bernard Bitches: Silver medal, J. P. Haines' Don, Tom's River, N. J.
- Class 12. Smooth Coated St. Bernard Dogs: First prize, \$15, H. H. Samuel's Tullier's Ashlin, New York.
- Class 13. Smooth Coated St. Bernard Bitches: First prize, \$15, H. H. Samuel's Vix, Tom's River, N. J.
- Class 14. St. Bernard Puppies: First prize, \$10, John P. Haines' Gertie, Tom's River, N. J.; second prize, silver medal, J. P. Haines' Gertie, Tom's River, N. J.; v. h. c., John P. Haines' Toper, Tom's River, N. J.; v. h. c., J. P. Haines' Toper, Tom's River, N. J.
- Class 15. Newfoundland Dogs: First prize, \$10, C. H. Mason's Mayor of Huxley, England; second prize, silver medal, A. T. Ibberson's Bogusius, New York; v. h. c., J. P. Haines' Gertie, Tom's River, N. J.
- Class 16. Newfoundland Bitches: Second prize, silver medal, E. E. McCormack's Flora, New York. First prize withheld.
- Class 17. No entries.
- Class 18. Siberian or Jim: First prize, \$10, A. Field's Caro, New York; second prize, silver medal, G. F. Keller's Lyon, New York; v. h. c., G. F. Keller's Lyon, New York.
- Class 19. Deerhounds: First prize, \$10, W. Sherman's Baco, Newport, R. I.; second prize, silver medal, W. Renkin's Sir Walter, New York.
- Class 20. Deerhounds: First prize, \$10, A. H. Moore's Leicester, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Class 21. Imported English Setter Bitches: First prize, \$30, D. E. Sandoz's Spark, Dowling, Mich.
- Class 22. Imported English Setter Bitches: First prize, \$30, J. C. Higgins' Empress, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Class 23. Imported English Setters: First prize, \$30, J. C. Higgins' Duke of Beaufort, New York; third prize, silver medal, J. C. Higgins' Pontiac, Delaware City, Del.; v. h. c., C. Murray's Annus, London, Ont.; second prize, silver medal, W. W. Wainwright, Del.; A. J. Moore's Temple Bar, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., G. Moore's American Rancer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. C. Higgins' Dashing Monarch, Delaware City, Del.; J. C. Higgins' Don Juan, New York; G. Moore's Blue Blood, Meriden, Conn.
- Class 24. Imported English Setter Bitches: First prize, \$30, J. C. Higgins' Empress, Philadelphia, Pa.

Higgins' Petrel II, Delaware City, Del.; second prize, \$10, W. H. Beebe's Blue Bird, New York; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Empress, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Empress, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Empress, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Empress, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 25. Native English setter dogs: First prize, \$20, B. F. Cornell's Spot, Pittsburgh, Pa.; second prize, \$15, W. White's Count of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pa.; third prize, \$10, W. White's Count of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Duke of Beaufort, New York; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Duke of Beaufort, New York; v. h. c., J. C. Higgins' Duke of Beaufort, New York.

Class 26. Native English setter bitches: First prize, \$20, C. Moran's J. R. Donna, New York; second prize, \$15, Sportsman's Kennel's Blue Bird, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., Sportsman's Kennel's Highland Lassie, England; v. h. c., Sportsman's Kennel's Highland Lassie, England; v. h. c., Sportsman's Kennel's Highland Lassie, England; v. h. c., Sportsman's Kennel's Highland Lassie, England.

Class 27. English setter puppies: First prize, \$10, N. M. Drake's Blue Bird, Philadelphia, Pa.; second prize, \$10, N. M. Drake's Blue Bird, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., N. M. Drake's Blue Bird, Philadelphia, Pa.; v. h. c., N. M. Drake's Blue Bird, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 28. English setter bitches: First prize, \$25, D. W. Jarvis' Noreen, Claremont, N. H.; second prize, \$15, B. F. Clarke's Reg, Manchester, N. H.; third prize, \$10, B. F. Clarke's Reg, Manchester, N. H.; v. h. c., B. F. Clarke's Reg, Manchester, N. H.

Class 29. Irish Setters—Dogs: First prize, \$25, Max Venzels' Chief, Philadelphia, Pa.; second prize, \$15, Max Venzels' Chief, Philadelphia, Pa.; third prize, silver medal, H. C. Ripley's Sky, New York; v. h. c., C. Denison's Sam Deen, Hartford, Conn.; v. h. c., C. Denison's Sam Deen, Hartford, Conn.

Class 30. Irish Setters—Bitches: First prize, \$25, Dr. W. Jarvis' Noreen, Claremont, N. H.; second prize, \$15, B. F. Clarke's Reg, Manchester, N. H.; third prize, \$10, B. F. Clarke's Reg, Manchester, N. H.; v. h. c., B. F. Clarke's Reg, Manchester, N. H.

Class 31. Fox Terrier Dogs: First prize, \$10, J. O. Patterson's Queen Vie, New York; second prize, \$5, R. Tinsley's Busy, Hamilton, Ont.; third prize, silver medal, C. V. Sewell's Lou, New York; v. h. c., C. V. Sewell's Lou, New York.

pose of general arrangement, the dogs were divided into three classes, viz.: Watch dogs including great Danes, St. Bernards, etc.; sporting dogs including all classes of dogs used as an adjunct to shooting, and to dogs including bull-dogs and terriers, and nondescript dogs of all kinds. The officers of the show and judges were as follows: A. H. Moore, President; J. C. Higgins, Vice-President; J. C. Higgins, Secretary; Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, of San Francisco; Superintendent, Thomas Trustees, of San Francisco; Vice-President, Dr. Meats, health officer of San Francisco; Business Manager, D. L. McNeill, of Edgewater, N. J.

All sporting dogs, except greyhounds—J. Leavesley, late of Lancashire, England, at present residing in Gilroy, Cal.; Greyhounds—Judge Men, of Alameda; Terriers and brigs—Dr. O. Quinn, of San Francisco; Cocker spaniels—Judge Men, of Alameda; Farley, Esq., of San Francisco; Coach-dogs—Captain B. Taylor, of San Francisco; Newfoundland, St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes or Ulm dogs and Russian terriers, T. L. Williams, Esq., late of Hauserstadt Gate, London. The awards made by these gentlemen gave the utmost satisfaction to all who could be considered judges of dogs, and so popularized the Pacific Coast Kennel Club that any future exhibitions they may give will be even greater successes than this one was. The prizes awarded consisted of handsome silver cups manufactured expressly for the club by the Meriden Company and ranging in value from \$130 for first prize in the large classes to \$25 for second prize in the small classes. The entrance fee for all dogs, including dogs of all classes, was \$1.00. The prizes awarded were as follows: The greyhounds were the largest and best class of dogs exhibited and included some forty entries, all of which, with one exception, were bred in California. That exception was the first prize, imported from England in 1877; sire, Buller; dam, Minerva; valued at \$1,000. It is as nearly a perfect specimen of a greyhound as could be found in any country, and, though fully nine years of age, is still available for stud purposes, and is a very handsome dog. The dog is a black and white, big chest, powerful limbs and perfect limbs, and in condition would weigh about 64 pounds. His get have gained a splendid reputation in the coursing field here, no less than four of them taking prizes for their high breeding. The first prize was won by the dog owned by Dr. J. C. Higgins, of San Francisco; sire, Buller; dam, Minerva; valued at \$1,000. 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could stand like a bloodhound. Lion, the second prize taker, weighed 155 pounds, was dark gray, black white, and stock hind-quarters. J. F. Carroll took a first with Spray, a fine-looking imported Scotch deerhound. The shepherd dogs and collies were a poor, half-bred, undersized class.

One of the finest classes in the show in point of quality were the great Danes, among which J. P. Ames' blind and Maltese dog Noto took first prize. Colonel Stewart M. Taylor's Bruce came second, owing to a slight defect in coat and legs. Bruce also took a special prize for the Magnet in the show. He stands thirteen-two and a half inches at the shoulder and weighs twenty-four inches from tip to tip. W. Theobald's Gelert took first from the Landseer Newfoundland. He is a splendid specimen in every respect excepting that his ears are a little too small. There were ten St. Bernards in the show, and the best was a rough-haired one, too. J. W. Schaffer's Major, the winner, was a large black and tan dog thirty inches high, seventy-two inches from tip to tip and weighing in condition 185 pounds. His head, coat and limbs showed the perfection of the breed, though his black coat was thought by some to indicate a Newfoundland cross, and a few on this side of the big river would like some English expert like the Rev. Macedon to say through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM if it is possible for a purely bred St. Bernard to be nearly all black to a certain extent. A rather small specimen, however, received favorable mention and had the most perfect head markings that any San Francisco experts had ever seen. He was tanney and white with a perfect white line up the pole, but his head was too light and there was a little of his dog, and he was not worth the advantages of coat and color he failed to secure a prize. Upward of \$6,000 was taken in at the gate during the exhibition, but that only just paid for the prizes given and other necessary expenses. Another show will be given by the club next year.

STOLEN DOGS.

NEVER before was there raging such an epidemic for stealing dogs as there is at present, in both town and country, and it is full time that there should be a law to protect the owners. The words of caution seems to be simply useless, for our exchange from all parts of the country continue to cite cases of the disappearance of the canines, which, as far as we know, are seldom recovered. Their owners, however, are not without means to produce the desired results, for, in many instances, we have seen more than twice the value of the lost animal offered by a fond master or mistress, and yet no prodigal returned. Although a great number of those dogs are lost, yet a far greater number are recovered, and there are many who have to be content with hearing the name of the owner and his address, and in our cities a dog worth keeping has always a collar about his neck. The stealing of dogs is a business just as distinct from the other branches of the trade as the stealing of a horse or a cow. There are a dozen expert judges of dogs in our metropolis who profit about with no other object in view than to steal the best looking subjects they can find. These professionals at once "spot" a dog of quality, follow the animal to his owner's residence and, by waiting their chance and by frequently using a bitch in season, the dog is spirited away, and after being cooped up for a while his hair is clipped, his color changed by artificial means and the dog shipped to some confederate in a far-off city, where the dog is placed on the market, with a considerable amount of safety and for a fair amount of profit. The sporting dogs, of course, the most difficult to handle, as almost every setter and pointer has some recognizable marking; but in the non-sporting classes, where so many animals are of the same color, and where the dog is small and their size enables the thief to secret the victim in his pocket, it is no very difficult task to understand why so many fashionable dogs, such as pug, Skye, etc., are constantly disappearing. It was only a few months since a dog of this class was pointed out to us, and we entered into an arrangement with him to purchase three Yorkshire terriers, a *la Merman*, from an inside skirt pocket, where he confessed in a very unpretentious manner to have previously secreted them, thus differing somewhat from a lightning-colored dog, the dog of this class was discovered in a chicken house, which history tells of as follows: "After being searched and not even a nest-egg being found on the premises, a young stage was distinctly heard to caw in the neighborhood of the gentleman in question, and he at once proceeded to search under the derby's pericarpium, a fine rooster dressed out much to the apparent astonishment of the owner. 'Blessed be Lord,' said the darkey, 'how did he get that? Why, he snufft *aw* down up my trousers leg.'

Two years ago, a picture of the dog-stealing art in a rather striking way. In was in the time of the Crimea War. A dog-fancier refuses to sell to an officer going abroad a Irish-looking Skye, because the dog is worth two pun a week to the hawker if sold only in London. This trade is now being carried on this side of the water.

It is much easier to find a complaint than it is to find a remedy; but as long as rewards are offered by those who can afford to pay them, and bells are rung to come to the aid of the poor, and notices are posted, and the owners know that their dogs have been stolen, to the end of the chapter. At all times, however, our friends would do well to promptly notify us of their losses and we will send them as fast as publishing a description of the dog and the circumstances of the case, and we will do our best to recover them.

Before us is a letter from a correspondent in Hartford, Conn., who recently lost a native-bred setter dog with black head and ears, white star on forehead, one large black patch on right side, back of forehead, and one on the side of the head, and white. He writes from his home on February 19, carried to this city on the fast express, N. Y. N. H. and H. R. B. The dog was taken to Trenton, N. J., and there offered for sale, but not purchased, and here the clue ends. The dog is usually his best day and was cared for more for what he had done than for what was expected of him in the future. A liberal reward was offered, but as yet no sign has been made. We purposely avoid giving the names of dogs in these cases, and would advise our friends to omit publishing them in our notices. We sincerely trust that we shall be able to detect a miscreant in the act of stealing his dog and that he will make an example of him in such a way as will have a demoralizing effect on all creatures of his kind.

FAST AND SLOW DOGS—A PORTABLE KINNEL.

I THINK your idea of presenting a cup for field trial competition among dogs handled by their owners is an excellent one, and also that the dog who is the best in the world is the one who is the best thing but a very small percentage of the good field dogs are ever represented at the trials, and it is an undoubted fact that many men owning first-class dogs are deterred from entering them, because they are either unwell, or unwilling to place their dogs in the hands of professional handlers for the purpose of running. We do not care to handle them themselves against men who make it their business, as they would be heavily handicapped by want of knowledge of just such "tricks of the trade" as were developed by the professional handlers.

Besides, who would care to do their shooting or break their dogs after the manner of the ordinary "devil take the hindmost" style of field trials. Speed and style are no doubt desirable qualities in a dog; but dogs, just strike you in that cultivating those very qualities to the pitch of the present required—or at least prevailing—field trial standard, another and very important factor—namely nose, has been sacrificed. As almost every one can testify who has shot over setters or pointers or other and more reliable dogs are generally those fellows who strike into an easy, swinging, all-day hand-gallop; just fast enough to be checked at the first whiff of scent, without humming head over heels into the middle of the bay. They are the dogs who have bagged most game over in a day, with the fewest mistakes and the most pleasure; for they are

always cautious, rarely pass a bird, and consequently are less speedy than the more showy pointers. As a general rule, the dog who is not advocating the ear-of-e of the pointer, than which nothing is more abominable. But with all those good qualities which go toward making up a first-class sportsman's dog, what chance, I ask you, would such a dog have when running in an animal race? The present racing type of character—broken, probably, with an eye expressly to field trial form, as we have had it. So, therefore, by all means let the experience of owners running and handling their own dogs in something like the sportsmanlike manner one would like to see him put in an actual day's sport, and free from the hippodrome which has heretofore too frequently characterized field trial exhibitions. It will be refreshing.

And now let me give you a kennel note or two, to speak in an ethical liberal sense. There are no doubt many of you readers, who like myself, keep but one dog. At first sight it does not seem as if the kenneling of a single dog should be worth mentioning, and I suppose it isn't to those worthies who stalin their dogs with their horses, or cram them in an iron doghouse, but if we can provide a kennel which combines cleanliness, comfort and easy locomotive qualities at the same time and with little expense, why not adopt it? My excuse for giving you the benefit of my experience is that I have never been anything of the kind but my own, which says one with the "laste taste" of the carpenter in his anatomy can make for himself. Mine is an ordinary single kennel 48 inches by 33 inches, with an A roof, but—and here the patent comes in—with a detached bottom of the same size as the outside ground measurement of the kennel. This bottom is hinged by two stout strap hinges to the side of the kennel, and is provided with two wooden axles, to which are fitted four wooden wheels, say four inches in diameter. When closed it looks like any other animal on wheels. It can be raised or lowered by a rope from a dump spring, etc., and is turned the kennel back upon its hinges the bedding can be daily turned and aired and the kennel washed and purified without trouble. The wheels also serve to keep the bottom clear of the ground, and allow of a free circulation of air, and the kennel can be raised or lowered by means of a kennel on wheels, yet made as above, its landness is indubitable. W. B. W.

DICK, THE BLIND CUR DOG.

I F I may speak from my own experience in partridge-shooting in the woods of Maine, I do not think I have a more devoted and preferred to the common cur over and above all others. I have owned and shot over pointers, setters and cockers; and while I would not undervalue these beautiful and high-bred dogs, I do not think them a match in the woods to the small, yellow, curly-haired cur dog. I must be understood as claiming this superiority for every cur; on the contrary, he must be to the "minor" and have a natural taste for the business. The nearer a cur dog resembles a fox in size and color the more useful he is to the hunter, and the more he is liked by the sportsman. In our words, that when they are put up by a large-sized dog or any dog that has not a fox appearance, they are apt to fly to a great distance into some high tree, where they will sit close to the trunk, or they will alight on the ground, and show and hide. I have seen many of these cur dogs, and they are put up by a small yellow cur, for, taking him to be a fox, which they may have often seen, they fly to the nearest bush or tree, just high enough to get out of his reach.

In this connection I will mention an instance of intelligence and acute sense in a cur which was actually blind. I did not own him, but borrowed him from a man who said he was "sood for partridges." His owner did not tell me that the dog was fourteen years old, but I must be understood as claiming this superiority for partridges on the Fish River road, in the woods of Northern Maine, when, leading the dog with a string, I saw in the road a small covey of partridges which were in plain sight of the dog and within shooting distance. I instantly desisted and waited for his dog, but to my surprise he refused to set. I thought him stupid, and suspected his owner of playing a trick on me, but I soon found my mistake. The partridge had crossed the road and entered the bushes out of sight; but when the dog came to the bushes he sniffed the air, and rushed forward into the bushes, and in less time than I can tell it had fully buried in a tree. I did not at this time suspect his blindness, but as he continued to act ever after in the same manner, I was at last convinced of his strange condition, and that he had a film over each eye. I do not think he made a single mistake or failed to put up a bird where the track was in any fair degree fresh. With this dog I shot one hundred and one partridges in less than a day, not losing one through any blunder or mistake on my part. He was blind, but he was a dog that was blind. He said, "Yes, but it made no difference, he was sure pop every time," and so I had found him. I engaged him for the next fall shooting, but when the time came poor Dick was dead. J. C. Dwyer, 1881.

"WHEN THE SPRING TIME COMES."

Editor Forest and Stream: CLINTON, CONN., April 20, 1881.

Dogs are so numerous, and whether we like them or not, we meet them so frequently that their habits must be of interest to all. Dog-fanciers and those who like to have a "blooded" dog about them, are often distressed, and I may say, mortified, in the spring months, by the fact that their dogs are often very dirty. The very bad taste of eating carrion, and often rolling in it and thereby making themselves extremely offensive. The true reason why dogs show this disposition may not be generally known, and I write this to inform your readers why dogs act in this way, and how they may be prevented from doing it.

In the spring they, like all other animals, feel the need of a purgative. Decomposing animal matter serves as a cathartic. It is very easily digested, and carnivorous animals in their wild state often burrow portions of it into the ground, and it is decomposed, because the process of decomposition is really a cooking process, and cooking food, as a rule, makes it tender, as every one knows. Again, in the process of decomposition of animal matter, sulphur is largely given off. The sulphur in this attenuated form is the active principle that makes decaying meat so powerfully cathartic. This is to a great extent what the dogs are burrowing after.

Now for the remedy. Give dogs meat that has been cooked, and also give them some sulphur on it. The sulphur can be put in the meat so that they will not hesitate to eat it. C. W. R.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S DOGS.—The following pleasant chat about Kingsley and his animal friends is from an English exchange: The party who devoted him to the care of his dog, says that if his dogs were not in the foreground, his love for the better for animals generally, was strengthened, it appears, by his belief in their future state—a belief he shared with John Wesley and other historical names. Kingsley was a wonderful power of attracting the attention of his admirers, and likewise of quelling their fury. He was known to have more than once driven large savage dogs, quite strange to him, back into their kennel by nothing but a word, a look, or a gesture, cowering them still with his look as they growl and snarl at him. On one occasion he was on a high occasion, after having thus forced an infuriated brute to retreat into his lair, he once pulled him out again by his chain. Muzzie was his dog at Mezzden, a clever, svelte-looking gray Scotch terrier. Kingsley was devoted to him. On the day he was shot, the proprietor at the Eversley Rectory, Mr. John Marlborough, who spent eighteen months at Eversley as Kingsley's pupil, thus concludes his description of the study: "On the mat, perhaps, with brown eyes and the yellow hair, with a gently agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion, long-bodied, short-legged Dandie

Dimton, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of his race." How well established was the position of Dandie in the Kingsley household may be gathered from the reminiscence of an American visitor: "Still I see Dandie lying lazily, stalling and winking in the sun." He was Kingsley's companion in his parish walks, attended all the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was the children's friend for thirteen years. Victor, a favorite terrier, given him by the Queen, had Kingsley for an un-sleeping nurse during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's existence. Sweep, a magnificent black retriever, finds a niche in the annals of the household, and the reminiscence recalls after his father's death: "I can see him now on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful 'No, go home, Sweep,' to the retriever that had followed me stealthily down the garden walls, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope that he might be allowed to come on." And there the dogs, buried side by side under the greatest fit trees on the rectory lawn—Dandie, Sweep and Victor—with the brief but telling inscription on the head-stone, *Fideli Fideles*.

N. A. K. OUD DERBY.—*Columbian, Tenn., April 19, 1881.*—The following are additional entries by the St. Louis Kennel Club to the second annual Derby. The exact date of Mitr's birth will be furnished as soon as received from England:

St. Louis Kennel Club enters Maxim, liver and white pointer dog, born July 29, 1880.
St. Louis Kennel Club enters Meteor, liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 26, 1880, out of Jill by Garret.
St. Louis Kennel Club enters Mitr, pointer bitch, whelped June 1, 1880, out of Dot by Garret. Jos. H. Dwyer, Secy.

[The above list was received too late for publication in our issue of April 21: it is in addition to the list of forty-eight entries which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM April 14, and increases the number of entries to fifty-one in all as against one hundred and fourteen last year.]

BOIY O'MORE.—We learn from Mr. W. N. Callender, of Albany, N. Y., that his champion Rory O'More winner of first prize at the New York show in 1877, of the championship at the New York show in 1879, and of the gold necklace at the New York show in 1880, will re-appear in the city again at the coming show.

A FORTUNATE CURE.—The celebrated Laverack setter dog Doo Juna, owned by Mr. James H. Goodsell, of Orange, N. J., which was taken seriously ill some few weeks ago has, as has been seen at the show, completely recovered under the skillful treatment of Dr. J. H. Dancer, of East Orange, N. J. Mr. Goodsell in writing about the case, in which we were much interested, says: "Dr. Dancer really deserves great credit. He was very attentive, and when he took hold of the case, late at night, the dog was almost in a dying condition, so that I can truthfully say that Dr. Dancer's treatment was very successful."

LAYBACKS IN AMERICA.—We should state that the list of pure Laveracks in America, published in our issue of April 21, was printed without the supervision of our kennel editor, and his absence several errors crept into the article which will be corrected. Mr. Llewellyn's initials are R. L. P.; C. P. Parker should be J. E. Parker. Other important errors are so obvious as to need no special mention.

The dog Ranger w. and liv. by Pride of the Border out of Fairy, born in 1875, is now owned by Mr. Frederick Austin, of Ottawa, Canada.

DEAF AND DUMB.—The Sacramento *Bea* describes a deaf and dumb dog, unable to bark or hear. He has a head like a coyote, and white in color, making it look like a dog from the other canines. Where he came from or who he belongs to nobody knows, though he looks like an Indian dog. He seems to be a much fiend and lives upon what he can beg or steal. Owing to deafness he has narrowly escaped being run over on different occasions.

THE COCKER CLUBS.—Philadelphia, April 22.—Please publish that the following have resigned from membership of the Cocker Club:—A. H. Moore.

COCKER CLUB.—The Westchester Kennel Club has kindly offered the use of a room at the Bilk for the use of the Cocker Club Committee and Cocker Club on this Thursday afternoon and evening.

KENNEL NOTES.

* * * Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelped, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notices, but request in each case the writer to make up a record of his own name, and that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain of which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prince Rake—Mr. D. C. Berglund, Indianapolis, Ind., claims the name of Prince Rake, white dog, puppy, black and tan, by Rake out of Phyllis, whelped Feb. 7, 1881.
Patsy—J. M. R. P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., claims the name of Patsy, black setter bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1880, out of (Cussie by Chief, purchased of Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.)
Cotton—Mr. Wm. Short, New Albany, Ind., claims the name of Cotton, black setter bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1880, by Miss by champion Faust, purchased of Mr. A. J. Kelly, New Albany, Ind.
Royal—Mr. B. F. Jennings, Springfield, Mo., claims the name of Royal, black setter bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1880, by Miss by champion Faust, purchased of Mr. A. J. Kelly, New Albany, Ind.
Fanny—Mr. George T. Wells, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Fanny, for Irish setter bitch out of Bridget Louisa (Plunkett) and Duke's National, whelped Oct. 1, 1880.
Dodd—Mr. Abner Fuller, Jr., Pine Bush, Orange Co., N. Y., claims the name of Dodd for his liver and white ticked English setter puppy whelped July 18, 1880, out of Lady by Oakley's Frank.
Venture—Mr. James Page Stinson, Leavenworth, Kansas, claims the name of Venture for fox terrier bitch whelped August 19, 1880, by Lady by Oakley's Frank.
Phyllis—Mr. James Page Stinson, Leavenworth, Kansas, claims the name of Phyllis for fox terrier bitch whelped Sept. 17, 1880, by Buff II. out of Lady.

NAMES CHANGED.

Nelly to Thorndale Nellie—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., changes the name of his cocker bitch Nelly to Thorndale Nellie, and by Buff out of Ruby, champion (757) champion Rake (245).

BREDS.

Marie Moretto—Rake—Mr. J. H. Rhodes' lemon and white Laverack bitch Marie Moretto to Mr. D. C. Berglund's imported Rake.
Princess Fay—Rake—Mr. O. G. Olden's Llewellyn's setter bitch Princess Fay (Duff) to Mr. D. C. Berglund's imported Rake.

WHELPS.

Queen—Mr. F. E. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Queen whelped four puppies, two dogs and two bitches, by his Iron-horn, black setter bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1880, out of (Cussie by Chief) (Maud (Finney, France) whelped eight puppies, 6 dogs and two bitches, April 2, by H. L. Covell's Jacko (Hyer's Belle-Ome, Kynd Sanchio).
Miss Phyllis—Mr. B. W. Byrnes, New York, whelped one puppy, Y., whelped on Wednesday, April 20, three dogs and three bitches, by Dr. J. W. S. Alford's puppy.
Rory—Mr. J. E. Johns (Fayetteville, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Kirk whelped April 24, five puppies, four dogs and one bitch, by his Gordon dog Dock, all black and tan with white on breast, and going lively.

Gina—Mr. D. C. Berglund, Indianapolis, Ind., has sold to Mr. W. H. Durgill, Bangor, Me., his Llewellyn setter dog Cuy, by Gladstone out of May II.
Whelp—Mr. D. C. Berglund, Indianapolis, Ind., has sold to Mr. Wm. W. Holliday, Allegheny, Miss., a dog puppy, white, black and tan, by Rake out of Phyllis, whelped Feb. 7, 1881.
Jenny—Mr. J. H. Dancer, East Orange, N. J., whelped one puppy, Jersey, Sorrento, Pa., imported fox terrier liver (Fogger-Magle).
Luce Schooner—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. E. E. Mott, Mott, Ill., the bull-terrier Luce Schooner's (all Sky-Grippe).
Elle Rake—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. E. E. Mott, Mott, Ill., the cocker bitch Elle Rake (Don-43) puppy.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

H. T. H., Preepot, Ill.—See game columns.
W. C. B.—Amount of drag for ten-tonner about 2 ft.
J. L. C.—Write for circulars to the postmaster at Rugby, Tenn.
R.—The American holly (Ilex opaca) is found as far North as Maine.
S. R. Hooley, Philadelphia, N. J.—wants a pair of quail to breed from.
J. H. J., Bethlehem, Pa.—No more quail can be procured this season for restocking.
J. H. D., Lowell, Mass.—Write to P. T. Barnum. We do not keep a record of circus fests.
A. W. M., Farmington, Me.—We believe the practice to be as injurious as it is inhuman.
W. A. J., Philadelphia.—No, but later on some of the dogs will be represented in our paper.
G. A. J.—Possibly an advertisement in this paper may secure you the kind of yacht you want.
C. S., Bradford, Pa.—You can secure the hammock through any of the New York dealers in sportsmen's goods.
J. R., Boston.—For list of secretaries of Cricket clubs apply to Mr. O. A. Knipe, editor American Cricketer, Philadelphia.
I. F. S. K., Port Robinson, Ontario.—You can perhaps obtain the birds you want from Chas. Reiche & Brother, Chatham st., New York City.
C. A.—You will not find so small a cabin yacht to suit you here, better try Boston. We have heard of several smart ones 20 ft. water line for sale here recently.
B. A.—Suits and small boats in issues of Sept. 29, Aug. 9, Sept. 20, 27, Nov. 1 and 8, 1891. Built with a flat bottom. Easier and serves your purpose; also safer boat.
J. M. B., Boston.—At Prince Edward's island you will find curlew, plover, black ducks, wood ducks, trout fishing. A Chesapeake bay dog would answer your purpose best.
J. G. M.—Secretary National Yachting Association is John Erick, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. The association has fallen through from want of leaders and premature action.
W. H., Red Bank, N. J.—Address Mr. A. J. Kelly, Anderson P. O. Howard co. will give you the information you want. Mr. Kelly has charge of the Baltimore Kennel Club dogs.
E. B. T.—To color the canvas of your canoe a muddy green boll can-

Yas in both of 3 lbs. ferrous sulfate of copper, wring out half dry and then boil in solution 1/2 lb. sulphate of potash in 10 gallons of water.
G. C. W.—We can send you covers for lining Forest and Stream. Price \$1.00 will hold twenty-six numbers. We cannot supply complete sets of back volumes. H. G. Kirk, No. 55 Swan st., Albany, N. Y., has a set for sale.
A. B., South Boston, Va.—Apply to your Fish Commissioner, Col. M. McDonald, Lexington, for black bass fry for stocking a stream; or, as they are plenty in the James and Potomac rivers you can get them from fishermen there.
A. M. D., New Haven, Conn.—The Forest and Stream discontinued its cricket column last November. We return subscription and advise you to transfer it to the American Cricketer, published in Philadelphia, P. O. Box 1350.
F. L., Cincinnati.—We advise every one to see the dog they are buying before they pay for it. It is not so much a question of the honesty of the breeder as it is of the buyer's own personal estimate of the merits of his purchase.
Crassay, Montreal.—Limit of range of the Winchester's model of 1868 is 300 yards. The choice between octagon and round barrels is not one of superiority, but simply of taste. The model of 1875, 45-60, or 45-75 would probably suit you the best.
LIVE QUAIL.—Several inquirers are informed that the demand for live quail has far exceeded the supply and we are unable to refer them to parties now having birds for sale. Those who advertised birds in this paper could not meet all the orders which poured in upon them.
J. Zickler.—You neglect to give your post office and so we cannot say where you will find good fishing within fifty miles of the city, nor knowing what city you live in. Post offices are not to be trusted. They are not only illegible, but are never sent to the Editorial rooms. Please write again.
L. W. P., Middletown, Conn.—Will you please inform me if there is any good trout fishing in the southern portion of Chester county, New Hampshire and if so what part and the name of the parties who could post us in regard to streams? Ans. Write to Mr. Samuel Webster, Commissioner of Fisheries, Manchester, N. H.
J. M., Poughkeepsie.—Your letter is not clear, but we presume you wish to enter our dog in volume II. of the N. A. C. Club Stud Book; this you can do by addressing the secretary of the organization, Mr. Joe. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., who will furnish you with entry blank. Cost for single dog entry twenty-five cents.
S. S., New York.—Do snipe (English) fly only on moonlight nights, or, in other words, would the flight continue (the weather being favorable) without a moon? Ans. The birds are believed to fly best

on moonlight nights, but they would no doubt continue to move even if there were no moon.
SINGLE HANT.—It is not the vertical distance of centre of gravity relative to centre of buoyancy, but to meta centre which gives an estimate of stability. Boats with a c. g. above c. b. are often stiffer than those with very low c. g., owing to their c. b. shifting out to leeward faster and giving higher meta centre. Our design was very stiff without being hard and uneasy in rough water.
F. W. Jr., Shiloh, Mo.—If luckless hand, one wing and legs of a bird which I shot this morning. Can you tell me in your next issue what bird it is, as I have never seen one unless it is a pig on, but its flight and run was more like a quail, although I never saw one like this. Ans. The bird is a turtle dove, Zenaidura macroura.
CARPENTER.—The law compelling the display of licenses applies to all boats, rafts, canoes or any thing else. It is both impractical and ridiculous, so long as it is a law you should comply with as well as possible. It was sprung upon a Congressional committee by steamboat lobbyists several years ago, but has hitherto been a dead letter and is likely to remain so.
C. H., New York.—How early in the spring are striped bass taken at the Falls of the Potomac, and what kind of bait and tackle is used? Ans. Usually in April onward. Probably later this year than usual on account of the spring being so backward. A stiff twelve-foot rod with multiplying reel, with a hundred yards of good foot line. Different baits, as live minnow, pearl minnow, chub, etc. are used.
P. C., Lynn, Mass.—Please give me the address of some person from whom I can obtain a few pure bred black ducks (Anas obscura), and what you would like to see, etc. Can be secured here in New York for them. How much would it cost to send a couple of pairs from New York to Lynn? Ans. We are not able to hear of any one now who has what you want. Possibly some of our correspondents may be able to furnish them.
W. H. J., Philadelphia.—Will you be kind enough to say what sort of rod is considered best for bait fishing for black bass? What line and what reel? Can you put me on the track of a first-class reel maker, either in Philadelphia or New York? Ans. A ten to twelve-foot rod moderately stiff, a stout trout reel will often do. Use multiplying reel with 100 feet of line line, if you use ball or fly and 80 yards if you tell will spoon or minnow. Yes, we put you on the track of a first-class rod. Write to each one of our advertisers and choose what pleases you best.
Any subscriber or reader of Forest and Stream in want of any kind of carpenter, joiner, cabinet maker, etc. can be secured far and near at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Bo. Con. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—Ed.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application.

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard Number of Pellets in the ea. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

Table with 4 columns: No. of pellets in ea., 378, 472, 658, 1054; and 845, 496, 716, 1120.

TATHAM & BROS.

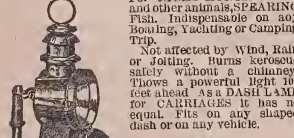
KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

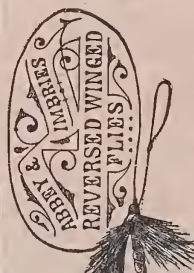
KEEP MANUFACTURING CO., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION

Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP.



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals... Dash Lamp... Jack and Dash Lamp... Fishing Lamp... WHITE MFG COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



Highest Quality Flies. Small to medium Trout, reversed wings... Any of the above flies tied with jungle cock shoulders and golden pheasant crest tails at 50cts per dozen extra. Salmon flies according to pattern... The celebrated "Corduroy" (silver or gold) trout and bass flies, \$3.00 per dozen. We have over three hundred patterns in stock, and can tie any pattern to order. Prices are given per dozen; we do not sell less than one dozen, but will give any assortment in the dozen. All our flies are tied on our celebrated Spring Steel Sproat Hooks. Discount to the trade only. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and nerves elements which have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness, it promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 50,000 packages. For sale by druggists or mail. E. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

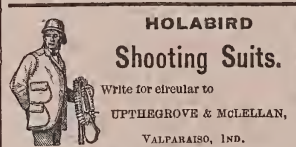
Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1891. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DELBY. Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1891. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to 1st. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1891. PRONIC OR ALLIAGED STAKES. Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50; with \$20 additional to 1st. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1891. This stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stake. MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a silver cup of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1891. JACOB BENTZ, Sec'y, 270 E. P. Box 274, New York City. Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

WM. R. SCHAEFER, 61 ELM STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturer of the very best HAMMER AND HANDIERS Breech-Loading Shot-Guns to Order.

Dealer in guns and rifles of various makes. Send Stamp for Catalogue.



HOLABIRD Shooting Suits. Write for circular to UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND. Important Notice to Gun Clubs. Before ordering shot balls or traps investigate the new, equally cheap and wonderful THE FLYING CLAY PIGEON and Trap. Ready about May 15. Send for circular to GEO. LIGOWSKY & CO., 23 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE.—Vine house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 12; hardwood floor; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henry, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and a side tree. Price \$2000; cost \$1100; \$1000 cash. For sale, six 1/2 Griffith St., Jersey City Heights. For lot six acres near two railroads, Chester, N. J. For sale, three acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenny, N. J. Money loaned to build up E. R. MILLER, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Keel sloop "Comfort," built by Wallis & Gorman, and launched May, 1890; 36 feet on deck, 5 feet 8 inches draft, 12 feet beam; completely fitted throughout in hard wood; fast, able and sound; built and furnished complete in every respect; 1500 lbs. in net weight. Price \$1000. Sold only on account of want of time for use. Price reasonable. Ad. in every respect. Apply to THOMAS ORD, 829 Broadway, APRIL 4.

FOR SALE.—Remington (new) 12-gauge, pistol-grip, de-carbonized steel barrels, with 30 shells \$31. M. WOLCOTT, Ridgewood, N. J. Apr 21st

FOR SALE.—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, a doe two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does in the State. EDWARD THAYER, Box 705, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr 21st

For Sale.

PARRAR'S STEREOGRAPHIC VIEWS of the entire Chesapeake Bay and Region. Large sets each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

For Sale. Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM. Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale fresh water trout, cress, etc. can be secured far and near every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below 14th Street. Can you put me on the track of a first-class reel maker, either in Philadelphia or New York? Ans. A ten to twelve-foot rod moderately stiff, a stout trout reel will often do. Use multiplying reel with 100 feet of line line, if you use ball or fly and 80 yards if you tell will spoon or minnow. Yes, we put you on the track of a first-class rod. Write to each one of our advertisers and choose what pleases you best. Any subscriber or reader of Forest and Stream in want of any kind of carpenter, joiner, cabinet maker, etc. can be secured far and near at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Bo. Con. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—Ed.

THOMPSON BROTHERS, Aquetong Trout Farm, New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

Lake Massawiepe For Sale.

Mr. Addison Child, of Childwood (South Colon P. O.), New York, offers for sale 3,000 or more acres of choice natural forest land, flushed with deer and other game, embracing the above lake, stocked with salmon and spotted trout, and seven tributary ponds of 18 to 20 acres each, delightfully situated in the southern part of St. Lawrence County (see Colum. Atlas), and within thirty hours' travel of the cities of New York and Boston. Being the head waters of the southern part of the St. Lawrence River, the lake is under the absolute control of owner, and offers rare facilities for natural sport, or multi-generational fish culture. Any party or club wishing to establish and preserve a park for sporting and social recreation may address as above for details.

ABINGTON.

AT PUBLIC SALE, ON THURSDAY MAY 19, 1891, THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ESTATE IN VIRGINIA, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON CITY.

This superb estate, consisting of four hundred acres, with mansion house, superb park of ten acres, numerous outbuildings, fishing ponds, only one mile from the National Capital, will be sold at public auction May 19, 1891. To investors, stockholders, money lenders, and especially capitalists seeking investments, as well as wealthy men desiring the grandest country seat in the United States, a single offering offers a wonderful chance. It will go off cheap.

For particulars, terms and pamphlet, address THE FISHER, Room 2222 Esplanade, No. 1229 B. St., Washington, D. C. Circulars can be had of FOREST AND STREAM. APRIL 4.

The Kennel.

Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young dogs trained with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt marsh.

N. B. - Setter and Pointer puppies, also, broken and ready for sale, full pedigree. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

POINTERS IN THE STUD.

CHAMPION RUSH, Flake-Lilly, etc. \$50. ROCKET, Claud-Champion Romp, both imported. \$25. SNAKE, Jr., Champion Snapper, sample. \$10. Ruby. For extended pedigrees, etc., address EDWARD ORGILL, 1696 Dean St., Brooklyn.

GORDON SETTERS.

BORDER LILY-GLEN.

FOR SALE, thoroughbred Gordon Setter Pups out of my Border Lily. By Dr. H. F. Aiken's Champion Glen. Glen with 17 brace shots of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Trials, 1879. St. Laurent and Island Belle, both bred by me, are out of my Border Lily. Glen was each awarded First Prize in their respective class at the Westminster Kennel Club Bench Show, New York, 1873. Address J. E. FISHER, 149 Union St., Brooklyn, L. I., U.S.A. April 24.

T. JACOBS.

WOLBOROUGH HOUSE, NEWTON ABBOTT, ENGLAND. Has a grand lot of spaniel whelps to dispose of, also black-and-tan setter whelps from his celebrated prize winners. See 'Vero Show on "Black Spaniels," April 14.

PORTraits of Eastern Field Trial winners, mounted on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or five for \$1. FOLKERT AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 20, '91.

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE. - The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel off, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for the best. For prices, pedigree, etc., address: LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A. Sept 13-22.

PINE LODGE KENNELS. - I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my pupils seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices \$30 and \$75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct 2, '91.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL. - Champion R. O. More in the stud. The handsome, as well as one of the best field and best bred dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1880; and winner of the gold necktie at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June 21, '91.

EMASKET KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughn Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address Box 282, Middleboro, Mass. R. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. Feb 12, '91.

EXCELSSOR IRISH WATER SPANIEL KENNEL. - For full particulars regarding Irish water spaniels, how to train and where to secure the best, send for our new and improved order sheet. J. H. WHITMAN, 102 South Clark Street, Chicago. J. D. OLCOTT, 109 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wis. Mar 24, '91.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS. - A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champion Lawyer, Bachelor, Ladylove, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louie, Leicester, Limerick, Libah, Laurence, Lena, Sydney, Bob, Young Bess, Bessie, B. Baroque, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Show's new work on spaniels; will sell his commission spaniel pup bred and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. MAR 11, '91.

RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangely Lake Region, Kennebec, Cuscuta, Farmington and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Megalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illustrated covers. Price, 50 illustrated pages, and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mar 11, '91.

OUTLET COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL. - For pure cockers from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and kept in the stud, imported cocker racer, liver and white. A very handsome, powerful dog, 8 years old, the feather weight, 25 lbs., liters and pup. Will be sold approved bitches only at \$15. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Outlet Kennel, Franklin, Pa. Oct. 8, '91.

IN THE STUD. - DORR, from imported pure Gordon Don-Lady Dorr, was a winner in Nebraska and trials (1879); he has a large number of game of all kinds shot over him and is the getting of a first-class field dog. FRED. A. TAYLOR, Dedham, Mass. Mar 11, '91.

ON MAY 7 will take (not more than six) pointers or setters to board. EDWIN G. KOFFE, Fishkill, N. Y. April 24.

Sportsmen's Goods.

WRITE TO Geo. C. Henning WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES OF

Hunting, Fishing, Yachting, Sailing, Bicycling, AND Rubber

P. O. D. SUITS, PERFECT CLOTH SUITS, BLACK CLOTH SHIRTS, PINE UNDERCLOTHING, BLUE SUITS, ETC., ETC.

I Arise to Say

'The only objection to your

'Common Sense Rocker' is, we all want it. They suit all sizes, from the two-year-old baby to the champion member of the "Black Club." Every chair made upon honor and Warranted Perfect. Prices range from 75 ct. to \$3 each. Special discount to Clergymen and Hotels. Send for Catalogue. Manufactured by F. A. SINCCLAIR, Montville, N. Y.

GOOD'S OIL TANNED Moccasins.

The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to the feet, and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the genuine article. Send for illustrated circular. MARTIN HUTCHINGS, P. O. Box 282, Dover, N. H., successor to Frank Good. BRADFORD A. SUTTON, Boston, Agents.

Eaton's Rust Preventer.

FOR-GUNS, GUILERY, AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Safe to handle, WILL NOT RUST, and will keep in any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes of Bay City, Mich., writes: "I have the best preparation I have found in thirty-five years of active and frequent use of guns." Sold by principal New York dealers, and by Wm. Reed & Sons, Boston, Mass.; B. Kiltredge & Co., Cincinnati, O.; E. E. Eaton, Chicago, Ill.; Brown & Hilder, St. Louis, Mo.; Fins, W. Parr, Cleveland, O.; Trimble & Kleiber, Baltimore, Md.; C. Copley & Sons, Georgetown, D. C.; J. C. Jos. C. Webb & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. CANNOT BE SENT BY MAIL.

BROWN'S PATENT GUN CLEANER. Cleanser and Oil for all kinds of guns. For One Dollar, one Cleaner, Patches, Brush and Oil, all delivered in one box. In order to get culture of gun. Send for circular. Address: T. YARDLEY BROWN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Game B rds of America.

Photographed from choice specimens. Life size, viz: Ruffed Grouse, Snipe, Woodcock, Quail, Partridge and Quail.

Copies of this beautiful collection for sale by C. D. FREDRICKS.

Knikkerbocker Family Portrait Gallery, TO BROADWAY, COR. NINTH ST., N. Y.

Imperials \$6 per Dozen.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine wilderness illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Androscoggin rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 50 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illustrated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mar 11, '91.

PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE. Price \$1.50. For Sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Sportsmen's Goods.

The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader, with the last improvement, is now ready - 8, 10, 12 and 14-gauge. It extracts "light shells," uncaps, recaps, rams and crimps. Nickel plated sample sent by mail on receipt of two dollars. For extracting and recapping only the original Dudley Recapper is all that is necessary. A nickel plated sample sent on receipt of fifty cents; P. O. stamps taken in payment. Send for circulars to DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen

"THE FISHING LINE."

TAKE THE Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries, AND THE BEST OF HEALTH AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the Grand Traverse Region, and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained in their waters. BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in the trout waters of this territory. THE TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept 1. THE GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends Nov 1. BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and streams of this territory. The sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish can be had at nearly all points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful. The air is pure, and the climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with Hay Fever and Asthma Affections. The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will be largely increased in time for the season of 1891 by new buildings and additions. During the season ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT LOW RATES, and attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen. Jiggs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at Home.

It is our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists' Guide a handsomely illustrated booklet, 60 pages, free. Time Cards, Folders and further information, address A. B. LEEB, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Upper Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.

This property (formerly the Adirondack House) has been purchased by A. B. LEEB, of Newburgh, N. Y., and has this season been enlarged and remodelled, broad piazzas built nearly surrounding the house, and connected to several rooms, and the whole newly furnished. The location is delightful. It commands a view of the entire lake, with a view of the mountains, unscathed by fire and unbroken by the axe. The view can be seen from the porch. Conceding this place says, under date of March 17, 1881: "Chateaugay Lake is one of the pleasantest resorts in the entire North Woods, and notwithstanding the encroachments of civilization all about, it still retains its primitive grandeur and simplicity. Good hunting abounds in its vicinity, and its deer and antlers are still alive with trout, and men who have whipped its waters with rod and reel for a generation aver that their success and that of others last season was most satisfactory."

SALMON FISHING IS SURPRISINGLY GOOD, AND BEGINS USUALLY BY MAY 1.

One of the best features of the location is its ease of access. Parties can leave New York at 4 p. m., breakfast at Plattsburgh, and three hours later, by rail, to Lyon Mount, be at "Ralph's," as the resort is hereafter to be known. Dr. J. M. Smith, of Malone, having leased it for a term of years. The terminus of the Plattsburgh and Danmore Railroad is but three and a half miles from the hotel; mails regularly received and telegraph office in the house. The altitude, dry soil and surrounding mountainous country render this locality peculiarly adapted to those suffering from pulmonary troubles, or any one in need of the bracing effects of nature to follow even a brief sojourn in the Adirondack country. Already this season several of the

FIRST PHYSICIANS OF NEW YORK

have advised their patients to seek the benefits to be derived from a sojourn in this resort. See article in May number of "Harpers Magazine," entitled "Camp Lyon," by one who has tried the physicians' orders, and who has been induced on application, Ralph's is but twenty-eight miles from Paul Smith's. It also contains Indian Point, a delightful canoeing place, where those who prefer to camp can have comfortable cottages, with beds, cooking utensils, etc., and be within 50 rods of one of the best fishing and hunting points on the lake. The summit of Lyon Mountain (5,209 feet high) is reached from this hotel. The view from there is one of the best views in the Adirondacks, and is unobscured by that from any other peak in the range. Good boats (rust-proof), guides and all camp supplies on application. Excellent accommodations for horses and carriages. In fact it has been our aim to do nothing that will add to the comforts and pleasure of our guests. Cards, with distances to points of interest and all desired information furnished on application.

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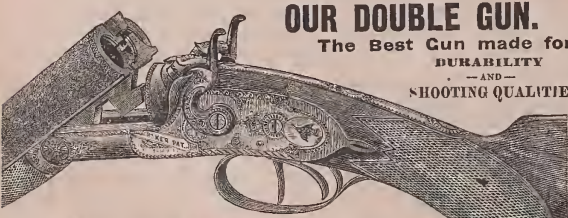
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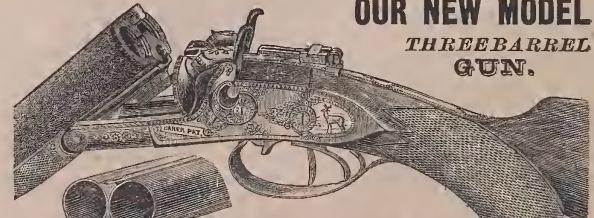
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881.

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(Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.)

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, May 5.

THE BENCH SHOW.

THE show held last week was certainly, from the point of view of an outsider, a decided success. As to how previously held in New York has the quality of the animals exhibited been so good, and never has there been so little trash exhibited as this year. The English setters, the pointers, both large and small, the collies and the fox terriers were exceptionally good. Among the black and tan setters and the red setters there were some poor specimens that should not have been sent to the show, but on the whole the classes were very large throughout.

The good number of entries in the beagle class show, perhaps, better than anything else could, the rapid strides which this merry little hound is making in public favor, and we have no doubt that before very long hare-hunting with beagles will in many localities take the place of bird-shooting. It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that the entries for the special prizes for the best beagles, straight and bench-legged, in the show were more in number than those for any other special prize offered.

It is not often the case that an exhibition of this kind passes off without some protests on the part of exhibitors who, while fully alive to the excellence of their own animals, are somewhat blind to that of the competing dogs. Such protests are always annoying and almost invariably useless, for the importance of supporting the decision of the judges is appreciated by the managers of all shows. The present year has been unusually free from such evidences of dissatisfaction, and we have scarcely heard of a serious complaint in relation to judging. The advantages of the single-banded system were clearly shown, and we presume that in future the Westminster Kennel Club will always adopt this method. It is said that the exhibition was peculiarly successful, and if this be the case there is no cause for anything but congratulation in regard to the show.

ENGLISH ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

THE lamentable confusion which exists in different parts of the country in regard to the common names employed to designate our various wild animals is extremely perplexing to every one who is not to some extent familiar with the local names employed in different sections. The same bird, mammal or reptile, as the case may be, has a name for each section of the country where it is found. The most familiar example of this confusion is of course found in the two birds, *Bonasa umbellus* and *Ortyx virginianus*, which occur almost everywhere through the Eastern and Middle United States, and are variously called ruffed or ruffled grouse, partridge or pheasant for the first, and quail, partridge, Virginia partridge and colin for the second. Among mammals we have the two deer, *Cervicus macrotis* and *C. Columbianus*, each of which is called in its own range "black tail," though the name belongs properly to the latter alone. Similarly there are two distinct species of hares, *Lepus callosus* and *L. campestris*, which are called indiscriminately jackass, or Jack, rabbits.

The utter and hopeless absurdity of some of the names that are applied to certain of our animals need not be dwelt on at any length. What can be more improper and out of place than to call a grouse a pheasant? One would say that in this case the extreme had been reached, and yet at some points along the Atlantic coast the pintail duck, *Drifla acuta*, is called pheasant.

It is true that in applying these local names those who acted as sponsors at the christening have in many cases seized upon the salient characteristic of the animal to be named, and that in many cases the appellation is an extremely fitting one; but this does not help us at all in attempting to straighten out the tangle which now exists in this matter. If any one, who had never before heard of the name, were asked what a "nigger goose" is, we think that he would guess a long time before hitting on the correct answer to the conundrum. Yet we have seen old sportsmen who have shot hundreds of geese, but had never seen a corncrant, take a flock of the latter for Canada geese, judging by their mode of flight, and express profound astonishment at the fact that "those geese were all black."

This confusion of names has been brought to our mind again by a series of questions addressed us by an esteemed Canadian correspondent, who says: "Is it correct to call *Tetrao umbellus*, ruffed grouse, and *Cervus virginianus*, Virginia deer?"

"Is elk the correct name for what is known in this Province as moose?"

"Is the hare which is common in this and other parts of the Province of Quebec the 'Arc le' hare?"

"The above names are applied to the birds and animals mentioned by our local authority on natural history matters, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*."

It is almost impossible to give a categorical reply to questions like these. In such matters it is usage that governs, and what is custom in one part of the country is, or may be, not at all customary in another. The nomenclature of science is regulated by certain fixed rules which every one must comply who wishes to have the name which he has applied to any animal adopted by naturalists. This of course is not, nor can it ever be, the case with popular names, for the masses will continue to employ those errors which they have been educated to make use of. It is, however, very important that we should all endeavor to impress upon those with whom we shoot and fish the desirability of calling things by their proper names, for it seems a pity that the sportsmen of different States should have to speak different languages. Surely there ought to be a common tongue for the craft.

The importance of the subject would certainly warrant us in preaching a very pretty little sermon on it were the space at our command. As it is, however, we must turn to our correspondent's questions and reply to them. A reference to "Webster's Dictionary" shows that ruffed grouse is the proper English name of *Bonasa umbellus*, but under the head "grouse" we see enumerated several European species, and also the ruffed grouse, *B. umbellus*. Still, ruffed grouse is no doubt the best as it is the shortest term to employ in designating this species. The common red deer of the East is spoken of by some older authors as the Virginia deer, but we

do not remember to have seen the adjective Virginia applied to it.

What we call Moose is the elk of Europe, the latter being a word of Anglo-Saxon derivation, while moose is a corruption of an Indian name. In this country, however, *Alce americana* is universally known as moose, while the name elk is always applied to *Cervus canadensis*. What is an elk in Europe, therefore, is an entirely different animal from the Elk of America—just as the partridge of New England is different from the partridge of Virginia.

The hare common near Montreal and Quebec is not the Arctic hare, *Lepus timidus glacialis*, but the varying hare, *L. americanus*. The range of the Arctic hare does not extend much, if any, south of Labrador.

We are sorry that we cannot give more definite and precise replies to the inquiries of our correspondent, but hope that we have at least made clear some of the difficulties of the case. It is really important that there should be one settled and distinctive name for each bird and mammal of the country. But, unfortunately, each local name has a number of warm adherents who will not give it up, but would fight for it to the death. Still we are glad to see that some attention is now being given to this subject, and that some associations—notably that of Michigan—are striving to work a reform in the matter of local nomenclature. If any such reform is to be attempted it will require the influence of the best sportsmen of the land to be successfully carried out.

INSPECTION OF THE DELAWARE RIVER SHAD FISHERIES.

THE annual tour of inspection of the shad fisheries of the Delaware River, by the New Jersey Fish Commission, took place on Thursday, April 28. Mr. Hamilton Diston very kindly loaned his handsome steam yacht Mischief for the trip, and Commissioners Dr. B. P. Howell, E. J. Anderson and Theodore Morford, with about twenty guests, mostly newspaper men, started from Camden at 10 A. M. A stop at Gloucester was made, and they learned that fishing was good, that it had been backward, as upon all other Northern rivers, but that the shad were now coming in good numbers, which were increasing; that their size was good and quality as fine as ever. The river was filled with drifting gill nets, and on the return at night it was a pretty sight to see it dotted with the lanterns of the fishermen, one in the boat and another on a float at the farther end of the net. These gill nets are sunk deep, the floats being connected by lines ten to twenty feet long, experience showing that the shad swim in the channel, near the bottom. Hence it not only economizes time and labor in making the net, but is much easier to handle.

The principal places of interest were Howell's Cove, Eagle's, Thompson's, Old Man's, Finn's and Eisenborough's Points. The estimates made show that over \$100,000 are invested in the shad fisheries here on the New Jersey side alone. Thirty-five hundred men are engaged in drift-net fishing, and their nets, if placed end to end, would reach three hundred miles. The shore fisheries are controlled by eleven men, who employ from twenty-five to thirty men each, as well as numbers of horses.

As point after point was passed, Dr. Howell, whose memory runs back more than half a century, gave the history of the river and pointed out the places of interest. The Doctor says that in the olden time a ten pound shad was not a rarity, and that in his youth there was believed to have been one of sixteen pounds taken. For the ten years previous to the practice of pisciculture in the river the shad had been getting small, and the meshes of the nets had to be made smaller in order to take them. A shad of four to five pounds was a large one. This was no doubt caused by continually taking the larger fish and allowing only small ones to ascend to the breeding grounds—a course which would be apt to influence the size to a very great extent. Now, however, the eggs of fish which are destined for market are saved, and they are of course the best shad. For the past two or three years the fishermen claim that the size is increasing, and shad of six and seven pounds are often taken.

The trip was a very pleasant and instructive one, and from the conversations with the river men the guests were convinced that the Fish Commission of New Jersey have done

nch to increase the food resources of the State as well as to educate the men of the lower counties, who were so much opposed to all restricting laws, to the knowledge that the commission was working for the interest of the fishermen, as well as for the public in general. The fishermen now very generally observe the law which compels a close time from Saturday midnight to Monday morning, which is six hours longer than the Pennsylvania law, which allows fishing at midnight of Saturday.

An ichthyological student on board interested the company in the dissection of a young sturgeon. The fish was a young "sharp nose," *Alepis coryphæoides*, called "mamoose," by the fishermen who claim that they do not grow to be over a foot in length. The ichthyologist said that in later life the nose lost the extreme sharpness of youth, and that it did grow large. He also dived into the secrets of its digestion, and showed how its mouth was capable of extension and of sucking up infusorial mud; how the barbels beneath the nose felt of the bottom near the mouth which the eyes could not see on account of the nasal projection; how its stomach contained straws, grasses and minute worms and snails; and how the digestible portions were used and the great intestine, filled to repletion, carried away the refuse, and then went into the vertebral structure and showed how the back bone ran into the upper lobe of the tail like the old ganoid fellows.

And the sturgeon died.

An artist of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* accompanied the party and sketched points of interest for publication.

THE LAST ACT IN THE AQUARIUM.

ON the 26th of April the New York Aquarium presented a sorrowful spectacle to those who had known it in its days of grandeur. The great tanks were torn down, and piles of brick and mortar only remained to mark their location. The large slabs of l-inch-thick plate glass were removed, and stood on edge in the hall-way. The pipes, pumps and table-tanks were set apart, and an auctioneer was just knocking down the great stuffed Anaconda as we entered. Next he offered a lot of statuary of life and heroic size, including the Venus of Milo, the Dancing Pawn and the Laocoon, which were bought by Mr. George Bunnell, of museum fame. A small Octopus, which had once been in alcohol, a big pile of chairs, a stuffed Sloth and the table-tanks went to as many different bidders, the dime museums getting their share.

About one thousand square feet of plate glass one inch thick, in plates five feet high by two and one-half feet wide, were bought, after a spirited competition, by Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, who also bought the smaller plates, some of the table-tanks and all the wood-cuts belonging to the Aquarium, which had been used to illustrate the catalogues, etc. An acquaintance asked Mr. Blackford if he was going to build an aquarium. "No," said he, "but it is handy stuff to have in the house." The cat roamed about disconsolate. She was not sold. We would have purchased her if the crier had put her up. We have some stock in her in the shape of a valuable mocking-bird, which she ate in 1879, and would like to own her for a half minute. Half of a brick lay on the floor within convenient reach, but pussy kept in front of the glass, and thus vanished another of life's opportunities.

The giant "devil fish" goes to Europe. It is fearfully dilapidated. Two seasons on the road with a circus has demoralized it. The bumpkins believing it a fraud (which it was not) often broke the glass and cut pieces from its tentacles.

Farewell "The Great New York Aquarium." An opportunity to establish a good institution which would have paid a moderate rate upon the investment has come to grief through mismanagement. The greed of present gain permitted all kinds of shows to invade it, and the class which once supported it in good style left it. There is still a chance for a meritorious, prudently managed aquarium in New York to illustrate the wonders of the vast deep.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS WILL DINE.

THE invitations are out. The monsters are being caught, and the devotees of the famous Ichthyophagous Club, of New York, are preparing to astonish their stomachs with new problems in ichthyology. The committee have letters out for untried dishes, such as "hell-benders" (called "alligators" in Western Pennsylvania), beaver tails, the protens, or lizard, of the Great Lakes, sea-robins, toad-fish, etc. We wish that our readers living where such things are plenty would communicate with us, and then send us some of these things. Soft-shelled turtles from the West would be acceptable as an unusual thing here.

The club is a social institution; and, while it enjoys itself greatly on these occasions, when wit flows at the suggestion of the strange viands, it is really a philanthropic society and has done good in teaching the people of New York to eat the d spid skate. This fish was not eaten, simply because our grandfathers did not eat it; and this is the only reason why many other things are proscribed. Skates are eaten in Europe, but tons upon tons were daily thrown away by our coast fishermen without reason, until the Ichthyophagous Club ate them, chronicled the fact that these adventur-

ous spirits not only declared that they were good, but that not a man was lost in the charge upon prejudice. Not even a pang under the waistcoat of the hungriest of the Ichthyophagi was felt after the insertion of skate beneath its ample folds. And the coroner was disappointed.

This year Mr. John H. Starin does the honors and offers his hotel and steamer to take these ichthyic crusaders to Glen Island. It is even whispered that the President and Vice-President of the United States will be present to see what virtues may be hidden under the forbidden exteriors of certain fishes now despised only because they are not handsome. New members are welcomed by the club and will be instructed how to take the wrinkles out of their stomachs by the elder brethren, without money and without price. No dues are claimed; the purchase of a ticket invests the new member with all the privileges and rights; and if he is a little weak on the question of tackling an alligator steak or the limb of a lizard made in a ragout with bat's wings, he can always order a fillet of sole or of beef, and trust to time and the example of the ease-hardened ones about him to bring his rebellious stomach to the scratch.

At the dinner of last year the man who consumed the vast quantity of razor-blades carried off the honors gastronomic. He still lives and will feel his mouth water, even in retrospect, as he reads this.

The following is the invitation:

NEW YORK, May 1, 1881.

Dear Sir—THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB will give its Annual Dinner at Glen Island on Friday, May 27, at 6:30 p. m.

The objects of the Club are to reveal to gourmets the unsuspected excellence of many neglected varieties of fish food, and to make manifest to the people at large the still untried capacity of sea, lake and river to yield the materials of human nourishment. There will be submitted to the Club numerous kinds of fish and mollusks, specially provided for the occasion, which are not commonly eaten, in addition to some of the usual accompaniments of such a feast. The dinner, though partially experimental, will include enough familiar components to satisfy the least adventurous taste.

Tickets Five Dollars each, to be had of the Treasurer, Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market.

JOHN FOORD, President.

Eugene G. Blackford, Bernard Phillips, Fred Muller, } Committee of Arrangements.

A steamer will be provided to convey the party to the island, without charge, of which due notice of the time of sailing of which will be given.

OUR PIPES.—With the opening of the present week the contests which have been going on for four months past in two of the most prominent of the Boston galleries, for the possession of the elegant pipes offered by the FOREST AND STREAM, came to a finish. The prizes were worthy of a special effort, and so keenly have the marksmen pushed each other that one of the trophies was taken with a perfect score, while the other is but a trifle short of it. The merchandise represents the best workmanship of F. J. Kaldenberg, known throughout the country as one of the leading artificers in that material, and they are well worth the \$50 valuation placed on each of them. We are eminently satisfied with the results of the competitions, and believe that the contests have been fair and open, and that the best men have won. While gallery practice is poor-poohed in some quarters and regarded as child's play, such treatment merely displays the ignorance of the scoffer. There has been, within the past two years, a wonderful advance in the quality of our gallery arms, and many who are prevented by circumstances or who have not the inclination to visit the out-door ranges find an excellent drill in the efforts of the galleries. The eye must be as accurate and true, and the arm as steady to gain a place under cover as to win prizes over the green wall. Besides, the emulation is as keen in one place as in the other, and already the makers of the .22 calibre rifles report a larger sale to parties who find a cheap, healthful home amusement in private ranges. There need be no danger in such a sport, and a proper knowledge of firearms would be the best preventive of the many mishaps that now occur from their careless handling.

FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.—We have made arrangements by which we hope to secure information which will be of great value and interest to our angling friends. Our plans are now so far completed that we are able to furnish the names of a number of localities within one hundred miles of New York where fair fishing can be had. This information comes from correspondents whom we believe to be reliable, though of course we do not vouch for the accuracy of all the statements made. To any one, therefore, who may desire fresh water fishing, such as trout, bass or pickerel, we shall be pleased to supply such information as we have. This will include the name of town, the kinds of fish to be had, the fare and distance from New York city, the character and price of the hotel accommodations and the distance from the station at which the fishing is to be found.

No inquiries on these points will be answered through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and those who desire to have their questions attended to must apply personally or accompany their written inquiries with an envelope stamped and addressed.

TROUT FISHERMEN will do well to kill all the water snakes that they may see in the streams during their fishing. These reptiles destroy great numbers of trout, and any one may, by

opening one of those killed, demonstrate that they are fond of the fish, and that at this season these form a very considerable portion of their food. Every snake killed means a number of fish saved, and hence better fishing in future.

"THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT."—Just as we go to press we are in receipt of advance sheets of this elaborate work on gunnery and shooting arms, forwarded to us from Mr. W. W. Greener, through his American agent, Mr. Henry C. Squires. A hasty inspection of the volume shows it to be a most noteworthy contribution to the literature of the subject; and at an early day we shall give an extended notice of its contents.

We NOTICE that the *New York Clipper* has changed its form and now appears as a folio paper. This is a great improvement and the editors and readers both must be gratified at the change. Our trans-Atlantic contemporary, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, comes to hand with a newly adopted cover, an addition which will be appreciated by all readers of that excellent publication.

DARWIN'S NEW WORK on the "Habits of Worms" is nearly ready. We anxiously await the special chapter on angle-worms, and their habit of squirming through the hole of the small boy's pocket and wriggling down inside the leg of his pants.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND ITS FIELD SPORTS.

A WILD and tumbling sea of land—a land of rolling green plains, to wering mountain peaks and tree-filled canyons—a land of hillsides blazing with all the soft colors of the rainbow on a background of soft, warm green—a land stocked with game, where one is able to travel in almost any direction with a buggy or saddle horse; where one may stroll beneath soft, clear skies over green sod and flowery hillsides, with no mud to flounder through, no briars nor saw grass, with no chilled fingers, wet feet or mosquito riddled face, and in two or three hours have all the shooting that a man should desire; where one may lie down in the cool night air with no tent but the stary blue or the glistening moonlit leaves of some royal oak—a land where the winter sun rises soft and clear—a land of bees, birds and rabbit-fed bachelors—a land where even the legend "No Shooting Here" carries no fear to the gunner's heart—a land where everything is slow, life, death, railroads, debtors and all, and the presumption is strongly in favor of the slowness of the gunpowder—a land where earth, air and sky all combine to produce a delightful indifference to the flight of time—a land where nothing is certain but death, and even that is a remote contingency—this is Southern California as it is pictured in a charming volume now before us coming from the pen of Mr. T. S. Van Dyke.*

The vast area of this great land of America is so extended, its boundaries are so wide, that one extreme is a *terra incognita* to the people of another section. We venture to say that the average American knows more about Constantinople and the Golden Horn than he does of San Diego and its fair harbor. The trans-Atlantic steamer is just now bearing company—this is Southern California to the mountain lands of the Old World; but of all those excursionists how many know that in the southwestern corner of their own country rises a mountain 14,000 feet above the surrounding plains, and affording a view from its summit of two hundred miles? We fill our libraries and museums with memorials of the extinct races of foreign lands, and even the ruins of the limits of the United States are moss-grown walls, crumbling colonnades, fretted arches, cactus-grown church tower, and time-ratn cloisters, each in their ruin eloquent of a faith and heroism of life, about which has gathered the glamour of time, and which only awaits the touch of the master-hand to develop its romance and pathos.

Mr. Van Dyke writes of an out-of-the-way corner of the United States, which by reason of the neglect of railroad projectors, is to nine-tenths of the readers of this paper practically as unknown as the plains of Thibet; and because these pages tell us a great deal about California we could hope that the hook might have a wide readership for no other purpose than to make Americans more familiar with one portion of their own land, its natural characteristics and advantages, its people and their ways, and the fascinating history of its past.

To the sportsman, however, the attractions of California as a game country are, in a general way at least, well known, and it is to a faithful description of the game birds and animals that Mr. Van Dyke's hook is chiefly devoted. "Flirtation Camp," we take it, is the title given to the book by the publishers. The reason by which we deem this name to be happily conceived is and is sufficient, perhaps, to justify this title; but, as the author explains, "it occupies far less space than in many sporting works is devoted to getting the hunters waked, dressed, fed, armed, 'ligored up' and into the field."

California is famed as a game country. A book, written by a competent hand, descriptive of its game and fish and the various methods of pursuing them has long been awaited. This book is now given us in "The Rifle, Rod and Gun in California." Its author is a practical sportsman of long and varied experience in hunting the game of different localities in America; and he is as good a master of the pen as of the rifle. Mr. Van Dyke has long been known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as a man to whom they might look for plain statements of facts as determined by himself rather than by others. A careful reading of his book shows us that the characteristic adherence to the facts in the case has been the rule in his preparation of the volume. Lower California and its varied charms are here pictured in a most interesting manner; a volume prepared with the sole purpose of

* Flirtation Camp; or, Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. A Sporting Romance, by Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 1881. Price, \$1.50.

box where they have been for over ten days, receiving a great deal more attention than the balance of the family. The old cat will allow her kittens to crawl out of the nest, but she will not allow the squirrels outside at all. A good many of our citizens have visited Mr. Forster on purpose to see this, to us, new and strange family.—W. L.

A TREE CLIMBING SNARE.—Twin Lakes, Fla., April 20. I saw, while hunting, a very large, water moccasin lying on the body of a six-inch pecan tree which might have leaned a trifle from perpendicular, only a trifle, though. His head was down, and body laid straight as an arrow up the tree, which was smooth and straight. His neck (if snakes have necks) was bent to one side two or three inches back of his head, rest of body perfectly straight. Did he crawl down the tree in this position, or how did he take it? It was certainly very odd and new to me.—S.

ARRIVAL OF BIRDS AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Song sparrows, arrived March 7; meadow larks, 13; robins, 15; cow blackbirds, 15; bluebirds, 16; cherry birds, 22; crow blackbird, April 6; redwing blackbirds and mourning doves, 7. Snipe have not made their appearance yet.—W. P. D.

DEATH OF AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.—Lieut. Karl Weyprecht died March 29 of Anorexia, after a long illness. Forty-three. He was with Lieut. Prytz, the discoverer of Franz Josef and in the Austrian Arctic expedition in 1872-4.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—One white-lizard porcupine, *Basiliscus borsoni*; one red-shouldered buzzard, *Buteo lineatus*; one blue-winged teal, *Hydrochelidon cyanea*; two purple gallinules, one white wren, *Psaltriparus carolinensis*; two opossums, *Didelphis virginiana*; one virginia dove, *Columba virginiana*; two rabbits; two raccoons, *Procyon lotor*; one red-tailed hawk, *Buteo borealis*; one Carolina wren, *Thryothorus ludovicianus*; one sulphur-crested cockatoo, *Cacatua galerita*; one red-shouldered hawk, *Buteo lineatus*; one turkey vulture, *Cathartes aura*; one canvas-back duck, *Patula canadensis*; and one duck hawk, *Falco sparverius anatum*—were presented. One rail quack, *Himantopus mexicanus*; one blue-winged teal, *Hydrochelidon cyanea*; one dove, *Columba*; one zebra, *Bos taurus*; one Bactrian camel, *Camelus bactrianus*; and one raccoon, *Procyon lotor*—were born in the Garden.

Game Bag and Gun.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE begin the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. The particular points of the inquiry were as follows:—
1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What are the open seasons for deer?

9th. What are the water-holes of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.
In addition to the following communications, we have on hand, and will publish from week to week, letters from J. P. F. Hunter, Still Hunter, Edw. Norton, Kiffe S., J. W. S., C. Fenton, G. F. W., H. P. Mayo, D. P. Med., G. T. B., Adrian Outback, A. G. C. The Willpower, and G. C. These writers are scattered over the country, and the mass of testimony thus furnished is of corresponding value.

MAINE.

Having visited and thoroughly explored a tract of country lying between the headwaters of the Passadunkear, Narraganset and Union rivers, this fall, during the hounding season, I will endeavor to give your readers the benefit of my observations.

The tract alluded to is bounded on the west by Brandy Pond, north by Nicktoonas Lake, east and southeast by Eagle and Alligator Lakes, and south by William's or Great Pond. It comprises a tract of land which may be roughly computed as six by twelve miles square. Nine-tenths of this tract is "old burnt land," part of it densely and partly covered with a second growth of poplar, hick and maple; and scattered throughout the territory are small unburnt swamps, so thick to be all but impassable into which the deer andawns retire at the approach of the rutting season. On the east side of the tract there is an extensive feeding of old-growth, hardwood timbers. No better cover or feeding ground for deer exists in this State. It is safe to say that no season has passed, for twenty years, that has not witnessed hounding in some, and frequently all, of the lakes above mentioned, and my surprise was boundless when I found twenty deer to every one which was to be found there when I visited the place ten years ago. It is needless to state that this was not because of the hounding, but in spite of it, and wholly owing to the splendid facilities for cover made by the growth of the timber during the ten years of my absence, it being too small to afford the necessary protection at that time.

There were gangs of men and hounds at every one of these lakes this fall. Twenty-four deer were killed in Eagle Lake, presumably twice the number at Nicktoonas, and very few at the others. The fact that deer abounded throughout the entire length and breadth of that tract furnishes an unanswerable argument in favor of those who hold that hounding deer does not drive them out of the country, and, I must confess, completely revolutionized my ideas on the subject. The music of the hounds could be heard in almost every direction, and yet the deer appeared totally unconcerned, and we obtained two nice bucks which jumped up ahead of a small Irish setter which accompanied us.

Hounding in this section is practiced as follows. From one to four canoes are placed in the lake (according to its size) with usually two men in a canoe. They lie concealed near the runways, where experience has taught them the deer usually take water. Perfect silence and quiet is necessary when the deer approaches the beach. If he strikes boldly in and swims away from the shore, his return is out off and his capture certain, but if he courses along the shore, in shallow water, in a direction opposite to that from which the hunters are concealed, he escapes for the time being, and has to be given another run; and some of them arc so wary in this respect that their capture is a matter of no little difficulty. Perhaps I ought to state that there always has to be a spare man to put out the hounds, and when all are concealed they

usually take turns. Some hounds can be turned loose and will scour the forests till they start a deer, paying no attention to any but the freshest track, others will port for half a day on an old one, and have to be led till a fresh track is found. Formerly ten deer were killed in this State by still hunting to one by hounds, but the deer grew scarcer till the proportion killed by hounds increased, and the figures have very nearly reversed. More are killed in this manner by non-residents than by residents, but the numbers killed by visiting sportsmen (properly so called) are comparatively few.

There is, as is well known, a law prohibiting hounding at all seasons in this State, but it is not enforced, and I doubt the propriety of attempting to do so, as the great majority of our business men stand about the same chance to lose a deer by still hunting, as a deer to go the other way. It would be better to let it enter the kingdom of heaven. It needs, or it richly deserves, to be kept at bay at present any gentleman who has got a deer during the season, with hounds, feels a moral restraint which prevents him from complaining of the man who butchers them when they are floundering helplessly in the crusty snow. But there is a strong feeling against the use of hounds in Washington county and the eastern part of Hancock county, which is fully shared by their senators and representatives, and a repeal is not practicable.

As for still hunting, there are two ways of following up a deer on light snow. Both have strenuous advocates, and both are equally successful when practiced by a master of the art. The most common mode is to creep on the track with all the silence and softness of a cat, to avoid the breaking of a twig or the crushing of a stick under the feet, and to act at all times as though the deer were within half a gun shot, watching for the hunter, with every sense alert. The other, and more rarely adopted method is to travel at the highest rate of speed which the hunter is capable of sustaining through the day, trusting to his quickness of hand and eyesight to beat the deer at his own game. I have seen this method followed, with great success, by a few who were peculiarly adapted for it, and it has this great advantage, that in rocky, crusty hunting, one will have almost success using this mode, when it is impossible to get a deer by creeping. A law permitting hounding, but prohibiting shooting in the water, would not be practicable here, as shooting deer on their runways is almost unknown, right royal sport though it be.

About the middle of December, at the close of the rutting season, the older bucks retire to the most impenetrable swamps, where to remain till the hunters drop off, and the younger ones will have to do almost all the hunting. The lawns be together, usually selecting their feeding grounds on the heads and along the banks of small brooks, the extent of their travels being wholly regulated by the depth of snow.

In conclusion, I would state that it is my unalterable conviction that deer will increase and multiply no matter if they are hunted in all and every manner known to man, provided that one are killed in any manner but seen and shot. I see no objection to a law which should be related to swages, or the still member white man who has none of the instincts of the hunter except the desire to eat when he is hungry.

PENOBSCOT.

ONTARIO.

The very able defence of "hounding deer," by "J. C. H.," in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 24th February, has elicited a reply on the part of "I am sure" which will be read with pleasure by the hundreds of gentlemen sportsmen who take an annual "outing" in the backwoods of Ontario, seeking health and recreation and very necessary rest from the excessive brain work of the other forty-eight or fifty weeks.

My experience extends only to the Muskoka and Nipissing districts, the counties of Haliburton, Victoria and Peterborough, but I have, in company with a few friends, paid this section a visit every year for the last sixteen or eighteen years, doing a little hunting and fishing, having a good deal of canoeing and camping out, and returning home in better health and spirits, and in better humor with ourselves and all mankind. We go ostensibly to hunt deer, which being some thing to look forward to, carries us over many trials and hardships. Some of our trips extend seventy-five or one hundred miles into the wilderness, in canoes, with fifteen or twenty "portages," or carrying our gear over the mountains, and varying from a good Indian trail through a clean, dry, and comparatively level hardwood forest, to a climb over a rocky ridge four or five hundred feet high, and any amount of fallen timber, or through an almost impassable cedar swamp, full of roots to trip one at every step, and sink holes which have even a greater tendency to send one headlong, especially if he has a fifteen foot canoe on his shoulders, and his horse with pleasure the hundreds of gentlemen sportsmen who take an annual "outing" in the backwoods of Ontario, seeking health and recreation and very necessary rest from the excessive brain work of the other forty-eight or fifty weeks.

On returning to camp in the evening, the following and similar remarks are frequently heard: "I never heard a sound of deer or dogs all day. If I could have only heard the dogs giving tongue for awhile, I should have been quite satisfied." The country is principally composed of granite ridges, cedar swamps and small lakes with an occasional stretch of hardwood. The lakes are so numerous that there are said to be no less than fifty-two in one particular township, therefore the only possible method of hunting deer in the fall is by hounding them, and they can hardly run a mile in any direction without coming to a lake or river. Some few are shot in the woods, but rarely after they have taken to the water.

My experience goes to show that hounding on water is an absolute sport for the hunter, if he be good and quick shot, but it is rather the reverse for the poor deer. It is no exaggeration to say that not one in twenty are "killed in their tracks," that we so often read about, perhaps 60 or 75 per cent are wounded; a few may not get more than two hundred or three hundred yards, and can generally be found, the greater number can travel for miles before being overhauled by the dogs, and worked to death, or being left to die by holes, in either case the hunter never hearing any more of them.

The other method, shooting them in the lakes here, calls for no little skill and judgment. The lakes are mostly small, the larger ones being long and narrow. A deer can swim them almost before the hunter dare show himself, and when pushed they swim almost as fast as a man can paddle a canoe. In proof of this I know it as a very thing, on our country for a number of years, by six gentlemen, with as many guides, to kill more than eight or nine deer in a two weeks' trip. It being a common occurrence for one or two members of a party to never see a deer on the whole trip, except those brought to camp by their more fortunate companions. Your correspondent, "Adrian Outback," is about right when he says "Deer have many ways of fooling both dogs and men." If some of those gentlemen who take of "being paid up" to a deer to slaughter it in the water, would learn to "pad-

dle their own canoe," and rely on their own resources to get the deer, and leave their guide at the camp to have dinner ready on their return, or make himself otherwise useful, I rather think there would be less of this kind of talk, unless it came from some of the disappointed ones! When a man does get up in a canoe about the distance of a deer in the water, the deer is almost always killed, preventing future suffering to the animal, and making it of service as food.

Still hunting is practiced here after the first snow fall, which usually occurs about the end of October, away into the close of the season, by both settlers and pot hunters, the latter killing them by wholesale, and selling the meat to the lumber shanties at four cents per pound. When it becomes a drug does get up to a market, or as much of it as does not spoil! I have known two men to kill more deer than a lumber gang of fifty men could be induced to eat. It is considered poor work indeed if each hunter cannot average one deer a day, Sundays included. In one case, in the back part of the county of Peterborough, one still hunter killed nine deer in one day.

It is a very rare thing indeed to bear of sportsmen still hunting in this section of the country. The weather is so very changeable, the country so very difficult of access when the lakes are partly frozen up, and life in a tent very pleasant just then.

Deer have a worse enemy than the pot hunter in our country. Wolves probably destroy more than all other agencies combined. With a crust on the deep snow, the poor deer are completely at their mercy. We have a Government bounty of four dollars, which is sometimes sometimes paid to township or county bounty of two dollars, for the scalps of wolves.

In reply to your fifth question, I can safely say ten deer are killed by settlers and pot hunters to one killed by sportsmen.

Sixth.—The game law of Ontario has been amended so that it is now lawful to hound deer only between the 1st of October and the 15th of November.

Seventh.—A law permitting hounding, but prohibiting killing deer in the water, would be useless and impracticable.

Eighth.—The open season for deer in Ontario is from the 15th of September to the 15th of December, with two weeks to market venison in.

Ninth.—Deer congregate or herd in "yards" during the continuance of deep snow, in the winter, in the lumber woods, where there is plenty of fallen timber to browse on, or until driven by two-footed or four-footed wolves.

They seem only to diminish on the approach of the settler, there being as many to-day as there were twelve or fourteen years ago some of our old hunting grounds not as yet invaded by the advancing footsteps of civilization. It is a noteworthy fact, in this connection, that after the lumbermen have culled the best timber off from a section, and have moved farther on, deer have again become plentiful.

In conclusion, if it were made, as proposed, on the section I am writing of, it would put a stop to deer hunting, as far as sportsmen are concerned, and would be a benefit only to the pot hunter, the settlers being quite willing to see a party of gentlemen hunters come among them and engage them at two or three dollars a day, each canoe and dog fifty cents per day extra. I could name a party, partly New Yorkers and partly Canadians, whose expenses on two sections of Muskoka, in October, exceeded one thousand dollars, after leaving Toronto. Settlers get all the venison they want, and do not begrudge the few deer killed by the sportsmen, for which they are so well repaid by having these little extras thrown in their way. G.

WEST VIRGINIA.

In calling for information upon this subject, the FOREST AND STREAM has taken a wise step toward the solution of a much vexed question. To the minds of many sportsmen, however, it is already solved. With a bigotry and unfairness which, happily, is not characteristic of them, they see but one side. Having made up their minds that hounding is reprehensible, they would stop it by any means, even shooting down the poor dogs whenever a safe chance presents itself. But the man who undertakes, in this manner, to redress what is a wrong, will be a wrong, can hardly be classed among sportsmen.

If our legislators would recollect what an important part game laws played in the early history of England, perhaps some of their now latent wisdom might be aroused. The abrogation of the Forest Laws was an important step toward that freedom of which we are the heirs. In those early days, to hunt with hounds was a courtly pastime, while still hunting was considered by persons of high rank, a vulgar and uncivilized sport. It is a pity that the sportsmen of the present time have reversed matters, and we now find the still-hunter seeking to put himself in the position of the ancient nobles—no one must hunt except as he dictates.

As yet we can have no national game law, and it will be well if centralization never reaches so far. Our game laws can be adapted to the necessities of localities, and we think that some localities may properly admit of hounding. In West Virginia, where I have hunted for a number of years, the death of a valued hound is often followed by an unpleasant occurrence—a cracked bead, for instance. Let us look for a moment at the results of hounding in that country. One bright morning, several years ago, I went out with an old darkey guide to start the hounds. Our ground had been run over all the season, and when we reached it several packs of dogs were making the old dog with their howling harmony. The still-hunter would have sworn that no deer was left in the woods. I thought differently, however, and climbing slowly up the mountain, I uncoupled five hounds, one at a time. In less than ten minutes I had four bucks running, and might have as easily started a dozen. In conversing with an old resident that day, I inquired how long hounds had been run upon this particular mountain. "You must ask some one older than I am," said he, "for they were run there before I was ever born. It is a piece of deer forest in which the deer have been hounded for at least a hundred years. Of course the deer have become scarcer, but they seem to be in goodly numbers yet. After the ground had been hounded over all last season, a party went out still hunting in the snow, and reported tracks so thick that they could not follow the deer. I thought it was a good thing that they were run there before I was ever born. I have hunted with hounds for twelve years, and during that time have seen many escape. I feel perfectly sure that out of every three deer started two escape, and once they are set free to return to their old haunts as they see fit, it would be very well to have a law prohibiting the killing of deer in water, for here they have less chance of escape.

rides, and are thinning out the game rapidly. We are about twenty miles from Reelfoot Lake, the great breeding and fishing grounds for our black bass, striped bass, white perch and other fish. Reelfoot was formed by the great earthquake of 1812, thirty miles long, by five to seven miles wide, is teeming with fish, duck and geese, and a few swan. Squirrels are "thick as leaves in Valambora." They are gentle, and are very fat and juicy. The young ones are now half-grown, and will be mature very soon. It is not an unusual thing for a good hunter to bag fifty in a day. One word about guns. Why does not some manufacturer a .32 cal. magazine gun? We have lots of the .33 cal, but it is too large for small game. Who will be the first to make such a gun?—T. L. W.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—We see it reported in a Boston paper that "the Messia quails which Messrs. Peter Jerris and J. D. Longley, of Lewiston, set free on the farm of Mr. Longley's brother in Greece last fall have returned to the farm in large numbers. They are the first returned quail heard from of the hundreds imported by our Maine sportsmen last year."

THE NEW JERSEY GAME LAW.

THE game law passed by the late Legislature of New Jersey is one of the worst pieces of legislation of this character ever put on the statute books. It is a law that will ruin the quail and quail season until September 1. The Legislature of this year, without waiting to allow that law to produce good results, has opened the season from July 1 to August 1, closed it during August, and opened it again from September 1 to December 16.

The second section of the new law is as follows: "2. And be it enacted, That no person shall kill, take, expose for sale, or have unlawfully in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), or quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge), except only between the last day of October and the last day of December, in any year, or any rabbit between the last day of October and the first day of December in any year, under a penalty of fifteen dollars for each rabbit, grouse or quail so killed, exposed for sale, or had in possession contrary to the provisions of this section."

The intention of this law was to make the open season for rabbits from October 31 to December 1, but, as a careful reading of the above section will show, the law is so framed that the open season for rabbits, so that they can be shot at any other time in the year. Even without this error the new law would be extremely ridiculous, for what sportsman can remember so complicated an arrangement as makes rabbit shooting end on December 1, woodcock shooting on December 16 and quail shooting on December 31? Every one who knows anything about practical game protection knows that quail hunters, as a rule, kill all the rabbits and woodcock that they can during the whole of December.

It is surprising that practical sportsmen, like Senators Lawrence and Yall, did not defeat this law in the Senate or show the Governor why he should veto it.

[Another correspondent, J. J. B., is informed that we printed the above communication furnished to us by a member of the Senate. That copy does not contain the blunder pointed out in the above communication respecting the rabbit season.—Ed.]

Notes and Incidents.

GATHERED FROM EXCHANGES.

—The Spanish bark *Oluja*, from Liverpool, now lying at Welch, Kithet & Co.'s wharf, has on board a tame walrus or sealion. This animal was captured by Captain DeAbortz thirteen years ago, while cruising in Behring Straits. It was then a "pup," was trained by him, and has since been with him on all his voyages ever since. He is called "Senor," and answers to his name or to a blast from a silver whistle blown by his master; but if blown by any one else he pays not the slightest attention to the call. He eats bread and meat, enjoys tea and tobacco. He is as passionately fond of beer as an old toper, and on many occasions has become genially "tight" from imbibing too heavily. When caught he weighed 150 pounds, but he now turns the scale at 414 pounds, and carries two enormous tusks, measuring 6 feet 4 inches at the girth and 8 feet 4 inches long. As the Captain good-naturedly remarked, as he allowed the brute to a few visitors, he is becoming "one big moosance." In bright weather he sleeps in the sun on deck. During heavy blows he resorts to a kennel, but when the weather is calm he leaps overboard and sports about the ship for hours, bawling and eating fish. When tired of swimming he is hauled on board by a great net, and then he lies on a cot in the Cape of Good Hope, a great shark lashed Senor, laying hold of one of his paws and lifting off one of his toes; but Senor does, and coming up under his enemy's belly, ripped him up with one thrust of his great tusks, and devoured him with savage cries of delight and satisfaction. He is very fond of the Captain, and when the latter is absent from the ship for a day or two he manifests his uneasiness by a thumping noise until the sounds of his whistles are heard, and he bawls and howls of dogs barking in chorus. Senor is perfectly docile, allows himself to be patted on the head, and is very susceptible to kindness.—*Victoria, B. C. Colonist.*

—A few years ago some kindly enthusiasts, among whom the late John Keast Lord and Frank Buckland were leading spirits, made strenuous efforts to stock our woods, moors and rivers with strange fish, fowl and fish. We were to eat eland steaks, and luxuriate on sturlet and eorrogons, which alone of all the funny race has the property of never satisfying. We were to have prairie fowl, blue grouse, and pintails from the West coast woods and prairie, while salmon was to be sold on oostermongers' barrows as sprats and bloters are at present. But, somehow, nothing came of their projects. There was a good deal of experimental eating and drinking, several hopeful reports, and some indigestion. And then the Acclimatization Society faded from public recollection. Tinned meats, cold-air storage, and Anti-Game Law Associations seem to have taken the place of them. Nevertheless, in the four continents there are the newer worlds, its scientific progeny flourish apace, and are busy bringing to our roughest dependencies the salmon, trout and birds of the Old World. If, as some ethnologists assert, the European is not yet naturalized in America, the horse, the ox, and the sheep which he introduced three centuries ago certainly are.

It is not yet a hundred years since John Hookham Frece and a number of other ingenious young gentlemen of the University of Cambridge were speculating as to whether the Antipodes could ever be a self-feeding settlement. Already the land is covered with millions of kine and sheep, and in some of the Australian colonies the wild horses are becoming a public nuisance. As for the rabbit and the thistle, which the patriotic Scot imported, they have cost the squatters and the Government thousands of pounds, and are yet it is questionable whether they or some private immigrants will conquer in the struggle for existence.—*London Standard.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

FRESH WATER.		SALT WATER.	
Brook Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Pickered, <i>Esoc reticulatus</i> .	White Bass, <i>Roccus chrysopt.</i>	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> . (Two species).
Pike of Pickered, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Pike-perch (Walt-eyed pike) <i>Stethotum americanum</i> , & <i>grieseum</i> , etc.	War-anoah, <i>Chonobryttus gulosus</i> .	Crapple, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Roccus lineatus</i> .	Flounder, <i>Platichthys euronotarius</i> .	Tautog or Blackfish, <i>Tautoga onitis</i> .
Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis striata</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Roccus lineatus</i> .	White Perch, <i>Perca americana</i> .	Scup or Porpie <i>Stenotomus argyrops</i> .

The *Princeton Angler*, to use a favorite expression of the lamented Dickcy River, says "Recorder of the city of New York, is one 'that prevaile to a great extent in this community.' This gentleman has many of the qualities attributed by Fisher, of the 'Angler's Socievnt,' to Sir Humphrey Davy. If he has obtained the higher branches of the art, he affects to despise all sport which he considers less scientific; if a salmon fisher, he calls trout 'vermin,' if he is a trout fly fisher, he professes contempt for bait-fishing. We have talked with the anglers who were even disposed to censure the eminent Deane, who has so ably and well such labor of local edify our American edition of Walton, for affectation in saying of the red veer, 'Our hands have long since been washed of the dirty things.' The servant should not be above his master, and certainly 'E. W.' whose disciple the Doctor professes to be, considered it no indignity to use them, nor was he disgusted with his 'horn of gentles.' But the Doctor was certainly right in depressing the use of ground bait in reference to trout, but the angler, with a little faith and less greed, soon learn the use of the fly.—THAD. NOBIS.

AN ANGLER'S LIFE.

I've thraven the flees the sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' more,
An' a'mout a speckled troute kilt
We heekle, heekle an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feebly grown,
My loess an' like the snow;
But I'll gang again to coquet-shade
An' take a farewell trout.

A CHARMING book* is given to his brothers of the rod by Mr. Henderson, who tells us that he is now 61 years of age, and as ardently attached to the noble sport of angling for salmon and trout as ever. "For the pleasure he has given in this handsome volume we hope that he may continue to enjoy his angling for many years more, for his portrait looks like a hearty man, and one who would be a good companion on the stream, or in the bivouac.

How the above verse touches the heart of every one who was ever truly a boy, for "all are not men who wear the human form," and many men were never boys, as some of us were. He says: "The acquisition of his first fishing rod is always an era in an angler's life, and well do I remember the circumstances which led to my possessing one. Prowling along the river bank in search of minnows I came upon two boys apparently possessing a joint interest in a fishing-rod which projected over a willow bush. Youth is a period of freemasonry, and I was soon on good terms with the strangers, who readily exhibited the results of their sport—three small eels strung on a willow twig. How often did we take them down and carefully measure and re-measure, wash and re-wash them, flap their tails when they showed signs of retreating life, and discuss the important question as to whether they were members of the silver or golden eel families! It was not in human nature to witness such joys unmoved, and soon I was bold enough to request from my mother the sum of eighteen-pence, for which I proposed to pawn my weekly stipend of three-pence. Behold me now the proud possessor of a 'two-piece rod,' glowing with bright vermilion and rich in brass ferrule!"

From this time our author was an angler. At eighteen he fished with a young friend who aspired to fly-fishing. He tells it: "A gravel bed was selected as the spot most appropriate for donning our tackle; my friend took the lead and was ready first; the 'feed' had just come on. A score of blueheads were floating in the water, while round his head went my friend's line, and a sharp sting within my nostril made me scream aloud. Not seeing his cast fall, as intended, the rod made another circle, but the instinct of self-preservation enabled me to grasp the line and save myself the dreadful wrench that would have followed. What was to be done? On examination the hook was found deeply imbedded in my unfortunate nostril. I was on the point of running off to Rothbury in search of help, when my friend, with a gravity more becoming his profession (for he was an embryo surgeon) than his years, undertook the case himself. 'Lie down upon the ground,' he said, with a tone of authority. 'Shut your eyes.' I obeyed. Another sharp sting and the offending hook was extracted and lying in my hand. Many were my thanks, and warm my admiration of the operator's skill. 'Don't mention it,' said he, 'I never had a lancet in my hand before; but as I got my first case of instruments last week it seemed a good opportunity for trying them.'

We cannot quote the whole book; and find that we must leave the angler at eighteen, while he writes at sixty: But we so admired the man who forgot that he had been injured

*"My Life as an Angler." By William Henderson, author of "The Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders." With Woodbury portrait and twelve woodcuts, engraved by Edmund Evans. A new edition. London: William Spottiswoode & Co., 12 Tavistock street, Covent Garden, W. C., 1880.

ly the man who hooked him in the nose, at a time when he was not taking flies any way, and thanked his awkward companion, instead of ducking him, that we had to quote it, to show the stuff our author was made of. We are all lovable men if the world knew us!

FISHING ON THE CARP RIVER.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

HERE we are, H. C. Lonnis, my chum from Columbus, O., and our old friend, Capt. David Smith (whom we dub "Old Reliable"), of Cheboygan, Northern Michigan, are leading on the steamer Mary bound for the Carp River on the North Peninsula, with traps and provisions for a ton day's trip in the wilderness where we are to fight mosquitoes and catch trout.

Leaving Cheboygan about 5 o'clock in the evening we have a pleasant run of eighteen miles to Mackinac Island, where a stop of about an hour gives us ample time to get supper at our choice of the miserable hotels, and then a run of five miles to St. Ignace, where we intended crossing from there being northwards along the extreme northern shore of Lake Michigan, twenty-two miles past St. Helena Island, which we expected to row or sail unless lucky enough to strike one of the very few steam-tugs which ply around the shore gathering fish from the ponds. The captain of the Mary said this was the evening for the fish-tug Martel, but unless she had been detained up the shore we would miss her. By this time it was half past eight o'clock, raining, and not a very agreeable outlook. The captain of the Mary said he thought the lights of the craft off to starboard were those of the Martel. The little fish-tug running in at this moment, all our traps were duly stowed on board, and the little craft was off without ceremony. Fish? Well, I should think so. The snell was so strong I was afraid I should trip on it. The bow of the boat is filled with boxes, with covers—I guess more properly called cases—in which fish are carried from point to point, and on one side of the wheel-house and engine-room are boxes about eight feet long, two feet wide and two and a half feet high, used for scooping the fish into the boat from the pond nets, and for assorting them.

The boat was filled with the worst lot of drunken fishermen I ever saw—French Canadians—and they made a wild night of it until 1 o'clock, when we were landed at our destination. All were good-natured—lucky for us—but full of Tiffin whiskey. One of them, a fishy sort of fellow, weighing not less than 210 pounds, sat down on our big two-handed basket filled with provisions, and the top course being five dozen ginger cakes. "Here, stranger, get up if you please, you have sat down on our basket of provision." Up he rose, turned right around and sat down on it again, harder than ever.

As we ran into the dock at St. Helena Island, the moon was shining brightly, bringing out the residents and the shipping lying in this, the handsomest little bay I ever saw. I only wished I could have an opportunity of visiting this place in daylight. The approach is far prettier than that of Mackinac. We follow up the shore about ten miles further, when we launch our boat, and, getting all our goods aboard, a good long whistle or two from the tug brought some one with a light on the dock, which the captain said was about a quarter of a mile off, and for which we pulled, the tug steaming off and we not regarding it as our company. On the dock we found two men, who helped us safely stow our traps in the warehouse; after which we take possession of a couple of rude bunks kindly tendered us, and we are soon dreaming.

We were up in the morning and on our way by 7 o'clock for a twelve mile trip on wagon to the Carp River, over a Michigan pike, i. e., a lot of trees cut down in order to drive over the stumps. We landed safely at the upper logging dam about nine Saturday. Here we dumped our traps, and the wagon leaves to call again Monday, and take us by road five miles down the river, from which point we expect to run to its mouth in our boat, which we had rented at Indian River. In the afternoon we fished for trout and with moderate success, catching a string of fair size and excellent quality. Sunday a little incident occurred which I will always recollect with the greatest of pleasure, illustrating what many others have noticed—that what we gain is not being familiar to the fish on the water, but that the man here, for instance above us an orduroy bridge spans the stream; several times when we had been on this bridge a red squirrel would come down from his tree, jump on the bridge and chatter away at a great rate, running quite close to us. This afternoon he came down again, and running around me and under my foot, which I had raised on the rider log. Thinking to try the little fellow I reached down my rod toward him and he jumped on it, and within three seconds of my having the team came by 10 o'clock Monday morning, and at a little after 12 we were again on the banks of the Carp. The team again left, and we had before us a trip by this stream never before undertaken by a fishing party, and variously estimated at from forty to sixty miles by people who knew all about it, but had never been on the river.

We start off and load a hundred feet, when we have to climb out, and then the boat goes along all right—with one man pulling and another pushing. Here it bends in the river, water deeper, all aboard, around the curve, and all out again. We kept this up for about an hour, but found no improvement in the river. We pulled our boat over bars, rocks, trees, stones, briars, etc., and floated it over pools and worked our best to make the railroad cut, five miles below, until 6 o'clock, when we camped for the night, my chum celebrating the event by catching a trout weighing just one and a half pounds.

Tuesday morning it rained until about noon, when it cleared, and we were on our way again. The water was deeper after a couple of hours' run; we could ride with ease, and take in all the fine looking pools with satisfaction. About six o'clock we pitched tent at an old deserted logging camp. Thus far we have pushed ahead too hard, have, in fact, been in too great a hurry, and we resolve to take matters more easily and to go slowly.

Wednesday morning we were out bright and early, taking advantage of the beautiful morning and the cool, fresh, bracing air, and after a turn at a couple of trout pools in our vicinity, we are off again. But a short distance is traveled before we sight a long, deep, black looking pool on the outer curve, about fifty feet long and about fifteen to twenty feet wide, while on the inner curve the water was quite shallow. "Hold on," said our "ex" up to the boat, "up to the hole in the shallow water; no noise!" Out we was my chum's line, and in less than two moments a half pound trout is in the bottom of the boat. Out goes my line, zip! and I have in

the bottom of the boat a beauty, 10 1/2 inches long, and weighing one pound and ten ounces. We each of us catch one or two more at this pool, when they slack up and we are off again. If the fish don't bite we do not wait for them, but float along and try another place.

This river is so crooked that it would put to shame the river so called—connecting Crooked and Millet Lakes, on the lower peninsula. Here, on the point of V, very narrow and a quarter of a mile long. Could we have crossed overland twenty-five feet would have saved half a mile. These sharp turns have no good fishing places; it is in the long, round swing where we find them. We keep up this stopping at all the best looking pools until about 5 o'clock, when we again pitch tent, and, as is our custom, make a bed that is hard as a rock. My eyes, for the first time, were closed from the front to the back of the tent. I was covered with a number of extra layers at the head, a rubber blanket immediately over, with three thicknesses of blankets following, with covering, make a bed that my experience teaches me is better than any other contrivance I have ever tried. None but good-sized trout were saved during the day, and we have twenty-four and a half pounds of dressed trout—not a bad haul for a day's fishing. Three heavy meals of our own returned to the stream, and three hearty meals for three hungry men. This day will always remain as a bright and shining spot in my memory.

Thursday morning we are off again. It is a beautiful morning. We floated along, fishing and enjoying the grand air until about 1 o'clock, when we ran into a logging dam, and a couple of men, who were fishing, whom we learn the river is full of logs from about a mile below the dam to its mouth, a distance of a number of miles, that it would be impossible for us to go down any further. We went to the mouth of the river for the only team within a radius of twenty-five miles. A drizzling rain sets in about 3 o'clock, and about 4 o'clock the team comes—a mist, and John Donnell, the teamster. I wish I were an artist, I would like to have sketched this, but, alas! six feet on the top of my head—don't know how high he would be if straightened up—brimmed, greasy old slouch hat; pants and coat of many colors; both hands in breeches pockets, and a "gad," about ten to twelve feet long, stuck under his arm; whiskers all over his face, very unevenly clipped close with shears; front teeth out, the balance black, and an old stub pipe with some tobacco smelly smoke sizzling away in it. "That's a nice team of mules," he ventures to remark.

"Yes; purely fair, but yetter not go too close" to 'em as that'er off mule's a lectle light behind"—a demonstration which we were witnessing.

Our boats and traps safety on the wagon-bed, and tied down both fore and aft, our "Old Reliable" takes the trail, while my chain and myself climb on the boat to ride. We stood it I guess 200 yards, and walked about a mile or so, until I felt glad of a chance. We arrived safely at the mouth of the Carp, and took a tug Friday morning to Point St. Ignace, a little town stretched along the beach for more than a mile. From here we went on to Mackinac and to Cheboygan, from which place we started a week before.

I wish to take this opportunity of personally and publicly thanking Dr. J. H. Fisher for his able, interesting and valuable letters on fly-fishing for black bass, which have appeared in your columns. The same I have duly transferred to my "FOREST AND STREAM" scrap book, and prize highly. Columbus, O. FRANK N. BEEK.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ANGLING.

ON Tuesday afternoon, July 20, while driving from Compton to Sawyersville, in the Eastern Township, P. Q., I went several miles out of my way, over a bad road that led through an almost unbroken forest, to visit a mill dam, where trout were reported to be both numerous and large. I fished that small body of water faithfully for at least a couple of hours and killed but half a dozen small trout, finger-ling, which satisfied me that information obtained from countrymen on sporting matters is not to be relied on. As I was slowly driving back over the grass-covered path, my horse, a valuable young Foughe Boy mare that I had recently purchased, leaped by the green grass at her feet, suddenly threw down her head to catch a busy mouthful, when she stepped on the long martingale that was dangling between her bit and girth. A moment later her head was free of both bit and headstall; then, with one wild look backward, she was away at full speed. Before she had run a dozen yards the high wheels of my huggy struck a log, which sent the writer on against a stump, whack! Though the stump uttered not a word of complaint because that violent embrace, every bone and muscle in my whole body found expression in the loud "Oh!" that followed. I slowly unbound myself from that stump, and with much pain regained the perpendicular position, head up and limped out to the road, where I found my fishing rods, carriage-rug, etc., and a little further on where, minus the horse. I left these things as I found them and hurried on to learn the fate of my horse. A mile distant, at the edge of the clearing, I saw a man and a couple of towheaded boys standing beside a heap that lay in the ditch. As I approached nearer I was accosted with, "Weel, mon, I hev her head oop so shoil na' smother." There in the ditch lay the mare quietly, with the wreck of my new Dexter buggy piled atop of her. An hour later a farmer's heart might have been seen leaving that spot riding on the back of a horse, and a boy on top of a large log. This pile was a solid, disconsolate-looking fisherman reading a lame horse, which was so covered with mud that its natural color was indiscernible. After a weary ride of six miles we arrived at Eaton Corners, where my team was laid up for repairs. The next day I drove out to Lenoxville and took the cars for a distant station, so as to get away as far as possible from the mishap.

Yesterday I had occasion to visit Kinneer's Mills and Leeds. My fishing tackle was left at Eaton, excepting a couple of flies and casting line on my hat. I obtained a slow and reliable "Kanuck" for my trip, and borrowed the only fishing-rod in the place—a cheap affair. Thus rigged, I determined on my way back from Leeds to try the Osgood and Thames rivers for trout. I reached the Osgood late in the afternoon, and after using the "Kanuck" for a few casts, I found my rod together and made my way through the raspberry bushes up above the old mill, which stands within fifty yards of the roadside. Where I approached the stream a large pile of driftwood lay along the bank in the water. At my first attempt to make a cast with that rickety rod my flies caught in the outer edge of the bank. A "swirl" proclaimed a rise, and I saw the fish rise, and, as I was about to cast, I saw that as he returned back under cover after his unsuccessful attempt to take one of the flies. With a long stick I carefully loosened and secured the flies, and passed on up the stream

to the next pool, where I practiced casting until I got the hang of my rod. Here I caught a pair of one-quarter pound trout; and after ten minutes I returned to my first pool, and carefully made a cast near the edge of that pile of rubbish. There was a rush, and *spice-a-see* the line goes singing through the water. I sprang out on the pile of floodwood, so as to keep the fish away from it, and away he sped out into the centre of the pool. How he tugs and pulls! A half-pounder comes to the surface, and I see the fisher fight in and out of the water he shows himself motionless for a moment. What a beauty! He'll weigh nearer four pounds than three. Suddenly, with a high splash, he's off again, with more fight than ever. Yes, he will go over four pounds. I know that by the way he pulls. No lighter trout could pull so heavy and strong. Skip he goes out of the water, a full foot or more, and the fish comes to a foam by an angry slap with his tail as he falls back. He is so fat that his eyes stick out when I show him at the hotel? Ha! ha! he's getting well tuckered out. A little more play and then to land him is the question. My landing net is with my rods, but I don't think that I'll need it, for he now leads well and I will bring him alongside of this log, then slip my hand down the line and catch him behind the gills.

"And out he comes with his accustomed hoists, and snorts at his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

Hish! I have him almost in my grasp. I give him the hut a little harder to bring him nearer, when—flop, he is off the hook! With a languid roll and a lazy wag of his tail, head downward, he disappears from view under the driftwood. Bah! I don't believe he would weigh two pounds, even if he were a full pound. It's all moonshine to imagine or think that so small a trout could be so fat and so fat. They may occasionally grow to the size of one or one and a quarter pounds, but never larger.

I silently reel up my line, unhitch Kanuck and proceed on my way, fully determined not to fish any more that afternoon; for, without a landing-net to land your trout, half of the sport is spoiled. But when I arrived at the Thames, where the three crosses the trail at the head of the big gully, the sight of the foaming water and deep, dark pools drew me back to those wild, overhanging cliffs, which are verily abodes of large trout, overcame my recently formed resolution, and I again tied up Kanuck to the fence and prepared for work. A large mill formerly stood near the bridge, but had been burned down. The rubbish had been cleared away, leaving the foundation walls bare, and workmen were preparing to erect another mill there. I walked out on the outer foundation wall where I could cast into the pool below the dam. A single workman was at work on the flume inside the walls. The rest of the men were engaged framing the timber some six dice away. Drawing off a long line I made a cast, then more line, and raised my rod to make another cast, when the wind suddenly whirled around and carried the flies far down below me. I was obliged to reel in the line forward and cast a tug. Then I am greeted with a howl from that lone workman. "Ough! Ough! ye murd'rin' devil! yees hev yer yizen hook in me ear-m. Oh! oh! oh! murder! murder!" I instantly approached the edge of the flume and tried to quiet him with the assurance that I had a beam in my jack-of-all-trades knife with which I could easily cut out one was getting into the eye, and the other a gray hammer, the man that said that. I was back to ye, ye, ye, long-legged spalpeen!" I had no particular wish to give him an opportunity to put his threat into execution, and as the wide and deep flume was between us I told him that I presumed that he was fond of fishing and I would make him a present of those flies, and that he could rely on my word that one was a genuine Montreuil and the other a gray hammer—just the cast for large trout. I cut the line and advised him to go home and let his wife take them out at her leisure. As I was driving away the other men, attracted by the noise, approached. I explained to them that I was leaving a couple of my best flies with their companion at the flume, and that he was so overjoyed with my present that his joy seemed to know no bounds. After the flies were given, I took my gun and gunnysack, and went back to the hotel, where I commenced on the little incidents and uncertainties connected with trout fishing, and firmly resolved, first, never again to drive a horse with a long martingale unless with a check rein; also, second, to see that the coast is clear behind when I attempt to make a cast against the wind with a weak-jointed rod.—STARSTREAK.

LAW FOR BLACK BASS.—There is need for an inter-State legislation on the subject of many fresh water fishes, and especially for the black bass in waters which lie between States. New Jersey has just forbidden black bass fishing before July 1, and both New York and Pennsylvania permit it one month earlier. This affects waters which lie between the States, and causes the Newark, N. J., *Sunday Call* to say: "Anglers are somewhat 'in a tux' over the recent act prohibiting catching bass in New Jersey until July 1. The Pennsylvania law allows them to be caught on and after June 1. These conflicting laws, when applied to the river Delaware, which we all know forms a dividing line between these States, puts the bass fisherman in a quandary as to his rights in the matter. The same difficulty exists in regard to Greenwood Lake, the waters of which are in both this State and New York. We would suggest that when he catches a bass before July 1 he should be careful to land him on the Pennsylvania or New York bank." New York allows the bass to be caught in the waters of the State of New York, Mahopac or Dutchess County and in Lake George. In the two former the date for catching is July 1, and in the latter July 20. In all waters which lie between States, as Greenwood Lake and the Delaware River, there should be concurrent legislation."

BOY TO IN THE FOXGROVE DEER.—Dyersburg, Tenn., April 18.—All day yesterday the long bridge over the Forked Deer, at this place, was crowded with people, watching the thousands and tens of thousands of buffalo fish, rolling, splashing, slashing and cutting up generally. This is their season, lasting two or three days, and as this river is out of bank, they have taken the overflow and are out in shallow water, from one to three feet deep, and can be seen in multitudes, and in abundance, until they get into the water, and find a limb or drift-wood egg sticking to them, and as this is the case for miles, some idea may be formed of the immensity of their numbers.—L. L. W.

VIOLATION OF LAW.—Onondaga Valley, N. Y., April 15, 1881.—I met a party resident of Upper Shout Bay, Oneida Lake, yesterday, who, to show his regard for the game law, exhibited card for two pound nets, claiming that, law or no law, he was going to net the lake in fish and was doing so at twenty years. While ducking last fall I think there were at least sixty pound-nets between Bridgeport and Upper Shout Bay. To-day, in a peddler's wagon, I saw suckers, bull-heads and pike from Oneida Lake. Who believes they were caught with hook and line? Yet none of the local game constables interfere. On Oneida Lake there has for the past several years been a great deal of fishing, and an inferior pickered made by spearing. Of course they are an inferior fish, but at the same time the law protects them (in bulk). You can see from ten to forty lights any night, and they will average thirty fish to the boat. The lake was stocked with trout five or six years ago, and should the spears see one, of course he would pass it by. On Skaneateles Lake they spear trout, openly defying any one to prevent them. Up to this date there has been no ironing. The water has held in the northwest since the 21st of March, and until we get a change of wind and rain the trout will not take bait.—DOO.

TROUT IN NEW BUNSWICK—Singer Brook Camp, York Co., N. B.—The trout fishing is earlier than usual. John Stewart, Supt. M. B. & C. R., caught a very fine one on the 23d, the first of the season. Water very low no rain yet. Soon as rain has fallen the fishing will be at its best. Ice is fast melting in the eastern lakes of the St. Croix. The first open water will yield the best land-locked salmon fishing. Salmon are fast leaving these lakes, owing, I believe, to a lack of small fish, their principal food. Last spring, at the proper time, I went to Fifth Lake, where, five years ago, they were in great abundance, and found not one, nor even a few. Formerly the shalows were below the upper dam would be alive with them. The bears are trying their legs a little, but have not reached the camp. An placing out traps in readiness.—WARFIELD.

THE TROUT HOG IN RUDOLPH ISLAND.—Newport, April 15.—In Lawson's Valley, some four miles from here, is the only trout pond in this county, and it is a very small one. There are ten fishermen on the pond, and who call themselves disciples of Isaac Walton. I could not find their spot springs. One of the "disciples" while fishing there this spring made an embankment of earth and stones across the narrow part of the stream, and walking up a short distance cut a willow rod, and with it splashed the water as he returned to his embankment, then using his creel as a scooper, and catching the water in it, and the creel weight was one and one-half pounds—then brought them to the city for sale. Was this "disciple" a true sportsman?—TROTT.

SKINNING IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.—The Niagara Falls Gazette says: For some years past annual complaints have been made about the employment of seines in the Niagara River. The complaints this year are not only as numerous as heretofore, but are specific, naming the location of the parties using the seines. All our sportsmen are interested in having this suppressed. It is not only a violation of the law, but it is leading to the destruction of some of the best fishing grounds in the State. Not only are the nets drawn, but others are anchored so as to prevent the fish from going in directions where the seines cannot be easily used. We call the attention of the Game Constable to the matter, and trust he will, in due season, have the river cleared up as far as his jurisdiction extends, and also have authorized parties to see that this business is stopped. We also recommend that our sportsmen take steps to aid in this matter.

TROTTER IN THE SNOW—Oswego, N. Y., April 10.—I desire to record the opening of the trout season in this country by the magnificent crew of two handsome trout, captured by N. Wright and brother, of the "Leather Stockings" of this city, upon April 15. The season is very backward, snow water flooding all the streams, and the gentlemen who made the effort referred to were forced to cast fish from advantageous perches upon snowbanks, which were from two to six feet in depth at many points along the course of the brooks. The weather is cold and backward, but a strong wind and sun and snow melt the old winter's bonds, and within a month I hope to have a worthy basket to report.—LOUIS H.

PRESERVING FRESH FISH.—An Austrian scientist claims to have discovered that fish can be kept perfectly fresh for many days. He impregnates them with a weak solution of salicylic acid, by means of hydraulic pressure, and then packs them in casks and pours gelatine over them, which prevents their becoming stiff and dry, as well as keeping the salt from them. He says it does not affect their flavor. They should be soaked in water, which restores their freshness.

STRIPED BASS—Red Bank, N. J.—A few striped bass are being taken at Port Monmouth, N. J. The largest this far, fifty inches in length, weighing 8 1/2 pounds, trying to escape the meshes of the law, got insane (in selene).—WILD.

ANGLES WHO MAY WISH TO LEARN OF FISHING RESORTS ABOUT NEW YORK MAY DO SO BY APPLYING AT THIS OFFICE, AS PER NOTICE IN ANOTHER COLUMN.

AN EIGHT-POUND SHAD.—A shad weighing eight pounds was recently caught in one of the pound nets at Saybrook, Conn. It was exhibited at Bronson & Fitzgerald's, Hartford, on April 19.

Read of, procure and use HOP BITTERS, and you will be strong, healthy and happy.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hotbird Shooting Suits. Upholstered & McEllan, Valparaiso, Ind. Oh, why will you let that terrible friend that Top Bitter will so soon get you?

A chance to secure good shooting at Barnegat Bay is offered in our advertisements this week.

WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM MESSRS. J. C. GRUBB & CO. OF PHILADELPHIA, Pa., their catalogue of guns in stock. It includes many of the best makes.

REPEATING MAGAZINE RIFLES are rapidly supplanting the single barrel rifles for shooting furred game. The manufacturers of the Ballard rifle have added to their stock a new arm of this description—the Martin repeating rifle—which has every appearance of being a durable and effective weapon.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. L. N. Stavton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 1 at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Beach Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

September 1 at New York, N. Y. Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Tenet, Secretary, P. O. Box 64, New York City.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

"DOG Show Week" has so thoroughly become an established fixture in the annual sporting events of the metropolis, that for weeks previous to the opening day all dog lovers are on the tip-toe of expectation. This year there was no cause for disappointment, for the fifth annual bench show of dogs, given under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, began on April 26, 27, 28, and 29, completely outdone in every particular all exhibitions of the kind ever held in America.

The change of location, from the district and crumbling Madison Square Garden to the new and airy building, was a most commendable departure. In the face of removing from the centre of the city to a remote section it was expected that the attendance would not be adequate to cover the very large outlay which is necessary to provide of some of the most expensive premises as to the motive, and they have more than justified that the shows were run in the interest of those who had little here more in mind than the improvement of the breeds of dogs at heart. Even for the moment's sake, it would be hard to find any one who doubts that the bench shows here and elsewhere have done anything but assist a system which cannot but do good? But we do not agree that money-making has been the object, for there has always been too much uncertainty in the experiment, which would have caused the most sanguine to have turned to some other trade that dollars and not dogs was the hobby to be ridden. At all times it requires pluck to back the pocket, and even the modest vendor of pig-pen at the street corners takes his chances in this world—and does so good.

As already stated in our last issue, the "Pink" was the best place we have ever seen for holding the show. In fact, we do not hesitate to advise those of our friends who were opposed to entering the dog in the show, that they should have done so. The "Pink" and we look to see many old faces back again. The ventilation was perfect, and although the weather was warm, the air was at no time tainted with a doggy smell. The pens were an improvement on those previously used, and the cement floor was clean and free from dirt. Under the excellent management, and with Mr. Lincoln as superintendent, the experience of the past was utilized, and from the opening both to the wind-up the show ran like a well-oiled machine. This was the first year we have ever seen the veterinary arrangements up to the mark, and Dr. John W. Dancer, the Inspector, was prompt in having the few dogs withdrawn that from time to time showed signs of sickness.

The attendance was a most fashionable and respectable one, usually about a dog show, there were many ladies present in elegant toilets, which reminded one more of a London flower show in the season than anything else. About the rings, when the judging was being carried on, there were the well-to-do faces of gentlemen in the most fashionable attire, and the benches of dogs they were not largely represented. The judging is always one of the attractions of the show, as the animals are seen to much better advantage when grouped together in the ring than when fired and carried in in their respective classes, and the spectators, for their own sakes, and although we believe that only employees of the show should enter the ring, yet the judges this year seemed throughout to keep their eyes on the right end of the chain. At a glance also at the official placards of the judges, which were seen to collect throughout the day, reminding one of the old story of "Beauty and the Beast," and the obvious that some of the "pets" received, no doubt were extremely aggravating to those who did not see the lot, and we look forward to the next year.

From what we saw in walking around the stalls, there seemed to be more absentees than usual; conspicuously the kennel of the St. Louis Club, which is undoubtedly the best collection of large pointers in the country. The goodly number of dogs present, however, were of a standard quality that have ever been exhibited, and many were the typical dogs of their breed. They were universally shown in first-class condition.

Referring to the files of the FOREST AND STREAM, we extract a comparative table of the entries that have been held in New York, which we summarize below:

Table with 3 columns: Entries, Classes, Specials. Rows include First Show-1877, Second Show-1878, Third Show-1879, Fourth Show-1880, Fifth Show-1881.

Exclusive of the specials, the club paid out \$2,000 as awards in the regular classes, besides donating \$5 silver medals.

Table with 3 columns: Pointers, Scotch, English, Irish, Black and Tan. Rows show counts for each breed.

Dog showing has now become a science in this country, and but few owners send in dogs without merit of some sort. The ragged, waxy lot that yelped and caught the tyro's eye in the piouser days, sandwiched between the best specimens of their class, are now left at home to guard.

It was a remarkably peaceful show, with an absence of "sold protests" that would have worried the noses of the "Wags." It was a very much better than usual, as was also the small pointer classes. The non-sporting exhibit was a great improvement on previous years, particularly the Fox Terriers, which we so rapidly gained favor in America.

The Beagles turned out in grand numbers, as will be seen by a reference to the classified comparative table of entries annexed below. Had the club opened a special class for the "bench-legged" Beagles, there is no doubt that a very much larger number could have been secured, as it was, the special class, opened for the FOREST AND STREAM since, as

the Straight Beagles, contained more entries than any other special, except in Class B. We have already spoken of the large dogs, and refer our readers to our comments in another column.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENTRIES AT THE FIVE SHOWS.

Table with 6 columns: Classes, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881. Rows include Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, etc.

The judges selected had to do their duty single-handed, and the classes were divided as follows:—Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, Siberian, English setters, Irish and Gordon, Mr. P. Dana, of New York City; greyhounds, black and tan setters, foxhounds and miscellaneous class, Hon. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.; pointers, Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass.; champion imported and Irish setters, Mr. J. W. Devereux, New York City; Skye, Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; spaniels (all classes), dobermans, terriers, collies, huddalls, bull terriers, Slavo terriers, pug, rough-haired terriers, black and tan terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, English bulldogs, Sharpey or Breamish spaniels, Japanese spaniels and Italian greyhounds, Dr. J. S. Nixon, London, Ontario.

The club management was in the hands of the following members:—The acting stewards, Mrs. and Mrs. Smith, J. Coleman Drayton, George DeForest Grant and Annie B. Light.

On both sides of the building there were long lines of booths, which offered the visitor everything from a cake of dog soap to a stuffed rhinoceros.

On Friday evening, after the doors of the show were closed, the Westminster Kennel Club held its annual dinner at the Hotel Brunswick. About fifty members and their guests sat down to table, over which Mr. H. Waller Webb presided. Toasts were given and well received by Mr. H. Waller Webb, Mr. J. W. Devereux, Mr. Niven and Hammond—Major Taylor and Mr. Dana being absent. The superintendent, Mr. Lincoln, also came in for his share of the ovation, as did the representatives of the sporting and daily press.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S POINTERS.—The club itself entered eight of their cracks, and, as usual, they were not for competition. The best was the "Pink," which was the only one that was well known as a winner on the bench and of third at Eastern Field Trials, 1880; Polly, the recently imported lemon and white bitch out of Sumner's Nancey by champion Shot; Whiskey (Flash-Jack), black and white, in whelp to Sansation; Daisy, the charming lemon and white bitch by Blake out of Lilly, in whelp to Sansation—this bitch has a model head of her kind, denoting power, but entirely free from coarseness, with a grand muzzle; Gerbie, black and white bitch by Cal out of Miss's Psyche; May, liver and white, by Balin's Trump out of Tuff's Doss, and Queen May (Native-Fan), black and white bitch.

On Wednesday morning Mr. S. T. Hammond, commenced on his class in the east ring, and he found no easy task out for him. The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog). The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog).

POINTERS, LARGE SIZE.—Six and twenty pointers, all in a row, comprised this unusually fine class. Indeed, we have never seen a better lot in the ring together. The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog).

well-developed chest of great depth. Guess we thought was rightly placed. He was the younger of the two, and he was his first appearance we fancied the powerful follow for his many good qualities. This order would place Jump third, Lord Duffern, Ray, Ship and Tockel, justly deserved the third letters, but we did not like to do so. The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog).

CHAMPION POINTERS, SMALL SIZE.—This was a capital class of five entries. Mr. Orgill's old standby Rush (Flake-Lily), added another line ribbon to his large collection. Mr. Moore's Donnie was shown in magnificent form and in the best of his best liver and white dog of his size in America. Mr. Wright's liver and white Dick (Colonel-Fly), was also benched in fine condition; he was a rattling good dog, with grand head and body, and is a superior male. The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog).

On Tuesday morning Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., commenced judging the English setter classes in the west ring, and throughout showed great care and trouble in making his decisions. Mr. John B. Robinson, who was the judge of the best of the dogs brought before the other judges. The first lot was the best of the dozen dogs we ever saw represent the breed.

CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTERS.—They were St. Elmo, Coin, Frank and the other names mentioned in our last issue. The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog).

IMPORTED ENGLISH SETTERS.—This class was a poser for any judge, but the typical Kentinian was equal to the occasion, and he was well served by the other judges. The first lot he offered for sale, consisted of five dogs, of which he retained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Fant, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Trump (Sensation-Psyché) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Nancey (Artful-Dog).

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On Thursday evening, after the doors of the show were closed, the Westminster Kennel Club held its annual dinner at the Hotel Brunswick. About fifty members and their guests sat down to table, over which Mr. H. Waller Webb presided. Toasts were given and well received by Mr. H. Waller Webb, Mr. J. W. Devereux, Mr. Niven and Hammond—Major Taylor and Mr. Dana being absent.

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above will be acknowledged when comparing such vessels as *Idola*, *Vidette*, *Corsair*, *Yosemite* and *Clean*, each possessed of certain qualities in a high degree, with a corresponding lack in other directions, and all taken together presenting a strange and in some respects a crude mixture and cross of "strain," due to the individualities of their modellers, who for want of precept and experience have been thrown upon their own resources. Out of all this chaos of type something giving expression to the best proportions and most suitable to the purposes of the steam yacht owner will be certain to grow. So far each builder has contributed his share of improvements, all of which combined in a single vessel, as far as compatible, would produce a very creditable specimen of the genus, and we think that by publishing the practice of the various establishments, our share will be done toward bringing about the desired consummation—the union of safety, speed, accommodation, sturdiness, cruising capacity, economy and popularity in a single hull propelled by steam. We may briefly classify steam yachts as "open launches," "cruising launches," "river" and "sea-going" steamers. Of the first and third class we this week publish representations of the practice of the New York Safety steam Power Co., whose headquarters are at 30 Cortlandt street, New York, and where engines and models of their make may be inspected. The particular characteristics of their machinery we take to be strength, compactness, simplicity, accurate workmanship and excellent finish, the company securing a reputation founded upon the solid worth and durability of their engines and hulls, rather than upon showy hardware and superficial ornamentation. It may be remarked here that the best is the cheapest in the end, and that experience will teach that a small extra outlay, to secure accuracy of fitting and perfect finish of wearing parts, will more than repaid by the greater life of the engine and less cost and annoyance of repairs. This applies especially to launch engines, generally run at high speed and particularly susceptible to heating of the journals and brasses. A glance at our cut, representing the company's engine suitable for boats from 30 to 60 ft. long, will show that there are two bearings for the crank shaft cast, solid in the frame as well as the cross-head slides, thereby preventing the machinery from getting out of line and avoiding serious consequences. The bearings are long and the shafts of large diameter, giving ample working areas, the need of which in high-speed engines is well understood by mechanics. The crank is counterbalanced, piston rod, valve rod, crosshead pin, etc., are of steel, the connecting rod of wrought iron and the boxes of composition. The link motion is supplied with an index, enabling the cut-off to be set as desired. In engines over 200, balanced valves are introduced to overcome the friction of the valve, affording at the same time additional ports for the entry of the steam, and producing an initial pressure in the cylinder more nearly equal to that in the boiler. For reference we add a table showing proportions and weights of launch engines, and the approximate sizes of boats for which they are suitable. Engines include link motion, reversing gear, cylinder lubricatory, stop valve, drip cocks, oil cups, wrenches, pry wheel and half coupling.

Size of Boat for Which Suitable. (Approximate.)

Diameter of Boiler.

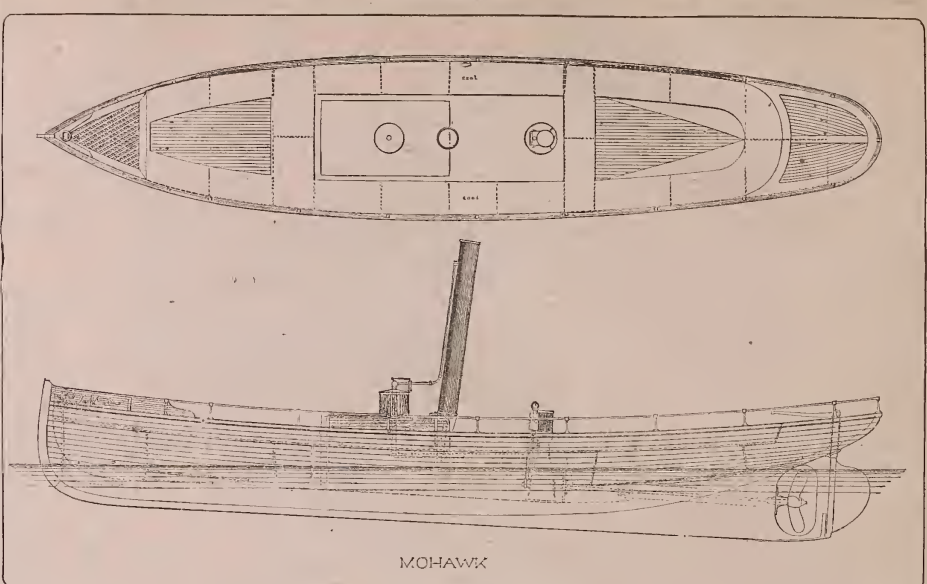
Weight of Engine.

Height from Floor to Top of Cover.

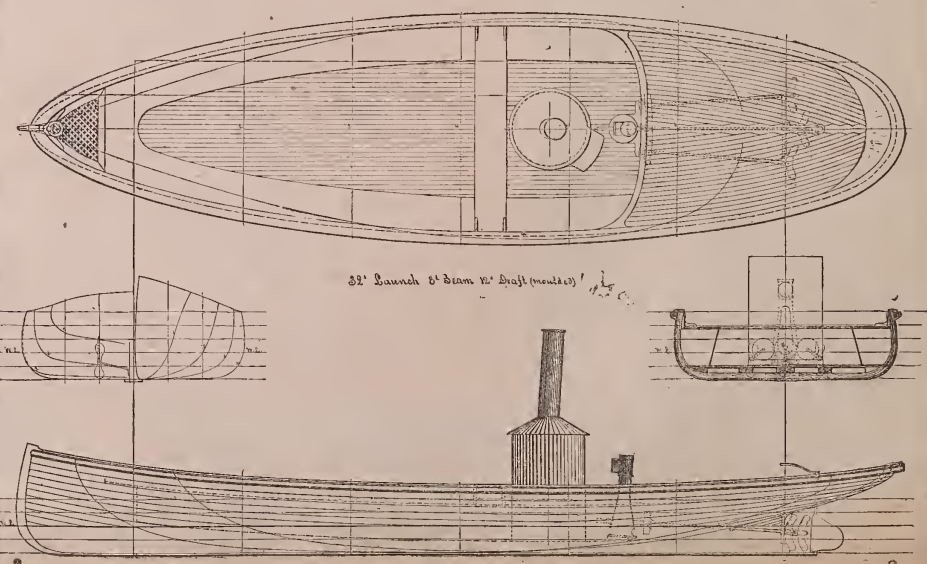
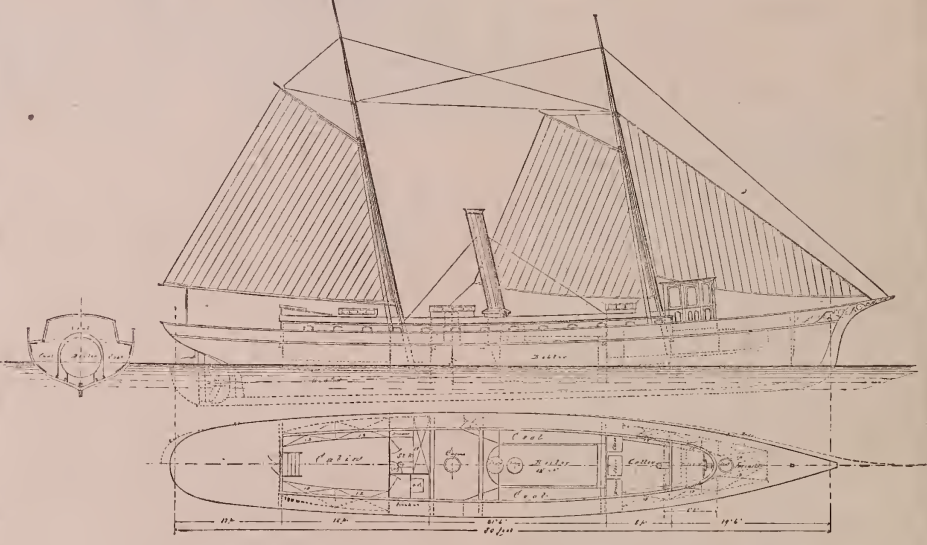
Diameter of Cylinder.

Size of Cylinder Diameter, Inches.	Diameter of Boiler, Inches.	Weight of Engine, Pounds.	Height from Floor to Top of Cover, Inches.	32 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	34 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	36 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	38 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	40 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	42 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	44 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	46 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	48 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	50 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	52 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	54 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	56 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	58 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	60 ft. long by 6 ft. 6 in. beam by 27 in. draft.	
6	11 1/2	280	38 1/2	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
8	13	370	44 1/2	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
10	15	460	50 1/2	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
12	17	550	56 1/2	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
14	19	640	62 1/2	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
16	21	730	68 1/2	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
18	23	820	74 1/2	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
20	25	910	80 1/2	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34
22	27	1000	86 1/2	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35
24	29	1090	92 1/2	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
26	31	1180	98 1/2	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
28	33	1270	104 1/2	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38
30	35	1360	110 1/2	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39

Concerning the boilers of the same company we might say much in praise of their sectional water-tube generators for land use, their originality, economy, safety and popularity, having had charge of 1,500 H. P. a large manufactory with gratifying results in more ways than one, but we will confine attention here only to their marine boilers. For the use of engines under 200 the vertical boiler is given preference; but for larger boats boilers of the horizontal, return-pattern take their place. Shell, furnace and tube sheets are made of the best brands of steel or flange iron, and the tubes are all tested. To produce season rally the furnaces are large and the heating surface has, say, two to three times the area required for stationary work on shore. Steam gauges, safety valve, water gauges and fittings are the best in the market, and the work conforms in all respects to the United States laws. The company has had such an extensive experience in building vertical boilers that better proportions for the purposes of safety and economy are not likely to be reached. Launch boilers are tested to 200 lbs. The following data will aid builders and amateurs in selecting the right amount of power. The dimensions of boats attached are of course only approximate, and may be varied from an ordering to purpose. The complete boiler includes ash pan, grates, smoke-bonnet and stack, guy rods, safety valve gauges, feed check-valve and feed globe-valve, steam stop-valve and whistle.



MOHAWK



32' Launch of Beam 6' Draft (model)

COLORADO HUNTERS.—Luko Wheeler, partner of Frank Ainsworth, the champion shot of Colorado, was in Fort Collins, Friday, having just come down from North Park with a load of game. Mr. Wheeler favored the *Express* with a call, and kindly gave some account of his season's hunting, which is now over. The two hunters, during the season, brought to market fourteen large loads of elk, antelope and deer. They killed 600 antelope and 250 elk. They sold all the meat readily in Denver and Boulder. Elk sold from 7c. to 10c. per pound; antelope, from 7c. to 8c., and deer, from 10c. to 12c. The season was a very profitable one. They made two shipments of hides, the last being 3,500 pounds. Game was fat and in fine condition. There is plenty left in the mountains. There was a herd of 500 elk within 6-8 yards of camp when Mr. Wheeler left. The hunters, at one stand, killed eighteen elk within ten minutes. Wheeler considers Ainsworth the most experienced hunter and the best shot he ever saw. He began hunting when a boy, and hunted buffalo in Kansas.—*Fort Collins Express.*

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz. 75 85 95 105 115 125 135 145 155 165 175 185 195 205 215 225 235 245 255 265 275 285 295 305 315 325 335 345 355 365 375 385 395 405 415 425 435 445 455 465 475 485 495 505 515 525 535 545 555 565 575 585 595 605 615 625 635 645 655 665 675 685 695 705 715 725 735 745 755 765 775 785 795 805 815 825 835 845 855 865 875 885 895 905 915 925 935 945 955 965 975 985 995 1005 1015 1025 1035 1045 1055 1065 1075 1085 1095 1105 1115 1125 1135 1145 1155 1165 1175 1185 1195 1205 1215 1225 1235 1245 1255 1265 1275 1285 1295 1305 1315 1325 1335 1345 1355 1365 1375 1385 1395 1405 1415 1425 1435 1445 1455 1465 1475 1485 1495 1505 1515 1525 1535 1545 1555 1565 1575 1585 1595 1605 1615 1625 1635 1645 1655 1665 1675 1685 1695 1705 1715 1725 1735 1745 1755 1765 1775 1785 1795 1805 1815 1825 1835 1845 1855 1865 1875 1885 1895 1905 1915 1925 1935 1945 1955 1965 1975 1985 1995 2005 2015 2025 2035 2045 2055 2065 2075 2085 2095 2105 2115 2125 2135 2145 2155 2165 2175 2185 2195 2205 2215 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The Kennel

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which allows the insecticide to use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

ARECA NU FOR WORMS IN DOGS. A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail. Both the above are recommended by ROLAND CONROY and FOREST AND STREAM.

CONROY, BISSET & MALLESON, 65 Fulton Street, N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

E. B. GOLDSMITH, Custom House and Forwarding Agent, 68 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Puppies, etc., to any destination. Kennel Clubs, Sportsmen and others, sending to him dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to him. Information furnished in regard to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc.

Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly field broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water. N.B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigree. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

GORDON SETTERS.

BORDER LILY-KENNEL.

FOR SALE, thoroughbred Gordon Setter pup out of my Border Lily, by Dr. H. F. Allen's Champion Glen. Glen winner of first in Brace Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Trials, 1879. St. Laurent and Island Belle, both bred by me, are out of my Border Lily; by Glen; were each awarded First Prize in their respective classes at the Westminster Kennel Club Bench Show, New York, 1878. Address J. E. FISHER, 149 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRINTS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, mounted on the tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y.

BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The most desirable, wishing to dispose his kennel offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the European continent. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A.

Sept. 18-12

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Length of time according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct. 2, '91

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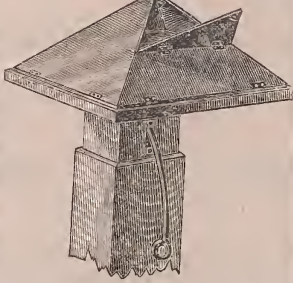
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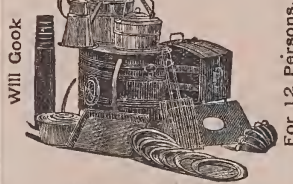
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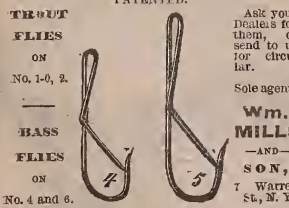
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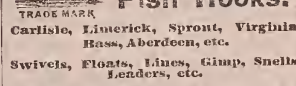
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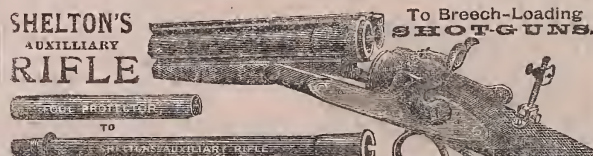
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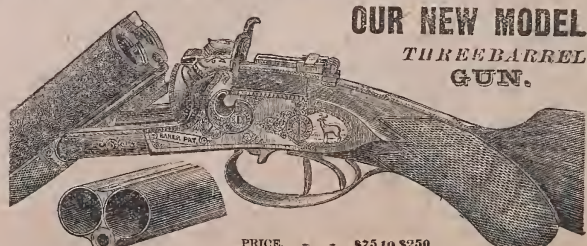
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 12.

SPRING DUCK SHOOTING, and its effects upon the game supply, is a subject which is attracting the attention of sportsmen at various well-known ducking-grounds.

"TO CORRESPONDENTS."—The note with this heading below the table of contents on the fourth page is published every week for the information of all concerned. Read it.

IT IS STATED that since May 1 there have been a good many snipe killed in New Jersey. The birds came on late, and lingered longer than usual. It is hardly necessary to say that the shooting of snipe at this date is scarcely less reprehensible than would be the shooting of quail or woodcock, and is something that should by no means be permitted.

THE PROSPECTS of the Kittyhawk Bay Sportsman's Club has been received at this office, and a few copies can be had on application to us. We learn from this document that \$12,000 is required to complete the purchase of the property, which is already secured, and which includes some of the finest shooting-ground on the North Carolina coast. We shall report from time to time the progress toward final organization of this club.

THE TATHAM WATCH.—We have been shown the watch given by Messrs. Tatham & Bro. as one of the prizes at the coming tournament. The watch is of gold, with engravings of hunting scenes on the front case. It is an elegant and costly piece of work, in the best style of Theodore B. Starr, the well-known jeweler of this city, and its fortunate winner at the coming contest may well be regarded with envy. The watch will be a most valuable and handsome souvenir of its possessor's skill and luck at Coney Island.

WHEN THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINES.

THE article in our last issue giving the date and place of the coming dinner of the Ichthyophagi has sounded the needs of the club far and wide, and friends are offering their services to procure several of the required articles of diet. The hellbenders are secured, the water snakes are promised, and the lake proteus or "lizard," *Menobranchus*, is being sought. No one has yet promised soft shelled turtles, or beaver tails, but they may come.

A caterer has been found in Mr. Murray, who enters into the spirit of the feast with his whole heart. He has longed for such a chance to display his ability, and has experimented with all sorts of strange viands. The Club welcomes him, and he halls the Club as the progressive gastronomical champions of the century.

Sitting on the editorial tripod, late the other night, the uncanny odors of the coming feast were wafted to us, and wrought up by the fumes, like the Delphic priestess of old, the spirit of prophecy came upon us, and we beheld the gathering of the Ichthyophagi. The rhyme ran thus:

When the Ichthyophagus dines

There'll be many a curious dish

Of things never caught with lines,

And not at all like fish—

Steaks of porpoise and ribs of whales,

Salmi of muskrat and beaver tails,

Aspic of jellyfish, octopus stew,

Shark-fin soup and gurry-gur-roo,

When the Ichthyophagus dines.

For the Ichthyophagus eats

All things that live in the sea—

Slimy crawlers instead of meats,

Unusual to you and me.

Menobranchus from out the lakes,

Mud puddles, turtles and water snakes,

Devilled hell-bender with sauce hellgramite,

Garfish older than a croquette,

When the Ichthyophagus dines.

There will come to this Ichthyo feast,

Things that crawl or swim or squirm:

The fish, the scorpion's head,

And the arenaceous worm.

The garrulous frog and the frisky skate,

The batrachian toad-fish with flattened pate,

The flying-fish with hyaline wing,

Will come with sea nettles, which prick and sting,

When the Ichthyophagus dines.

The eel and the sturgeon will come,

And the lamprey with his nine eyes,

The swordfish and croaking drum,

And the sculpin with look of surprise.

The gurnard will walk arm-in-arm with the dab,

The horse-foot will waltz with the great spider crab,

The silken-eyed angler will ogre the sprat,

And the devil fish twine the shrimps round his hat

When the Ichthyophagus dines.

The fiddler crabs will fiddle

To the crowd so strange and weird,

And the prawns dance down the middle

While the mussel strokes his beard.

The oysters will swim in cuttlefish ink,

The starfish will tip the soft clam a wink;

Periwinkles served in sillery-go-lee,

A slight worth footing it miles to see,

When the Ichthyophagus dines.

When the Ichthyophagus dines

There'll be queer frog to eat;

The usual thing in the way of wines

And a single course of meat.

The lobster will come in his coat of mail;

Weak stomachs will shrink from eating the snail,

But the brave ones will sample every dish,

Whether water-snake, muskrat, snail or fish,

When the Ichthyophagus dines.

THE date of the Coney Island tournament has been fixed. The convention will be called for June 20. The Long Island Association reports an ample prize list. The preliminary preparations are rapidly being disposed of, and the Island itself is assuming its festive garb. In addition to the usual attractions of the State shoot, those which are peculiar to Coney Island will this year offer special inducements for a large representation of the interior clubs. If a delegation does not even win one of the many superb prizes, the novelty of the scene at New York's great watering-place will fully repay the visitors.

AN EXTENDED REVIEW of Mr. W. W. Greener's new book on the gun is in type, and will be published next week.

PROVISION AGAINST ACCIDENT.—Special attention is invited to the card elsewhere of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. We are not disposed to rate the sportsman as subject to special risk from the use of firearms; but the frequency of accidents in every pursuit and avocation, and amid the accustomed surroundings of daily life, is so great, that it is certainly the part of wisdom to make some provision against the possible losses incurred. With the present admirable system of the company, the failure to secure a policy may present itself as a most serious neglect of duty. We have no hesitation in indorsing the Travelers and its methods, and commending it to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. We have had personal knowledge of the New York management of the company for more than sixteen years, and believe it to be above reproach; the company is trustworthy, and has a name for prompt and fair dealing with its policy-holders. During the past year it paid out 11,774 claims, or an average per month of nearly 1,000. There was about one payment to every eight risks assumed, a strong evidence both of the frequency of accidents and of the beneficial working of the system, which is still further shown by the fact that the total number of claims paid by the Travelers is over 50,000. In conclusion, without further suggesting the worth of this system of insurance, we commend our readers to communicate with the New York agent, and having secured the information which he is ready to furnish, to judge for themselves of the merits of the Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Company.

NEBRASKA BENCH SHOW.—This show, which is to be held at Lincoln, Neb., on May 17, 18, 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Lincoln Sportsmen's Club, will take place in connection with the seventh annual Nebraska State Sportsmen's Tournament. The official catalogue announces that the exhibition will be for hunting-dogs only, and that the entries will close, May 17, at 9 o'clock a. m. Thirty a. s. es have been opened, and the premium list gives \$5 prizes to first prize winners, and \$3 for seconds. There are champion classes for pointers, English setters, Irish setters, and Gordon setters, one for dogs and one for bitches; and open classes for dogs and bitches of the same breeds. The same breeds also receive recognition in dog and bitch puppy classes, and in addition, there are classes, one each for Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, other spaniels, greyhounds and deerhounds. The show will be conducted under the rules of the National American Kennel Club, with slight modifications. The awarding committee will consist of Messrs. Samuel M. Chapman, J. T. McCartney and F. E. Brown, who are empowered to award a V. H. C. and a C. one in each class on merit. Isaac T. Webster, U. S. A., has been selected as superintendent. The show promises to be a success.

THE CHEAP GUN PHILANTHROPIST is out again with his glaring advertisements of \$20 guns, which he is eager to furnish to bumpkins and greenies for \$7 each. The President (with a capital P) of a Ducking (with a capital D) Club has bought one of these \$20 guns for \$7, and thinks it fully equal to a \$90 arm at the most ridiculous calculation. Numerous other equally egegent proofs of the excellence of these arms are set forth for the edification of the Cheap Gun Philanthropist's pocket. We advise those in search of a gun to give the \$7 arms a wide berth.

QUAKERS AND ANGLERS.—This is an age of "magnetic," "galvanic" and "electric" frauds. There are suits of magnetic clothing, which ward off disease; electric hair-brushes, to cure all the ills of modern society; magnetic breast-plates, to be worn as shields against contagion; electric female garters, to develop the limbs; and now, last of all, comes the electric wristlet, to strengthen the grip of the fisherman, that he may handle his rod without fatigue. We have endured without complaint the pretensions of the clothing, shield, brush and garter quacks, but the "wristlet" wrinkle awakens our indignation.

WE have been shown some of the artist's proofs of the illustrations of Mr. Thos. Sedgwick Steele's forthcoming book, "Paddle and Portage," and we find them perfect gems. The book, we may safely premise, will be one of the most elaborate things of the kind ever published.

Natural History.

WALLACE'S ISLAND LIFE.*

holder, who observes an unwonted commotion in the branches of his favorite Pearmain, what time apples be ruddy and small boys do most abound. But when I spied the marauder, I was as much astonished, as would be the aforesaid householder should he discover his trusted Maltese cat in the act of mauling and devouring the cherished fruit. On account of the steep slope of the hillside, the upper branches of the bush hung so low as to touch the ground, and there, perched upon a convenient stone, sat a little mountain-weasel crumming his maw with the delicious berries. The small rascal had donned his winter suit of snowy ermine, in contrast to which the black tip of his tail shone blacker than ever. In cating he held the berry upon the rock, between his fore-paws, and nibbled at it as daintily as Miss Whyte-Kydds would taste a chocolate bun-bun. With him cleanliness was one of the cardinal virtues, as he smimed against etiquette by carefully making his toilette after every course, washing first his hands and, then his face, next combing his hair, and lastly brushing the crumbs off his fur suit, of which he was very proud. From the care taken to keep it from being soiled, I judge it was the first one he had ever owned, and that, being too poor to afford another one till next winter, he felt that he should keep it as immaculate as possible.

Having eaten five or six berries, he happened to turn his head, and caught me in the impoliteness of spying upon him. Paralyzed for a moment at my lack of breeding, he soon recovered, resolved himself into a flash of white light, and, in the felicitous phrase of a Western editor, "hctook himself to the solitude of his own privacy." His departure was so sudden that nothing short of the Yankee comparison of "quicker'n a wink of greased lightning" could describe it. Telling Ignotus of my adventure, he said they had been known to run so fast, when badly scared, as to set their fur on fire; at least, so he had heard; but, as he had not seen to more than half believe the story, I, too, felt justified in receiving it with a modicum of doubt.

After we had gone to bed, we found we were out the only inhabitants of the cabin. A large family of mountain rats had taken possession, and the blowing out of the candle was the signal for the commencement of a nocturnal "jam-boree." (By the right of pre-emption that word belongs to Ignotus; but I am forced to "jump his claim," as to no other expression will describe the performance.) We had put our bread in a tin pan, turned another one over that, set the heavy iron cover of the bake-oven on top of it, and fondly imagined our improvised safe was burglar proof; but the unblinking of the lid to the ground and the rattling fall of the covering tin pan had shattered our mistake.

With a snatched blanket, Ignotus, who slept in the lower bunk, arose and replaced them. Another tumble and rattle, another skurry of the retreating enemy up the cabin walls, another midnight procession over the cold dirt floor, and Ignotus again sought his blankets. After two more repetitious his patience was exhausted, and I heard him in the darkness engaged in some mysterious performance, after which he again lay down. We had just dozed off, when there came a mighty clatter of tubware and Ignotus, jumping up and lighting a candle, showed us his ratship caught in an ingenious trap. Tomatoes had formed part of our supper, and the can which held them had been opened by two cuts in the top in the shape of a Greek cross, leaving four projecting points of tin. These Ignotus had bent down inside the can, and at the bottom had put a little butter, of which these rats are very fond. When the thief had secured the tempting bait, he attempted to withdraw his head, the sharp point had caught him under the jaws, and he was a prisoner. Having "caught our hare," Ignotus proceeded to "cook" him with a billet of wood, and we again lay down. Whether he was chief commissary, or whether his terrible fate deterred the rest, is uncertain, but we were not annoyed any more during the night.

THE GATEWAY TO THE PLAINS.

DETROIT, Minn., Feb. 14, 1891.

ALTHOUGH the world is predicted to close his career during the year, and become, as it were, an incident of the past, we beg leave once more to call the attention of your readers to this land away to the North, where but a short time ago nobody but the red-man roamed over the vast prairies between here and the Rocky Mountains, and the antelope and elk bounded over hill and knoll as free as the wind. I remember to sit with my bow and arrow, as the buffalo grazed in vast herds where now their white and bleached bones checker the wheat-fields of the sturdy farmer, grim emblems of the past. To a person who has never been in the West and seen these vast stretches of land, without even a shrub or tree to mark their surface for hundreds upon hundreds of miles, the realization of their magnitude can be but feebly portrayed in the mind.

Detrol is, in one sense of the word, the gateway to these vast plains on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for to the east of it extend those mighty forests which cover the northern parts of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, while to the west the prairie begins and continues in an unbroken stretch to the Rocky Mountains. The prairie is rolling with alternate highlands and marshes, in which the wild fowl congregate thickly in the spring and fall, until it reaches the Red River level, where it widens into the lowlands and prairie marshes. A faint idea of the nature of these prairies can be obtained when the method of plowing pursued on some of the great farms there is mentioned. The plowman in his day's work takes a straight course and keeps his single-furrow until noon, when he turns around and occupies the remainder of the day on the return trip, thus making but two furrows in a whole day. This may sound a little "fussy" to some Eastern people, but it is a fact, never to be forgotten, well known out here.

Deer, nose and chicken shooting occupied the attention of our sportsmen here during the fall months, and rich harvests were reaped by them. There came winter and with it the sport of deer stouling, and many a proud old buck stained the white mantle of mother earth the morning after the first snow with his life-blood. The deer were never known to have been as thick in this county as they were this season, and thousands of them were killed about here alone. The extreme cold put a stop to the exciting sport of deer shooting, and as an occasional warm day presented itself our sportsmen started out and had a rabbit hunt or tried their luck at angling through holes in the ice. Some of them have pretty good luck and obtain fine strings not uncomfortable to carry in a few hours.

HIAWATHA.

THE ATTENTION OF TOURISTS is called to the advertisements of CHAS. J. GREENOUGH, SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK, and of KENNEDY SMITH, EUSTIS, MAINE.

Few works on science have attracted more general attention and admiration than those of Mr. Wallace, and few have met with more general appreciation and acceptance among naturalists. Well known in the scientific world as having independently worked out the law of Natural Selection, which he announced at the same time with Darwin, and the author of numerous works of importance, he stands in the very front ranks of England's scientific men.

His Geographical Distribution of Animals, published in 1876 by the Harpers, is justly regarded as one of his greatest works, and to this the present volume is, in some sort, a supplement and completion.

The study of the fauna and flora of islands, as distinguished from continental life, is marked by many and serious difficulties, and in many cases the knowledge that we require can never be obtained, owing to the settlement of the country and the consequent destruction of the forests and introduction of exotic species of plants and animals, which must obscure the extensive list of indigenous forms of life. A true and natural classification of plants and animals is required for the intelligent pursuit of this study, and though this is now being reached, it is too late in many instances for us to benefit by it. The doctrine of evolution, or to use a term as expressive and more generally understood, "descent with modification," is the key to the problems which we have to work out, and it is only since 1859 that this doctrine has been set before us in its full clearness, and has received general acceptance. So long as the various forms of life could be accounted for on the theory of a special creation for each one, there was manifestly no further explanation required of the phenomena of the distribution of plants and animals. If each form of life was created and placed in its special habitat, everything was said, we could not go back of that.

The conditions which serve to influence the distribution of life are so many and various, and the factors requiring attention are so intricate, that until the present time, the problems presented to us have never been satisfactorily explained. The traveler in Northern Japan will find there birds which he has been accustomed to see in Great Britain, some species being the same, others closely similar, though he is separated from that island by the whole breadth of a great continent. But let one who is familiar with the fauna of Australia proceed to New Zealand, only thirty hundred miles distant, and he will find almost every form of life, whether animal or vegetable, wholly unlike what he has been accustomed to in the neighboring continent. In the Malay Archipelago is a still more striking instance. The islands of Bali and Lombok, each about as large as Corsica, are separated by a strait only fifteen miles across, yet these two islands differ more widely in their birds and quadrupeds than do England and Japan. On this continent we have a similar case. The flora and fauna of the Hawaiian Islands, which lie southward from Northern New England, changes somewhat, becoming more luxuriant as we approach the Gulf, but not altering its essential character, even at the Southern extremity of Florida. But just across the narrow strait which divides that peninsula from the Bahamas, is a vegetation truly tropical, and with it a bird and insect fauna almost identical with that of Cuba. Paleontology gives us much assistance in working out the genetic connection of the various forms of life existing upon the earth. In some cases, the ancestors of living forms have been traced back through their various changes and modifications to the beginning of Tertiary time, while, too, many evidences of the migrations of certain groups are furnished by their fossil remains, and the proofs of such migrations shed a flood of light on the present distribution of many existing animals. The knowledge derived from stratigraphical geology is also very important, for from we learn what portions of the earth have been long submerged beneath the surface of the ocean, and thus what portions have long been isolated and allowed the time for the development of a special flora and fauna of their own.

Other and even more important classes of evidence are the great changes of climate which have taken place both in the polar and temperate zones—which are shown by the evidences of a luxuriant vegetation in the former, and of glacial ice in the latter, and the great permanency of existing oceans and continents. It is now generally believed that mild climates near the poles and periods of intense cold in temperate regions have several times in the course of the world's history alternated with climatic conditions not markedly different from those now existing, and the influences of such changes upon life as regards the migration, the modification and the extinction of species can scarcely be over estimated. The theory of the substantial permanency of continental and oceanic areas is a new one, and is as yet very imperfectly understood. It is, however, thoroughly believed in by Mr. Wallace, and there seems to be good evidence in support of it.

After presenting us with a vast amount of information on the distribution of different forms of life on islands and continents, Mr. Wallace summarizes the facts which he has brought together, and in the concluding chapter of his work gives the results of his study of the most difficult subject. He says, in brief,

That the distribution of the various species and groups of living things over the earth's surface, and their aggregation in definite assemblages in certain areas are the direct result and outcome of a complex set of causes, which may be grouped under "biological" and "physical." The biological causes are mainly of two kinds—firstly, the constant tendency of all organisms to increase in numbers and to occupy a wider area, and their various powers of dispersion and migrations through which, when unobscured, they are enabled to reach widely over the globe; and, secondly, the laws of evolution and extinction which determine the manner in which groups of organisms arise and grow, reach their maximum, and then dwindle away often breaking up into separate portions which survive in very remote regions. The physical causes are also mainly of two kinds. We have, first, the geographical changes which at one time isolate a whole fauna and flora, at another time lead to their dispersal and intermixture with other faunas and floras; and it was important to ascertain the exact nature and extent of these changes, and to determine the question of the general stability or instability of continents and oceans; in the second place it was necessary to determine the exact nature, extent and frequency of the changes of climate which have taken place in various parts of the earth, because such changes are among the most powerful agents in causing

the dispersal and extinction of plants and animals. Hence the importance attached to the question of geological climates and the causes which have been here investigated at some length with the aid of the most recent researches of geologists, physicists and explorers. These various inquiries lead us on to an investigation of stratified deposits with a view to ascertain some limits their present age; and also to a study of the probable rate of development of the organic world; and both these processes are shown to involve, in all probability, periods of time much less vast than have generally been thought necessary.

Having done so much in the First Part of his work, Mr. Wallace then proceeds to apply the facts and theories already established to the explanation of the phenomena exhibited by the faunas and floras of the principal islands of the globe, which he classifies in three groups in accordance with their physical origin, each of which exhibits certain well-marked biological features.

Of all the conclusions which the author draws, perhaps the most important is that with regard to the age of the earth which we inhabit, or more properly, that which treats of geological time as bearing on the development of life, and with an abstract of his remarks on this subject we must close our review of this most interesting work. The periods of time usually demanded by the geologist for the development of the world have been very great, but we find that the earliest fossiliferous rocks evidences of the existence of many forms which require vast periods of time for their development. The physicist, however, denies that any such enormous periods of time are available. The sun is losing heat more rapidly than it could acquire it from any conceivable source, and the earth is cooling and must once have been too hot to admit of the existence of life upon its surface; the friction of the tides is constantly working its rotation, and this cannot have gone on indefinitely without making our day much longer than it is. By means of various estimates, which need not here be gone into, it is shown that the rate of modification in the organic world, in remote geological time, was probably much greater than it now is, and that at the present epoch the earth is in a "phase of exceptional stability both physical and organic, and it is from this period of exceptional stability that our notions of the very slow rate of change have been derived.

Mr. Wallace's work is replete with new facts, and gives us the views of the most advanced thinkers of Europe. It is of the utmost value to science. Besides this it comprises a fund of interesting information on natural history that will recommend it to a very large class of readers who have no special scientific knowledge.

MIGRATORY BIRDS AT QUEBEC.

WHILE New York and adjacent States lay hurried under a deep coating of snow, swept by Boreas in no gentle humor, we, of the province of Quebec, have stood *bona fide* Beant, at the bare idea that for once the old tyrant, in a moment of hilarity, should have vaulted over us to wreak his malignity beyond the line 45 deg. We record an exceptionally mild winter, followed by a precocious spring. Isothermal freak notwithstanding, migratory birds do not appear to have been much influenced by this abnormal state of weather. The following extracts from my note-book show no very marked deviation from their ordinary time of arrival here the last five years—

March.

- 3. Pine Grosbeak, returning North. Mr. J. M. Lemoine informed me that he noticed a few up to 15th inst. Snow blitting at Lyster.
6. Bald Eagle at Cape Sante.
8. Shore-Lark. Never abundant.
15. Crows 10 days late.
16. Canada Geese. Flying N. E.

April.

- 1. Wilson's snow bird, or "Nun" (*Junco hyemalis*) we presume to flight to this date.
11. Song-Sparrow (*Rossignol*). Five days early. Herring Gulls.
14. Robins. Five days late; very abundant 30th. Ring-legged Buzard on one occasion noticed February 28th. I have never seen the *Var. sancti-johannis*. Wood-cock (see *Quebec Morning Chronicle*), rather early.
22. Snow-Geese. Rare; irregular. Shrike (*C. borealis*), ordinary time.
23. Field Cuckoo, flushed in pasture field ponds. Swallows (city) reported by H. C. early.
23. Tree Sparrow (*S. monticola*), irregular.
24. Savannah Sparrow, not common.
25. Wilson's Snipe (*A. Beccanini*), ordinary time.
26. Hermit Thrush. A warbler not identified. Wood-cock—flushed Chestnut Cove—late. Bullfinch (*B. albicollis*).
27. Purple Finch, occasionally noticed the year round. Blackbirds, ordinary time. Binohird, first observed to breed here last season. Golden-winged Wood Pecker, ordinary time. White-throated Sparrow, ordinary time. South-southerly, of Cape Horn. Mallard, very rare in this section.
28. Grass Finch, usual time.
29. Fish Hawk (*P. Carolinensis*) shot on day previous at Grenacres by a gunner, who offered it for sale on board steamer *D'Etobit*.
30. House Wren, rare in this locality. Yellow Rump Warbler in scattered bands. The first Butterfly of the season was observed to flutter about merrily on the 9th. Frogs held a weak rehearsal on the 23d (*no treat* us to a full chorus). A Ribbon Snake was noticed quite lively on the 25th, and these busy bodies, the bumble bees, put in a first appearance on the 30th.

Gardening in sheltered localities commenced on the 13th. Potato planting (Roberts & Copeman), on a large scale, began on the 15th. Since then, farming operation progressing without interruption. J. N.

Dorvald, Cap Rouge Road, St. Foye (near Quebec), April 30th, 1881.

CRIOUS HABIT OF A WOODPECKER.—The following note is taken from the *New York Sun*, and calls attention to a habit that we have never noticed in a woodpecker. It is one that one often sees the common and widely distributed red headed woodpecker rattle on the dry shingles of a barn, or against a loose board on the side of a house, where his only object, so far as we could be divined, was to make a noise, but we have never known of this being done regularly as appears to have been the case in the instance referred to. We presume that the species referred to is the California woodpecker, *Melanerpes formicivorus*. The note is as fol-

*Island Life, or the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras: INCLUDING A REVISION OF THE SO-CALLED "LAW OF PROF. WALLACE'S ISLAND LIFE," by Alfred Russel Wallace, New York: Harper & Brothers, 1881.

Notwithstanding that this subject has been so often commented upon by the public press, and by sportsmen of the true type by the same medium, nothing was done at the last session of the Ontario Legislature to put a stop to the criminal practice of spring shooting. Year after year it has become apparent to those who observe and take an interest in game protection how fast this species of game is diminishing, and that mainly owing to the negligence or apathy of our legislators. We claim that no argument can possibly be adduced in justification of the practice at present tolerated by law in this wanton and indiscriminate slaughter in the breeding season. We are aware that individuals, some of whom are simply interested in the matter, and who still advocate spring shooting, do so for the mere sport, while others approve from a pecuniary and sordid motive. But then, to prove from a scientific and humane standpoint, there is but little or no distinction between the criminals. In this section, for a month at least, thousands upon thousands of ducks have been slaughtered, either to gratify the former's morbid taste or the latter's greed for gain. "And how many a birdling thus shot on the wing, while others are sent maimed on their journey." But it is not in this duck-shooting alone that the same cruel and unfeeling spirit is manifested by law fall a prey to this class of so-called sportsmen, as long as our law-makers aid and abet the crime, we may reflect that in a few years more our commonwealth in the matter of game will have become so depleted that an entire prohibition for a series of years must ensue.—*Winslow Correspondent Toronto Mail.*

AN ANTELOPE SHOOTING STRATAGEM.—We left Edgerton, Colorado, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, with no place in view, but intending to go east or southeast until we struck game. We were very pretty lucky in our quest, and on the second day found ourselves in the most exciting, and as it was the second day of the shooting season when we arrived at our destination, we found the antelope very tame, and in a week had shot as many as our two ponies could draw home. Encouraged by our first success, we started out again two months later, and although we located our camp in the same place, we found things very different from our first visit. The antelope were not so tame, and in fact, eighty or one hundred yards off, they would not even allow them to be hunted so much that it required considerable skill to get within even three or four hundred yards of them. We had lain behind soapweds and sage bushes for two or three hours at a time, waiting for the game to feed up to us, but in every instance something either startled them or they got within range or they changed their direction on the morning of the fourth day we heard a low rumbling of bacon, and concluded that we would try one more, and then "break camp." We hit upon the following plan. We put a bridle on one of the ponies, and both mounting, we hoisted a sheet of brown paper in front of us, leaving a couple of holes as points of observation, and commenced our advance on a herd quietly grazing a mile away. Although we were in plain sight, they did not seem to notice us until we were within half a mile, then they turned their heads and sniffed the air, and as we advanced they came forward about fifteen or twenty yards, craning their necks, trying to make out what it was coming. When we were within eighty yards we stopped, and, slipping quickly off the horse, I dropped on my knee, raised my piece, and at the word "fire" we both fired, both balls taking effect. At the sound of the reports the herd started and ran, but instead of turning tail they described a circle round us; this enabled us to put in two more shots each, but only one took effect. We collected the spoils after some trouble. We sat down to dinner with lighter hearts than we commenced the morning with, and on no occasion has an antelope steak tasted richer to me than it did that day. We found exercise and fresh air rather soon after the venison than we had craved. We tried the same plan several times on a later trip we took and found it work well each time.—*G. B. H.*

DOGS AS RAILROAD BAGGAGE.—Chelsea, Mass., April 6.—Why is it that the railroads advertise in the columns of your valuable paper to ship one dog for each sportsman free? In your issue of March 17 is a statement from "Kenwock," which is an outrageous outrage. Now, if these railroads advertise to do this and so, why would it not be a good idea to paste one of their advertisements on each dog, and if it is the baggage man, enter a complaint? My experience is different from Kenwock's. On Nov. 9, 1880, I left Boston, via New York and New England, for Gordonsville, Va. I inquired at the office what would be the charge on my dog, and was informed not a cent. I asked if the baggage man were allowed to charge anything, and was informed that they were not. I then asked the baggage man what he would charge to take care of my dog to Washington, D. C., and was almost paralyzed when he told me fifty cents. I gave him one dollar, and did not see him again, but my dog was O. K., and in Washington on the same train as myself, and in as good condition as myself.

Now, to Gordonsville is less than 100 miles. I asked the baggage man how much for my dog—fifty cents again. I paid it. My dog was passed to me by the baggage man at Gordonsville all right. If I had not had this experience, and at so little expense, I should doubt Kenwock's statement. But south of Gordonsville they (baggage men) perhaps have no conscience. By answering this through your valuable paper you will confer a great favor on a constant reader.

I wish to say I found at Gordonsville abundant numbers of quail and partridge, wild turkey and woodcock in fair numbers, and hares in abundance. Also the best accommodation at the Magnolia House, kept by Mr. Mayhew, and Capt. Harry Carter Clerk one of the best of fellows. Wishing the success to your valuable paper which it deserves.—I remain,

CHAS. H. SINGLAIR.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT.—A meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association was held Friday evening, May 6, Vice-President Cook in the chair. The prize committee reported that they had received eighty prizes of the aggregate value of between \$5,000 and \$8,000. The bird committee reported everything favorable for a large number of birds. The game law committee reported that the Long Island Association bill was practically killed, and that the bill known as the Armstrong bill had been reported favorably and ordered for a third reading. On a motion by Mr. Altenbrand, the secretary was instructed to write to the members representing Long Island, and have them try to insert in the Armstrong bill as amendments, the bill of the Long Island Association bill relating to woodcock, Convey to the members of game protectors and ruffed grouse, and if they could not do this to try and defeat it. The committee on finance are to

provide badges for the members of the association and for all others that they may see fit, that will serve as a passport to the freedom of the grounds. It was decided to call the convention for June 20. A committee to be appointed by the chair are to arrange the order of shooting, the prizes and to consider the propriety of having a shoot open to all on the two days following the tournament, and are to report to the association.

CURTAIN.—There have been, perhaps, more wild fowl, ducks, geese and swan, shot at Currituck during the past season than there has in any season for ten years. It is worthy of note to think what a vast quantity of game has been shipped from our sound this fall and winter past. Eighteen years of experience will enable me to estimate the numbers very closely. From Oct. 11, 1880, to March 25, 1881, I have shot 1,700 ducks, 43 geese and 31 swan, making in all 1,769 birds. There are about 400 gunners in the Sound, including sportsmen from the North. Some of the gunners have shot three to four thousand each. Two of them have shot more than two thousand to each gunner, that will be 800,000 birds were killed in our little Sound in less than six months. Is there a sound, river or lake in the United States that can produce as many birds of the same kind and in the same length of time?—*J. B. WHITE.*

CONNOTICUT.—The only amendment of the Connecticut game law, passed at the session of 1881, was as follows: "Section 8. Any person found with a wild dog and gun upon lands where birds mentioned in Sec. 1 of this act are known to exist, shall be deemed *prima facie* to be there for the purpose of pursuing said birds with intent to kill, and the owner of such lands, with such others as he may command to assist him, may arrest such person while on said land, if he refuses to leave the same at once, forthwith carry him before a justice of the peace, who, upon the written complaint of such owner, shall proceed to try said person in all respects as if he had been complained against by a grand juror or other proper informing officer, and, in case of a conviction under any of the sections of this act, one-half of the fine imposed by the Court shall be paid to the informer."

MINNESOTA SEASON.—Minnesota game law was amended, Feb. 26. Open season, woodcock, July 1st to Sept. 1st. August, September and October. Pinnated and sharp-tailed quail, quail and stuffed grouse, September, October and November. Aquatic pond, September 1st to May 15th. Fine of \$5 to \$50, or forfeiture of guns, sporting implements, dogs and game, together with costs of prosecution, or both at discretion of court.

ENGLISH SNIP ON TOAST.—These birds should not be drawn. Pluck them, wipe them and trim the head under the wing, which, like the neck, must be skinned. Press the feet upon the thighs and pass a skewer through them and the body. Put four on each skewer, tie them to a spit and roast them at an open fire for a quarter of an hour. Put slices of toast in the dripping pan under the birds to catch the trails, and on these toast serve the snipe, after flouting and browning them. Add a little brown gravy. These birds must be eaten very hot.—*The Gastronomist.*

SMALL CALIBERS FOR GAME.—Philadelphia, April 24.—I have been intending buying for some time a small bore rifle for small game shooting, principally squirrels, and, while I should like for many reasons a .22 cal., have been in much doubt as to their force and accuracy up to 75 or 100 yards. I should like very much to hear the experience of others who have used these light bore on game.—*T. J. S.*

NEBRASKA TOURNAMENT.—The seventh annual Nebraska State Sportsmen's Tournament will be held at Lincoln, Neb., May 17 to 20 inclusive. The prize list aggregates \$2,265. The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will convene Tuesday evening, May 17th. The secretary is Mr. E. Hallelt, Lincoln, Neb.

GEORGE W. FLOWER.—George W. Flower, of Watertown, New York, died in this city last Wednesday evening. Mr. Flower was well known to the members of the New York State Association, of which, in 1874, he was the President. He was a prominent citizen of Watertown, having been its first mayor.

THE MANY FRIENDS OF MR. C. S. SHATTUCK, the manufacturer of single-barrel guns, will learn with pleasure that he is getting into shape again after the destruction of his factory by fire some months ago. The new factory, we are informed, will be ready for work June 1, 1881.

NEW JERSEY.—There were some snipe on the Big Piece at Pine Brook, N. J., last week—the first lot this year. Newark Meadow also had a sprinkling last week.

WE HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF OUR PAMPHLETS ON "Dittmar Sporting Powder." Copies may be had on application at this office.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

By the way, that reminds me—

THAT "Uncle's" story in issue of April 28 reminds me of a deer shooting incident here in Detroit, Minn. One man last Winter killed thirty, another twenty, and so on, while one fellow had the extraordinary luck, cheek, or whatever you may wish to style it, in bringing down two at one shot, and with a rifle at that. While out in the woods he saw them standing still, unconscious of his presence, and just as he pulled the trigger they moved alongside of each other and both received the fatal bullet. I have never heard of a similar occurrence, and do not think its like was ever accomplished.—*HIAWATHA.*

THE fox-hunting stories in the late numbers of your paper bring to my mind an anecdote narrated to me by a friend of mine, a gentleman of impeccable veracity. In the latter part of March or the first part of April we often have on moonlight nights very pretty fox hunts. About four or five weeks ago my friend and two gentlemen rode with a good pack of dogs to a den where a fox had young ones. They stationed a man at the den to keep the fox out until the second or third day. The dogs soon made the woods echo, and made one round, running hard, and then all was still as death, and the dogs one after another came in.

The man at the den was sure that the fox had not run in, and so there was nothing to do but to blame the dogs and to start for another den; there the performance was repeated, but, *mirabile dictu*, they heard the old fox barking in the woods not a hundred yards away. They at once looked on the dogs, but they would not run. Now, as to whether the dogs were more humane than the hunters, and would not run an animal that had young to provide for, or whether it was something supernatural, I leave for some of your fox-hunting subscribers to explain.—*D.*

CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS, EDITORS, BANKERS AND LADIES NEED TOP BITTERS daily for nerve force.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.	
Brook Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis.</i>	White Bass, <i>Roccus cryoptes.</i>
Pickereel, <i>Roccus reticulatus.</i>	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites.</i> (Two species).
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) <i>Sitichelium americanum, N.</i>	War-mouth, <i>Chonobrythys guttata.</i>
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens.</i>	Crappie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus.</i>
Striped Bass, <i>Roccus linatus.</i>	Striped Bass, <i>Roccus linatus.</i>
	White Perch, <i>Morone americana.</i>
	Snout of Perch, <i>Neotomus erythrus.</i>
SALT WATER.	
	Pollock, <i>Polachatus americanus.</i>
	Tattler or Blackfish, <i>Taxtoga onitis.</i>

"The 'True Angler' is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of gentle old leach. He has no objection and when a subject is not to be had, can find amusement in catching such fish or roach, and does not despise the sport of any humble brother of the angle. With him fishing is a recreation and a 'calmer of inquiet thoughts.' He never quarrels with his luck, knowing that safety dwells only in the appreciation of sport as much as a want of success, but is ever content when he has done his best, and looks hopefully forward to next propitious day. Whether from lust or rooky shyness, or along the steady bank of the creek, he deems it an achievement to take fish when they are difficult to catch, and his satisfaction is in proportion. His enjoyment consists not only in the taking of fish; he derives much pleasure from the soothing reflexive and delight of the assignments of the art. God be with you gentle fisher, and may the best of our old master, whether you are a top fisher or a bottom fisher; whether your bait be gentles, hawnting, grub, or red worm, crab, shrimp, or minnow, caddis, grasshopper, or the feathery counterfeit of the ephemera. May your thoughts be always peaceful and your heart filled with gratitude to Him who made the country and the trees, and may the east wind never blow when you go fishing."—*THAN. NORTON.*

We are glad to be able to state that we have now a large number of 10-liners near New York where fishing can be had. We shall be glad to supply to such of our readers as may desire the information a list of such places from which they can make a selection. A stamp and addressed envelope must accompany each application.

DUCKS, BLACK BASS AND MASKINGOGE.

ERIC PA., May 2, 1881.

UNTIL within a few days Lake Erie has been covered with an unbroken sheet of ice, but now it is well broken up and has entirely disappeared from the surface from a boat as the bay opened large flocks of duck arrived, and have remained ever since, though they have had little inducement to do so, owing to the hundreds of guns that are constantly banging at them. We are endeavoring to have a law passed prohibiting spring ducking and limiting the shooting in the fall to three days a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. If they are not disturbed a great many remain here as breed. Our Game Fish Association has planted wild rice for several seasons, and the ducks are yearly becoming more numerous.

Fishing through the ice has been good all winter, the catch being perch, blue pike and herring, with occasionally a pickerel. The black bass appeared April 25, nearly a month earlier than usual. Two boys fishing for hours found a fat one anchored near the ice lauded "eighty-four bass." Since then large numbers have been caught, the best string so far being 102 for one man. They run very large for spring fish; one that I saw weighed going 5 lbs 9 oz. The large perch are also running in, and are so numerous as to be almost a nuisance; they bite as fast as one can drop in his line. In a week or two all the different varieties will have appeared, and we will have great sport. At present, though there are plenty of fish, the wind blowing over the ice is rather uncomfortable.

Our Game Fish Association is an energetic body. We have a fish-warden or detective paid by the city, and in addition the association pays a reward of fifty dollars for information leading to the conviction of any one for violations of the fish law, by selling or giving. We have already convicted and fined one man, and several are awaiting trial.

I have noticed the articles in your late issues calling attention to different points as pleasant places for sportsmen to visit, and I will say this much for Eric, that one who enjoys first-class fishing for bass, maskinonge, pickerel, etc., without being compelled to suffer the discomforts of camp life and the sports attendants of the black fly and mosquito, can do no better than come here at any time until the first of August, or during the fall. In my next I will give an account of some of its advantages. PARSQUO 1881.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

THE long wharf at Mandarin, Florida, stretches some six hundred feet out into the peaceful St. Johns, and hither repair the fishermen after their night's toil in their row-boats with their nets to sell the quivering fish to the inhabitants, and ship the surplus by morning steamer to Jacksonville.

I strolled down the wharf in quest of mess and met a tall, honny fisherman on whose face the habit of fishing all night had left a very plain impression. Did ever any one look so much in need of going to bed early for a few nights and sleeping unincalled in the morning? Not from any apparent fatigue, however. He had got used to fishing all night, and his nature, true to hereditary training, had such transportation of day and night without permitting red the eye and spread

ing over the whole face such a sort of beaten-to-death countenance was visible.

"Haven't got a fish," said he. "No luck at all last night. I should have had some loek, too, if it weren't for a confounded alligator. Gosh, he got in my net and it took me nearly all night to get him out, and that was two of the prettiest schools of bass flopping close by that I ever saw. Instead of getting a good lot of um as I ought ter hev done and would hev done if it wain't for that blasted alligator, here I am this morning with nothing at all in the boat except him."

"I have you got him in the boat," I asked. "Yes" followed he yet want to come down and see him?" I followed him down to the end of the wharf, and proceeding we went his fisher companion, a lad of about seventeen. The boat lay moored to the bulkhead and up above on the wharf, under a shed, sat a half dozen negro women with their babies, waiting for the next steambot.

The boy, with an animated grin, ran down the flight of steps into the boat, and as we approached pulled out an alligator, four or five feet long, by a cord that was fastened about its neck, and held it on his knees, bending its tail around from side to side.

The negro women at the first look grabbed their babies, and fled in all directions, notwithstanding the boy's good-natured, "He won't hurt you." He picked him up and put him down, coiled his tail, rubbed his sides and put his ugly head into the boat, and as we approached pulled out an alligator, four or five feet long, by a cord that was fastened about its neck, and held it on his knees, bending its tail around from side to side.

"No," alligators won't generally bite?" said my fisherman, "unless you tantalize him. That boy there" he continued "is just like a boy; just as quick as his head is down in the water as his aspick."

Now this seemed just unlike most babies to me, but maybe he was janned for a comparison, so I said nothing, while he went on:

"Last night, sir, after we ketchted that 'gator we put him in the bottom of the boat forward, and that boy there went and laid right down alongside of him, and I'll be danged, sir, if he and the alligator didn't sleep together, rolled in the same blanket, and as we approached pulled out an alligator, four or five feet long, by a cord that was fastened about its neck, and held it on his knees, bending its tail around from side to side."

I looked in the boy's face for some trace of kinship to the ugly Saurian, or some sign of that which had won its mild behavior, but the kind eyes and look of jolly good nature were all I could see. I know not whether that friend of animals, the renowned Bergh, adds a jolly disposition to his humane treatment of the brutes, but here is a lesson, if it be a lesson, which it has apparently won the heart of even so un-motherly a beast as an alligator, and if adopted with more favored animals, who can tell what wonders might result. Possibly if all the winter visitors to Florida were endowed with good-humored, rollicking natures, the ugly brutes might yet be transformed into affectionate domestic pets, which we might lead about with a pink ribbon, or dandle in our arms with interested love.

SPEARING FISH IN MARYLAND WATERS.

MUCH has been said and written lately of the products of the Chesapeake Bay, and of the means used to entrap and secure those products. An American sportsman is just when to visit Maryland in order to obtain the one delicacy that snits his appetite. In summer he has the soft crabs of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and certainly a more delicious morsel could never have served to the gods. A Baltimorean will boast of this dish and glory over it to a stranger; but let that same Baltimorean go twelve or fifteen miles treatment of the brutes, but here is a lesson, if it be a lesson, which it has apparently won the heart of even so un-motherly a beast as an alligator, and if adopted with more favored animals, who can tell what wonders might result. Possibly if all the winter visitors to Florida were endowed with good-humored, rollicking natures, the ugly brutes might yet be transformed into affectionate domestic pets, which we might lead about with a pink ribbon, or dandle in our arms with interested love.

"But," he continues, "do you mean to persuade me that this is the same species of crab that we consider such a luxury in the city?"

"The very same, only we, living here, can procure them, as the crabbers say, 'just as they have shed,' or, in other words, just after they have worked themselves out of their hard shells. In this condition they are too delicate to be transported. They have to be kept for a day, at least, before they are strong enough to bear even a short journey, and by that time their shells have commenced to harden once more. By the time you buy them they are very apt to have what we would call a paper shell, when to us they are no longer soft crabs. Ah! you must eat them where they are caught to eat them in perfection."

And so it is with most things of the kind—they never taste the same away from their favorite haunts. Crabs, both soft and hard, are caught from the middle of May until the middle of September and are considered a delicacy as long as they last. Catching them has not been as yet turned into a sport, for, unlike the sportsman who brings in the head of a dog or pack to start his game, the crabber must trust to his own eyesight and skill in the use of his crab-net. From sunrise to sunset he wades in the water, dragging his boat along by one hand and using his hands with the other. At times his labors are well rewarded and he finds himself at the end of the day possessed of six, eight or ten dozen crabs; but at other times he will, perhaps, for weeks catch but four or five single crabs a day.

So much for crabs—a subject we had no intention at first of touching on at such length. There are other points in regard to them that I am sure would be of interest; but the subject of this article does not allow a fuller account of them.

The sportsman of Maryland longs for the last of October

and first of November. Then, with his dogs, he scours those parts of the country where he is safe from the penalty of the law, a notice that will at times make the heart of a gunner sink within him, and if he meets with success he is very apt on his return to the city to invite a few select friends to a partridge supper.

Oysters are a third luxury of which much has been said elsewhere. I have never heard them spoken of as a luxury whose capture was indulged in as sport, and yet personally have derived much pleasure from fishing parties that started out to go oystering. The sport consists in vainly endeavoring to fish up the oysters with long rakes. We betide the party who start out without an experienced oysterman on board, who not only fishes up the oysters, but roasts them on the shore afterward.

Spear-fishing, although a means of livelihood for the fisherman and crabber through some of the colder months of the year, seems to be something of which little is known elsewhere. A stranger on one of our duck-crocks is sometimes surprised into an exclamation of astonishment at the appearance of the landspeer, which is lighted up even to the heavens, as though all the woods were in a blaze. A snail will form itself on the features of the native, who pines:

"Oh, that is only some one giggling."

"And pray what is that?"

Accompany us on an expedition of that kind and we will indicate you into one of the most picturesque sports conceivable. Let us choose a picturesque place to begin with. The "Eastern Shore," as all Marylanders call that part of their State that lies east of the Chesapeake, is too low and flat for beauty, and the western shore—well, I think we'll try the Severn up above Annapolis, near its head, where the banks are high, thickly wooded and dotted over with evergreens that give them beauty even in the cold, dreary winter months. Here one of the little crocks that give beauty and romance to the river we may find some fishermen preparing for the night's work. They are an easy-going set, who take life as it comes and find a fund of amusement when together in their own sayings and doings. Evidently they have just been laughing over one of these same jokes, for on the face of an old negro in the background there is a broad grin still visible, and his old head moves from side to side as if he were just about taking in the fun.

"Oh," they say, "they call him, fishes and crabs some in summer, but the entomologist at his side prevent his taking an active part in what those about him are now preparing for. And while we are speaking of Uncle Philip, perhaps you would be interested in knowing his first impressions of an earthquake. Some three years since, this region of country was visited during the winter by a succession of "shocks" quite alarming at times to the dwellers on the soil. The first one occurred on a night that the city of Richmond was roused from its peaceful slumbers and its inhabitants forced into the streets by the unusual sounds and motions accompanying a shock of earthquake. The time was twelve at night, and though Uncle Philip had retired, his worthy better half was still busying herself about household matters. As the rumbling was heard he roused himself and called:

"Lucy, who dat ar drivin' round de house dis time o' night? Take it dat ar good, suvver, suvver."

Then, as the little cabin shook and swayed from side to side, he added:

"Dar, now! He drunk; done run ag'in' de house."

But our fishermen have some of them completed their work for the present, and are preparing to go home for their snappers; so we select one for our guide in the evening, and then examine more particularly their arrangements. The wood that he uses for the handle of his rake is called "light-wood," and is procured from old rotten pine stumps. It is very resinous and gives a brilliant light, which the fishermen tell us is what attracts the fishes. In slavery times, when the negroes were not allowed to have lamps to carry about at night, they would use knots of light-wood for torches.

"What is this?" asks some one, picking up a long wooden handle with an iron instrument at one end that looks like a pitch fork, or a tool for digging out worms. It has three heavy teeth barbed at the ends, and the whole thing resembles Neptune's trident more than anything else.

"That is a jig," is the reply.

"And please tell us if this is what you use to spear the fish with."

The answer only confirms our notions of its being an instrument of torture, and we turn to watch one of the men who has just crossed his boat from side to side a broad board on which he is now placing a long supply of sand.

We begin to see into things a little, and are not surprised, when, after supper, we sunter down to the water to the place where our fisherman was to meet us, to see him building a fire of light-wood on the sand in his boat. How quickly it blazes and how brightly it illuminates everything around. We take our places in the boat and are roved across to one of the smaller creeks, where everything looks wild and unnatural. We feel almost as though we were entering on enchanted ground, and our whisperings soon cease as the fisherman, after putting aside his oars and adding fuel to the fire, noiselessly propels the boat by means of the handle of his jig. Suddenly he raises and reverses it, and even our inexperienced eyes see what has riveted his attention. A fish, attracted by the bright light, has gradually approached the surface of the water, and when nearly there has become a prisoner. We scarcely dare breathe as we wonder what the next move will be; but we have not long to wait, for the jig descends with fatal aim and comes up bearing on its end a bleeding fish.

But, as usual under similar circumstances, we forget the sufferings of the victim and enter into the excitement of the hour, watching for the poor, unsuspecting creatures to appear, and then anxiously noting the descent of the instrument which has become their death-blow.

Our experienced fisherman seldom misses a "strike," but we, who flatter ourselves we know more of physics than this uneducated waterman, are soon compelled to admit that he has practically mastered the laws of refraction, as applied to his particular calling, while we, understanding it in theory, are unable to put it into practice, for our attempts to imitate him and "strike" a fish are signal failures. We only succeed in spearing the fish, which glides swiftly away, to return perhaps in a very few moments to the same spot, becoming perfectly still as before, in a most tantalizing way.

But it is of no use. We try and try again with the same result, and resignedly return the jig to the hands that have become accustomed to its use.

As we turn our faces homeward we notice that our companions have the appearance of having just emerged from a coal mine, and that the air is so thick with smoke that it is, for them, impossible to have such dense smoke so

near us, blowing directly in our faces at times, without it leaving its mark.

As now we land, and our fisherman turns to go, we prepare to enjoy the picturesqueness of "spearing." The boat glides noiselessly along, being propelled by a small boy who sits in the stern and sculls, while the fisherman stands at the bow, zig in it and ready to pounce down on his prey. The freight plays upon their forms and renders every movement distinctly visible. It plays upon the water and surrounding trees and underbrush till the whole scene becomes alive and in motion, as if touched by the wand of a magician. In the centre of all is a column of dense smoke, brilliantly illuminated, and rising high above our heads, wandering off into space, as if a messenger sent to other scenes to tell of the one little spot of beauty it had left.

A. WATSON, W.

THE BERLIN MEDALS.

THE medals from the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, 1880, and diplomas accompanying them have been distributed. Those belonging to New York city and vicinity came to the office of the FISHERY AND STRAITS department. The medals are all of one size, whether of gold, silver or bronze, and are three inches in diameter, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. The gold medals are twenty carats fine, and weigh seven and a half ounces, a liberal and costly souvenir. The diplomas are elegantly lithographed in blue and gold on heavy paper, and are handsome enough to hang in any place. They contain the name of the person to whom a medal, or honorable mention, was awarded, and the object for which was given. We have already published electrolytic types of the medals, and now give the following list of American awards:

- CLASS I.—PRODUCTS OF THE FISHERIES.
 - Silver Medal and Diploma.*
 - Alaska Commercial Co., San Francisco. Seal skins in various stages.
 - N. E. Atwood, Provincetown, Mass. Oils.
 - J. W. Beardsley & Sons, 179 West st., New York. Salted and smoked fish.
 - Eugene G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York. Fresh American fish.
 - A. Booth & Co., Chicago and San Francisco. Canned Salmon.
 - Hagedorn, Hamburg and New York. Fresh American oysters.
 - Portland, Me., Packing Co. Canned fish.
 - Russia Cement Co., Rockport, Mass. Fish glue.
 - H. K. & F. B. Thurber, Read St., and West Broadway, New York. Collection of canned lobsters, crabs, clams, mackerel, etc.
 - Dr. H. Ward, Rochester, N. Y. Collection of stuffed fishes and reptiles.
 - Bronze Medals.*
 - J. H. Bartlett & Son, New Bedford, Mass. Preserved fish and oils.
 - J. B. M. Carley, Fulton Market, New York. Pickled oysters, etc.
 - Catch Cook, Princeton, Mass. Oils.
 - A. W. Dodd, Gloucester, Mass. Oils.
 - W. K. Lewis & Co., Boston. Canned salmon.
 - Joseph Palmer, Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Plaster casts of fishes.
 - Joseph Fryer, New York. Oils.
 - S. Schmidt, 162 W. 19th st., New York. Smoked sturgeon and other fish.
 - J. W. Stullis, Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Photographs of fishes.
 - William Underwood & Co., Boston. Preserved fish.
 - Honorable Mention.*
 - Max Ams & Co., New York. Preserved fish.
 - H. M. Anthony, New York. Preserved salmon.
 - A. Booth & Co., Baltimore, Chicago and San Francisco. Canned Oregon salmon.
 - Kemp, Day & Co., New York. Preserved fish.
 - Hoare & French, Boston. Prepared glass.
 - Maryland Packing Co., Baltimore. Canned hard crabs.
 - M. Mayo & Co., Boston. Codfish salted, and other fish.
 - McMeuany & Co., Hampton, Va. Canned crabs and oysters.
 - Franklin, Snow & Co., Boston. Prepared mackerel.
 - S. Schmidt, New York. Eels in jelly.
- CLASS II.—FISHING TACKLE AND APPARATUS.
 - Gold Medal.*
 - H. L. Leonard, Bangor, Me., agent Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren st., New York. Split bamboo fishing rods.
 - Honorable Mention.*
 - J. W. Collins, Gloucester, Mass. Marine drug for preventing vessels drifting to leeward.
- CLASS III.—FISH CULTURE.
 - Gold Medals.*
 - Charles G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me. Models of fishways and hatching apparatus.
 - C. B. Ferguson, Baltimore. Fishculture on steamer, invention of movable hatching buckets.
 - Steth Green, Rochester. Collection of fishhatching apparatus.
 - M. McDonald, Lexington, Va. Invention of fishway.
 - Fred Malher, New York. Invention of conical hatching apparatus.
 - Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H. Fish breeding apparatus.
 - Silver Medal.*
 - Oren M. Chase, Detroit. "Self-picking" hatching jar.
 - Bronze Medal.*
 - B. F. Shaw, Annapolis, Md. Fishway.
 - Honorable Mention.*
 - James Annin, Jr., Calcedonia, N. Y. Apparatus for seeding fish eggs.
 - F. N. Clark, Northville, Mich. Hatching box for salmon and whitefish.
- CLASS IV.—TRANSPORTING LIVE FISH.
 - Bronze Medal.*
 - Fred Malher, New York. Tank for transporting fishes at sea.
- CLASS V.—ACCESSORIES TO THE FISHERIES.
 - Silver Medal.*
 - United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Fishermen's clothing, collection of fishing implements.
- CLASS IX.—MAPS, CHARTS AND LITERATURE.
 - Silver Medal.*
 - G. Brown Goode, Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Chart of the distribution of valuable American fishes.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.—A CROSS-SECTION OF POND THROUGH BREEDING-PLACE.



FIG. 3.—PLAN OF A NATURAL CARP POND.

into the market-ponds. The pikes, which have reached an almost equal weight, are put into pike-ponds. It requires often two or three days to weigh the fishes, ponds of 1,000 or 5,000 acres area containing on an average 200 tons of carp and twenty tons of pike, perch and other fishes not included.

I assisted once at the fishing-out of one of these ponds, which took place in the neighborhood of the town of Groppe, Prussia, province of Brandenburg, Germany. The pond was the property of a competent culturist and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Berger, of Georgenhof, near Cottbus-Putz. The ponds in which this gentleman carries on carp-culture exceed the extent of 6,000 Prussian acres. The pond which was fished out at the time I speak of was but a small one, not more than 200 acres in size, yet to my surprise I found that the greater number of the fishes were fine specimens of about three pounds weight, though they were but in their second year, having weighed no more than 1 1/2 pounds five short months before, (the fishing-out took place at the beginning of October,) and they had attained to this great weight in a comparatively very limited space of time. Several establishments of this kind are located in that district, and they commonly belong to some large princely domain, (crown property). They are, like all large fisheries, admirably managed and the results are most satisfactory.

6.—MIXED CARP-CULTURE.

We have so far spoken of carp-culture, according to the different age of these fish, in special ponds (hatching, breeding and carp ponds), termed "class-culture" in Central Europe. We must now speak of another method, pursued in so-called "mixed ponds," in which there are fish of all ages, from 1 year to 8 to 10 years.

Not much can be said regarding this method, as there are no hatching and breeding-ponds, but only one pond, which, however, must combine all the characteristics of the class-ponds. It must, therefore, have shallow places, overgrown with grass or aquatic plants (*Festuca pectinatus* and *Phalaris arvensis*), for the spawners and the young fish, and also places, 8 to 10 feet deep, for the larger fish. If such a pond is to yield some profit, it must also be particularly rich in food. A natural pond may be used, or, if such a one is not found, it may be artificially constructed. It is indispensable, however, that such a pond should have the same depth of water all the year round, and it should be so arranged that even the last drop of water can be let off, as occasionally even the smallest fish, measuring only 2 to 3 inches in length, must be taken out. Such "mixed ponds" must likewise have "collectors" and "collector-ditches." It will also be found very useful to construct a sort of hatching-place, on some flat and sunny place, near the bank, &c., a so-called cut in the bank, measuring 40 to 100 feet in length and 30 to 50 feet in breadth, and having a depth of 5 inches to 1 1/2 feet. This cut should be thickly planted with the above-mentioned aquatic plants, and ought, so to speak, to be the only place in the pond where carp can ascend from the depth in order to deposit their eggs conveniently and engage in the spawning process.

As soon as this has taken place, the entrance to this cut is closed with a net, so the eggs cannot be eaten by the fish. This net may be removed when the young fish have come out of the eggs, but it is preferable to leave it in its place for some days, that the young fish may be able to feed for some time undisturbedly.

Explanation of Diagram.—A is the pond, B the cut, which, though directly connected with the pond, is in reality nothing but a hatching-pond, such as has been described above. In order to have a complete system of ponds, nothing would be required but a "breeding-pond."

In Europe this method was generally adopted by beginners in carp-culture, commencing with a mixed pond, and gradually proceeding to the small "hatching-pond," and finally to the "breeding-pond," as the great advantage of separate ponds for the different ages of fish over the "mixed-pond" system soon became evident.

Each of such a "mixed-pond" no pike must be kept for regulating the stock, as may be done in a class-pond, for all the small fish would then soon be devoured. It must be made a strict rule that, with the exception of the tench (*Cyprinus tenca*), no other kind of fish, however harmless, is allowed in the pond. The tench is related to the carp, but it spawns 4 to 5 weeks later, so there can be no danger of cross-breeds.

Great care should be taken that no gold-fish (*Cyprinus carpio auratus*) or brown (*brama*) get in the pond, for these fish would

soon mix with the carp and tend to degenerate the breed. Such fish should therefore be removed or killed at once. The gold-fish, especially the milk, swims in spawning-schools like the carp, and at the very same season. It thus spoils the egg of the carp, as all eggs which it impregiates will produce spotted fish, having at least a silvery streak 3/4 to 1/2 inch long and 1/2 inch broad between the caudal and the dorsal fin. Such bastards (the cross-breeds of gold-fish and *Carassius* also resemble them) do not grow larger than gold-fish, and have as many bones. They are unfit for table use and entirely unsuited for ornament, as they are neither genuine carp nor gold fish, and are disagreeable objects in the eyes of the scientist and connoisseur. If such fish are not removed immediately the consequence will be another cross-breed during the next spawning-season, for such a hybrid spawns, like the gold-fish, when it is a year old, and the brood of carps would degenerate still more. It is best to kill such worthless cross-breeds at once, as they are apt to give great trouble.

I would embrace this opportunity to impress upon every carp-culturist who intends to make breeding experiments with any carp procured through the United States Fish Commission, the importance of having, if possible, only one of three above-mentioned kinds of carp, unless he can have every kind in a separate pond. Thus the common carp (*Cyprinus carpio communis*) should never be placed in the same pond with the "mirror carp" or the "leather or naked carp" (*Cyprinus carpio alpinus, corticeus mol natus*), nor should the two last mentioned varieties ever be in the same pond. Cross-breeds would invariably be produced, and in such a manner that one would have neither genuine common carp nor genuine mirror or leather carp, but a cross-breed of all the three varieties. Not even when quite young and not yet capable of spawning should these varieties be put together, because, even if they are kept strictly separate during the spawning process, the young fish would never have the sharply marked characteristics of their variety as regards form and color, but would approach nearer to the "mirror-carp" and the "common carp." The carp has a striking tendency, when living with other varieties, to approach the primitive form of the common carp, and finally to be merged in it. These beautiful varieties should therefore be kept strictly separate; lack of ponds or any other reason should never induce people to mix them.

If the breeding experiments are to be accompanied by good results, a pure variety should be selected, and the finest and best milkers and spawners, showing strongly all the characteristics of their variety should be procured, and the experiments will be crowned with success.

I must return to the so-called "mixed culture," by mentioning that it is not to be recommended. In Central Europe it is never practiced by scientific pisciculturists, but only by small operators mostly in so-called "peasant-ponds." This method does never yield a certain and truly profitable result.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 3.—Pond P is a natural body of water. Its extent is about one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres. It is formed by a dam, D, about seven to eight feet high, crossing the valley and thus collecting the water of a run flowing there. Before D is a deepening, C, the collector. In the dam D there is an outlet leading to another deepening—the so-called outlet-collector OC. The purpose of this collector is to keep back fishes that may have passed the outlet when opened. It is provided with a screen or netting, CD, upon the bottom of pond P, is the collector ditch, which conducts the fishes to C when the water is let out, and thus prevents them being caught in the mud. A is the run of water which, to prevent overflow, has to be conducted around the pond in a separate ditch, leaving an inlet at J, protected by a sluice with screens.

Fig. 4.—F, surface of the pond; I, collector; D, dam; A, outlet; OK, outlet collector; J, inlet; R, stream; D, the dam; I, the run or creek.

Fig. 5.—R, stream supplying artificial pond between undulating hills; J, inlet; I, inlet dam; CD, collecting ditches; C, collector; OD, outlet dam; O, outlet; OC, outlet collector; E, cavity; H, sluice, in which the carp collect for the winter; H, canal to let off surplus water in case of frosts.

Fig. 6.—I, breeding-pond for spawning fishes and spawn; II, pond for small fry; III, pond for large fish; a, supply of water; b, inlet; c, collector; o, outlet.

FIG. 4.—CROSS-SECTION OF DAM-POND, FIG. 3.



FIG. 5.—PLAN OF ARTIFICIAL CARP-POND.

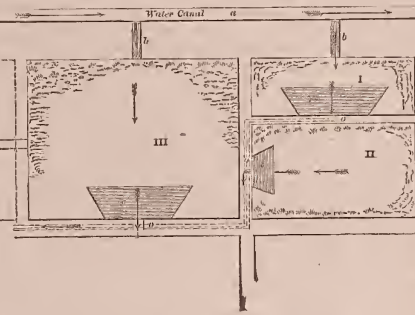


FIG. 6.—PLAN OF ARTIFICIAL CARP-PONDS.

7.—FEEDING THE CARP.

In conclusion I will make some remarks on the feeding of carp in close ponds. It is not every natural pond which is a good pond, having the essentials of a good soil at the bottom and capable of producing sufficient food for the fish. If these conditions are wanting, the fish must be fed. This is, as a general rule, only necessary in ponds with sandy bottom without any clay. As I have said before, I am not in favor of feeding fish, as my standpoint is that of the rational culturist sharing the opinion with most of the prominent pisciculturists of the Old World, that carp should find its own food in the ponds.

Never give them much food at one time, but by degrees in small quantities, never during the day, but either early in the morning or in the evening. During the hot season only feed them late at night, because the carp, if it has eaten sufficiently in the morning, will remain at the bottom all day, while during the higher temperature of the water it is necessary for its health that it should swim round and get a change of water. It is therefore useful to place in ponds containing large carp a limited number of pike, which, however, must be smaller than the carp. The carp fears the pike and flies from it. If there are pike in the pond the carp will get more exercise and will seek natural feeding-places, whither, on account of its innate sluggishness, it would never have gone.

Pond-carp are accustomed to other food than the river-carp. The former continue themselves to worms, larvae and plants, while those living in streams find all sorts of animal and vegetable refuse; these latter can also stand a greater amount of food, as the current naturally makes them take more exercise, thus increasing their appetite. It is different with the pond carp; if you give it too much food, it will not take any more than is necessary to satisfy its hunger; the remnants will remain at the bottom, and if their quantity be considerable they will spoil the water. If these remnants are chiefly animal refuse, as flesh or blood, fungi will grow on them, and will then produce, as with the salmon and trout, diseases of the skin, the gills, and in the case of the carp, sometimes internal diseases.

The writer once had the following experience: During his absence a number of large carp were fed on congealed blood which had begun to putrefy; the fish devoured it eagerly, got sick, and most of them died in a few days from an inflammation of the intestines. Spoiled food should never be given to fish. If lighter house or kitchen refuse can be had, give these, chopped up small about the size of peas. Never give so much that remnants remain for any length of time in the water and begin to putrefy. Let no one be induced by the circumstance that the carp like to eat the dung of hogs, sheep and cows, to feed them on any putrescent, particularly diseases of the scales, have originated.

The carp likes above everything else vegetable matter, such as cabbage, lettuce, boiled potatoes, corn, turnips, pumpkins, radishes, etc. The refuse of meat from brewers and distilleries is also very good food for carp, and wherever such refuse can be had it should be given to the fish.

The small pisciculturist, having a pond of perhaps one to two acres near his house, will often be able to feed his fish on refuse, as he will always have it fresh from the kitchen and stable.

In conclusion, I earnestly recommend the culture of the carp to all pisciculturists. If the value of the carp for table use has once been recognized it will become a highly esteemed fish, especially in the neighborhood of large and populous cities, and its culture will yield a larger and more certain profit than the expensive trout.

8.—EXTENT OF CARP-CULTURE IN EUROPE.

In Europe many thousand acres of artificial waters are to be found. In these enormous quantities of carp are bred. Some of

"Great barks are fine hitters." We also say, "What, keep a dog bark myself?" These need no explanation, and the same is true of others, such as "A quick eye do to beat a dog." Give a dog a bad name and hang him." It is easy to find a stick to beat a dog, and "When a dog is drowning every one offers him drink." On the same principle of giving to those who do not want, we are told that every one beats the fat dog, while the lean one burns. Of course a hungry dog will eat dirt and mud; it is a bad dog that desecrates no crust, and "It is useless to tie up a dog with a chitliver."

The French language is singularly prolific in sayings about dogs. A good dog never barks and he never bays. The best of friends must part, as Dagobert said to his dog. This is well known, and so is this: Ho is like the dog of Jean de Nivelle, which runs away when it is called. A dog may look at a bishop, but he will not eat him. A cat may look at a king. To beat the dog when the lion is present is bad. But he is rather cowardly. Two dogs to one bone are bad. He who would drown his dog calls it bad. You must throw stones at the dog which bites; but after the dog kill you to the stone bare, and do not make fun of the dog till you are out of the village, perhaps because a dog and a cock are always bare on their own ding-hill, and a dog takes a dog by the ears is bitten it is no wonder.

A young man is sometimes as foolish as a young dog. To be always under control is to be like a dog in a string. A man who is used to submit to bad treatment, and who is not a dog, is a dog with a bare head. He is treated like a dog, sometimes, and especially if he comes in like a dog at nine-pins, or when he is not wanted. Love me, love my dog, is advice recognized in different countries, but it is French to call the chief man a dog with a grand collar. More curious is between dog and wolf to denude a thin down in which objects can scarcely be distinguished. We could add several others from French sources, but we wish to give a few examples from elsewhere, and particularly from the German.

Here we find that some people should not be squeamish. They go over a dog that they must go over the tail. This reminds us of the saying, "When you have swallowed the ox don't make a fuss about it." A German, like many more, may be as hungry or as thirsty as a dog, and he will be before under a delusion, sees a lion dog. That the dogs bite the hindmost is as true as stronger utterance among ourselves. He is in a destitute condition who has not a dog to draw out of the oven. Do not blame the innocent. It is not the dog who is to blame, but the man who has a dog. There may run the fastest, but many dogs are the death of the hare. Nobody cares to own a dog which is everybody's companion.

When they have nothing, the French will tell you that you will find it in the dog. The Italian man may be as snappish as a dog, but he will be the first to draw the dog's teeth and bone. They think it a foolish thing to draw the dog's teeth and bone. You, but having no greater wisdom in the matter, they say, "Put a dog on the jaws till you can muzzle it. From Chinese we learn that a dog which muzzles its tail despises its owner. One who beats a dog should think of its master. Other rough and ready sayings are, that the dog in its kennel howls at the fleas, but the dog which is hunting does not feel them; and that it is not dogs' fleas which make the cats cry out.

THE AMERICAN COCKER SPANIEL CLUB.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1881.

TO THE MEMBERS: Your committee appointed at the adjourned meeting of the club, held at the American Institute Building, New York City, on the 20th of April, beg to submit the following Constitution and By-Laws for the government of the club:

Information of those not present at the annual meeting held on the 28th of April, your committee would state that the standard of excellence, as incorporated in the Constitution, was unanimously adopted by those attending the meeting. The committee's work consists of the Constitution and By-Laws other than the standard.

Your committee now requests all who desire to perfect their membership to forward the first year's dues of \$2 to the secretary of the committee. On the 1st of June a list of members will be sent to the secretary, and on the 1st of July the dues will be collected. If you have five, to hold office until the next annual meeting. This done, the labors of your committee will cease, and it remains in your hands to assist them by your joining at once and getting as many to become associated with us as possible. Yours respectfully, J. L. Morrill, Chairman, James H. Watson, Secretary, Committee of Organization of the American Cocker Spaniel Club. Secretary's address, P. O. Box 2,950, New York City.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Name. This club shall be called the American Cocker Spaniel Club.

ARTICLE II.

Object.

The object of this club shall be the encouragement of the breeding of the cocker spaniel and the award of special prizes at all dog shows where the standard of points of this club is recognized and the prizes are awarded by a judge approved by the Executive Committee of this club.

ARTICLE VII.

Membership.

This club shall consist of an unlimited number of members.

ARTICLE IV.

Application for Membership.

Any person desirous of joining this club must make application to the secretary, in writing, and pay the amount of dues for the first year, which shall be returned in the event of the non-election of the applicant.

ARTICLE V.

Election of Members.

The power of election shall rest with the Executive Committee, a four-fifths vote being requisite to elect a member.

ARTICLE VI.

Management.

The management of this club shall be intrusted to an executive committee consisting of five members, who shall be elected at the annual meeting, to hold office for one year or until their successors are appointed. Vacancies in the membership of the Executive Committee, arising from any cause whatever, shall be filled by the same number of members at the next annual meeting. They shall from their number elect a president and secretary-treasurer, who shall perform their several duties as prescribed by the By-Laws, and generally such duties as pertain to their office.

ARTICLE VIII.

Special Meetings.

A special meeting of the club shall be called by the Executive Committee on the written application of one-fourth of the members in good standing.

ARTICLE IX.

The Executive Committee shall have power, by a four-fifths

vote, to suspend any person from membership of this club until the next meeting of the club who, in the opinion of the committee, has been guilty of fraudulent or dishonorable practices in connection with bench shows or dog trials.

ARTICLE X.

Standard.

The standard of points of the cocker spaniel, as defined and adopted by the club, is as follows: A cocker spaniel must not weigh over 28 lbs. nor less than 18 lbs. General appearance, Symmetry; (value 10).—A cocker spaniel should be eminently a well built, graceful and active dog, and should show strength without heaviness or clumsiness. Any of the spaniel colors is allowable, but beauty of color and marking must be taken into consideration.

Head (value 15) should be of fair length, muzzle cut off and tapering gradually from the eye, but not snipy. Skull rising in a graceful curve from the stop, and with the same outline at the occiput, the curve line being higher but still curving at the middle of the skull. The head should be narrower at the eyes, and broadest at the set-on of ears, and viewed from the front, the outline between the ears should be a nearly perfect segment of a circle. The stop is marked and a groove runs up the skull, gradually becoming less apparent, till lost about half way to the occiput. This prevents the domed King Charles' skull, and there should not be the heaviness of the large field spaniel, but a light, graceful, well-balanced head. Jaws level, neither under-shot nor pig-jawed, teeth straight, regular and free from canker.

Eyes (value 6) round and moderately full. They should correspond in color with the coat.

Ears (value 10) lobular, set on low, leather fine and not extending beyond the nose, well clothed with long, silky hair, which must be straight or wavy—no positive curls or ringlets.

Neck and Shoulders (value 10).—Neck should be sufficiently long to allow the nose to reach the ground easily; muscular and running into well-shaped sloping shoulders.

Body (value 16).—The chest well sprung; chest of fair width and depth; body well ribbed back, short in the comping, tank free from any lumpy appearance, long strong.

Length (value 5), from tip of nose to root of tail should be about twice the height at shoulder; hind legs straight, pasterns straight, short and strong; elbows well let down; the hind legs well set on, the hocks straight, locks straight, looked at from behind and near the ground. Fore feet should be good size, round, turning neither in nor out, toes not too spreading; the soles should be furnished with hard, horny pads, and there should be plenty of hair between the toes.

Legs and Feet (value 15).—The forelegs should be short, strong in bone and muscle; straight, neither bent in nor out at elbows; pasterns straight, short and strong; elbows well let down; the hind legs well set on, the hocks straight, locks straight, looked at from behind and near the ground. Fore feet should be good size, round, turning neither in nor out, toes not too spreading; the soles should be furnished with hard, horny pads, and there should be plenty of hair between the toes.

Coat (value 10) should be smooth, silky, straight or wavy, but without curl; chest, legs and tail well feathered. There should be no top-knot or curly hair on top of head.

Tail (value 6) usually curved, carried nearly level with the back. At work it is carried high, with a quick, nervous action which is characteristic with the breed.

SCALE OF POINTS.

General Appearance.....	10	Length.....	6
Head.....	15	Legs and Feet.....	15
Eyes.....	6	Coat.....	10
Neck and Shoulders.....	10	Tail.....	6
Body.....	16	Total.....	100

AMENDMENTS.

No addition, alteration or amendment shall be made to the Constitution except by a two-thirds vote of the members present or represented by proxy at the regular annual meeting of the club. No proxy to be admitted unless it is specifically stated therein in what manner the vote shall be recorded. At least thirty days notice of any such proposed change must be given to the Executive Committee, of which due notice shall at once be sent to the club members.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

Officers.

The officers of the Executive Committee shall be a president and secretary-treasurer, who shall be elected at the first meeting of the committee after each annual meeting of the club, to serve until the next annual meeting.

ARTICLE II.

Duties of Officers.

SECTION I. The president shall preside at the meetings of the club and Executive Committee, appoint all sub-committees, audit and approve all bills, and order meetings of the committee whenever, in his judgment, he may deem it necessary.

Sec. II. The secretary-treasurer shall record the minutes of each meeting of the association and of the Executive Committee; shall conduct their correspondence, and have charge of and be responsible for all books and papers. He shall also have charge of all moneys belonging to the association; shall pay all bills, when properly presented, and shall receive therefor to the committee whenever called upon by them to do so.

ARTICLE III.

Payment of Bills.

All bills shall be presented to the President, and shall be audited first. In case of approval his signature and date of approval. After such approval the secretary-treasurer shall be authorized to pay.

ARTICLE IV.

Prize.

Sec. 1.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to endeavor to obtain suitable classes for cocker spaniels at all bench shows, and that at such shows as agree to abide by the standard of the club, and appoint a judge approved by the committee, who committees shall have full power to offer such prizes as they may deem advisable in addition to those given by the show authorities.

Sec. 2.—That these prizes shall be known as "American Cocker Spaniel Club Special Prizes."

ARTICLE V.

Judges.

Sec. 1.—A list of gentlemen competent and willing to officiate as judges of cocker spaniels shall be made up by the Executive Committee, and the secretary shall, on application of the manager, superintendent, or any other person, submit a copy of said list, and arrange, if desired, with the gentleman chosen therefrom to act as a judge at said show. That the expenses incurred by said judge shall be paid to him by the show committee engaging him.

Sec. 2.—The club judges may, at their discretion, or be interested directly or indirectly in, the shows at which they officiate.

Sec. 3.—The judge shall award prizes to dogs impartially and according to the order to which the dogs approach perfection in their respective classes, and proposals made by the club as the true standard of excellence. They shall not recognize any other type or standard, and shall be amenable for their decisions to the committee of the club alone. They may withhold prizes, etc., if the specimens exhibited do not, in their opinion, merit the same.

ARTICLE VI.

Dues.

Sec. 1.—The annual dues shall be \$2, payable upon application for membership, and thirty days before each annual meeting thereafter, and to members whose dues remain unpaid shall be entitled to vote at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2.—Any member in arrears for dues shall not enjoy any of the privileges of membership until his dues are paid.

ARTICLE VII.

Expenses.

All expenses incurred by the secretary-treasurer, or by any member of the committee, for or on behalf of this club and on the authority of the committee, shall be defrayed out of the funds of this club.

members, together with the rules of this club, names of members, committee and officers, shall be printed and supplied to each member of this club.

ARTICLE IX.

These By-Laws may be altered, amended or suspended by a majority vote of the Executive Committee, provided notice shall have been given to each member of the committee of the proposed change. That such change must be confirmed at the next annual meeting of the club.

A BULL DOG ROBINSON CRUSOE.

JUST below Suspension Bridge is a small rock and sand island, in Niagara River, which can only be reached from the high bank, two hundred feet above, or through the perilous rapids at its feet. About twenty-five years ago a man named Taylor fell into the river at the Maid of the Mist landing, and by great effort came down and landed on this island.

About seven years ago a dog got into the current at the above landing, and he, also, made his way to this island. This animal lived on the island for nearly two years, and was fed by the late Wm. Flemming, of the United States Customs. At the end of nearly two years a young man from Canada ventured over the bank on a rope ladder and landed safely on the island; but the dog was wild and unmanageable, and the man was drawn up without him. Strongly, he shot himself and lay down in the sun to die. It was shipwreck and his bark lost forever.

Since that time Taylor Island has been uninhabited until Sunday, April 16. A man from Niagara Falls was seen walking out on the island, which is located about twenty yards above the island. He had with him a small-sized bull dog that he had sentenced to death for the paltry error of killing chickens.

When he had reached about the centre of the bridge he picked up his canine friend, and, after patting him for a moment, threw him from the bridge. Down he went, two hundred and twenty feet into the perilous rapids below. But, instead of floating off as hundreds of other dogs have done—stone dead—he came to the surface and hobbled struck out for Taylor Island, where he landed, shook himself, and lay down in the sun to dry. It was him this morning and fed him; he appeared to be as lively as ever.

His appearance has arrested the attention of many sight-seers. Suspension Bridge, N. Y. O. E. Lewis.

CAPTAIN McBURDO'S KENNEL.

UNWITTINGLY the longest "wait" for the front cover to open I have ever known, I can enclose a letter in which I have news from these parts that give a short sketch of the kennel and surroundings of Captain McBurdy, who, it will be remembered, moved his establishment this winter from Campbell County to Shadwell, Alabama, some five miles from Chattahoochee.

First, we will go back to the Captain's long historic grounds, Monticello, the home of Jefferson, grows a lofty birch right in front of us, while upon a field between where the aristocrats of the kennel stretch their legs before starting out for their daily instruction upon the lounge where the great stamper was born.

The kennels themselves are situated on a breezy lawn, with enough shade to keep off the hot summer sun, while the cold north winds are intercepted by a mountain that rises immediately behind the place.

A more beautiful spot it would be hard to imagine; and when the foreground is enlivened by the forms of ten or twelve of some of the best bred setters of the day, who have "dropped in their tracks" to the down charge and see watching with keen eye for the signal from the master that releases them again, the picture becomes a doubly charming one.

The healthiness, condition and high state of training of the inmates of the Captain's kennels are due to methodical and judicious feeding, to the perfect cleanliness in which they are kept, and to the untiring and constant attention given them by the Captain himself. To say that he devotes himself entirely to his pets would be a mild way of putting it. If, in short, all two-legged creatures get such an amount of devoted attention and matters as do these four-legged ones from their parents and guardians might well sleep easy in their beds.

Particularly promising are two bitches by Gladstone out of Stralder's Frost, and some pups by Dash II. Mr. Foster, of Leesburg, too, has a very handsome lemon and white setter bitch with the Captain, while a powerful black Hungarian pointer from the kennels, I believe, of Peter Esterhazy, is the one representative of his breed. Ringwood.

FAST AND SLOW DOGS.

AFTER reading in the valuable columns of Forest and Stream a number of letters about dead trials, fast and slow dogs, etc., it seems to me pretty clear that some of the field trials should be held on entirely open ground. It is very uncommon to find a really fast dog, who is perfect, or even first rate in cover. And, on the other hand, in many localities, it is very serviceable, it is desirable to encourage their breeding to limited extent. Such dogs will always be scarce, and consequently rank first, because they must not only have extraordinary speed, but also the finest noses, together with endurance and the other qualities that are required in a dog for such work. It is, therefore, the duty of every sportsman who prefers a reliable slow dog to a blundering fast one. For mixed ground extraordinary speed is useless, and an active, lively worker, with a fine nose and all the other necessary qualities, is the best style of dog one can have.

I have always found that I had the most satisfactory partridge (quail) shooting when hunting over a brace of dogs, one very fast and wide ranging, the other slower and pretty close ranging. The former finds most of the coveys, and the latter does the best work in the woods and rough places.

What any one can want with a really slow pointer or setter I can't understand, for if their hunting grounds consist of very nice cover a brace of good spaniels will do better work than any of them.

As regards putting a stop to jockeying and field trials, I believe we are entirely dependent upon the judges, who, if they are the right sort of men (thoroughly understanding the ways of birds, as well as of dogs), will not be so easily deceived as to the value of any handler who does anything unfair, either to help his own or hinder his competitor's dog. To watch some handlers one would think they were doing their dogs—not showing what they had in them, but trying to get the best of their own dogs. And how this can be called hunting them "in all respects as in an ordinary day's shooting," is beyond my "ken."

The proposed trials, in which the dogs would be handled by their owners, might, I fancy, be very popular, and as they would be confined to gentlemen to learn how to handle dogs better than is usually done at present it would not only be a benefit to themselves, as it would add very much to their interest in their dogs, but would also be a great boon to the dogs, by preventing the cruel treatment and exposure to frost for want of a proper knowledge of the art of training them. Inex.

WHOSE DOGS?—Portland, Maine, April 29.—For a long time occasional reports have come to me concerning setters freely selected to have been bred by myself, or from my stock, and the number of reports and inquiries have so increased that I wish to answer to all by a single reply, through FOREST AND STREAM, which I trust will be read by all those who are interested in the matter.

My setters are of two native strains—the Irish reds (Gora II, Cale, Covert, etc.) and an orange and white strain that I term the "Sargent" strain, in compliment to Gen. George Binney Sargent, of South Scituate, for whose dog I originally bred the dogs imported, upward of thirty years ago. As much care and precautions

to present to the club a handsome gold medal, known as the Engletr Trophy, which was to be shot for at three regular shoots, 10 birds each. In a most speech the vice-president accepted the trophy and thanked Mr. Engletr for his gift. He then presented to the club. After the meeting adjourned the first shoot for the Engletr trophy took place.

The following is the score: John B. Voskamp, 5; Wm. D. Steers, 4; James T. Davis, 3; Michael Engletr, 1; John Wood, 0; Henry Wallace, 9; John A. Dinkel, 9; Major George Aery, 5. Judge Dinkel hit the tenth bird fairly; the bird was a strong trophy and did not fly out of boundary, hence it was not scored for him. Mr. Henry Wallace hit his tenth bird but it lighted on a tree out of boundary and was not scored for him.

Forer Mimus, May 2.—Monthly glass ball contest of the Knickerbocker Gun Club took place on their grounds, April 20. 15 balls, 25 yards rise, rotary trap.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like G. Baker, F. B. Chesley, A. A. French, etc.

Excuses Gun Club—Brooklyn, April 20.—Monthly match for a badge. Score: K. Y. C.

In the decision of the tie between Schlemmer and Medler eight birds were shot at. Schlemmer killed five straight, his sixth fall dead out of bounds, and he killed his seventh and eighth. Medler killed five straight, missed number six, killed number seven and missed his last.

The Long Island Forester Club held their first monthly shoot at glass balls for a gold badge Saturday, May 7. The badge was won by Mr. R. T. Sablin. The club, though young, are enthusiastic and every fall go to Novae, L. I., for a two weeks' expedition over the mountains of the Catskills. The members of the organization are: Henry Thorpe, President; Charles M. Edwards, Vice-President; Robert T. Sablin, Treasurer; and Charles W. Field, Secretary.

BRADFORD, April 29.—Match between the Bradford Gun Club, of Bradford, Pa., and the Athletics of this city. The shoot was at ten single rises each twenty-one yards rise, from ground traps.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Risher, Smith, Longacker, etc.

Total. 113. Total. 113.

SCOTT SIMS, Great Britain. The inaugural shoot of the newly organized South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., took place Saturday. Match at five birds; 25 yards; three ground traps; 1/2 oz. of shot; both barrels allowed.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Painter, White, Smith, etc.

*Killed with second barrel.

VINCENNES, N. J., May 2.—The Coaxen Glass-Ball Club of this place held their monthly contest for badge here to-day. Card's traps, 18 yards. Only four winners present!

F. S. Hilliard, 1001 0111-7 S. S. Butterworth, 1001 1011-7 Capt. W. D. Haines, 1010 1111-5 W. S. Hilliard, 1010 1111-5

The shot at 3 balls: W. S. Hilliard, 2; Capt. W. D. Haines, 1.—SHIELD-BALL.

CATAWISSA, May 7.—The Catawissa Glass-Ball Club has adopted a medal to be shot for until Sept. 1, the man winning it the most times is declared the champion shot and owner of the medal. Woolly match, first scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like A. Thomas, W. G. Lester, etc.

This on 10, both barrels, 100 yards, 6 Mr. Eger had no more shells. The match was put off until next week.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB, Washington, D. C., May 9.—The regular weekly contest of this club on their grounds at Eagle Park, Saturday afternoon, resulted as follows: Cards' rotary trap, seconded; 50 yards rise; glass balls:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like E. W. Miller, W. E. Eldridge, etc.

RESTON GUNNING AND FISHING CLUB—Covington, Ky., April 4.—This club will give a National glass ball tournament on May 18, 19 and 20. Offering prizes amounting to about \$5,000. We had a practice shoot on April 2. Glass balls, 18 yards rise. Mole traps. First match; 6 balls:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like McGraw, Hinds, etc.

McGraw, 10 1 1 1-4 Reinington, 11 1 0 1-3 Gusewright, 1 1 0 1-3 Josie, 11 1 0 1-3 Hinds, 1 1 0 0-6

McGraw, 1 1 1 0-4 Smith, 1 1 1 0-4 Gusewright, 1 1 1 0-4 Josie, 1 1 1 0-4 Hinds, 1 1 1 0-4

LEWYNSWORTH GUN CLUB.—Shoot for the club badge April 26. Twenty balls each, ten from a revolving, and ten from a rotary trap. First match:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like E. D. Leconte, C. N. Whitman, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like D. B. Himmou, E. H. Himmou, etc.

Five others shot. Leconte, Whitman and Himmou tied on 18 balls. On the shoot off at five balls Leconte won, taking the badge. A. Girard won the leather medal with a score of seven.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 26.—The tournament of the Topexka Gun Club opened in good style to-day. There were present to-day between thirty and fifty sportsmen, among them Gwyn Price, of St. Louis; Fred Erb, of St. Joseph; J. M. Horsley and Sam Black, of Oange City, and W. Ellet, of Eldorado.

The tournament takes place on the Topexka Gun Club's excellent range in the Fair Grounds, where everything has been admirably arranged for the accommodation of those taking part.

The first shoot was at seven birds, 21 yards rise. The following shows the results:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. C. Himmou, A. C. McClaren, etc.

The gentlemen who tied on seven divided first money. Those who killed six birds shot off their tie, and Irwin and Davis tied again and divided second money. Those who killed five birds shot off their tie, and Brugnauer and Ellison tied again and divided third money. Fourth money was won by Howe.

The next shoot was at ten glass balls, 15 yards rise, from five Bogardus traps, placed five yards apart, for a purse of \$300. The score stood as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. C. Himmou, T. D. Wellman, etc.

Ellet won first money, and Black after shooting with the others who broke 3 balls won second money. Irwin and Wellman divided third money.

The next was a team shoot at five single birds, 26 yards rise, two men in each team. The score stood as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. H. Ellet, J. M. Horsley, etc.

The first prize was won by Eaton and Houghton, who are from Kansas City, Erb, of St. Joe, and Caven, of Kansas City, won second.

The next shoot was at six single birds, 26 yards rise: Himmou, A. C. McClaren, A. C. Allendorf, S. Hershby, A. Black, A. Wheelock, J. Houghton, S. Egan, G. Howd, A. Mudge, A. Fuller, E. Eaton, E. E. Eason, G. Davis, G. Irwin, A.

The tie being shot off, Fargo won first money, Hershey second, and Howe third.

The first match of the second day was at ten glass balls, eighteen yards distance, sprung from a rotary trap. The entries and score were as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. H. Ellet, J. M. Horsley, etc.

W. H. Ellet, J. M. Horsley, J. C. Allendorf, S. Hershby, A. Black, A. Wheelock, J. Houghton, S. Egan, G. Howd, A. Mudge, A. Fuller, E. Eaton, E. E. Eason, G. Davis, G. Irwin, A.

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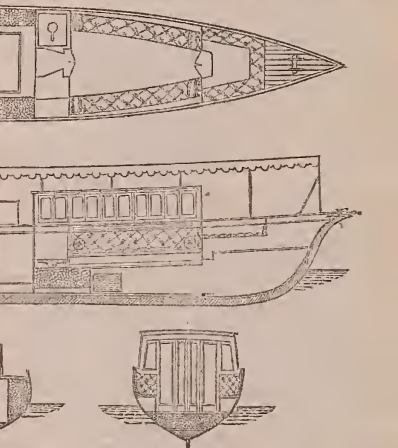
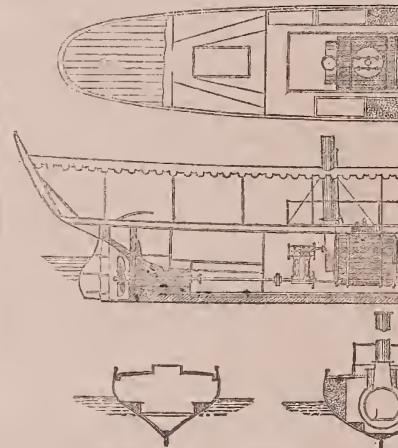
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Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Aug. 2—Quincy Y. C., Second championship regatta, etc.

IN our last issue we illustrated examples of open launches and cabin yachts suitable for bay and harbor work. This week we take the opportunity of presenting a type of launch very popular in England, and which will find favor with us in the future, being a cruising launch of fair speed, accommodation and ability. Such boats combine the handiness and moderate cost, and draft of the ordinary launch and living accommodations of a permanent sloop. Cruising launches, not being built solely for speed, are more reasonable in first cost, can be depended upon for strength and a long life, and their engines being of lower velocity of piston than the water and gas engine, give much less trouble and annoyance, while the coal account is also less serious an item of expense. One of two hands compose the crew. Fuel can be carried for a long extended period, as a minimum displacement is no object; and with ample draft, dead rise and an easy bilge, very fair bow water qualities may be secured, so that this type is especially adapted for 24-hr. use, for sportsmen, for cruising about, and in short for steam cruising on small tonnage. To persons interested in mechanics, who like to observe the working of machinery, it affords an opportunity to observe the working of machinery, and others in their place, who like besides the romances of adventure, life in the open air, to invest in a cruising launch and take your return for your money than the steam boat, or a sloop, or a cutter, or a motor launch, or a launch built for an Oriental potentate by J. S. White, of Cowes, England. The boat is decked fore and aft, with the exception of a small cockpit forward. There is a hatch over the hull space surrounded by a hand-rail and another aft over the fore-cabin. The fore-cabin is a small cabin, but has two berths and a toilet should the craft be caught in bad weather. For use in waters

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Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. H. Ellet, J. M. Horsley, etc.

likely to be covered the windows in the cabin can be kept much smaller and every other part solid, so that if well built, braced and lashed, the danger of being stove in forward is but small. The accommodations, besides cockpit and locker room for stores, a dining table and shooting outfit, consist of a small cabin forward, a pantry and galley, situated forward of the machinery. The latter occupies 16 ft. and the galley, which has two berths and a stove for the crew. She may be steered by tiller or rudder, and is a launch on the open cabin bulkhead, a position affording a good view forward, and protecting the accessories from the weather and sea. The launch inside a passage from Cowes to London in the teeth of a strong easterly gale, and any one who knows what bumpiness and the south sea are in such weather will appreciate the superior qualities. Her length is 30 ft.; beam, 10 ft.; draft forward, 3 ft. 10 in.; aft, 3 ft. 10 in.; displacement, 11 tons; screw, four blades, diameter 3 ft. 6 in.; stroke, 18 in.; grate surface, 55 sq. ft.; heating surface, 215 sq. ft.; at the speed of 12 1/2 miles (9.5 knots) per hour, the number of revolutions was 265, and the gauge showed 6 lbs. per sq. in. With a mean effective pressure in the cylinder equal to 75 per cent. of the boiler pressure, the power developed would be 24.4 H. P., which must be considered very satisfactory in so small a boat. The hull is built of teak and mahogany, laid in two layers diagonally, coppered and copper fastened, and the exterior fittings are of a rich character. The launch has been reported as springing great satisfaction and living up to her trial speed, a mean of 11 miles at sea.

THE INTER-STATE REGATTA.

There seems to be very little courage and enterprise of late among the owners of racing "open boats" in New York. Not only are we unable to organize a New York Regatta at home for a single day in any month, but we have a number of regattas, through sheer inability, to race the most liberal and tempting offers held out in other directions. A very fair example of this is the regatta being arranged among owners of racing boats in these latitudes we publish the following correspondence between Vice-Com. Harris, of the Southern Y. C. and Capt. Ira Smith, of the New York Y. C. The latter is a very experienced and successful yachtsman, and his views are of great value. He writes: "I have been consulted by the Southern Y. C. as to the conditions which the regatta Capt. Smith offers to accept of late among the owners of racing 'open boats' in New York. 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Miscellaneous

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Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

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TATHAM & BRO'S, 52 BEEBEAN ST., NEW YORK.

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GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

FERGUSON'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE Jack Lamps, Dash Lamps, Fishing Lamps, Etc.

Advertisement for fishing lamps and accessories, including bicycle lanterns and excelsior dash lamps.

Advertisement for HOLABIRD Shooting Suits, featuring a picture of a man in a suit.

Advertisement for RICHARDSON AND RANGLLEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a book about fishing in various lakes.

Wanted. Wanted—Black bass fly rod in exchange for FOXES AND FRANKS No. 13, 14 and 15.

For Sale. For Sale, Centerboard Cabin Sloop Yacht, "Phantom," 36 ft. 6 inches by 13 ft. 5 inches.

Water Cross & Brook Trout. AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM. Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cross in one-half peck baskets.

THOMPSON BROTHERS, Aquetong Trout Farm, New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

Table with columns for 'REGULAR, with Elastic Band', 'BEST MOROCCO, with Leather Strap', 'WUSA', 'EXTRA FINE', 'SLIDING into Leather Case', 'NEW STYLE (holding eight dozen flies at full length)', 'SAME, extra quality (The "South Side")', and 'Inches long'.

TACKLE BOOKS:—Regular Quality, \$1.75; "The Perfection," large and fine, \$6.

Table with columns for 'NET RINGS', 'HAND-MADE MINNOW DIP NETS', and 'HAND-MADE LANDING NETS'. It lists various net types and their prices.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY. Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880.

Advertisement for GOODYEAR'S Rubber M'g Company, featuring illustrations of rubber boots and pants.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR, THREE KINGS AND NEW VANITY FAIR. For Sale. For Sale, One of Fenner's Patent Canvas Folding coats.

VERY HANDSOME ENGLISH BETTER. FOR SALE—The large, beautiful, black, white and tan English setter dog Young Belton, 3 years old.

VERY CHOICE IRISH BITCH. FOR SALE—A very fine all-red (white frill) Irish setter bitch pup, whelped Nov. 6; dam, my Irish bitch Gussie.

MR. C. H. MASON'S STUD DOGS. Winners of over 500 cups and first prizes. Salisbury (mass) and Major Kingsley (Newfoundland), the best dogs living.

FOR SALE—Fifty inch Columbia bicycle in good order. Also cyclometer. Address R. M. INGSTON, 16 West 36th St., N. Y.

The Kennel.

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—With the intention of having not only the largest and best trained kennels of beagles in America, but of having the very best blood procurable, I have bought the entire kennel of English, imported and Home-Bred Beagles owned by the Essex County Hunt.

RARE OFFER—FOR SALE.—The pure red Irish R. bitch Red Lou, 9 months old, winner of 1st prize at the late Pittsburgh Dog Show and V. H. Smith Show.

RARE BARGAIN.—For sale, a setter bitch 1 year old, has the blood of Colburn's Dan (father) and Mr. Dick's (mother).

A SACRIFICE, on account of removal, setter puppies 2 and 12 months old, Champion Dog stone, Pride of the Borer and Queen Bess ex Copeland's Pate stock.

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance.

FOR SALE—A very fine pointer bitch 1½ years old. She is very staunch on quail and a good retriever.

CLADSTONE and Joe, Jr., puppies for sale: four of old Kirby, Jr., (Leicester-Kirby) by Gladstone. Address L. W. FOSTER or I. L. MCINTOSH, Leesburgh, Va.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—My Gordon setter bitch Jet; young, very handsome and thoroughly broken. I would exchange for Irish-cocker shot-gun or fancy puppy.

FOR SALE—A bargain—a beautiful brace of foxhound gyrs from imported Countess, winner of several first-class prizes.

SETER DOG FOR SALE—Astonia, Jr.; color black & tan. For price, etc., address J. HAMON, N. Y. agara Falls, Ont.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Beautiful black English spaniel dog. Also young Irish water spaniel. Best of stock. C. E. LEWIS, Susquehanna, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A fine red Irish dog 12 months old; imported stock. Price \$15. CHAS DENISON, Hartford, Conn.

FOR SALE—A black setter bitch 2 years old, perfectly broken; thoroughly broken. Price \$20. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn.

FOR SALE—A liver and white cocker spaniel dog 12 months old; imported stock. Price \$20. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn.

A GOOD BOOK—THE DOG. By DINKS, MATHEW & HUTCHISON. Price \$3.00. For Sale at this Office.

The Kennel.

THE KENNEL.

OR THE

Cocker Spaniel Kennel

M. P. MOKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I keep only cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer.

MACHINE KENNEL CLUB, WHITESTONE, L. I.

took three firsts, one second and a special at New York show, 1871. BENEDICT, imported, solid black, first and special, Field Spaniel class, by Bachelor-Negress, Mr. Jacobus's stud dog, 825.

Dr. Richard Stables, R. N. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the

"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free.

Coin in the Stud.

The Champion Llewellyn Setter Dog Coin, white black and tan ticked, by Leicester out of Ro-a, has been placed in the Stud for a short period.

FRANK D. FAY, 14 High St., Boston, Mass. May 5, 81.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of champions Lawyer, Bachelor, Ladybird, Ladylive, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limerick, Libna, Laurence, Lena, Lydney, Reb, Young Gobb, Bessie II, Barones, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vera Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has in his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar 31, 81.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—August Flower, highly commended, New York, 1881; orange belton, English setter bitch puppy, whelped Aug. 10, 1880, by Ray (1st, Boston, 1879; 1st, Philadelphia, 1874), Delta (Belton-Poss), own sister of the famous field trial winners, King Dash and Belton III; strong, hearty, and of hunting disposition.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 (by Gordie's champion fish, ex-Livington's Rose, by imported champion Snapsnob, winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins Island, Nov. 24, 1878), y. h. c. in open class and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 34th St., New York. May 12, 81.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold medal at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June 2, 81.

DOGS FOR SALE.—A fine red Irish setter dog pup about 6 mos. old, out of Highland Lass by champion Echo. Also an orange and white ticked pup, set of fine parti-rig stock, and by Covell's Jocko (dyeer's Nell-One-Eyed Sanchez). For prices and further particulars address G. E. OSBORN, P. O. Box 65 New Haven, Conn. Apr 27.

BREAKING.—The subscriber will thoroughly break a few choice dogs upon woodcock, quail and snipe, at \$10 each, including board. Satisfactory reference will be given as to skill and unswervingness and satisfaction guaranteed. Address W. M. WHAITE, Waverley, Lakeview, Conn., Pa. May 25.

FOR SALE.—Rare chance—one brace Champion Jersey pups ex Nora, four months old, by address A. A. SAMPSON, Troy, N. Y. May 5, 81.

JERSEY BULL, BLACK DIAMOND, A. J. H. B. 3 months; solid color, black points, from the stock. Address F. V. BRIGGS, Robinsonville, Maine. May 5, 81.

FAIRBANKS'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE ENTIRE Richardson-Ranley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANKS, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

H. L. LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods.

Received the ONLY GOLD MEDAL at the Berlin Exposition Awarded to AMERICAN EXHIBITORS.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. WM. MILLS & SON, Sole Agents, 7 Warren St., N. Y.



J. B. CROOK & CO., MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS, AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS, 50 Fulton Street, N. Y. Sole Agents for THOMAS ALDRED, London, Manufacturer of the FINEST ARCHERY in the WORLD.

J. B. CROOK'S SPECIALTIES FOR 1881. THOMAS ALDRED'S Yew Bows, \$25 to \$75. RICHARD DAVIS'S Cricket Goods. J. B. CROOK'S Hexagonal Bamboo Fly Rods, Solid Beel Plate, \$20.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.

Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated BALLARD RIFLE. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced. .40 cal., 60 grains of powder and 250 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead (Government cartridge). Send for descriptive list to

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, 84 and 86 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .48 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$28. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists. E. REMINGTON & SONS., 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

The Kennel. DOG BRUSHES,

50 cents each; By mail, post-paid, 60 cents each. MILES BROS. & CO., 162 Fulton Street, N. Y. Apl 21, 81.

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A fine three piece Trout Rod, brass mounted, 6 foot long, Red Line Fishing Tackle with strap, Brass Click Reel newly finished, one doz. Best Trout Flies, Fly Box, one doz. Sanded Hooks, 20 yards Spalding Silk Line, one yard leader. Regular price of these goods, if sold separately, amounts to \$142. I offer all complete for \$62. distasteful. C. O. D., with privilege to examine. Send stamps for Catalogue of Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods. R. SIMPSON, 66 Fulton Street, New York. P. O. Box 3017.

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Stedman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

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Bettors and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and gentleness. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

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Portraits of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec30,11

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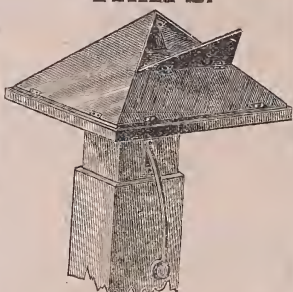
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Price per pair, \$25. This trap is used by all the principal associations in the U. S., and is considered the best trap made for rapid shooting. Manufactured by PARKER BROS., Meriden, Ct., MAKERS OF THE WORLD-RENOVED PARKER BREECH-LOADER.

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Thurber's Reliable Canned Goods will be found just the articles required. They are packed in handy and convenient packages, and are ready for use at a moment's notice. Can be served hot or cold. The following will be found especially adapted to the requirements of the sportsman:

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The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader.

With the last improvement, is now ready—5, 10, 19 and 24-gauge. It extracts "light shells," uncap, recaps, rains and repairs. Mined plated amble safe by mail on receipt of 10 dollars. For extracting and recharging only the original Dudley Receptor is all that is needed, as thousands can testify. Single shot on receipt of 5 dollars. T. Dudley taken in payment. Send for circulars to DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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NORTHERN MICHIGAN. The waters of the Grand Traverse Region, and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, it is equalled in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

THE GRAYLING season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1. THE GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends Nov. 1. BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and creeks of this territory. The Sportsman can readily send orders for his club, his friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish can be had at nearly all points.

WANT WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful. The air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with Hay Fever and Asthma & Rheumatisms.

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Hotels and Boutes for Sportsmen.

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THE LINES OF Pennsylvania Railroad Company also reach the best localities for GUNNING AND FISHING in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in all the principal cities to KANE, HENRY, DEER, FORD, GRESSON, RALSTON, MINNEQUA, and other well-known centers for Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and BIRD Hunting.

Also, SUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPP MAY, AQUAN and numerous NEW JERSEY RESORTS renowned for SAIT WATER SPORT AFTER FIN AND FEATHER.

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Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Allegheny Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc.

The completion of the Potomac Extension in the summer of 1891 affords THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE TO THE "YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL," and establishes a continuous rail line via Richmond, Va., and Huntington, W. Va., between the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific Ocean.

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THE STEAMERS of this Line reach some of the finest water-land and upland shooting sections in the country. Connecting direct for Chincoteague, Cobb's Island, and points on the Peninsula. City Point, James River, Currituck, and other points. Leave Norfolk, Va., for Virginia, Tennessee, etc. Norfolk Steamers sail Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Leave Norfolk, Va., for Chesapeake Bay, etc. Leave Norfolk, Va., for Chesapeake Bay, etc. Leave Norfolk, Va., for Chesapeake Bay, etc.

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The boarding camps at this resort will be in readiness for sportsmen May 20. The abundance and quality of trout, the improvements in camps and fishing facilities for reaching the ponds, and the beauty of lake and mountain scenery makes this one of the most desirable resorts in Northern Maine. The boats, traps, and outfit will be ready to receive attention to the wants of his guests. The railroads will sell tickets for round trip to Smith's Farm in Bangs, and back by rail leaves will be ready to haul passengers and baggage from farm to camp at reasonable rates. Board and use of bait one dollar per day. Address KENNEDY SMITH, Bangs, Maine.

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1881.

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TO ANGLERS: JOHN ENRIGHT & SONS, Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers. Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland. Reels and Lines to match balance of rods. No. 2 Shannon in this locality, as also catalogues of our greenheart rods and general assortment of tackle, to be had on application.

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THE MOST POPULAR POWDER IN USE! DUPONT'S GUNPOWDER MILLS, established in 1809, have maintained their great reputation for seventy-eight years. Manufacture the following celebrated brands of powder:

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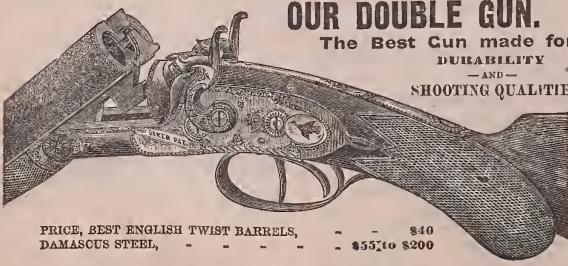
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

(Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 19.

WE are pained to learn of the death at Philadelphia on the 11th inst. of Dr. Chas. E. Cady, the writer of the sketch "In East Tennessee," published in our issue of March 7, and of frequent communications which have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM in the past months. We had never met Dr. Cady in person, but he was one of the scores of correspondents with whom we enjoy a most pleasant epistolary friendship. The formation of such acquaintanceship is among the amenities of editorial life. The correspondence of a widely circulated journal is voluminous, and extends to scores of persons who, in time, are regarded as personal friends. Possibly the knowledge we thus gain of an individual is imperfect; at the best it reveals but one part of his personality, and this may be the side the least known to those who are in daily intercourse with him. The man who appears in his letters is not the man who mingles with his fellows; yet who shall say which is the more true revelation of character—the written or the spoken thought?

THE NEW MICHIGAN BILL which has passed the House and Senate of that State, and at the time of our correspondent's writing, was awaiting only the Governor's signature to become a law, is a decidedly wise provision. It prohibits the exportation of game from that State. We long ago expressed the conviction that only by the enactment of such laws would the Western States save their game from the refrigerators of the great market centres. The Michigan Sportsman's Association originated the non-export bill, and deserve the credit of it. They will be indorsed by all classes save the nomads who butcher game for the market. It is to be hoped that other States may follow the wise lead of Michigan in this matter. By cutting off the traffic in game, the far-seeing societies who are attempting to check extermination have attained a notable advance toward the accomplishment of their object.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GUN.

THE breech-loading shotgun embodies a perfection attained after centuries of slow development. It is a product of the labor and skill of successive generations of workers and thinkers.

Of the first firearm we have no record. Its experimental discharge must have been regarded as a wonderful and noteworthy event, but the echo of that report had died away long before the time of written history. The invention of gunpowder is one of the disputed dates of history. It is not improbable that the inventor of the rude primitive cannon made his experiments before Moses wrote the book of Genesis. In the Gentoo laws, a code believed to have been coeval with the Jewish law-giver, mention is made of gunpowder as applied to firearms. For the prototype of our breech-loader, then, we must go back at least to India centuries ago. Gunpowder is believed to have been introduced into Europe in the seventh century, and its adoption for firearms to have been general in the thirteenth century.

The first guns must have been crude affairs, for those which came later, and of which fair representations have been preserved to us, were exceedingly rude, clumsy and inefficient. They were made of wood, bound with iron bands; formidable for the actual damage done by their projectiles less than for the terror inspired by their belching forth of fire and smoke.

The first mention of cannon throwing stones is of those employed at the siege of Seville, in 1247. Leaving aside now the successive steps in the perfection of cannon and large guns, and following the advance in the single line leading to the sporting shotgun, we find the next step to have been the invention, in the fourteenth century, of small cannon which could be carried into the field and manipulated by three or four men. Then came semiportable weapons fastened to long stocks, the muzzle end resting on a forked stake support, and the other end upon the ground. Another advance was the *bombardello*, or small bombard, fastened to a straight piece of wood, supported against the shoulder and fired with a match. Later followed the hand culverin, with bent stock and flash pan, and fired with a match. The soldier armed with the culverin and *bombardello* had, we are told, in addition to the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, with strings to draw to get at them; whilst in his hand were his musket rest and his burning match. It is needless to say that he must have risen very early in the morning to have brought much venison home at night with such a rig as that. But the old worthies thus accoutred did not try for any smaller game than their own genus. Hunting for game was practiced with bow and arrow only, until in the sixteenth century the Spaniards contrived the arquebus or matchlock. Here the match was fitted to a "serpentina" or cock, hung upon a pivot, and brought into contact with the priming by a working substantially the same as that of the modern hammer and trigger. This was further improved by the German invention of a steel wheel with serrated edge, fitted to a spring, and made to revolve rapidly, the edge coming in contact with a piece of pyrites, and by this friction producing the sparks to ignite the priming. The use of the wheel-lock for sporting purposes was very general in the middle of the sixteenth century, and for a long time was not improved upon.

But necessity is the mother of invention. A band of Dutch chicken stealers or of Spanish marauders—it is disputed which—being too poor to provide themselves with the high-priced wheel-lock, and afraid to use the matchlock because its light revealed their whereabouts to the minions of the law, abstained from their evil practices long enough to devise a weapon better adapted to the needs of roost robbers. The result was the flint-lock; and the pot-hunting fraternity scored a long credit mark. The sportsmen of our grandfathers' generation owed the mechanism of their guns to a band of poultry thieves; there is yet hope for the colored brother.

The flint-lock reached its perfection in the hands of "that king of gun-makers," Joseph Manton, in the early part of the present century, and it gave way only to a worthy superior in the modern gun exploded by percussion.

The discovery of fulminating powders and their applica-

tion to gunnery mark a most important epoch in the manufacture and employment of firearms. The charge in the gun was at first placed above the fulminating powder which was ignited by the concussion of an iron plunger, struck by a cock. Then this plunger was dispensed with, and the fulminate was simply placed in the flash pan. The successive steps are familiar to almost all gunners: the priming was placed between two bits of paper and called percussion pellets; the fulminate was affixed to the breech of the newly invented cartridge and fired by a penetrating needle; then came the copper cap; then the culminating improvement of the cartridge containing both the charge and the priming, and ignited at first by the pin and afterward rim-fire and central-fire principle.

Of the many improvements and modifications of the breech-loading percussion system we shall not attempt a catalogue here. It has been our purpose simply to outline the most important stages of development through which the gun has passed. For a detailed description of guns, ancient and modern, we refer those interested to Mr. W. W. Greener's new book on the subject, where they will find clear and concise descriptions of the weapons, with numerous illustrations which admirably exhibit the peculiarities of each arm.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE success which, from the inception of the project to the present time, has marked the progress of the Philadelphia Zoological Society has been something remarkable. This success is due purely to the fact that the management is in the hands of careful business men, who have secured as their assistants gentlemen who are both competent for their positions and deeply interested in the work that has been intrusted to them.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Society, which was read at the annual meeting of the stockholders, held April 23, shows the society's affairs to be in a very flattering condition. The admissions for the year amount to no less than 208,478, of which 180,000 were paying visitors. The months of May, July, August and September were those in which the attendance was largest, that for May being 26,203, and in September running up to 36,011, indicating a large attendance of country people. The greatest number of visitors recorded for any one day was on July 5, when 4,702 were admitted. The receipts from admissions show for the year 1880-81 a slight falling off as compared with the preceding year, the difference, however, being less than \$1,000. The average daily receipts from admissions were \$110.26, and the largest amount received at the gate on any one day was \$976.50. As might be supposed, the attendance is much larger on Sunday than on any other day of the week, and the receipts at the gate amount to \$15,952.40 for that day alone. Saturday stands next in order, with \$5,800 as its footing.

A comparison of income and expenditures, the estimated loss on animals having been charged to the last-named account, shows an excess of receipts over expenses of \$2,749.74, and this notwithstanding the fact that the expenses of feeding the animals and of heating the garden during the unusually long and severe winter just past have been much increased. Several new buildings have been erected during the year, and much grading, tree planting and landscape gardening has been done.

The report of Mr. Arthur E. Brown shows the number of animals at present in the garden to be 901, of which 436 are mammals, 370 birds and 95 reptiles and batrachians. The collections have been increased during the year by the purchase of 82 mammals, the presentation of 58 and the birth of 19; 29 birds have been purchased and 69 presented. Of reptiles and batrachians there were purchased 77 and born 43. The deaths among the animals exhibited make the numbers of the collection slightly less than it was at the close of the year previous. Among the births at the gardens of the society may be noticed that of a dingoo, a mule deer, a colared peccary, a bactrian camel, a llama, a great kangaroo and a rat kangaroo. Two very interesting animals—a great ant-eater and a Rocky Mountain sheep, or bighorn, were received during the past year and attracted the attention of all visitors, but unfortunately neither of the two long survived its introduction to the Garden. A young female

hippopotamus was purchased for the society in New York last winter, and most careful preparations have been made for its reception at the Gardens. It was thought best not to attempt its transportation from one city to the other during the cold weather.

We are happy to learn that [the young female orang-utan purchased in 1879 continues to be healthy and has increased in size and weight. Her continued good health is not less remarkable than satisfactory when we consider the almost universal disease and death which speedily overtake the anthropoid apes in confinement. The excellent health of the present specimen is, no doubt, due in large measure to the great freedom which she is allowed, and to the consequent open air exercise enjoyed by her.

An interesting feature of this pamphlet is the report of the prospector of this society, Dr. Henry C. Chapman, so well known as one of the leading men in the younger generation of Philadelphia's physicians. The value to those in charge of the collections of *post mortem* examinations on the animals which die can scarcely be over-estimated.

SEWAGE CAN BE UTILIZED.

THE prize of \$100 offered by the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich, England, at the National Fisheries Exhibition at that place for the best method of treating sewage, chemical refuse and other sources of pollution to rivers, so as to render them innocuous to aquatic life, has been awarded to the Native Guano Company, Limited, of Aylesbury. This company has so treated the sewage of that town for a number of years that it is perfectly harmless; and they save the solid product, which they call "native guano," and find it profitable. They exhibit a tank with trout, alive and healthy, living in water which has been purified from the sewers of Aylesbury.

This is a subject well worth investigation on this side of the Atlantic. The day will come when we will be civilized enough to utilize our city sewage to fertilize our fields and at the same time save our fish from being asphyxiated by it, thus turning what is now a curse into a double blessing. The sooner we arrive at that stage of civilization the better.

FYSSHYNGE WYTH AN ANGLE.

A SHORT time ago we began to head our department of Sea and River Fishing with a quotation each week selected from some author on angling. We began with descriptions of different styles of anglers, from Norris, and this week we show another kind from an English author.* He is portraying some well-known *librettist*, and not giving a fancy sketch of some ideal character. The sketch is of a man with whom it would please us to fish, being somewhat the sort of an angler that presides over the fishing columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. With us, fishing is merely the excuse for being on the stream, lake or bay. The enjoyment of nature is the first consideration, and as for the mere killing of a fish it is certain that if we could sit on the sill of the back window, and take trout out of the cistern, we would not go to the trouble to tie on a fly.

We have had a glorious day's fishing, which comprised a trip of two hours down-stream and back in the morning, and as much up-stream in the afternoon, the sum total of which would foot up from a dozen to twenty trout of one-quarter to half a pound each. The remainder of the day was spent in finding where the kingfisher bred and how the chipmunk dug his hole. On one of these occasions a raccoon came to the same brook, and a delightful hour was well invested in seeing him first catch and then wash and eat his frog. During this time the utmost quiet was observed and the breath drawn as lightly as possible for fear of breaking the silence and the charm. A day has been spent in bluefishing on the salt bays of the Atlantic coast, and night has come and still no fish were caught, but the day was well and pleasantly spent. The angler whose whole satisfaction is contained in the few moments during which he has a fish upon his line enjoys only a small portion of his day, and if he takes no fish at all, as often happens to the best of men, he is perfectly miserable.

The character drawn by Davies is a man after the style of Walton himself, and not at all unlike our two American anglers, Dr. Bethune and "Uncle Thad" Norris. How the term "disciple of Walton" is misapplied! Imagine the gentle Isaak arising before daybreak and rushing to the stream at a furious pace to head off some one else, splashing into the pools and half fishing them in the race to do them all ahead of some other angler, and then at night returning after a hard day's work at whipping streams in the broiling sun to brag of the number of troutlings he had killed, and meriting his enjoyment by the rule of addition! "Disciples of Walton?" Why, such men were unknown in Walton's time—they are a modern invention, a compound of restlessness, selfishness and brag. Walton would have declined their company. Van Dyke in his recent book classifies them as "The Great American Trout Swine," and scorches them severely for slaughtering fingerlings for comit. The peace and quietude of the angler's spirit is unknown to them, and they are not capable of comprehending the pleasures of the

man who has only taken twenty fish in the same time that they have captured a hundred. They work hard at their play, and, not being thinking men, the quiet pleasures of angling which made Walton term it "the contemplative man's recreation" are an unknown quantity; not being contemplative men, they cannot contemplate.

To such men angling is a contest into which they enter as to a race track; the man who gets the most miles, or trout, to his score is, of course, entitled to the highest honors; and Bethune's verse:

O for the free and stinless wild,
Far from the city's pother,
Where the spirit-mild of nature's child,
On the breast of his holy mother,
In the silence sweet, may hear the beat
Of her loving heart and tender,
Nor wish to change the greenwood range
For worldly pomp and splendor

is lost to him. He only hears, in anticipation, the question "How many did you get?" on his return, and his heart only beats faster as he hurries up to add five more before sundown in order to be able to reply, "A hundred," and when he can do this, at a time when no other man has achieved over half as many, his triumph is complete. Poor fellow! In vain for him the loon laughs and the thrushes pipe. In vain the trees whisper in the breeze; they say nothing to him. All is drowned in the prospective "How many did you get?" The man works hard to enjoy fishing, but he has not an idea of his pleasures. If he has read Walton, he has not profited by his teachings. His whole idea is to fish for brag, and there are no accessory enjoyments to fishing. He could enjoy pulling taut trout out of a well, if they were there in quantity, as well as he could a trip into the wilderness. We thank Van Dyke for the term "Great American Trout Swine." We will often have occasion to use it, although we doubt the species being a purely American one, judging from English angling books and papers, and we incline to believe it not entirely unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. The G. A. T. S. may read with profit the portrait from Davies, under Sea and River Fishing, and see the reverse of himself, a man who may be too careless in his angling, but who is thoroughly respectable, and whom many anglers could, profitably to themselves, pattern after to a slight degree, and learn that the whole pleasure of fishing is not comprised in catching fish.

WE ARE INFORMED that a number of individuals who ought to, and no doubt do, know better, have been since May 1 and are still killing English snipe in New Jersey. Now, while there may be no law on the Statute books protecting these birds after May 1, and while it may be legally permissible for so-called sportsmen to kill these birds as they rise from the nest, there is the unwritten law of decency and fitness which it might be supposed all self-respecting persons would regard. It is discouraging to find in men of education, position and wealth the instincts of the pot-hunter overcoming the breeding of the gentleman.

In New York and New Jersey we understand that a number of persons have been permitted by a fish-warden to capture black bass during the present month, providing that the fish are returned to the water as soon as caught. This is, of course, all wrong. Many of the fish may be returned to the water, but many others will be retained by the angler. Even if they should all be put back in the lake it is impossible that any great number should be taken without some injury which is likely either to cause death or to prevent spawning during the season now at hand. We recommend the individual above referred to to withdraw his permits to fish during the remainder of the close time. He is acting illegally, and may get himself into trouble.

WHEN THE ICHTHYOPHAGES DINE.—The Ichthyophages Club will dine on Friday, May 27, at 6.30 p. m. The steamer Mattawan will leave the pier foot of Fulton street, New York, at five, and foot of Thirty-third street, East River, at half-past five. The dinner will be given at the great hotel at Glen Island, in Long Island Sound, and the party will return by the same steamer. "Don git on board, eld'n, git on board!"

DEATH OF MR. KILBOURNE.—The numerous friends of Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, the celebrated fish artist, will regret to learn of his death on the 11th inst. Mr. Kilbourne was yet a young man and had just begun to be appreciated. His work on the "Game Fishes" showed him to be a careful draughtsman as well as a skillful colorist. Those who possess specimens of his exquisite paintings of fish on shells are fortunate. As a man he was quiet and much respected.

THE LISTS OF recent additions to the zoological collections of Philadelphia, and of the Central Park, this city, often include specimens which it is worth a special visit to those institutions to inspect.

THE TRAVELER is the name of a weekly paper just started by Mr. Chas. A. O'Rourke, the widely known and popular superintendent of the New York City Press Association, and the manager of the proposed "International Exchange" of this city. The purpose of the paper is to furnish concise and useful information to travelers in all parts of the world. It deserves success, and being in good hands will doubtless realize it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

WE had agreed to start early in the morning after deer, and it was hardly gray dawu when Ignotus shook me, to announce that breakfast was ready. As I went down to the creek for an early wash, I was struck with the unearthly stillness of the morning. These stillnesses are quiet enough in their noisiest moments, but of all hours of the twenty-four, the one immediately preceding day far exceeds the rest in this respect. The prowlers of the night seem to have sought their lairs, and the matinee performers have not yet left their beds. At the same hour the Eastern woods would be vocal with birds—

"The thrush, that carols at the dawu of day,
Tears the first notes of the blue-winged wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on the topostop spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That live in nests, or have the gift of song!"

but here they were all sing-a-beds. To be rid of the noise of the brook, so that I could better appreciate the intensity of the stillness, I climbed the hill, and sat down upon a fallen spruce. Here I listened with keen ears for any external sound, but could hear none. Even the leaves of the quaking aspens, which are generally in motion with a low rustling noise, were perfectly still. I shut my eyes, in order to hear better, but if I had been the one existent thing in the universe, the silence could not have been more absolute. As the line from an old song goes,

"The beating of my own heart, was all the sound I heard."

There was something so uncanny in the stillness, that it would have been a relief to have heard even the rancorous cry of a jay. I felt then that I could understand how strong men had gone mad in oubliettes. The horror of silence, superimposed upon its kindred horror of darkness, would affect the sturdiest intellect. The quiet finally became so oppressive that I could endure it no longer, but broke out into a whistle, and so returned to Ignotus and breakfast. As I reached the cabin door, a couple of Indians rode up, and sat gravely upon their ponies waiting for me to address them. If it be

"repose,
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere,"

then these two might have been leaders of the House of Lords. How comes it that those dwellers in the Autipodes, the Hinloos, and the North American Indian resemble each other so strongly in their imperturbable courtesy and their brave politeness? I commend the problem to students of Sociology, as one possessed of ethnological value. Ignotus had told me that "Por unde na?" was Mexican for "Where are you going to?" or "Where do you come from?"—I had forgotten exactly which—a and as nearly all the Utes in this part of Colorado talk a little Mexican, I hatched it, at a venture, at the one which I had looked least like a mahogany tree. I essayed though the query was, and mid the tongue which it was put, the first effect was somewhat startling. The one whom I addressed calmly drew his revolver, and before I could compose an appropriate Leather-Stocking harangue, dragged from the holster a dirty serap of paper, which he gravely presented. This manifesto was brief and to the point—"Ko-ke-litz and Savaro—Ute sub-chiefs from Los Anizes to San Miguel by Escavage by this first historic triumph, I essayed another, and in courteous tones, pronounced the commondm, "Biseuit?" A crack echoed in the lower part of each mahogany knot, a guttural "Si, Senor, muchos gracias" rumbled forth, and Ko-ke-litz and Savaro, after unsaddling and picking their ponies, accompanied me to breakfast. There was quite a party of us by this time, and the camp-probbers had already taken to the ground. I had joined the company, seeming to take it for granted that the invitation included them as well as their red brethren. At any rate, they made themselves so much at home that I doubted sometimes whether they were not the hosts and we the guests. 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Game Bag and Gun.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GUNNERY.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Squires, his American agent, the FOREST AND STREAM has received advanced sheets of Mr. W. W. Greener's new book on gunnery. The volume is a large quarto of nearly 700 pages, and is illustrated with 343 woodcuts which are substantial complements of the descriptions in the text.

Mr. Greener is known the world over as one of the foremost gun-makers of the day; he has brought to the task of book-making the practical knowledge gained in a lifelong study and experiment in perfecting the manufacture of firearms. The result is a comprehensive encyclopedia of all that pertains to the subject; forming an invaluable book of reference, which will take its place unchallenged at the head of the literature of firearms.

The opening chapters are devoted to a history of the gun at different periods in the development of the arm. Much of the material for these chapters was gathered from works inaccessible to the general reader, while the frequent illustrations have been drawn from all available sources, being copied from rare old books or original sketches of antique arms preserved in European museums.

Following this division of the work is an exposition of the mechanism and principle of each of the different models of breech-loading rifles, and the various styles of bullets employed in them; and then the same method is pursued with the shot-gun.

Of special interest will be found the pages devoted to a description of the successive stages of gunmaking as now practiced in England. As this is a subject concerning which we have reason to believe, very little is popularly known in this country, we extract here the following passages, referring our readers to the book itself for the full details:

THE MAKING OF GUN-BARRELS.

In the earliest firearms the barrels were made of plain iron, usually from one strip, which was bent, whilst hot, round a mandril, and the two edges welded together. Later on two pieces were used, one for the breech-end of the barrel, the other for the muzzle, or in some old pieces the breech-piece and the breech-rod were of iron or steel, and the muzzle-piece of brass or bell-metal. The cold-drawn steel barrels made in 1805 and the few following years were far superior to the plain iron and decarbonized steel barrels generally used. These barrels were drawn out, whilst cold, from blocks of steel, by pressing them with punches through orifices. Next in quality comes the "solid fluid compressed steel" barrel, as made by Sir J. W. Roith, which withstands heavy charges better than any plain metal barrel now used; but they are very expensive, and not well liked, for they, in common with other plain metal barrels, show no figure whatever when finished, but resemble in appearance a musket barrel. The first notice we can find of iron or steel as used conjointly as a metal for gun barrels is in the letters patent of William Dupin (1798). His method was to lay round a rod of iron a strip of steel, then a coating of iron of "iron and steel mixed." The whole was then welded together, and the iron cores bored away so as to leave the barrel of steel, or steel and iron, as required. A few years later, old horse-nails were greatly in vogue for the manufacture of gun-barrels. The nails have always been made from the very best iron, and are also considered to obtain some virtue from the contact with the horse's hoof. The nails were welded together into a straight or taper bar, which was lapped over a mandril and welded into a tube. These barrels held a high reputation at the commencement of the present century. They were easily distinguished, being figured barrels; the figure, however, runs longitudinally with the barrel, the nails being light, and dark lines at each weld. We believe that in horse-shoe nail stubs was the first successful attempt at a figured barrel. In 1806 a J. Jones patented an improved method of manufacturing gun-barrels. He made the barrels by twisting a square bar, the twisted edges round a mandril, so that the edges overlapped each other, and then welding together the edges of the scelp. Once introduced, the manufacture of twisted barrels increased rapidly in importance. Scelp or plain rods were first twisted, afterward the horse-shoe nail stubs were twisted in the same manner, and the introduction of Damascus barrels followed shortly afterward. The manufacture of barrels from scrap iron with tilt hammers was its next step. When John Olive, the noted barrel-maker, kept a mill in Birmingham, turning out large quantities of barrels weekly, by which he achieved a good reputation and a considerable fortune.

The iron for the manufacture of gun-barrels was formerly made from scrap and old horse-shoe nail stubs. In preparing the metal for the old-fashioned laminated steel barrels, a number of scraps were collected of various proportions, the shavings of saws, steel pens and scraps of best iron. The bloom was made up into the whole from new metal, as follows: Pig-iron obtained from a mixture of the best ores is placed in a furnace, melted and cleaned from all dross by puddling—the dross, being much lighter than the iron, rises to the surface, and is skimmed off. When sufficiently cleaned the draught plates of the furnace are lowered, the heat reduced thereby, and the liquid iron while cooling gathered and worked into blooms of about 1 cwt. each. The puddler takes the bloom with a pair of tongs, and then the steel hammer and bands it over to the shingler, who by dexterously turning the metal under the hammer forms it into a square block and passes it to the roller; it is then passed through the various rolls until of the required size, and drawn out into a bar of about ten feet in length. The hammering under the heavy tilt condenses the metal, and causes the dross and scale to fly off. The rolling increases its ductility and tenacity by elongating the mass with the steel hammer, and the same way from the best Swedish pigs, but are considerably improved by the hammering and rolling, becoming much more tenacious and elastic in proportion than the iron.

The bars are cut into equal lengths, laid together and fastened into faggots; these faggots are heated in the draught furnace, welded under the tilt hammer, and the block of metal re-heated and hammered for the manufacture of the best barrels, to condense the fibres of the metal and increase the specific gravity. After being hammered the blocks are rolled out into bars; these bars are again cut into equal

lengths, laid and fastened into faggots, heated in the furnace, and welded together and rolled into thin narrow strips. In the above processes the ends of the bloom, or extremities of the rods, are cut off and thrown aside, being less dense and consequently useless for gun-iron.

The iron is now again cut into equal lengths and laid together and fastened into faggots, heated and welded and drawn out as before described, and rolled into rods of the sizes required by the welder. The faggots are each heated seven times during the process of manufacture of the metal for the best barrels. The proportionate amounts of the different descriptions of metal in a barrel determine its quality. The old-fashioned laminated steel was composed of nearly three parts of steel; best English Damascus and modern laminated steel contain over 60 per cent of steel; and our new silver-steel Damascus consists of nearly 75 per cent of the best worked steel. The amount of steel is determined upon before making the metal into faggots for the last time; if for scelp barrels the strips of iron are twice the thickness of the steel, the faggots being formed of alternate layers of iron and steel. In single iron Damascus barrels the proportion of iron used is not much less than the steel, but the metal for these common barrels does not pass through quite so many processes as the Damascus barrels, although far superior in quality to ordinary iron; its tenacity and specific gravity is not so great as that of the very best gun-iron. In best Damascus barrels the iron and steel are mixed together systematically. Our silver-steel Damascus is mixed in a different manner to that of Damascus, the exact proportions of iron and steel being used, as have been found by experiment, to give the greatest strength with the finest figure. The tenacity, durability and beautiful figure of the barrels depends on the quality of the materials and arrangement of the steel and iron, the desiderata being the placing of the iron in the best position to give the regular and fine figure in the finished barrel.

Too large an amount of carbon in gun-iron is more detrimental than a scarcity, for where carbon has once been it is impossible to entirely eradicate it, and although it may be extracted to as great an extent as possible, it leaves a residue that possesses a tenacity and specific gravity inferior to the original quantity; thus steel, however manufactured, cannot by any process yet discovered be re-converted to iron of the same nature it was originally. It will then be apparent that barrels composed wholly of steel are altogether unsuitable for shot guns. We show the fallacy of so manufacturing shot barrels, and describe the process when treating of the manufacture of rifle barrels.

In twisting the rods care is taken to keep the edges of the iron and steel strips to the outside, for it is the twisting of the different metals that gives the various figures in the finished barrel. The steel being hard resists the acids, and retains a white or light brown hue, whilst the iron, or softer metal, is so acted upon by the acids as to be changed into a dark brown or black color.

The best barrels must be made from the best, and therefore from the *most expensive, steel and iron that can be produced*. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining good scrap iron and steel—the importation of old horse-nail stubs from the Continent has long been discontinued—it has been found necessary to manufacture gun-barrel iron from new metal. Barrels so manufactured are much superior to those made from scrap metal, and are almost entirely free from flaws. Indeed, before the introduction of the new mode of making gun-iron, it was a most difficult matter to obtain English barrels free from flaws; as the steel makers of the best kind are not without it having a certain percentage of Bessemer steel among them, which, owing to its non-adhesiveness, is most difficult to thoroughly weld and amalgamate with the other metals, and consequently most disastrous to the successful manufacture of gun-barrels. The rods of metal as now prepared are extremely tenacious, and capable of withstanding an enormous strain. The average strength of rod six-sixteenths by five sixteenths by twelve inches long, containing 1.40625 cubic inches of iron, is equal to a tension of over 16,000 lbs.

We may add that it takes 18 lbs. of prepared gun-iron to weld an ordinary pair of 12-gauge barrels, which, when finished, weigh, with the ribs, lumps and loops, but little over 4 lbs. After bearing in mind this fact, and considering the great expense and loss of expensive steel and iron attending the manufacture of the metal, and the cost of welding of best barrels, it will be seen that the cost of wadding that best guns are expensive to produce.

BARREL WELDING.

The square rods of prepared iron are first twisted to give the Damascus figure. The rods are about four feet long, and are placed in the forge fire until about eighteen inches of the rod is brought to a red heat, when one end is thrust into a square hole in a block made fast to a frame, and the other end fixed into a movable head at the other end of the frame; a rotary motion is then given to the movable head; the rod, being square, cannot turn round with the head, so is twisted in itself. The rod is carefully watched while twisting, and should, on any emergency, be twisted more rapidly than another, a man is ready with a pair of tongs to hold that part of the rod, so that it is preventing from twisting. This process is repeated until the whole rod is perfectly twisted, and a regular figure in the barrel insured.

When finished twisting, the rod will be round, except the squares at each end where held in the block and head, the four feet end will have become shorter to about three feet three inches, and have about eight turns to the inch; it is this twisting of the rods that makes the difference between a best barrel and a common one. All Damascus barrels must be made of twisted rods, whilst plain twist or scelp barrels are made from plain straight rods or ribbands. It is the twists in the rods that cause the figure to appear in the barrels, and all iron so twisted is called Damascus—from Damascus, where a similar process was first practiced for the manufacture of Damascus swords. It is not usual to use iron rods of gives increased strength and tenacity to some extent by rendering the fibres more dense.

The rod prepared, it is either joined to other rods or coiled and welded into a barrel singly. Laminated steel barrels are twisted, and the rods welded in the same manner as the stub Damascus, but the rods are composed of superior metals containing a larger percentage of steel. In laminated steel and silver-steel Damascus barrels it is not usual to use iron rods of the same manufacture. Fine Damascus barrels, as manufactured by the Belgians, are occasionally made from four or six rods together, but three is sufficient to give a very fine figure.

The true English Damascus barrels are manufactured usually from three twisted rods prepared in the same way as described for the manufacture of stub Damascus, but the rods are composed of a superior iron of a finer quality in the

figure or streaks, which have to be very decided, white and black, as described in iron-making.

The rods having been twisted, and the required number welded together, they are sent to the iron mill and rolled at a red heat into ribbands, which have both edges bevelled the same way. There are usually two ribbands required for each barrel, one ribband or strip to form the breech-end, and another, slightly thinner, to form the fore or muzzle part of the barrel.

Upon receiving the ribbands of twisted iron, the welder first proceeds to twist them into a spiral form. This is done upon a machine of simple construction, and consists simply of two iron bars, one fixed and the other loose; in the latter there is a notch "or slot to receive one end of the ribbon. When inserted, the bar is turned round by a winch-handle. The fixed bar represents the ribband from going round, so that it is bent and twisted over the movable rod like the pieces of leather round a whipstock. The loose bar is unshipped, the spiral removed, and the same process repeated with another ribband.

The ribbands are usually twisted cold, but the breech-ends, if heavy, have to be brought to red heat before it is possible to twist them, no coqs being used. When very heavy barrels are required, three ribbands are used—one for the breech-end, one for the fore or muzzle part, and one for the middle.

The ends of the ribbands after being twisted into spirals, are drawn out taper and coiled round with the spiral until the extremity is lost.

The coiled ribband is then heated, a steel mandril is inserted in the muzzle end, and the coil is then well hammered. Three men are required—one to hold and turn the coil upon the grooved anvil, and two to strike. The foreman, or the one who holds the coil, has also a small hammer with which he strikes the coil, to show the others in which place to strike.

When the muzzle or fore-coil has been heated, jumped up and hammered until thoroughly welded, the breech-end or coil, usually about six inches long, is joined to it. The breech-coil is first welded in the same manner, and a piece is cut out of each coil; the two ribbands are welded together and the two coils are joined into one, and form a barrel. The two coils are then joined, and all the welds made perfect, the barrels are heated, and the surplus metal removed with a float; the barrels are then hammered until they are black or nearly cold, which finishes the process.

This hammering greatly increases the density and tenacity of the metal, and the wear of the barrel depends in a great measure upon its being properly performed.

When the barrels are for breech-loaders, the flats are formed on the undersides of the breech-ends, and when for muzzle-loaders the bars are forged on. If an octagon barrel is required it is forged in this form upon a properly shaped anvil; and in rifles the barrels are welded from thicker ribbands, and welded upon smaller mandrils.

Ribs are forged from rods twisted in the same manner as for the manufacture of Damascus iron. They are then forged to the required shape upon a grooved anvil. Plain ribs are used for any common guns, in which case they are filed for the gun to the required shape.

We have now described the process of barrel welding, as practiced at St. Mary's Works under personal supervision. The same method is generally followed by the other barrel-makers of Birmingham and neighborhood, who manufacture for the London and country trade.

We will now proceed to describe the method practiced in Birmingham for the manufacture of medium and common gauge barrels, and without which this work would be incomplete.

The iron is twisted in much the same way as that already described, but steam-power is used to turn the winch instead of hand-power. The forge-fires are blown by a steam fan, instead of the old-fashioned bellows, and the welding is done by one man instead of three. This is accomplished by having a tilt hammer close to the forge regulated to give sharp, quick short blows, and capable of being thrown off with a pair of gear with the foot. The welder is also provided with an anvil, swages, mandrils, etc. When he removes the coil from the fire, he has only to knock in a mandril, straighten the coil on the anvil, jump it close by striking it on the floor in the usual manner, and place it under the tilt, re-heating the coil, repeating the process until the barrel is properly finished. The appearance of barrels so welded is not so good as that of those hammered by hand, but they are strong and sound, and on account of less care and labor being bestowed on their production, they are cheaper than hand-forged barrels.

The famous Belgian Damascus barrels, in which the figure is very minute, are made of thirty-two alternate bars of iron and steel rolled into a sheet 3-16ths of an inch thick, which is then split by a machine into square rods. These rods are then twisted in the usual manner by hand, but they are strong and the threads resemble a very fine screw, there being not infrequently eighteen turns to the inch. Six of these rods are then rolled together to make the ribband, and the result is the extremely minute figure; and the overtwisting, it is claimed by our author, reduces the strength of the metal, just as a hemp rope is rendered useless by overtwisting. The barrel-welders of Belgium are chiefly located at or near Liege. Other principal places where good barrels are made are St. Etienne in France, Brescia in Italy, and Suhl in Prussia.

Passing through the successive steps in the preparation of the gun-barrel, we come at length to the proving of them. This is obligatory upon the manufacturer in London, Birmingham and Liege.

MODE OF PROVING.

A description of the *modus operandi* of proving gun-barrels may be interesting to sportsmen and gunmakers in those countries in which no proof-house exists. The system of proving at both the Birmingham and London proof-houses are identical. Each barrel passes through the proof-house with a number of plugs, varying in size from one to ten, and pees up to two inches. Having ascertained the exact bore of the barrel by means of one of these plugs, he takes up a punch, bearing a similar number to the plug, and stamps that number upon the barrel—say seventeen. The man whose duty it is to load the barrel, seeing the number, is able to judge of the proper amount of loading to put in it. Leaving this room and following a short tramway, along which the barrels are conveyed, we come to the "Loading-Room."

The Gun and its Development; with Notes on Shooting, by W. W. Greener, author of "Modern Breech-Loading," "Choke-Bore Guns," etc. Illustrated. Cassell, Pott, Galpin & Co.; London, Paris and New York, 1881.

Here everything is done by rule and measure, every precaution taken to ensure safety, and every means used to prevent "rain." The room is divided into three compartments, separated by strong brick walls, so that should an explosion occur in either the firing room, the second or the third, it will not take place. The floors of these rooms are always kept damp and well swept. In the first compartment the barrels are loaded by one man who has the barrels arranged round the room. In front of him is an arch of copper measures numbered successively from one up to about fifty; upon ascending the number stamped upon the barrel by the man in the receiving room, he takes up one of the measures bearing the number, and having filled it with powder, he passes on to the third compartment, where it is placed in a powder from a bowl by his side, he places the charge in the barrel; he next takes a proper sized cork wad and a leaden plug from a numbered box corresponding with the boxes, and afterwards a second cork wad with which he loads the barrel. Thus loaded the barrels are passed into the second compartment, where the charge is duly rammed home by copper rods prepared for the purpose. The barrel is then passed on to the third compartment, where it is primed, and then transported into the firing-room. The firing room is a large, lofty building, lined throughout with sheet iron, and has ventilators; in the roof and the windows are apertures, capable of being immediately closed, with iron shutters arranged upon the same principle as the Venetian blind. The barrels are arranged upon a grooved rack, and fired by a train of gunpowder which connects the breech vents with each other. The train is fired by a percussion cap, which is detonated by a hammer working on a pivot and pulled from the outside; the door is of iron, and it and the shutters are closed before firing. The method of firing and arranging the barrels will be better understood from the annexed diagram, showing the interior of the firing-room while the barrels are being proved. After the train is fired the doors and shutters are opened and the smoke allowed to clear off, and the barrels may be seen by a partially hoisted in a sand heap behind the rack; the bullets are shot into the sand heap on the other side of the room. The barrels are then collected, and those that have, through any cause, missed fire are re-primed and again placed on the rack; the other barrels are conveyed to the inspecting rooms, where they are washed out, inspected, and if found perfect, marked according to the maker's test, which consists in plunging the muzzle with a lead stopper, filling the barrel with boiling water, stopping the breech with a similar plug, and striking it with a hammer, so that the water, being compressed, exerts an internal pressure upon the barrels, and if there be any flaw or minute hole it will force its way through. Commonly the barrels have to stand for twenty-four hours before being cleaned or looked over, so that if any flaws are in the barrels the action of the acid residue from the powder will eat into them and make them more apparent.

The plan of proving described is provisional proof, when the barrels are in tubes; for definite proof, when the barrels are together, and have the breech-actions attached, each barrel is fired separately. The guns when loaded are taken to the lobby of the firing-room, where they are taken into the room and proved at a time; the barrels and breech-actions are fixed upon and fastened to a traveling block of the required shape, and fired by means of hammers dropping upon a striker which strikes the cap in the cartridge. The hammer is pulled by a cord passing through a hole in the wall. Various shaped blocks are provided to suit the various sized and differently constructed single and double rifles. Should any flaws or defects be discovered after proving the barrels, they are returned to the maker, who remedies them as he best can, and re-returns them for proof. Best barrels are frequently burst at proof, but they are more often bulged, in which case the bulges are knocked down by the maker, and the barrel re-proved, until it either bursts or stands proof. We have heard that in one case a barrel was proved and bulged eight times, but that it stood all right, after being proved the ninth time. In the definite proof the breech-actions are frequently blown to pieces, or else made to gape at breech, in which case the maker hammers the false breech till close, and ease-hardens it, and when again proved it generally stands. The proving of breech-actions is very necessary, as it prevents, in a good measure, dangerous common breech-action house accidents. In the United States, France, Germany and Holland, the proofing of guns and rifles is done; it is only in London, Birmingham and Liege that it is compelled to be proved by Act of Parliament. All small arms bearing the Belgian proof mark may be sold and used in England without being re-proved, provided they do not bear the name of any English maker. The Gun Barrel Proof Act does not extend to Ireland, Scotland or the Colonies.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1881.

MR. FRANKLIN JONES, of Philadelphia, ex-president of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club, has presented to the Philadelphia Mercantile Library a complete set of FOREST AND STREAM, handsomely bound, from the first issue of the journal to about May 1, 1881. The library association values the gift highly, and has so expressed it to Mr. Jones. The second annual hare and hound meet of the Germantown Bicycle Club was given on last Saturday at Germantown. Three hares were chosen for Saturday's meet, Messrs. F. W. Corse, Chas. Taitan and Geo. G. Gidion, and were given ten minutes' start. Nearly twenty-five hounds, mounted on every variety of bicycle, followed in hot haste after the fugitives who left behind them a trail of foot paper. The hares were not overtaken and finished five minutes in addition to the time allowance ahead of the first hounds. Nearly all of the latter rode from start to finish. Among those participating were several invited representatives of other city clubs.

A very exciting match between the two best pigeon shots of the Liverton Gun Club lately took place at the grounds of the club. The gentlemen, whose names I am not allowed to mention, made excellent shooting, and the one whom it was thought beyond all doubt would win was vanquished, the winner astonishing every one by his coolness.

Mr. L. M. Gilbert will furnish those wonderful going birds" for the late match between two members of the N. Y. Gun Club at Bergen Point had just snub flyers at Liverton. We doubt if better pigeons could be found among the "blue rocks of England."

Within the city limits of Philadelphia woodcock has been found nesting. On Crum Creek the dividing line of Dela-

ware and Philadelphia county, young birds just fledged were seen last week—is this not early?

The protection afforded by our park has had the effect of making it an excellent harbor for the quail, and we are told by one of the guards that the number have already paroled off and may be expected to rise rapidly. Last year several quays were hatched within the park limits, and favored ones had the opportunity of working (without gun) their young dogs on the birds.

Many anglers are off trout fishing.

Horo.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. The particular points of the inquiry were as follows:

- 1st. What is the aim sportsmen in hunting deer?
- 2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
- 4th. Describe still hunting deer, and its effects.
- 5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer, and the means used in enforcing it?
- 7th. Would they approve of a law prohibiting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
- 8th. What is the open season for deer?
- 9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

MAINE—PENOBSCOT CRITICIZED.

"Penobscot" has given you the geography of a small portion of our game region and its character, which applies to the whole country drained by the Machias rivers, save that some of the townships are well timbered. I will not give bounds, for an examination of a map will show the region drained by these rivers to be many times larger than that described by "our correspondent."

I propose to answer some points of his article, hoping others will follow suit.—"Having visited and thoroughly explored a tract of country," etc. This must have been in September, as I understand the hunting season is September; also he must have killed two deer out of season. "My surprise is boundless" when I see such admissions.

It is needless to state that this was not because of the hounding, but in spite of it, and wholly owing to the splendid facilities for cover made by the growth of the timber during the ten years of my absence, it being too small to afford the necessary protection at that time." Let us see what are the facts just here. I have been upon this ground for the past ten years, not as a hunter, but among the families of the lumbermen, and frequently at their camps, and they, knowing the interest I take in sports and game protection, have kept me well posted, not only for the last ten, but thirty years. I am well acquainted with nearly all the lumbermen from Ellsworth and Cherryfield to Calais, besides having hunted and explored, myself, this region last October, as far as Budington.

I did not see a hound or hear his "music," only one porcupine, dead, near a deserted camp. "I did" in what L. K.'s camp, where unfortunately gentlemen were "killed" by him, to take home, with a wonderful story of its capture by themselves.

Ten years ago deer were nearly exterminated by crust hunters with dogs snarl by wolves. After the wolves had cleaned out nearly the whole they left. When we found that near the settlements there were a few deer remaining we set them to protection, and they commenced our trouble with the crust hunters. Every worthless scamp had a cur and an old army gun, ready for the first good crop, no matter when December, January, February or March (I will say here, in my opinion, the open season for all kinds of game in Maine should be from September 1 to December 1.) We found the wolves were not our worst enemy, but the dogs, hence the law against hunting deer with dogs.

Finding law stone-eyes, we formed a society for the protection of game, and have labored with a will until the present against no little opposition.

These men, as a class, were poor and worthless, idle, dishonest and treacherous, and worse than all, have the sympathy of a large portion of the community not interested in game protection.

We paid our own bills, sent men into the woods to look after law breakers and dogs year after year, and soon the change came that was apparent to all. Deer were certainly rapidly increasing, and our cause soon became popular, and those who were our worst enemies when we began, are now friends. Nearly all the crust hunting is stopped, and has been for several years. We admit that a few deer are killed out of season; not many. Some of our late converted friends are our most active workers. Nearly all the camps upon the townships in this region have one or more of our friends who keep us posted, in each year, which helps us greatly. All the pot hunters, crust hunters, duck netters, hounders, etc., are known to us. That there has been the amount of hounding deer during this time that "Penobscot" alleges, I deny. What the poor man means by "the result" is due to the efforts of sportsmen resident in this middle and eastern part of Washington County, aided by the dog law, not by the "growth of timber and hounding," is evident to all.

"There were gangs of men and hounds,"—"Hounding in this region is practiced as follows."

"Thanks for the above information." "There is, as is well known, a law prohibiting hounding at any time of the year in this State, but it is not enforced, and I doubt the propriety of attempting to do so, as the great majority of our business men." Unhappily men have the same rights as mechanics or day laborers, and no more. If business men are to be allowed dogs to hunt as they please in August and September, why not the resident poor be allowed the same privilege in February and March? But the poor man needs the law, and the business man does not. I regard the poor man who kills a deer for his family use, out of season, a king beside the business man who hounds deer in August or September. Cannot any man see that it is either protection or not protection? A law not enforced is worse than no law. Any reasonable man can see that class legislation is out of the question, for we all have equal rights by the laws of our country. In Washington County do not intend to have the law repealed, but to have it enforced, and for that purpose we called for an appropriation, which we have, and more, intended "to pull in," if required.

"As to still hunting" * * * Still hunting is where two still hunts, and no sportsman can help enjoying it.

"In conclusion," etc., I will change this and have it read, "I am convinced that if dogs are not allowed to hunt deer, no other legislation will be required for their protection."

Who are to protect our game—residents or non-residents? We have a few deer in Maine, besides some small game, which is rapidly being destroyed, and unless great care is exercised we shall soon be without it. As you will see.

We are sensitive—I mean we not I—for we feel our efforts are in vain unless sustained by those who ought to be our friends. We claim we are entitled to some respect for our efforts to protect game from citizens of our own State. Sportsmen cannot afford to trample game laws under foot in any State much less this where game is so nearly extinct. Why are the true sportsmen?

I think I have shown the cause of the feeling against dogs in this State, and will say no more at present.

- In answer to questions, 1. Answered by Penobscot. 2. Still hunting. 3. Don't believe in it; drives them off, etc. 4. New burms at night, or evening and morning upon light snow, driving. 5. Market hunters. 6. Yes, yes. 7. No. 8. Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. 9. Yardling. Old Trg.

The writer of the above sends us the following letter received by him. The country referred to is a tract twenty miles square:

"Dear Doctor: Because I have carried 'rod and gun' about here for twenty-seven years, less thirty-two months during the unpleasantness, you ask me, 'What do you think of 'Penobscot's' article in FOREST AND STREAM of May 5?'"

I think it well calculated to mislead those not fully acquainted with the facts.

No comparison can with any degree of fairness, be drawn between the present time and ten or twenty years ago, so far as hunting deer with dogs is in question.

"Penobscot" speaks of deer being hunted with dogs every year for the past twenty at these lakes. Now, whatever of value his article may have had, it is nearly destroyed by this statement, for, fifteen or twenty years ago, deer were almost as numerous as they are now, owing to the presence of very large numbers of wolves throughout this section. The wolves did not all go away until within ten or twelve years, not leaving until the deer were nearly exterminated. And it is only since about 1870 that they have begun to return and increase. There has been comparatively little hounding as yet, being against the law of the State.

Since the organization of the game association at Machias five or six years ago, through their efforts to enforce the law against illegal killing, deer have increased wonderfully.

Now, as to the effect of hounding. Does it frighten or drive them from the country? There is a large tract of almost unbroken forest, nearly twenty miles long, and from one to four or five miles wide, and lies so near the settlements as not to have been molested by the wolves. Lumbering operations have not been one-half as extensive as through the Mopang section. Ten years ago deer were far more plenty here than anywhere on the Machias rivers. The conditions for hunting with dogs were unusually favorable, owing to the many lakes it contained. Now, while the swamps here, as about the Mopang, have become more dense and impenetrable, and not to have been molested by the wolves. Lumbering operations have not been one-half as extensive as through the Mopang section. Ten years ago deer were far more plenty here than anywhere on the Machias rivers. The conditions for hunting with dogs were unusually favorable, owing to the many lakes it contained. 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MEASUREMENTS OF FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

We give below the age, weight and measurements of some of the first prize winners in the setter and pointer classes at the late Westminster Kennel Club Show. We have written to the owners of all the blue ribbon dogs, and will publish the list in full as received.

Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion pointer dog Besh, winner in champion pointer class for dogs under 55 lbs., age 5 years, weight 53 lbs., height at shoulder 29 in., length from nose to set on of tail 36 in., length of tail 22 in., girth of chest 28 in., girth of loin 23 in., girth of head 17 in., girth of forearm 8 1/2 in., girth of neck 16 in., length of ear from occiput to tip of nose 8 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 1/2 in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 17 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 8 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 13 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 5 in. - May 13, 1881.

Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion pointer bitch, Ruc, winner in champion pointer class for bitches under 50 lbs., age 21 months, weight 40 lbs., height at shoulder 21 1/2 in., length from nose to set on of tail 33 in., length of tail 12 in., girth of chest 20 in., girth of loin 20 in., girth of head 14 1/2 in., girth of forearm 7 1/2 in., girth of thigh 13 1/2 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 8 1/2 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 8 1/2 in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 13 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 3 1/2 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 10 1/2 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 5 in. - May 13, 1881.

Mr. Edmund Orgill's pointer bitch Rhona, winner in pointer class for bitches under 50 lbs., age 2 years, weight 46 lbs., height at shoulder 22 1/2 in., length from nose to set on of tail 35 in., length of tail 18 in., girth of chest 27 in., girth of loin 21 1/2 in., girth of head 15 in., girth of forearm 8 in., girth of thigh 14 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 11 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 11 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 5 1/2 in. - May 13, 1881.

Mr. George G. Barker's champion pointer bitch Princess, winner in champion pointer class for bitches over 50 lbs., age 3 years 7 months, weight 54 lbs., height at shoulder 27 1/2 in., length from nose to set on of tail 36 in., length of tail 12 1/2 in., girth of chest 28 in., girth of loin 22 1/2 in., girth of head 15 1/2 in., girth of forearm 8 1/2 in., girth of neck midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 1/2 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 11 1/2 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 6 1/2 in.

Mr. C. H. Mason's pointer bitch Water Lilly, winner pointer class for bitches over 50 lbs., age 3 years, weight 58 lbs., height at shoulder 24 in., length from nose to set on of tail 37 in., length of tail 13 in., girth of chest 28 in., girth of loin 13 in., girth of head 16 in., girth of forearm 7 1/2 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 1/2 in., girth of neck midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 1/2 in., girth of muzzle midway between head and shoulders 26 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 11 1/2 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 6 1/2 in. - May 13, 1881.

Mr. W. R. Hobart's pointer dog Napp, winner in pointer class for dogs over 55 lbs., age 5 years, weight 72 lbs., height at shoulder 24 1/2 in., length from nose to set on of tail 41 1/2 in., length of tail (has been docked) 13 1/2 in., girth of chest 31 in., girth of loin 23 1/2 in., girth of head (in front of ears) 17 1/2 in., girth of forearm (2 in. below elbow) 7 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 1/2 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 10 1/2 in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 16 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 1/2 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 14 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 6 in. - May 12, 1881.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn's champion English setter bitch Spark, winner in champion English setter class for bitches, age 3 years, weight 50 lbs., height at shoulder 20 in., length from nose to set on of tail 37 in., length of tail 13 in., girth of chest 26 in., girth of loin 20 in., girth of head 15 in., girth of forearm 10 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 8 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 1/2 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 13 in., length of ear when extended (measurement taken across the head) 15 in. - May 12, 1881.

Mr. John C. Higgins' English setter bitch Petrel II, winner in imported English setter bitch class, age 3 years 4 months, weight 45 lbs., height at shoulder 20 in., length from nose to set on of tail 33 in., length of tail 14 in., girth of chest 26 in., girth of loin 20 in., girth of head 15 in., girth of forearm 10 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 8 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 1/2 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 13 in., length of ear when extended (measurement taken across the head) 16 in. - May 12, 1881.

Mr. Max Wenzel's Irish setter dog Chief, winner in open Irish



RATTLER.

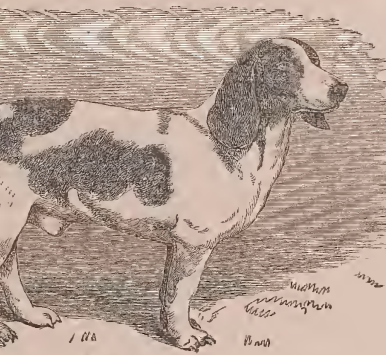
setter class for dogs, age 21 months, weight 67 lbs., height at shoulder 24 in., length from nose to set on of tail 41 in., length of tail 14 in., girth of chest 29 in., girth of loin 19 in., girth of head 16 1/2 in., girth of forearm 7 1/2 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 10 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 1/2 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 1/2 in., length from elbow to top of shoulder 12 1/2 in., length of ear when extended (measurement taken across the head) 15 in. - May 14, 1881.

Mr. Charles Moran, Jr.'s, native English setter bitch Donna, winner of first in open class for native English setter bitches is expected to whelp shortly; we are thus privy to learn from securing her measurements at this time. Later on they will be given.

PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE NOTES.

OUR Hiverton Gun Club is, of course, much pleased with its late victory over the New York City Club, and its members receive the warmest sort of congratulations from their friends, and well they may, for it takes the best of shooting to overcome our knights of the trigger. Was not Arnold's a splendid score?

For the past year or four days those of our sportsmen who found time to attend the late Westminster Kennel Club's show have been discussing the merits and demerits of the winning dogs. Is it not strange there exists such a diversity of opinion when animals are bred so near perfection in form? I am sure from what I hear Philadelphia dog men say they hold to the "handsome is as handsome does" doctrine.



MAJOR.



DYKE.

Mr. W. W. Collett's Echo, out of Hnbell's May by Reid's Sam is becoming a great favorite as a sire in Philadelphia. Not a few gentlemen have bred their native bitches to him, and his get are making capital field dogs. Echo is a large setter, much to large to my liking, but there is perfection in his head and outline. In the field he has proven excellent, and he is worked regularly and often, which cannot be said of but few of our noted blue-blooded dogs in Philadelphia. The majority of them are never hunted. Echo is not in the public stud, let me say, and it is only the friends of his owner that can procure his services. If sportsmen were more particular in breeding their bitches to animals of known and tried field qualities, and not make their choice of dogs noted for the appearance and extended pedigree alone, there would be less disappointment, and I would say fewer nervous and gun-shy dogs bred.

During the past week a number of snipe were killed on the meadows bordering Woodbury Creek, which, on being opened, were found to contain eggs. There was not a female among the lot that did not have them in a very advanced stage of development. This fact speaks for itself.

While at Baltimore last Thursday and Friday I noticed in Druid Hill Park several varieties of warblers had reached that section. I observed the black and white creeper, yellow rump and yellow warbler which struck me as being rather early this backward spring. In the most advanced seasons we hardly look for the body of warblers before the 10th to 15th of May in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and all migratory birds of this order most certainly will be late in their coming this season.

Such members of the Baltimore Kennel Club I conversed with seem to think that a class at dog shows for so-called bench-legged beagles would be out of order. Said one - "If bench-legged beagles are bassetts let the class be for bassetts - do not create a new name." I was assured that there had been some beagles in Baltimore that had been bred to the dachshund.

Dr. Geo. Reeling, of Baltimore, showed your correspondent two pair of deer antlers interlocked that had been found with the skeletons of the animals near Warm Springs, Va., showing that in combatting the bucks had become thus securely fastened together and miserably perished.

Roan.

THE LOST ONE FOUND. - Editor Forest and Stream. - As I was walking up New street on Saturday the 7th I saw a mat with a liver-colored spaniel bitch evidently for sale. He was showing her obedience by letting her follow him off the chain, and, of course, I stopped at once, as anything in the shape of a spaniel is an irresistible attraction to me. Judge of my surprise on recognizing my

bitch, FERT II, the notice of whose loss appeared in your columns some two months ago. As I crossed the street she bounded up to me much to the man's astonishment, and in about ten seconds there was a crowd of delighted messenger boys and bootlacks listening to the argument between us. Of course he made the usual assertions - she was given to him by his uncle - was then ten months old - he had had her from a pup, etc., etc., but I opened her mouth which settled the question of age (about two years), and showed him my private mark and told him she was mine, and I was going to take her. He was quite good-natured up to this point, but then he changed, and dared me to take her. I said, "All right," and turned away with "Come on, York," and didn't let her "come on." Some of your morbidly nervous New Yorkers would have taken their "Davy" she was mad if they had seen her, but I guess Mister Man was the mad one of the three in reality, as he followed me, calling "Rosa, Rosa, come here, Rosa!" but Rosa had vanished from the moment. "FINEST" had seen her master, and I turned into the friend's office to avoid trouble. When I came out Mister Man had disappeared, while one of the "FINEST" wanted to ask me why I didn't keep the fellow in conversation till he arrived. Had I seen him coming I would have done so, for the sake of punishing at least one dog thief, but the argument was becoming slightly warm, and I wanted to get the bitch at all hazards. I think the breeders may "tally on" against the dog thieves on this. I only hope others who may have lost valuable dogs may be as fortunate as I was. - DRoo.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.

A MEETING of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held Thursday afternoon, May 12. The principal business before the meeting was the revision and adoption of the running rules, which were accepted with a few alterations, which will be published if forwarded to us as promised by the secretary. The cup offered by the FOREST AND STREAM for the best run by its owner was accepted with thanks. A cup was presented to be given to the best dog in any state that the club saw fit. The president, Mr. J. O. Donner, will also give a cup to be called the "President's Cup," to be competed for by puppies only. The cup offered by the FOREST AND STREAM has also been presented called the "Members' Cup." The report of the Committee on By-laws is to be printed and distributed among the members. It was deemed advisable to try and procure more birds, and Mr. Donner was given power to do so. The meeting was called by Mr. Geo. T. Leach was elected treasurer in place of Mr. H. N. Mann resigned.

A DOG'S LONG JOURNEY HOME. - The following clipping is sent to us by Mr. J. C. Ledor, of Chattanooga, Tenn.: "Saturday morning a setter dog was sent on the C. S. train by Mr. J. O. Ledor to Glen Mary, a station on the C. & N. Railway, 112 miles distant from Chattanooga. As the train pulled into the station the dog suddenly jumped from the car, and before any measures could be taken to arrest him he disappeared in the forests. He arrived in this city Wednesday noon, and immediately on reaching home sought his former companions, and was found in the kennel by its owner soundly and comfortably asleep. The dog traveled fully 200 miles over a rough, mountainous region, and was compelled to swim the Tennessee River twice during its journey, making the entire trip in three and one-half days. He recovered little or no food while on route, and was half starved when he reached home. The dog had never been through the country before, and how he found his way through the almost impenetrable forests and interminable mountain ranges will ever remain a mystery." Our correspondent adds a most interesting sequel to the story: Inclosed please find an account of a remarkable instance of instinct which appeared in our Daily Times under date of 7th inst. Your correspondent at this point says "I had written to you, but I thought to give you the correct version of it, as it is in some things incorrect. The facts are these. A black setter bitch owned by me named "Mit," of imported red Irish and Gordon blood, being gun-shy and thereby useless, as I had no time to break her to the depot and back her on the car to take her back and send her again to Glen Mary, but upon his trying it she refused to follow him, and when he tried to catch her she growled and snapped at him - the first time she was ever known to be cross. I had to call and tie her for him, when he took her on Friday (6th) and re-shipped her to Glen Mary, which place she reached, and Mr. C., the gentleman to whom I sent her, acknowledged the receipt, and said she seemed pretty well satisfied. This morning, while breakfasting, I heard one of the dogs come in through the front part of the house and tie down at the back of my chair where I had taught Mit to lie. Thinking if my pointer pup I paid no attention to it, but asked, when I had finished eating, "Nick, do you want your breakfast?" and was very much surprised at the response in Mit's voice. I looked around - it was she. She had never been ten miles from this place before her trip to Glen Mary, but had found her way from that place to her home town. Mit has surely earned the right to stay at home. - J. O. LEDOR.

GONE EAST—The sloop Afradne has been sold to Boston owners through Manning's Agency. She was built in 1871 by Witzman, and in 1872 had her stern spun out, much improving her. She is now 57 ft over all, 14 ft in water, 16 ft in beam, 5 1/2 ft deep and draws 5 1/2 ft.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS. J. S. Jersey City.—The date is too late for snipe on Long Island. M. & W., Galveston.—Dobrook trout have scales? Ans. Yes, small ones. E. M. S., Elba, Ala.—The 30-inch circles are circles 30 inches in diameter. A. H. M., Brooklyn.—See notice of the King trap in our trap shooting column. M. F., Fortresdale, Pa.—We must refer you to our advertising columns for the information you want. E. J., Green Bay, Wis.—We do not know of a good dog such as you want; they are very scarce. A short notice in our advertising columns might unearth one.

Hop Bitters cures by removing the cause of sickness and restoring vitality.

NOTICE!

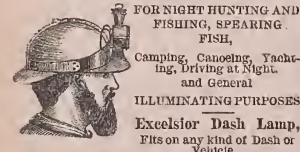
Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished. KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best. KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest. KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate. KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties. KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9. KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50. KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union. KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST. Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

FERGUSON'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE Jack Lamps, Dash Lamps, Fishing Lamps, Etc.



FOR NIGHT HUNTING AND FISHING, SEPARATE FISH. Camping, Canoeing, Yachting, Driving at Night, and General ILLUMINATING PURPOSES. Excelsior Dash Lamp, Fits on any kind of Dash or Vehicle.

Bicycle Lanterns, Dark Lanterns, Whistling Lamps, and Lanterns. POCKET LANTERNS, HAND LANTERNS, ETC. Send stamp for illustrated Price List. FOREST AND STREAM. ALBERT FERGUSON, 63 Fulton Street, N. Y.

HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to UPPEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Bangley lakes. It treats of "camp life," Indians and all, in an amusing, instructive and interesting way. 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARHAM, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

CONVENTION OF N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N. E. H. Madison, of 564 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has, by special courtesy of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, been granted the exclusive right to furnish ammunition, etc., on the Brighton Beach Grounds in June during the Grand Tournament, where a choice selection of sportsmen's sundries will be constantly on hand. Shells loaded at reasonable prices.

GOOD'S OIL TANNED MOOSEHIDE. The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to the feet and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles and sizes, and are made in the genuine article. Send for illustrated circular. MARTIN S. HUTCHINGS, P. O. Box 383, Dover, N. H. Successor to Frank Good's. BROADWAY & ANKORT, Boston Agency.

G. E. J., New York City.—From your description your dog is what is called a harrier. We have not space, unfortunately, to give a treatise on the harrier, but if you will call at this office we will be pleased to answer your questions on the subject.

F. J. H., Fairport, Va.—Can you give me any information through your columns, or refer me to any book numbers of FOREST AND STREAM having reference thereto, as to the modus operandi of raising sea terrapin or "diamond backs" in inclosed sea ponds as practiced in North Carolina and elsewhere? Ans. Little is done in the way of cultivating terrapins. We looked up the subject and you will find all that is known about it in FOREST AND STREAM of March 3 and 31 of this year.

J. M. Albany, N. Y.—There is a fish now in our market that is too small for a shad and too large for a herring. Is this a new species, or a hybrid? Ans. It is not possible to say, judging from size alone. At some periods of its life a shad is but a trifle larger than the river "herring." If they contain male roe they may be still fertile bybrids. The shad and alewife (river herring) have been extensively hybridized in the market and would be well to send a dozen specimens to Prof. Baird for identification. Mark them "fresh fish" and send particulars with them. Note if these fish are all of one sex or small male shad and ascend the river at two years old and are ripe milters. The females do not return to fresh water until they are third year. If the fish in question are all males they may be young shad. There are structural differences between the shad and alewife.

wife which, when small, are quite hard to make out, but when of the size of the latter are plain to be seen. Note the length and shape of the sub-orbital bone, or long bony cheek scale under the eye. In the shad it reaches down to the lower jaw.

RIFFLE.—In a shooting match at halts or pigeons is it the duty of a privilege of the referee to decide against a person who in shooting violates the rules unless such violation is challenged? In other words, is it his duty to inflict a penalty without a challenge? Where can I find the duties of a referee most fully defined? In a match where the first prize was a medal, and the second and third prizes money, A and B tied on the highest score, C and D on the next and E and F on the next. A and B were the winners for the first A winning. It was decided that B, who had made a higher score than any except A, had no claim on any of the prizes, C and D shooting for second prize and E and F for third. Nothing was being previously agreed on in reference to this point, was this right? If it was please make the reasons for it as plain as possible, as I cannot now see that it was just to B. Ans. 1. No, the referee only decides where appealed to. 2. Write for the "Trap Shooter's Referee" to L. C. Squires, No. 1 Cortlandt st., New York. 3. Except in class shooting the highest score wins, with preference for the class shooting should have taken second prize and C should have shot out with D for third. In class shooting the various ties shoot out and the losers go out, and in this case B would have had no chance for second prize. In the case you mention, if nothing had been previously agreed on in regard to this point B should have taken second prize.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, "Highest Quality" SNELL HOOKS.

Finest Spring Steel Hooks tied on Selected Spanish Silk Worm Gut (the Gut and Hooks our own make), or Best White Silk Wired Gimp.

Prices given are per dozen. To be had of all first-class dealers in Fishing Tackle. Wholesale Depot, 48 Maiden Lane, New York. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

Table with columns for SPROAT AND OSHAUGHNESSY and CARLISLE, ABERDEEN, AMERICAN TROUT, SNECK KENDALL. Rows include Single gut, Double gut, Twisted gut, Treble loops, Gimp, and Numbers.

BRAN AND NERVE FOOD, VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the oat bran and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 500,000 packages.

For sale by drug-grocers or mail. F. C. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1891. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY. Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1890. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional \$30 bill. Non-winners to close positively on Oct. 1, 1891. PECANIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES. Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to all. Non-winners to close positively on Oct. 1, 1891. To this stake \$10 will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes. MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1891. JACOB FENZL, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City. J. OTTO DONNER, President. Special prizes to follow other awards at their value.

GOODYEAR'S RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.,

Goodyear's India Rubber Glove Mfg. Co., 488, 490, 492 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, and 905 Broadway, Cor. Fulton Street, NEW YORK CITY.

Advertisement for Rubber Outfits, Rubber Coats, and Rubber Goods. Includes illustrations of a hunting coat and a vest. Text: RUBBER OUTFITS COMPLETE FOR HUNTING AND FISHING. Trouting Pants and Leggings a Specialty. All Guaranteed Thoroughly Waterproof.

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AND NEW VANITY FAIR. Three excellent Cigarettes, each having their own peculiarities. NEW VANITY FAIR, just out, and is the Mildest Cigarette yet produced. A Dainty Sweet Bit. 7 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. Vienna, 1873. Philadelphia, 1876. Paris, 1878, Sydney, 1879.

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For Sale.

FOR SALE—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, and two does two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does ill. Address EDWARD THAYER, Box 106, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr 25, 91

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The Kennel.

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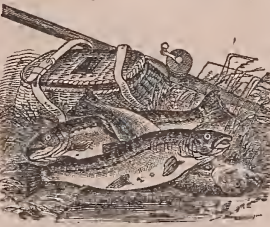
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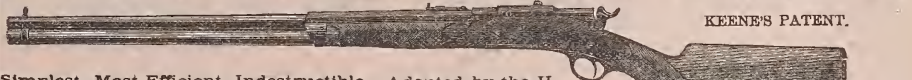


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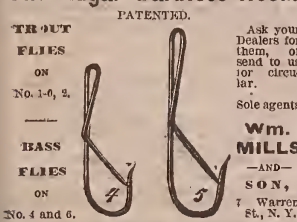
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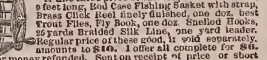
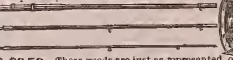
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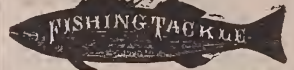
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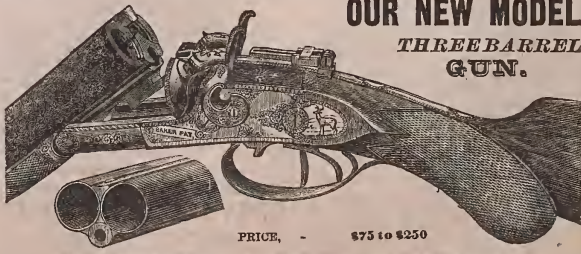
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881.

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A CONNECTICUT PLAN.

THE Middletown, Conn., Association has made a successful attempt to secure better game presentations by enlisting in the work the co-operation of farmers and land owners. The system works well because it recognizes and provides for the mutual interest of farmer and sportsman.

For a certain merely nominal payment, the owners of the land agree to confine the privilege of shooting over it and fishing in its streams to the members of the Association, of which they are themselves by the terms of the agreement honorary members, having the same shooting and fishing rights as the rest. Each individual belonging to the Association is furnished with a ticket, which serves as a permit to enter the lands under its control; if others trespass, they are intercepted and driven off. The advantage accruing from its expenditure of funds are thus secured to the Association. The game and fish replenished by them are protected from the pothunter and net fisherman.

The Middletown plan appears well in theory, and we are assured by its officers that it works well in practice. It preserves the game; and involves no clashing of interest between sportsman and farmer. We print on another page the form of government of the club; and commend it as a model to be adopted elsewhere. The society is incorporated and can bring suit through its attorney, without involving any individual member in the thankless task of prosecuting offenders.

The success of the Association has been largely due to the exertions of Dr. Joseph W. Alsop, its president.

SOME POINTS OF LAW.

THE MAGNER CASE AND THE OAK CASE.

THE opinion of the Court in the case of *Magner vs. The People* of the State of Illinois, recently decided by the Supreme Court of that State, is a well considered and comprehensive review of the law respecting the legal status of animals and birds, *fera natura*, especially those that are generally dominated "game." It may be well to review this case in connection with certain other cases arising in the courts of this country as well as in England, involving in one way and another the leading questions determined by the Illinois Court. This case, sustained as it is by the eminent authorities to which we shall refer upon elementary principles of law, will commend itself to the legal fraternity both at the bar and upon the bench.

The lawyer who, for fee or reward, or the judge who, through the vista of an occasional quail-on-toast, or preconceived notions and prejudices against restrictive laws, shall seek by subtle distinctions or judicial fine sifting to evade its consequences or overturn its force, that lawyer or that judge should receive the just condemnation of all fair-minded men.

The doctrine of the law that all animals, birds and fishes that are by nature wild, belong to the sovereign or government, has been so long and so well settled as to admit of no question among lawyers or judges, and hence they are entirely subject to the legislative will of the State. At least, until the Federal Government shall have passed some act, or otherwise assert Federal control over the question, the matter must remain of State sovereignty and subject to State legislation. It is a matter of grave doubt, after this right has been for so long a period of time exercised by the State governments, whether Congress would have the power to legislate upon the subject at all, except, perhaps, within the jurisdiction of the unorganized territory belonging to the Federal Government.

It follows, then, that the Legislature of the State may prescribe the time and manner in which any or all wild animals, birds and fishes may be taken or killed, or it may prohibit the killing or molestation of them entirely. This being so, the State has the power, under what is known as the police power, or authority to prohibit the sale or traffic in dead animals, birds and fishes within the State that have been killed outside of the State and brought within the State for sale, as well as those that may have been lawfully killed within the State during the licensed period for killing, and kept until their sale is forbidden by the local law. This question was before the Court in *Phelps vs. Racey*, 60 N. Y., 10. The defense in this case was that the bird, a quail, had been killed in the proper season, and kept by a process of preserving game until after the season expired, and then offered for sale. But the Court held that "the penalty is denounced against the selling or the possession after that time, irrespective of the time or place of killing." It seems that this question has recently been decided in the English Common Pleas Division, *Law Reports, Whitehead vs. Smithers*, but we have not examined that case.

But, notwithstanding the clearness with which the cases referred to have settled these questions, it seems to remain for the Police Court of Cincinnati, by some method of judicial legerdemain, to evade the effect of those decisions, as applied to the game laws of Ohio. See *State vs. Cain*, published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, April 14, 1881. The question before the Court in that case appears to have been whether quails killed in Illinois and exposed for sale in Ohio in the month of February were so exposed for sale in violation of the Statute of Ohio, which prohibits the exposure for sale of "quails killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal." The first section of the Ohio Statute provides "It shall be unlawful to kill quails between January 1 and November 1." The act is limited only as to the time of killing, namely, "within the time when the killing thereof is made penal," without regard to place where killed. The only distinction between this case and the case of *Magner vs. The People*, is this: The Illinois Statute prohibits the exposure for sale of quails after the expiration of five days next succeeding the first day of the prohibited season for killing them, without regard as to when or where such quails may have been killed. Consequently quails lawfully killed in Ohio during the "open season" cannot be sold in Illinois

THE MASSACHUSETTS MUDDLE.

AS to the general legal sapience of the legislators who have been convened under the big gilded dome of the State House at Boston, we have no knowledge. Of their specific lack of wisdom, when they are called upon to confront the vexed problem of game protection, they have just given striking evidence.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is a society of anglers and gunners, who have had a great deal of experience in the actual work of preserving the game and fish of the State. They presented, at Boston, the bill of a proposed new game law. It embodied what after mature consideration they believed to be the best practicable regulation of the taking of game and fish. The bill ought to have passed. It was lost by a large majority. This result was not wholly unexpected. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere, game legislation is too much in the hands of know-nothings, and the know-nothings are in the hands of a class of men who are concerned not to preserve the game, but to squeeze the almighty dollar out of it as it goes. It was not, therefore, strange that the existing law was not made any better; nor even that it was made worse.

But the stupidity exhibited by the adoption of Sect. 4 is an occasion of genuine surprise. This section prohibits the trapping and snaring of game birds and hares, "provided, the provisions of this act shall not apply to the trapping or snaring of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or hare or rabbit, by owners of land upon their land, or by any person or persons authorized by them, between the first day of September and the first day of January of any year."

This is in so many words a concession that wild game is the private property of the landowner. By no other doctrine can an individual, a private citizen, be authorized to kill the game at a time or in a manner forbidden to the people; and by no other doctrine can the individual delegate to another the privilege of so killing game. On no other principle than this can the section be construed as other than an absurd absurdity; the principle once adopted makes of the rest of the law equal nonsense. If game is private property the Legislators under the big dome have no business with it, and should let it alone; if it is the property of the State, the man upon whose land it happens to be has no more right or control over it than any other citizen has. The two doctrines are inconsistent; a law must be based upon one of them only. The attempt to embody each in different sections of the same law only makes a muddle of the whole statute. The Massachusetts law is such a muddle.

IONTHYOPHAGOUS DINNER tickets at Blackford's. Steamer Mattewan will leave Fulton st., E. R., 5 P. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 26.

SAN FRANCISCO sportsmen are about organizing a game protective association. There is a most emphatic call for a live, working, earnest society in that vicinity. If it is started in the right spirit, and confined strictly to securing a better enforcement of the law, the good it may do is very great. From the character of those who are engaged in the effort to form such a society, we are sanguine of its success. We notice that the San Francisco *Call* is devoting some attention to the subject of game and fish protection, and is exerting a very commendable influence in that direction.

THE ENGRAVING OF MAJOR, Mr. Dorsey's beagle, in our last issue, was cut from a drawing on the block by our valued contributor Mr. Rowland E. Roblison, who has thus proved his pencil to be as facile as his pen. The drawing, which we need not say was an admirable piece of work, was a veritable labor of love; and possibly Mr. Roblison's success was partly due to this enthusiasm for his subject. We count Major's owner and ourselves fortunate in having secured so true and artistic a portrait of the dog; and we only regret that our acknowledgment to the artist should not have been made last week.

PREPARATIONS for the State shoot are nearly complete, and the programme for the week is now in the printer's hands. The prize list is an extraordinary one. The delegates, it is now proposed, will meet at the Hotel Brighton, Monday noon, June 20, the first business being the discussion of an immense clam chowder. The afternoon will be devoted to locating the club tents, providing hotel accommodations, and other preliminaries. The evening sessions will be held at the Hotel Brighton, and some rare musical attractions will add to the entertainment provided. Mr. Crooke, to use a homely phrase, is working like a beaver, and the smooth working of details will be largely due to his energy.

after five days succeeding the first day of the "close season" in the latter State. The Ohio law prohibits the exposure for sale of quails killed during the "close season," *ex gr.*, quails killed between the first day of January and the first day of November, and by parity of reason quails killed in Illinois between those dates cannot be lawfully exposed for sale in Ohio. The section of the Ohio Statute which makes the possession of quails during the prohibited season *prima facie* evidence that such quails were killed in violation of law does not seem to relieve the case from its embarrassment. The only purpose or effect of that statute is to shift the burden of proof upon the defendant to show that the quails were not killed within the time when the killing thereof is made penal, and which proof would have been a complete defence under the Ohio Statute. It is to be regretted if this case shall not be taken to the Supreme Court for final adjudication of that question. And in the meantime let the friends of the game laws of that State see to it that their laws are so amended as to avoid any pretext for technical discrimination by judges who may have a greater regard for votes in succeeding elections than for an impartial adjudication of the law. Bon WHITE.

NO LUCK.

BIRDS chirruped welcomes to the morning sun which shone from a cloudless sky. Big, well-fed bees in their black velvet jackets and yellow trimmings hummed monotonously and bumped their noses against the wild flowers as they stole their sweets. Breezes from over the hills streaked the lake with ripples. It was one of those cheery mornings you find lying around loose up in these parts, one of the unencumbered mornings, on which no person holds a mortgage, and you can step in and take possession by pre-empting what you want of it. It means not only good health, but more of it. No one could be brazen enough to return your salutation of "Good-morning" by saying he had seen better. It was a perfect fishing morning, every sign beckoning to the full fruition of enjoyment and the word is "Up, Guards, and at them!"

Fair it was ad fraught with promises. Every angler is aware of the uncertainties attending these promising mornings, and is prepared in a measure to meet ill-fortune if she happens his way. All signs at times fall him. We have filled our creel fishing carefully, when the wind was blowing from the east; and we have failed to obtain a rise when we have plied our gentlest art and fulfilled to the letter all the instructions those modern disciples of the rod Francis, Norris and Scott require. We did not, however, borrow trouble nor quarrel with ill-fortune, but continued our ineffectual casts with a delightful feeling of indifference to the result that would perplex a less stoical person.

This bright, auspicious morning we cast our lines in the deep, shady pools, in the whirling eddies, in the rapid riffles, and threw them carefully beneath the overhanging bushes and branches. But things were not what they seemed. The trout were coy and shy, and hard to catch than a lass of eighteen summers. Their peculiar idiosyncracies could not be satisfied. Though every spot on their beautiful sides were an eye, it could hardly have improved their vision or rendered an approach toward them more difficult.

A trout is sometimes notional like a woman, or, to be still more truthful, like a man. All argument is wasted, and every inducement goes for nothing, when—say *she*—has made up her mind to pursue a certain course. It may be more fancy, but she is immovable, and will not listen to reason.

Our lines were cast far off and fine, but the old resents had been there before, and too much experience restrains for this day at least their natural daring, and makes them too suspicious of our manoeuvre. They pluck from the nettle danger the flower safely, by not biting.

Excepting with our worm-fishing companion, Tyro—and a genial old fellow he was—we were all possessed with the true inspiration of good old Izaak, inasmuch as patience, called contentment and singleness of purpose, filled our souls to the utter exclusion of every worldly thought and desire.

"Well," says Tyro, "it's a fine thing that some souls are so easily satisfied with that kind of filling, but it doesn't spread the butter on one's bread. Contentment and a well-filled creel are compatible, else my mental and physical organization is peculiar."

"It is peculiar, for you are growing and faint finding because the fish don't bite. Have a little reason and common sense. What splendid sport you had yesterday 'yauking' them out with your disgusting angle worms and sporeing grass-hoppers. You never miss a meal, I know, but give the trout credit for knowing when they want your bait. They have got memory and reasoning powers, and it's not for any of us to force the argument."

"All right. Salt pork for supper."
"Plenty of yesterday's catch in the ice-house."

So passed the day. The sun came up and blistered our noses; the forenoon passed, and the dinner-bell rang for many a dinner, and the sun went down and the birds to roost, but so far as this vicinity was concerned, there was hardly a trout in the stream but what could have proven an unimpeachable *alibi*.

Not so the musquitoes. They were present, and improved to the fullest extent their unusually fine opportunity of displaying their infernal wickedness; and if ever any of us resembled saints it must have been when those musquitoes

came around our heads like halos around saints' heads, as the picture-books represent them.

Wet, weary, but not despondent, we reeled up, and with almost empty baskets retraced our steps. It was only an episode in our cheerful holidays, a day to be remembered as having been spent pleasantly and profitably, no matter how it may have resulted piscatorially. Without harboring any vindictive feelings we plotted full revenge on the victimizing department at headquarters. MILLIAR.

LIVE QUAIL.—The demand for live quail for stocking purposes last season was unprecedented. We are still in frequent receipt of inquiries for birds. The parties who secured a supply of live quail for sale and advertised them in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, soon found that the responses were more numerous and for greater numbers than they could furnish. (Advertisers of other things in this paper have had the same experience.) Next season, there is every reason to believe, the demand for birds will be very large, and we already hear of parties who will make propositions to supply the birds. The quail brought, in some cases, \$3, \$4 and \$5 per dozen last year, and whether that price will hold another season will depend altogether upon the quantity trapped. Those who are favorably situated for securing birds to supply to clubs and individuals desiring to obtain them would do well to trap the birds as late in the season as may be practicable, so that their season of captivity may have as short a duration as possible. It will be long enough in any event, for we do not believe in turning down quail in this latitude before the middle or last of May, and if they are Southern birds the first of June would be still better.

DEER FLOATERS, if any such there be within sound of the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s voice, are commended to a perusal of our game columns, where they may find a new form of "sport" indicated for their express delectation. After all, what is the necessity of going away off to the Adirondacks to stab a deer in the water, or to Michigan or Maine to shoot the victim in a lake, when within a few minutes of Boston and New York and Chicago are abattoirs and oxen and swine in scores, ready for the slaughter?

The "barn-yard" plan recommended by our correspondent is not very different, indeed, from a Continental form of deer shooting. It is quite the correct thing in some parts of Europe to drive the game of a locality into a limited area, thus confining several hundred head in the space of a thousand acres. A fence of cloth is then erected about the poor brutes, shooting stands are built near the circumference, and the beaters are sent in to drive the animals up. Four or five hundred deer and bears in the course of a day is a fair "bag" for a "hunting" party. We notice in the *London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* an illustration of such sporting. The shooter in the foreground, about whom lie the deer already slaughtered, and who is just bringing down another victim at six paces, is no less a personage than His Royal Majesty, William III, Emperor of Germany.

Our esteemed English contemporary, the *London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, gave to its readers the other day one of Mark Twain's cleverest speeches. But the editor neglected at the time to explain the joke for John Bull's edification, and, as a consequence, of course got himself into trouble. The following week appeared an editorial, stating that a shoal of letters had been received, and two or three quite angry ones, showing that "the humor of the article was not apparent to all." Then follows an elaborate explanation of Mark Twain's witticisms. The *News* will doubtless in the future confine itself to "sporting" topics. American jokes are away up beyond its readers. If our neighbor, *Puck*, were published in England it would have to publish a weekly supplement, explaining its fun, so that John Bull could know when to laugh.

As a choice example of British wit, by the way, we note in the same journal a comment on the weights of foxes recently recorded by "Antler" in the *FOREST AND STREAM* to the effect that "America, being a bigger country than England, ought to have bigger foxes." If any of our readers do not understand that, we hold ourselves in readiness to explain it in person at this office at any time.

A LAWN TENNIS CONVENTION, at which thirty-five clubs were represented, met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, last Saturday, and organized the United States Lawn Tennis Association, with the following officers: President, General R. S. Oliver, Albany Lawn Tennis Club; Vice-President, Samuel Campbell, Orange Lawn Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer, Clarence M. Clark, Young America Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Executive Committee—Dr. James Dwight, Beacon Park Club, Boston; G. S. Scofield, Staten Island Cricket Club, and Berkeley Moultry, St. George's Cricket Club. The All England Lawn Tennis rules of 1881 were adopted. The Executive Committee will report in two weeks on the style and brand of the ball to be used in all matches and tournaments.

WE UNDERSTAND that a gentleman of this city has secured for the Kitty Hawk Bay Sportsman's Club, by lease and purchase, a number of valuable shooting properties, in addition to those already acquired. These properties are stated to comprise between seventy-five and eighty-five thousand acres of land, most of it points, marshes and

islands. Numbers of shoals adjacent to these lands are said to contain valuable oyster beds and to be favorite resorts for fish. On the Gallop property the deer-shooting is good. We have been shown copies of statements made by residents of the section in which these properties are located, which are unanimous in agreeing that these lands are excellent shooting ground for fowl of all descriptions. The railroad to Elizabeth is now, we understand, completed, and that city is only twenty-three hours from New York.

"THE FISHING LINE," as the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad is termed, leads into that part of Michigan which is far-famed for its grayling and trout streams. The wide-awake general passenger agent, Mr. A. B. Leet, Grand Rapids, Michigan, has prepared a handsome edition of his annual guide-book. It has descriptions of the best localities for sportsmen tourists and their families, and we advise those who are planning for a summer vacation trip to send for this pamphlet and study its pages. If they cannot find something to their taste in Michigan they are hard to please. The book, moreover, contains that famous account of the capture of a grayling, written by Mr. Charles Hallock, and published in these columns some years ago.

NEW YORK CITY spends \$1,000,000 a year for rose-buds, and 2,000,000 a year for other cut-flowers. In the *June Scribner* Mr. Peter Henderson, the great seedsman of this city, says that "at some seasons the prices paid for forced rose-buds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, New Jersey, took into New York three hundred buds of the erimrose rose known as 'General Jacqueminot,' for which he received at wholesale three hundred dollars, and which, no doubt, were retailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two dollars each. A flower dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only lot of this same variety of rose that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold."

A GAME PICTURE.—Mr. M. A. Stearns, President of the Roebuck Gun Club, has presented to the association, as a prize for the greatest consecutive number of birds killed at the next meeting, an oil painting—"A Pair of Canvas Backs"—by J. B. Stearns, Esq., N. A. Mr. Stearns is an artist of excellent reputation as a historical painter, and was for many years Secretary of the N. A. Academy of Design.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.—We conclude this week the publication of the charming picture of camp life on the Larriveep; a series which, the reader will agree, has proved one of rare interest. We take pleasure in announcing that other papers from the same pen will appear from time to time in our columns.

SUMMER SIGNS—circus posters on country fences. There may be some fun in fishing without lying about the fish caught, but half the charm of a circus is in the brazen lies flung on the bill board and in the columns of the home paper.

THE ADDRESSES ARE WANTED OF "C," who wrote "Our Last Match"; "Kliph," who wrote "The Franklin Club at Reef-foot."

The Sportsman's Tourist.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

AFTER supper, as we sat smoking our pipes by the fire, we fell to talking of early times in this country, and I asked Ignatius if he was not with Baker, when the latter made his unfortunate expedition to the park which now bears his name.

"No," he answered, "I came in two years after, and went out again in a hurry."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, it's a thing I don't like to think about much, and I don't talk about it any more than I can help. Still, if you'd like to hear about it, all right. I was living in Denver (it was in the fall of '60), running a little assay office, when one day a ragged old chap came in and asked me if I could assay some ore for him. I told him yes, and he pulled out a little chunk of greenish rock, and said he'd like to have that tested, but he hadn't any money to pay for it. Business was pretty slack just then, and besides, I kind of felt for the poor old chap, for I'd been there myself and knew what it was to make a strike that I thought that there might be millions in, and not have money to pay for getting it assayed, so I told him I'd do it for him, and he could pay whenever he got the money. I didn't think, from the looks of it, that it would pan out ten cents to the acre, but I knew it was no use to tell him so until I'd assayed it. I went to work on it that afternoon, and by thunder, it turned out to be worth about twelve thousand dollars a ton. I thought I must have made some big mistake, so I tried it again and got the same result. Well, when the old man came in again I told him what I'd found, and he didn't seem much surprised—said he thought it was pretty rich. 'Got much of it, old man?' says I. 'Well, about a nine foot streak,' says he. 'Nine deevil!' says I. 'Why, that's better than the Constock.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but it's there—covers more than over a hundred acres, and not less than seven feet anywhere, and from that all the way up to thirteen.'

"I thought the old chap was lying, but next day he comes

instance of the kind on record. This record of the habits of these little-known animals is due to the careful observation of Mr. Frank J. Thompson, of Cincinnati, who has charge of the Zoological Garden, and who contributed this observation to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

The fur seal is less in size than the sea lions, but the difference between the males and females is still greater than in that genus, the males weighing from 500 to 700 pounds, and the females from 80 to 100 pounds. Opportunities for observing the habits of the fur seals have, of course, been exceptionally good at the Pribilof Islands and the material for a biography of this species is very full. But it is, however, is known of their habits except during the time that they remain on the islands, that is from April to November. Where they pass the winter is as yet a matter only of conjecture, and further observations on this point are needed.

Of the habits of the Phocææ, or family of earless seals, though these are much more numerous in species than the groups before mentioned, perhaps even less is known than about the *Otariæ*. From their mode of life they offer less opportunity for observation and study than the latter. Prof. Allen mentions nine genera of earless seals, represented by seventeen species, of which seven, or possibly eight, are found on the coast of North America. The business of seal-hunting has been, and is still, followed with such energy that several species are threatened with extermination, and in more than one case, notably that of the sea elephant (*Mæcrotinus angustirostris*), the pursuit of the species has been abandoned, as the animals are no longer to be found in any numbers. As some indication of the yearly destruction of seals, the following figures are given: The annual catch of the West Greenland "fishery" is estimated by Dr. Hink as about 89,000 seals. Here they are captured by the natives with harpoons or shot with rifles. In 1873 the "catch," so-called, of the Newfoundland fishery is said to have been 526,000. In the Jan-Mayen, or Greenland seas, the annual catch is about 200,000, and so wasteful and imprudent is the slaughter of breeding females that the European nations interested have all passed more or less stringent laws for the protection of the animals during certain seasons. With regard to the "fisheries" of the Kara Sea and Nova Zembla, the White Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the North Pacific, we have no figures, but from all the accounts which we have it is certain that a shortsighted policy of indiscriminate slaughter is pursued in all these localities.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the Caspian Sea an inland breakish lake having no natural communication with the ocean, is a mere inland sea during certain seasons. With regard to the "fisheries" of the Kara Sea and Nova Zembla, the White Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the North Pacific, we have no figures, but from all the accounts which we have it is certain that a shortsighted policy of indiscriminate slaughter is pursued in all these localities.

It will be seen from what has been said above that the history of the seal is simply one long tale of butchery, and that the extermination, certainly, of the more important groups, has many times been threatened. The fact that their resorts are distant from the haunts of man has alone protected them up to this time. The governments of Europe most immediately interested in the seal are the United States and Canada, and it is high time that the United States and Canada took some effective steps in the same direction.

A DUCK NEW TO NORTH AMERICA.

FROM advanced sheets of the Proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1881 we learn that another new bird has been added to the North American fauna. The story of the identification of the specimen, which has been in the National Museum for nine years, is worth telling. Mr. Ridgway says:

Some thirty years since (February 2, 1872), Mr. George A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, sent to the Smithsonian Institution a mounted specimen of a duck obtained in Fulton Market, New York city, and supposed to have been shot on Long Island Sound, which he was unable to determine satisfactorily, but which he supposed to be a hybrid between the redhead (*Alhya americana*) and some other species. The specimen was in immature plumage, with the feathers of the first lively moulting worn, while those of the new moult, which was generally interspersed, indicated a very different garb when the moult should have been completed. At the time the specimen was received at the Smithsonian I (also supposing it to be a hybrid) made comparisons with nearly, if not quite, all the American species of ducks, but was unable to get the slightest clue to its parentage. It was then put back in the case and not again thought of until a few days ago, when in removing the specimens with a view to their rearrangement I happened to take the one in question in one hand and an adult female of the European rufous-crested duck (*Fuligula rufina*) in the other; and having the two thus in a very favorable position for comparison, I at once perceived a striking similarity in general appearance and in the form of the bill, which induced me to extend the examination to an adult male, the result being that no question remained of its being in question, but an immature male of *Fuligula rufina*, a species hitherto not detected in North America. I have written to Mr. Boardman, requesting full particulars as to circumstances and date of capture, but have been unable to elicit any further particulars than those given above.

"As the species has never been described in any work on North American birds, I give a description of the characteristics of it in the collection of the United States National Museum, as well as of the downy young, the latter quoted from Dresser's 'Birds of Europe,' also the principal synonyms and references, compiled from the leading European authorities."

For the benefit of our duck shooting readers we quote below Mr. Ridgway's very full description of adult male and female and immature male:

HAZ.—Southern and eastern Europe, northern Africa and India; occasional in northern and central Europe, and eastern and British islands; accidental in eastern U. S. (New York market; Boardman; spec. in U. S. Nat. Mus.).
Adult Male (57207, U. S. Nat. Mus.; Hungary, W. Schluter). Head and upper half of the neck delicate pinkish cinnamon, or vinaceous-rufous, the full, soft crest (occupying the entire

pileum) paler and less reddish, the feathers light buff at tips; lower half of the neck (including a narrow stripe which extends up the nape to the occiput), neck and jugulum, breast, abdomen, anal region, crissum, upper tail coverts, and rump brownish black, deepest on the jugulum, and with a decided dark-green gloss on the npper tail-coverts. Back and scapulars uniform light amber-drab or luscious color; wing-coverts and tail-feathers brownish gray; speculum white, basally changing gradually into pale ashy, then succeeded by a rather broad subterminal bar of dusky, the tip narrowly and abruptly white; four outer primaries with outer ends dusky; inner quills pale ashy, with broad dusky ends; tail dull dark grayish. A broad bar or transverse patch across anterior scapular region, anterior border of the wing, lining of the wing, axillars, and a very large patch covering the flanks and posterior half of the sides, pure white. Bill bright vermilion-red, the tip white; irides reddish brown; legs orange-red. Total length 21 inches." (Dresser, B. Eur. pt. xxii.)
Wing, 10.20; culmen, 2.00; tarsus, 1.50; middle toe 2.35.

Adult Female (57208, U. S. Nat. Mus.; Hungary, W. Schluter).—Crest much less developed than in the male, light hair-brown, this color descending to the level of the lower border of the eyes, and posteriorly continuing in a narrow stripe down the nape; rest of the head and neck very pale ashy, as are also the lower parts in general; jugulum, sides, and flanks light raw-umber brown, the tips of the feathers lighter; anal region and crissum uniform light drab, the latter whitish terminally. Upper parts in general amber-drab (the wing being more brownish than in the male), darker on the rump; white patch at base of scapular region wholly obsolete, and white border to the wing indistinct; speculum pale ashy, becoming gradually dull white basally, and brownish dusky subterminally, and with narrow white margin in the male. "Eyes hazel; beak blackish, with a pink tip, a portion of the lower mandible being yellow pink; legs and feet pinkish, webs blackish." (Dresser, l. c.)
Wing, 9.00; culmen, 1.90; tarsus, 1.50; middle toe, 2.20.

Immature Male (61957, U. S. Nat. Mus.; vicinity of New York city, Feb. 1872, G. A. Boardman).—Similar in general appearance to the adult male, but the description above, but crest much less developed (the tips of the feathers much worn) and decidedly more reddish in color; sides and under parts of head thickly interspersed with cinnamon-colored feathers (new moult); the jugulum, breast, and under posterior parts also mixed with black feathers, indicating the approaching adult livery; white patch at base of scapular region plainly indicated, and broad white border to anterior portion of the wing very distinct; speculum dusky as in the female, lacking the distinct subterminal mark as in the adult male.
Wing, 9.80; culmen, 1.80; tarsus, 1.50; middle toe, 3.15.

A MORNING'S WALK.—TANTON, MASS. May 7, 1881.—5 A. M., wind south, thermometer 50 deg., foggy. No school to-day. Frederic, a boy 11 years old, wants to go to the trout pond to see and feed the trout. We started at 5.30. The birds were singing merrily, and we proposed to take the names of all that we saw, and then to go to the pond. Mr. Stryker, a paper he thinks much of. Last autumn there were flocks of perhaps hundreds of English sparrows about our streets, but there are not one-tenth as many now as there were then. But our native or summer birds are as plentiful as usual. In walking three-and-a-half miles on the Tanton and New Bedford R. R., we saw 1 fish hawk, 4 hen hawks, 5 sparrow hawks, 8 owls, 2 blue jays, 4 red thrashers, 6 cowbirds, 14 barn swallows, 25 bank swallows, 12 or 15 robins, about the same of bluebirds, and flocks of blackbirds, 2 bobolinks, 1 humming-bird, 6 marsh-quits, 4 yellow-birds, 5 woodpeckers and a great number of smaller birds. We heard quite a number of quails whistle. They are quite plenty here, but partridges are not. We let the dog work along by the side of the R. R. where he started 1 partridge and 4 woodcocks, three of them at one time, and a pretty sight it was. We arrived at the spring about 7.30. There were two bounds following rabbits as we went up the brook. One rabbit, about one-quarter grown, or perhaps six weeks old, attempted to cross the trench that runs to the pond, and fell in, and was quite dead when I got him out. We also saw 3 red squirrels and 1 gray one. The dog worked on some good snipe ground, but did not start any. I have not seen one this spring.—C. B.

NOTES FROM CANADA.—NIAGARA, May 16, 1881.—I send you to-day, per Canada, a little note that was picked up dead in my yard this A. M. What kind of bird it was I noticed, the other day, some people fishing for black bass on the other side (N. Y.) of the river, just off Port Niagara. I thought the close season was not up until June 1. Before I give you the arrival of several of the birds here: bluebird, March 14; robins, about the same time; swallows, April 19; cat bird and oriole, May 5; crows were here off and on all winter. Have heard no snipe this spring; they are probably nested here by the game laws. The "Cowbirds" have left us. Although we are in Canada, a country supposed to abound in ice and snow and wolves, the black Hauberg grouse is grown here out doors, and we have as fine peaches, in their season, as can be grown.—W. S.

The specimen sent is a rose-breasted grosbeak, one of the most beautiful and sweet-voiced of our birds. The bass season in New York does not open before June 1.

SNAKES CLIMBING TREES.—Webster City, Iowa, May 10, 1881.—While passing over the battlefield of Belmont, in the summer of 1863, I heard a slight noise just over my head. Looking up I saw, in close proximity to my face, and resting upon the leaves and twigs of a newberry tree, one of the small, pale-green snakes so common in that region, and sometimes met with here. As I was on horseback, the snake was seven or eight feet above the ground. The tree was six or eight inches in diameter. How the snake got up there I did not know, but he seemed perfectly at home on his airy perch.—CHARLES ALDHOE.

GUIDE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.—"Homes and Sports Along the Erie. A directory to hotels, boarding-houses, lakes and streams in the romantic regions near New York reached by the Erie Railway." This is a useful epitome of information for city residents who are looking for sunnier boarding places or who want to take a flying trip into the country. Sent by the Erie R. R. Co. General Passenger Agent N. Y. L. E. & W. R. E., New York city.
"The Hills and Homes of Berkshire." A pamphlet setting forth the summer attractions of the Berkshire hill country. By Clark W. Bryant, Great Barrington, Mass.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE HAUNTS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

WING SHOOTING VS. TREKING.

HAVING noticed the reports from New Jersey of the mortality of 40, 60, and 100 per cent. of quail and ruffed grouse "from the effect of cold and snow," I cannot but think, with all due respect for your reporters' veracity, that in relation to ruffed grouse these reports come mostly from hearsay or a superficial knowledge of the habits of this bird, and should be corrected as being liable to mislead the amateurs in forming a just estimate of their value and qualities for cold climates. Some of the snow certainly has been blown from the quail, whose food supply is liable to be cut off by snow at any time, and the ruffed grouse whose ample larder hangs in tempting display far above the possible reach of this enemy. Admitting that a winter like the past may be more trying to the constitution of game raised in a warmer climate than this, I still think that a bird that can make a bountiful meal off a handful of birds and a warm sumptuous couch from a single snail (showing the ruffed grouse does an easier feat than I suppose you will "stand a pile of water.")

I suppose that there is no game bird on this North American continent whose habitat covers so wide a range, of whose habits and peculiarities the average sportsman is so poorly informed as this same namesake and especial friend and protégé of mine. There is a larger class that fairly detect the name of this kind of birds; for is not this the chap that has so many times outwitted the half-broken dogs and caused them to display anything but desirable field qualities, and are not they the gentlemen that have been the butt of so many jokes and caned so much fun by their constant misses and striking display of "grouse fever"? They affect to despise the lordly grouse and in the same breath rave about the beauties of woodcock shooting, a bird which (in my opinion) bears about the same comparison to the noble grouse that a hull butterfly does to a December quail. In fact the warblers, the bluebirds, the jays, and the crows, and the successful descent of summer woodcock strongly re-embles the action of those overgrown butterflies, which hoy chases and capture with sticks.

There are also many aspiring youths that go tearing and smashing through the brush and screaming at their dogs and come home and report "no birds this year," and all this while they have unknowingly flushed more grouse than they can count. They are not to be blamed for this, but for not being that "Unbellas tetrao" not fancying so much racket makes a little run through the first thicket and, with a spring and a few strokes of his powerful pinions, quietly sails to some distant thicket without "showing his hand at all." And the game reports of our non-sporting, noisy farmers and lumbermen are usually still more inaccurate.

Meeting a neighboring farmer, in March, I asked him if he had seen any grouse, while lumbering this winter. He replied quite quickly, "Not a darned one and what's more I knew last fall, when I seen near a dozen blooded pointers and setters at your kennels and heard the creakin of your infernal old Parker gun every day, that there wouldn't be scarcely a bird left within ten mile o'here; and what few there was left has all froze to death long ago." My reply was that if he would give me half an hour's time for two or three nights I would show him more grouse than he ever saw. He quickly consented thinking to enjoy my discomfiture.

Half an hour before sunset I quietly took him to a hill one half mile back which commanded a view for half a mile of a secluded valley and mountain side, covered with a vigorous growth of young timber, largely yellow birch. This was backed by a heavy spruce forest, interspersed with frequent small swamps and dense thickets of hemlock and the whole fell back from civilization. Sealing himself the granger grins made me "fetch on yer partridges." We sat in silence less than ten minutes when *whizz* came a brown streak from a dense thicket on his mountain top, and a fine cock grouse struck a tall birch opposite, his glossy ruff glistening in the sun, as he nipped a few buds, and finding them rather tough descended to the smaller growth, where he made a hearty meal inconspicuous of our proximity. Before he had finished, his kinsmen began to arrive from various directions, until they swarmed on every bush and tree in the valley, and as strong as game cocks. When the first bird arrived a look of blank astonishment surrounded the granger's phiz; and as they continued to come in, his eyes and mouth continued to extend and when the show was over and we turned homeward he merely gasped "I'd no idee, don't tell the boys on't," and actually kept silence until home was reached. However, I hauled him out two nights more for half an hour to favorably compare the grouse with the quail, and the next day, on each time, and showed him no less than fifty five vigorous grouse in these three trips. The last night lumbered him up fearfully and he ejaculated "I'm beat! but for ussack sake don't tell the boys on't, for I have told everybody that every last bird was dead."

His mistake consisted in supposing them all dead because he saw none in their summer haunts, and if he happened to see through the brush, he made so much noise that he could get no sight of them.

And, by the way, speaking of grouse reminds me of a little incident that occurred a few days since. Happening in at the hotel in a neighboring town, I found fifteen or twenty young men who had lately formed a shooting club, purchased new breech-loaders, etc, and were "going in for some fun," as one of their number stated. After discussing various matters pertaining to sport, the subject of shooting grouse from trees came up, whereupon one of the leading members of the club took the floor and stated that he had been "reading up" on sporting matters generally for several months past, and that he had been particularly impressed by several letters to the FOREST AND STREAM from men who, he was confident, would scorn the imputation of shooting a quail while sitting, describing the best dog, best methods, etc, for obtaining a large number of grouse by shooting from trees. He further stated that this kind of slaughter had always rather disturbed his sense of manhood and fair play, but that, inasmuch as many of these letters came from men that scorned the quail pot-hunter, and had also received the sanction of silence (if not more) from so eminent an authority as the FOREST AND STREAM, he had come to the conclusion that his sense of honor had perhaps been rather too sensitive for the occasion, and that he must have been misinformed as to the general public sentiment among sportsmen in relation to this matter, and that in view of the foregoing and also the fact that every other kind of game bird that we have is speedily approaching annihilation, and further, that inas-

much as the leading sportsmen are endeavoring by hook or by crook to obtain the largest bags of grouse, possibly, at last, but not least, that if we fail to grab for this public pie with the rest we shall not get a piece big enough to swear by; therefore I make the motion that we establish a fund "at once to be appropriated to the purchase of a pack of the best 'trailing dogs' that can be found, no matter of what breed, pedigree or style so that they procure the 'heavy bag.'" I regret to remark that the closing sentence of this harangue was received with shouts of exclamation, and the motion was carried without a dissenting vote.

Perceiving the urgent need of a little missionary work, in which these youthful knights of the trigger stood, I took the liberty of introducing myself, and labored long and earnestly to convert them from the error of their ways. It was little use to present the argument that their shooting was with neighboring sportsmen and clubs would be affected by this course, for, said they, "Are they not all in the same boat with us, only, perhaps, a little more sly about it?" But their main stronghold that they fell back on and refused to give up when routed elsewhere, was the fact that there had been published in the FOREST AND STREAM for the space of nearly a year frequent letters, giving full directions for the most successful method of procuring the bird, and that some noble and full game bird by the most ignoble pot hunting, and from among all the numerous throng of the FOREST AND STREAM readers not a single voice had been raised to plead for fair play for the king of game birds. Here they had me "on the lip," and I pleaded guilty, but urged extenuating circumstances in the form of sickness in my family and unusual pressure of business, and also the constant expectation that some noble knight, in the course of the season, would arise to defend the right. I reminded them that the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM was not responsible for the views of correspondents, and that to my certain knowledge he was the avowed enemy of pot hunting in every form. And as for the authors of the above letters, I would guarantee that they would not advise any one to take measures to excruciate any real resident game bird in the vicinity of a pot-hole, and that in contrast to the feelings of the owner of a pot-hunting ill-bred cur, and those of the possessor of a finely bred dog well broken for legitimate main sport, and a constant honor and delight to his master at home or abroad, the exquisite pleasure of seeing such a one at work heightened at each shot by the excitement attendant upon all games requiring skill and "nerve," and the proud and constant expectation that some noble knight would be sprung to the spot, and that he would spoil in a fair, manly way. Observing signs of a truce, I dropped the question of right and honor, and brought to bear what proved (Oh, FOREST AND STREAM, how can I confess it!) to be one of the heaviest guns in my armament, by urging that they never, no, never, could become good wing shots, especially on rifled grouse, if they indulged in even occasional slying shots. And by further appealing to human nature, I reminded them of the fact that they persisted in their course they might as well hang their new breech-loaders "on a willow tree" for a few years, as such murdering pot-hunting would leave them no use for them. I called their attention to the growing popularity of this bird, as evidenced by our sporting papers of late and predicted that at no very distant date the party that took slying shots at King Umbrella would be shunned, and that sportsmen who were pot-hunting quail shooter now, and, finally, by having a good friendly "talk" with them, and promising all the assistance in my power to help them on in this new way, they came to the conclusion that true sport lay only in this direction, and recorded a unanimous vote to "take no slying shots" for one season at least. And, between you and me, if they stick to it for one season, I am not a whit concerned about their talking the buck track. RUFEN GROSS.

Ashfield, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA WOODCOCK HUNTING.

Soe old Duke in stately statue
Rendered rigid by the scent,
And with a nod the hunter's name,
On a graceful "back" intent.

WHILE deprecating the fact that the laws of our State allow the hunting of the woodcock prior to September 15, at which time both ruffed grouse and woodcock should become lawful game, yet each 4th of July for the last half decade (excepting when the latter date has fallen upon the Sabbath, and in that case the 5th) has found me in the company of a noble companion, a rifle and dog, downed in my corduroys with a good hand and adger at hand, ready to breast the rank growth of nettles, willows, alders and other varieties of spontaneous vegetation with which the islands of the Allegheny River at this season are matted, in quest of *Philohela minor*.

Of the nettles let me say that the scorching rays of the sun are excluded, and the cool and dewy air is as gently as received from a dozen to twenty of their aggravating points simultaneously, while the dog, if unused to the ground, will refuse to be initiated. The birds are seldom if ever found here, but lying in the path the nettles must often be passed through.

The foliage is so heavy that the scorching rays of the sun are excluded, and the cool and dewy air is as gently as received from a dozen to twenty of their aggravating points simultaneously, while the dog, if unused to the ground, will refuse to be initiated. The birds are seldom if ever found here, but lying in the path the nettles must often be passed through.

These islands are usually bordered with a matted growth of dwarfish willows which serve to retard the attrition of the freshets, as where the willows whose roots intertwine are lacking these islands yearly decrease in area, and during my recollection of some fifteen years a number of them within a length of fifty miles on this river have wholly disappeared from the above-mentioned islands.

In these willow borders, which are about fifteen yards in width, and through which it is necessary to force a passage at any season, and in which a clear space of a gun's length were hard to find, many a noble bird may be flushed before the quivering form of your dog—yes, and not unparadoxically missed, too, but as he darts over the tops of the willows or over the tops of the nettles may cleverly "wipe your eye" as the shot there usually is an easy one.

Perhaps 25 per cent. of the area of the islands is overgrown by a particular species of weed of a matted height of three feet whose name I have never heard. Towering above this are numerous button balls and alders in occasional spots, and among these weeds at certain times the heroes of my tale af-

fect in fair numbers, affording the easiest of shooting as they clear the tops of weeds and present themselves to unobstructed view, affording an excuse to a mischievous hunter.

As a medium the shooting is, it is found, say September 15, in the cornfields affords the keenest, most enjoyable sport. The birds have about recovered from the effects of their moulting and the young and old birds are hardly distinguishable from each other.

By the way, speaking of the moulting of woodcock, the writer has never noticed a diminution of their number at that season from their accustomed ground during a period of five years, during which time he has made a number of trips in their quest each year; but he has noticed, however, an abnormal disposition on their part to skulk and hide under piles of dead brush and weeds from which they subornarily refuse to flush for some time.

The corn-stalks are then well matured and tower rankly above the head. Your dog has reached the scene of his staidness, being tempered by the previous month's sun and work. The sun is yet powerful and even more penetrating than in July or August, yet is toned down by the first whisperings of the fall breezes. Your dog systematically weaves back and forth through the waving grain, which is interspersed with barely enough weeds to cover the bird. Suddenly you dog claps his wings and you are the most careful of gais, and in a moment after, as you mechanically throw your gun into position, becomes rigid. Carefully passing ahead, or of necessity stepping directly over him, most likely a few yards to the right or left of where you expected, the bird flushes with a twittering whistle and a rustling as his wings strike the leaves, affording but a momentary glance to the north or south of the corn—nothing in the way of waving leaves to mark his flight. Quickly, yet not too quickly, but thoughtfully deliberate, bring your gun into line with the course he has marked out. If a straightaway shot, fire—yes, a score of times with barre returns if the man behind the gun be a novice—but to the graduate such shots will be successful in perhaps three-quarters of the cases. Should the bird cross on either hand, the most scientific points of your shooting education are called into play. Throw your line of sight to the rear of the bird, guided as before by the nodding leaves, and pass it forward until your eye of faith sees the top of his bill, and as you press the trigger ahead, his wings show the tassels of the corn, your companion on the opposite side of the field asks, "Did you get him?" and you answer that you don't know, feeling pretty sure that you did all the same, and adding a moment later, as your dog, knowing fully as well as yourself, lies in obedience to instructions and goes carefully forward lies another bird before him, and returns holding up to you the bird he has shot. He did get him, but it is the same time smoothing out the ruffled plumage of the bird and caressing the equal partner of your sport or dividing your lunch evenly with him.

Of a goodly number of woodcock which fell to the writer last season perhaps fifty per cent. were killed fully a second after completely disappearing amid the foliage, although the writer makes no pretensions to being a crack shot or a really good one.

While disliking to hunt alone, yet it is much preferable to hunt in company with the dog only to consorting with one of those ungenial spirits (they are not mythical beings, either) who invariably claims to have killed the bird when both fire together, or who ever betrays an obnoxious ambition to lead the score and is never hater of explanations as to the reason if you press the trigger ahead. Fully one-half of the sport consists in a general companionship.

A team (two) of hunters are best adapted for this work if well matched in gentlemanly qualifications, especially between themselves, in which case there is hardly a sport comparable to it, and many such a day have I enjoyed, and I hope many are yet in store for me. It hardens the muscles, gives zest to the appetite, clears the mind of the mists of morning, and, if your sleep has been uncertain, returns at least a night of solid slumber for every day thus invested.

Reader, go thon in the proper season and do likewise.

BELL-MITZELL.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

- 1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
- 2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
- 4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and deer-hunting.
- 5th. What class of men hunt the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents approve of a law prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
- 7th. What is the open season for deer?
- 8th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

DEER IN FLORIDA.

The communication from Mr. Hughes in your issue of February 24 is well put. I do not advocate deer driving as the sport par excellence, but why it should be condemned as illegitimate, I am unable to understand. Certainly the sport of attacking a deer is of the very finest. If there is anything more exciting, more thrilling than standing on a runway and listening to the far-away music of the hounds as they scout the game, then, with devotions course or direct run, bring the bounding deer nearer and still nearer you, the rustic momentarily growing louder and louder distinct, until the noble game bursts upon you, to be skillfully dropped by the hunter. There is nothing more enjoyable than this, some one else must hunt it up. And yet I never shot a deer from a runway, nor do I own dogs. I came very near getting a shot, or being shot, off my mule once when driving. I was aboard Sampson, a sixteen-hand game-and-gun-shy monstrosity of a mule, whose lively ears would show more game in field or forest than my eyes; and a companion afoot was in a strip

of hammock bordering the river where the does had wended their way. I stopped Sampson, cocked my gun, and awaited developments. The mule's ears worked nervously and I gathered the reins. Presently a dog yelped, then a rifle cracked and Aleck sung out "Look out," and I heard the shrubs rattle and caught a glimpse of a buck as he rose and fell among the tall palmettos, coming directly toward me, but that glimpse was all I got. Sampson whirled, and I pulled, not on the trigger, as I wished, but on the reins. I pulled, and I whirled. The mule's ears worked nervously and I gathered a funny sight, and I lost all direction of the buck until I got the beast partially stopped, when the deer was a hundred yards away, going like the scared deer he was. I sent a load of buckshot after him, but they failed to find him, and Sampson indulged in some more lofty tumbling.

But, although I never killed a deer on a "stand," and but seldom indulge in the pleasure of a drive, I can fully appreciate the sport that accompanies it. All the deer I have ever killed have been either shot still or fire hunting, both of which I very much enjoy; but if I were in a locality where still hunting were practicable, that method would be my favorite. When a sportsman takes the field, he goes first of all to get game, that is the primary object. He may and ought to indulge in the pleasure of a drive, and a hunt of nature, tints of sky and foliage, beauty of bud and blossom, of shimmering stream and shady wood; but he goes to get game, else would he leave his Scott or "pot-metal" at home, and enjoy these other things without impediment.

Now, what success, think you, he would have still-hunting in a Florida hammock, where saw and cabbage palmetto, inextricable confusion of vines, bushes and all the rank growth of nature, thick and dense as it is, and where deer love to resort after their night rambles? A deer would hear a hunter long enough before he got anywhere near him to take a nap and think about it before he got up and off, and when he did the hunter would be none the wiser. Still-hunting would be folly in such places. In the neighborhood of such spots, from September to March, deer seek the open pine and black jack lands at night to feed on acorns and such herbs as they can find, so that they must either be driven with dogs or fire hunted if shot at all. The day finds them securely hidden in the hammock. A method of hunting which will answer in one locality will not work in another.

As to dogs running deer out of the country, I do not believe it. Deer become accustomed to dogs easily, and will walk and run with pleasure, and hunt with them as long as they will still-hunt in the more open country south and west of here, I heard, one evening when returning to camp, the notes of a hound some distance away, and in a few moments three deer appeared on my left, running on a course at right angles to mine, and about a hundred yards in front. I stopped and watched the game in progress. The deer would not hunt, but would walk easily along stopping now and then to feed a moment, and listening to the dog (which was a slow one) about a quarter of a mile in the rear. When he got where they thought he was close enough, they looked on easily, and after a while stopped again. They were having their own amusement with that dog, but they were nearing me, and when they were directly in front I dropped one with a single shot rifle, and the dog ran easily along stopping now and then to feed a moment, and shortly turned back, as it was nearly dark. A swift dog would have stirred the deer up in a more lively manner, but I doubt not they would have got away easily without greater alarm. Deer will not so readily leave their haunts.

If deer cannot be got except by hounding, and that is prohibited, what good are they to us? As Mr. Hughes has pointed out, we can have such arts and implements, as experience and observation show, are most efficacious in securing game. So long as methods are lawful and seasonably used all are alike legitimate. If one method is undivisible in certain localities it does not follow that it is in all, and should not be sweepingly condemned.

John Lakes, Fla.

THE ADIRONDACKS—"FLOATING."

I wish to endorse the views of "Adrian Ondack" as embodied in the article which appeared over his signature in your issue of March 10. The article is evidently the offspring of practical experience and honest convictions. Many incidents tending to prove the correctness of his views occur to me, but I will relate only two.

I was stalking deer in Oceana County, Mich., during the month of November, 1878. One morning I was cautiously "working up" the trail of two deer when a hound came in hearing, and a few minutes later a deer went crashing by about twenty rods from the place where I stood, followed in due course of time by the hound in full cry. The deer continued to run, and the dog was lost in the distance I threw off all caution, and pushed forward thinking that had the deer I was working on been anywhere near the clamor of the chase would certainly have stampeded them. However I had scarcely taken half a dozen steps when, with a snort and crash, they sprang from their beds not over eight rods from the trail on which the hound had gone past them. The deer continued to walk as if they had not seen a dog, but little for the presence of hounds when they are not the objects of their pursuit.

During a full hunt on the Cedar River, Hamilton County, N. Y., a party of which I was a member drove no less than seventy-five races "from one mountain (Old Roundtop). There could not have been over a dozen deer or more than about twenty hounds on the mountain, and on the trail there were more than a number on the mountain when we stopped exercising them. I also think that the deer we left were the same we first experimented with. Certain it is we failed to kill any before the hounds, and just as surely as we drove a deer from the mountain just as surely could we find a fresh track leading up the side of the mountain on the following morning. This circumstance would seem to show that the hounds were not so numerous as to have driven the deer to their haunts, and that "hounding" is not a very destructive method of hunting deer.

In point of destructiveness I think there is not much difference between these two methods, when both are practiced by experts in a locality alike favorable to both. Personally I can kill two deer stalking while one would be very hard to get by hounding. I do not think it affords me more pleasure to stalk one than to stand on a runway and shoot a dozen. The mere act of pulling the trigger and sending the charge into an animal as big as a jackass is of secondary importance to me. It is the sharp struggle between human muscle, skill and cunning and the keen senses and instincts of the animal that afford me my greatest pleasure.

Agrees with "Adrian Ondack" in thinking our present deer

law pretty good. However, I would urge slight changes as to time of open season, and would utterly taboo "floating," were it not for that class of sportsmen who delight in it as furnishing the only chance for them to kill a deer. Perhaps if I suggest a substitute for that sort of sport I will be forgiven, if I do urge the suppression of floating.

My vote, then, to the sportsman who desires the prominence which is achieved by killing a deer ahead of the "floaters" is:—Take the money with which you would pay your guides, hotel bills and other expenses, and with it buy a cow, the her to a tree, then stand at the distance of twenty feet and shoot her. You will be entitled to fully as much credit for skill, be subjected to less discomfort, and secure more meat than you would should you kill a deer before the "jack." Should you desire to do something particularly brilliant, give the hunter the run of the barnyard when you open your battery upon her. Killed at the first fire, under these conditions, the exploit will win more fame for you than you can ever hope to secure by "floating" for deer.

I think if the open season were to commence Sept. 1 and close December 15 the change would be beneficial. When a deer weighing 200 pounds is killed four or five miles from any road or habitation of man, as is frequently the case, and is skinned to an August ten, or some other time, among the nobles, the chances are that by the time it is put upon ice it will be more suitable food for buzzards than human beings. Deer are in much better condition after than before September 1. The fawns are larger and better able to take care of themselves. No reasonable objection can be urged to changing the close of the open season from December 1 to December 15.

The deer are usually in good condition up to January 1. Snow does not usually deep enough to make crusting possible before December 1. Then, it would more nearly equalize the opportunity for stalking and coursing.

What I have written is written because I believe it to be true, and because I would insure to all an equal chance to enjoy sport in the way that pleases them best, consistent with efficient game protection. I like the idea of basing game laws upon the practical experience of sportsmen, rather than upon the selfish demands of a class. I am glad that we hear no more about renting shooting privileges and taxing guns.

However well such measures may work in other countries, I think they would work only mischief here. The average American is too intelligent, his love of equality and hatred of anything that smacks of class distinction too strong for such measures ever to become popular in this country.

Replying briefly to the questions you propound, I would say:

1st. I have hunted deer in several States, and find their habits practically unaffected by the "character of the country" they inhabit.

2d and 5th. Since it has been the fashion to "do the Adirondacks," viz.: for the last three or four years more deer have undoubtedly been killed or destroyed during the months of May, June and July, in that section, by the method commonly called "floating," than by all other methods combined. It is practiced principally by "sportsmen" (?) from the city.

3d and 4th. "Hounding" and "still hunting" deer does not drive them permanently from their chosen haunts.

6th. In some sections they would. In the great majority of sections they would not.

7th. Such a law would be impracticable.

8th. Practically from about the 1st of May to the 1st of December.

9th. The winter habits of deer," like their habits at other seasons of the year, are governed by their instincts of self-preservation. To answer the questions fully and in detail would be to "write a book." The answers given above are based upon personal observation and reliable statements of guides and residents.

We have, awaiting publication, a farther communication on the subject from "Adrian Outack."

DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

PLYMOUTH Woods in Eastern Massachusetts is some 70 miles in length by from 8 to 16 miles in width, extending from Plympton to Falmouth and beyond, and a rather barren hilly district of scrub oak and stunted pitch pine, with once in a while a cedar swamp or piece of lowland white pine, with many ponds and brooks.

All over the land is the blue buckberry and the roxbury, which the deer are very fond of. There is quite a number of "blue" trees and "days" ride from Plympton to Sandwich will reveal quite a number of tracks crossing the roads. Forty years ago deer were very abundant, and it was not an uncommon thing to see droves of from fifteen to twenty. I well recollect when my father used to fix up things in his corn and rye fields to frighten away the deer that would come and trample down and destroy his grain. Still-hunting was the only way generally allowed, and if hunters owned and used a hound in killing deer, the dog would soon be killed some way.

Finally some of the wealthier or more prominent men in Kingston eluded together and bought two or three deer-hounds, and there were two or three owned in Plympton, and that winter there were not as many deer killed as when still-hunting was practiced; the deer were more often hounded, and the dogs would sometimes return bloody, having come up with an antlered deer, which could not be killed. The next year deer were scarcer, and when routed would seem to bound away for Sandwich, and the dogs could not find their way back, being often lost or stolen. Deer soon became so scarce in the northern end of the woods that the Kingston party, uniting with the Plympton hunters, would not start a deer in an all day's hunt. Finally deer hunting was given up for a few winters at the north end, and the hunters, by the way, who were more southern part of the woods, drove them north again, and they were quite plenty, but on hunting them again with hounds we drove them all off south, and for ten years past but one or two deer have been seen in all the woods north of Plympton, with one exception. A large buck's track was seen at the old guide road crossing, and I was one of the party that went for him. We started him in Watson's Valley, and he struck out straight for Falmouth, and the dog was soon out of hearing, and we never seen him since. The deer now seem to abound most in the more quiet wilderness in the neighborhood of Great Herring Pond, some fifteen miles below Plympton, although their better feeding-ground is at the northern end of Plympton Woods. From my experience in both still-hunting and hunting with dogs, more deer are wounded and lost and driven away from the feeding-ground by hunting with dogs, than when shot with dogs. Wounded deer secured by still-hunting, and they do not seem to be so disturbed nor frightened away.—G. F. W.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION.

Article I.—Name. This Association shall be known as "The Middlesex County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game."

Article II.—Object. The object of this Association is to insure a rigorous enforcement of the game laws of this State throughout Middlesex County, and to promote the increase of game of all kinds, including fish, wild birds and animals.

Article III.—Officers. The Officers of this Association shall consist of a President, and four Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Counsel and an Executive Committee, consisting of the above-named officers and five active members of the Association, whose duties shall be such as the by-laws provide, all of whom shall be elected annually by ballot at the yearly meeting in January.

Article IV.—Members. Any resident of this County over eighteen years of age, and of good character, shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

Article V.—Quorum. At any meeting of this Association seven members shall constitute a quorum, and a majority vote shall be necessary to the election of any officer, or the transaction of any business.

Article VI.—Amendment to Constitution and By-Laws. The By-Laws shall be of equal binding force with the Constitution, and no alterations or amendments shall be made in either, unless proposed in writing at a preceding meeting and adopted by the concurrent votes of two-thirds of those present.

BY-LAWS.

No. 1.—Executive Committee. The general management of the business of the Association shall be intrusted to the Executive Committee.

No. 2.—Annual Meeting. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held the third Wednesday in January of each year, at such hour and place as the Executive Committee may direct. If by any cause such meeting shall fail to be held on such date, it shall be held the corresponding day of the following week.

No. 3.—Duties of Officers. Section 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to see the rules and regulations strictly enforced; to give the casting vote whenever there is a tie, and perform such other duties as usually appertain to the President of an Association.

Sec. 2.—The Vice President shall assist the President when necessary, and in his absence perform all the duties and be invested with all the powers of President.

Sec. 3.—In the absence of the President or Vice Presidents from any meeting of the Association; any member present may be elected to preside, but shall have no power for any other purpose.

Sec. 4.—The Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the proceedings of the Association, issue all notices required, and keep the records and papers of the Association.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall receive all the moneys of the Association, and see that all fees, charges and subscriptions are regularly collected; keep an account of all moneys received and expended, subject to the investigation of the Executive Committee. He shall, at each meeting of the Association present a list of all delinquent members, and at each annual meeting shall furnish an account of all the moneys received and dispersed during the year.

Sec. 6.—It shall be the duty of the Counsel to attend to all legal affairs of the Association; to bring suit immediately on information of any infraction of the game law; to report all suits, instituted or pending, at each regular meeting of the Association; and to prosecute, in the Treasurer, as far as received, all penalties collected for such non-observance of the game law, after deducting his expenses.

No. 4.—Executive Committee. Section 1.—The Executive Committee shall make all purchases authorized by the Association, have a general supervision and jurisdiction over the internal concerns and regulations of the Association, and assist the Counsel, when required by him, to prosecute in the name of the game laws. They shall audit the accounts of the Treasurer; they shall serve as a Court of Appeal, by whom all questions shall be decided as to the true meaning of any part of the Constitution and By-Laws, and their decision shall be final; and they shall have power to suspend any officer, whose conduct shall have been prejudicial to the welfare of the Association, until the next regular meeting.

Sec. 2.—The Executive Committee shall have full power to fill any vacancy which may occur from death, resignation or otherwise, among its officers, and any appointment so made by them, shall be valid until the next annual election. It shall also prescribe such rules regulating the affairs and conduct of the Association as, in their judgment, may from time to time be necessary; provided, they do not conflict with the Constitution and By-Laws.

No. 5.—Dues. The annual dues of active members shall be two dollars (\$2.00), payable at the annual meeting in advance.

No. 6.—Proposals and Election of Members. Section 1.—Proposals for membership may be made at any meeting of the Executive Committee, if, on a two-third vote of the members present, it be accepted, the candidate may become a member; but no person shall be considered a member until he has subscribed to the Constitution and By-Laws and paid the dues of the current year.

Sec. 2.—Every gentleman, by becoming a member of this Association, shall be considered as having pledged his honor to promote and carry out the objects of the Association; and whenever a member shall have knowledge of any violation of the game laws by killing game or fish, or having the same in possession during prohibited seasons, it shall be the duty of such member to communicate the facts immediately to the Counsel of the Association, whose duty it shall be to enforce the penalties of the law, in such case made and provided.

No. 7.—Forfeiture of Membership. In case a member shall neglect to pay his dues for a period of six months after notice given, he shall, ipso facto, cease to be a member of the Association, and shall forfeit all right or claim to the property of the Association. The names of such delinquents shall be stricken from the list of members, on motion, at a regular meeting, and the Secretary shall notify him or them of the fact; but such member may be reinstated,

within twelve months from the period of forfeiture, by the unanimous vote of the Executive Committee, provided that all his arrears are paid.

No. 8.—Expulsion of Members. Any member guilty of violation of the game laws of this State, or having knowledge of any violation of the same by any person, and failing to report to the proper authority, may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee; but any member so expelled shall have the right of appeal to the Association, which appeal shall be decided by a majority vote of the members present, at a meeting called for said purpose.

No. 9.—Matters Not Provided For. All matters not particularly provided for in the Constitution and By-Laws shall be controlled by the Executive Committee, until specially passed upon by the Association at a regular meeting.

No. 10.—Special Meetings. Special Meetings may be called by the President and Secretary on three days' notice, and it shall be their duty to call a meeting on the written request of three members.

CHARTER.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, ss.:) Office of Secretary of State.)
General Assembly, January Session, A. D. 1878. (Senate
Joint Resolution No. 81). 128. Incorporating a Game
Club in Middlesex County.

Resolved by the Assembly: That Joseph W. Alsop, Jr., Silas A. Robinson, Samuel Russell, O. Vincent Cudwin, C. W. Harris, J. C. Broatch, Robert N. Jackson, George A. Chaffee, Charles G. R. Vinal, A. Putnam, John R. Pitt, Jr., O. P. Grover and George M. Pratt, all of Middletown; George H. Comstock, of Center Brook; Isaac Arnold, of Hamdam; Wm. Glover Buell, of East Hampton in Chatham; W. W. Coe, of Portland; Wm. Lyman, of Middfield; H. R. Wooster, of Deep River; Charles S. Hough, of Essex; and George H. Davis, of Durham, and all such other persons as may be from time to time associated with them, together with their successors, be, and they hereby are, constituted a body corporate and politic, by the name of "The Middlesex County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game;" and by said name shall have perpetual succession, and be capable in law to purchase, lease, hold, possess and convey real and personal estate, and to receive any real and personal estate devised or bequeathed by any person or persons capable of making the same; provided, that the said corporation bill shall not at any time hold real estate exceeding in value the sum of ten thousand dollars. And said Corporation shall have power to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in all courts and places whatsoever; may have a common seal, and may change and alter the same at pleasure; they elect such officers as they may find necessary and convenient, and make and carry into effect such by-laws as they may deem necessary, not repugnant to the laws of this State and the United States.

Sec. 2.—This Act may be altered, amended, or repealed at the pleasure of the General Assembly, and shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, March 26, 1878.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, ss.:) Office of Secretary of State.)
I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of record in this office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of said State, at Hartford, this 30th day of March A. D. 1878.

DWIGHT MORRIS, Secretary of State.

FORM OF LEASE. Know all men by these presents, that..... of the Town of..... Middlesex County, State of Connecticut, for, and in consideration of One Dollar to each of us in hand paid by "The Middlesex County Association for the Preservation of Game and Fish," and an Honorary Membership to each of us in said Association with all the privileges of regular membership except that of voting, during the term of five years, or so long as we shall respectively continue this license, have let unto said Association for the term of five years from the..... day of..... 18... the right to stock with game any and all lands and farms owned by us respectively, within said County, and all streams and ponds thereon with fish, together with the right to protect the same, and the sole right and privilege of hunting and fishing thereon and therein; said rights of hunting and fishing to be enjoyed by its individual members under such regulations and restrictions as the said Association may itself adopt.

It being understood and agreed that all damages done to our walls and fences by said members while in the exercise of the above granted privileges, shall be promptly repaired by them; and further, that upon six months notice, in writing, prior to the first of April in any year, either of us may revoke our share of this license, and the same privilege is reserved to the Association.

Signed with our hands and sealed with our seals this..... day of..... 18.....

FORM OF PERMIT. Middlesex County. Association for the Protection of Game and Fish.

This Permit is not good unless endorsed with name of the holder and countersigned by the President or Secretary of the Association.

Not Transferable. N. B.—Members are cautioned to keep this permit by them, as if they cannot show it when called for they will be liable to be turned off the lands of the Association.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY.—No. 1.—I have shot with deer and wild turkeys in the same county in the Missouri, between the George and the Gasconade. I have shot deer in Pennsylvania and Missouri, duck and wild fowl in New Jersey, Ontario West and in Virginia; but old age will tell, and now I can only think about those things, for I am too old and have laid aside my gun, rod and tackle. I did have a son who, as they said here, could catch fish where there were none, but, alas! last summer he went to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and so I am left with only my recollections. They may amuse your numerous readers, and so I send them. In the fall of 1868 we had a hard storm of wind and rain

contra, the catch in the Potomac in 1866 amounted to 316,000 pounds; in 1876, to 100,000; in 1878, to 50,000.

Many more instances of the enormous abundance of the anadromous fishes (marine species running up from the ocean into fresh waters for the purpose of spawning) in different parts of the country in former times could easily be adduced. Similar illustrations of the former abundance of fishes exclusively inhabitants of the salt water can be brought forward to any extent. In the early days of the Republic the entire Atlantic shore of the United States abounded in fish of all kinds. Where cod, mackerel and other species are now found in moderate quantities they occurred in incredible masses.

The halibut, one of the best of our fishes, was so common along the New England coast as not to be considered worthy of capture, and was considered a positive nuisance when taken. It is only within a few years that our people have come to learn their excellence and value, but they have already disappeared almost entirely from the inshore of New England, and have even gradually become exterminated in nearly all waters of less than five hundred feet in depth.

The inquiry now arises as to the causes of the terrible depletion of the inhabitants of the water, and one so detrimental to human interests. The question relates in part to an actual extermination, and in part to the disappearance of nearly all other kinds in the inshore fisheries of America. The supply has diminished in enormous ratio is unquestioned. What were and are the causes, and what the remedy?

One most plausible solution of the problem is to be found in the very close relationships between the so-called anadromous fishes and those permanently resident in the ocean. The anadromous species are represented by the salmon, the shad, the herring, the water herring, and many other kinds, which, although spending the greater part of their life in the ocean, periodically enter the fresh waters, in greater or less numbers, and ascend as high as they can for the purpose of finding suitable places wherein to deposit their spawn. This done, the parent fish soon returns, leaving the young to follow. The young shad or herring remain in the river three or four months and then go down to the ocean. The salmon more persistent, the young remaining from one to two years before which they ascend to the ocean, while the shad and herring, for the most part there attain their entire growth. It is not thought that either the parent fish or the young go to any great distance from the mouths of the rivers, and it is believed that the fish born in one stream never think of entering any other than that in which they first made their appearance.

Entering in mind the countless myriads of these fishes forever entering our rivers—the shad and herring along the entire coast of the United States to the Bay of Fundy, the salmon from the Connecticut eastward—and noting the extent to which they are preyed upon by the more rapacious inhabitants of the sea, we may understand why such multitudes of the larger fish formerly approached the shores in pursuit until deterred by the increasing shallowness or freshness of the water. Even then, however, they would remain near the shore, waiting in wait for the parent and their young returning in such vast quantities during the later months of the year. In all probability these constituted a chief inducement to the movement of the predaceous fish to the coast in such numbers during the spring and summer. In autumn and winter the sea-herring and the fish of the cod family visit the shores for quite another purpose, namely, to deposit their eggs. Be it from whatever motive, the fact remains that the young are throughout the twelve months an ample supply of the finest fishes was within the reach of every one, so that a fisherman with a small hand-line and an open boat was able to support his family without any difficulty.

Now, with the continued reduction in abundance of the salmon, shad, and fresh water herring, the summer fisheries have dwindled and nearly disappeared, leaving only those of winter with its inclement weather to furnish occupation to the fisherman, and coming to the attention of our people only at the season of the year to betake himself to the Georges, La Have, Quebec and other banks, especially to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, to prosecute his work in expensive vessels, and exposed to perils and privations of a terrible character.

Assuming, then, that the chief agency in the decrease of the ocean shore fishes has been the reduction in the number of the anadromous fish, the question arises from the ocean into the fresh waters to spawn, let us inquire into the causes of the diminution of the latter. They certainly were very plentiful in the early days of European colonization in America, but at that period all the rivers were open to the sea, without dams or other artificial obstructions. Few or no sawmills cast into them sawdust and other refuse; no gas works polluted them with coal-tar, creosote, etc., and paper mills, cottoneries and other establishments of our modern world were unknown. The fishing apparatus was confined to lines and nets of no great extent, not sufficient to barricade the streams and impede the upward movement of the fish.

After the settlement of the country began, these possible dangers came to have an actual existence. It is probably to the erection of dams, however, that the first great diminution was due. The salmon, the shad and the herring proceed from the ocean to the point where the water of their stream were met by an impassable barrier, which they were unable to surmount, cutting them off from their favorite spawning ground, and, indeed, in many cases, from the only localities where the operations of reproduction could be properly performed. They were themselves out in fruitless attempts to overcome these obstructions, and were compelled finally to return to the ocean without depositing, or, at least, without their spawning. A second year a third, and so on, until the water would probably make but little difference in the number making the attempt to ascend, this being due to the fact that four years is the average period from birth at which most fish are mature and able to exercise the reproductive act. By the end of the fourth year, the last crop of young fish hatched in the upper waters of the river will have made its appearance as mature males and females. After this the diminution takes place with increasing rapidity, until five or six years afterward the fish are found to have disappeared entirely from the stream. So much for the dams. As for the other causes, sawdust and other refuse matter get into the gills of fish and produce irritation and subsequent death. Coal-tar refuse is known to be a very great detriment to the healthful

condition of water so far as fish are concerned, and it is probable that a part at least of the decrease of shad and herring in the Potomac is due to the discharge from the gas works of Washington and Alexandria.

The rapid increase in the size and number of the nets, whether ponds, seines, drift or gill nets, that has manifested itself within the last twenty years has doubtless had a similar effect with the dams in producing a decrease. The fish are harassed and worried by them, and hindered in an equal degree from reaching their spawning ground, and thus another drain on the supply is added to the many already in operation.

What, now, are the remedies to be applied to recover from this lamentable condition of the American fisheries (a condition which, we may remark, has existed in all countries of Europe, but which in some of them has already been greatly lessened by the proper measures)? These are involved. One consists in the enactment and enforcement of legislation protecting what we have, and allowing natural agencies to play their part in the recovery; the other consists in the application of the art of artificial propagation of the fish. Either, alone, in some circumstances, will answer a very good purpose. The two combined constitute an alliance which places at our command the means of recovering our lost ground, and, but for the experience of the last twenty years, would hardly be credible.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

WE print the list of prizes, as arranged by the Prize Committee of the New York State Sportsmen's Association at the coming tournament. The list is larger than ever before, and of greater value. We think that the arrangement will give perfect satisfaction to all, the amateurs having a class by themselves which should bring out new fly-casters.

This has been a change long needed, as heretofore the amateurs have had to cast against acknowledged champions, if they cast at all, and this is a point for which Mr. Mather, the director of fly-casting this year, has labored. Some proposed changes in the rules will be given in our next issue.

Salmon Fly-Casting. Entrance, \$5.

Thursday, June 23, 1881, at 10 A. M.

First Prize.—One split bamboo salmon rod, 18 feet in length, in three pieces with two tips in grooved case, and sack. Especially constructed for this contest, and donated by B. F. Nichols & Co., 30 Beach st., Boston. Value, \$50.
Second Prize.—One split bamboo fly rod, reel and line, donated by Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau st., N. Y. Value, \$25.

Third Prize.—Five dollars gold.

Fourth Prize.—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, donated by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

Striped Bass Casting, Outfitted Style. Entrance, \$5.

Thursday, June 23, 1881, at 11 A. M.

First Prize.—One split bamboo striped-bass rod, with steel pivot, rubber and German silver reel filled with a 21 thread line. Rod silver mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. F. Masters, 65 Court st., Brooklyn. Value, \$75.
Second Prize.—One split bamboo fly rod with hard rubber discs, gold mounted and appropriately inscribed and decorated. Donated by Loomis & Plumb, Syracuse, N. Y. Value \$50.

Third Prize.—Five dollars gold.

Fourth Prize.—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

Trot or Black Bass Fly-Casting. Entrance \$5.

Thursday June 23, 1881, at 2 P. M.

Class A open to all members of the Association.

First Prize.—Fishing tackle to be selected by the winner, of the value of \$50. Donated by Chas. F. Imbrie, of Abbley & Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Second Prize.—One greenheart fly rod with click reel and waterproof line. Donated by J. B. Crook & Co., 50 Fulton st., N. Y. Value \$35.

Third Prize.—One split bamboo fly rod Gorman silver mounted, cane wound butt, two tips, with bamboo tip case, rubber click reel and fly line. Donated by Wm. M. Cornwell, 21 Warren st., N. Y. Value \$25.

Fourth Prize.—Five dollars in gold.

Fifth Prize.—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., by Fred. Mather.

Class B.—Open to all members of the Association, excepting those who have won a first prize at this or a previous convention in a casting contest open to all.

First Prize.—Two rods, (trot and bass), all lancewood and silver mountings. Each rod consists of one but two second joints of different weights and three tips with extra bamboo tip case. All in handsome black walnut case lined with velvet and bound with four bands of silver. Especially made for this occasion and donated by Fred. B. Divine, 76 State st., Utica, N. Y. Value \$50.

Second Prize.—One split bamboo fly rod with click reel and Holberton's full length fly book with improved Hyde clips, English leather cover. Donated by Couray, Bissat & Malcom, 65 Fulton st., N. Y. Value \$30.

Third Prize.—One pair MacKintosh wading pants with boots. One Hallock hunting coat, donated by Goodyear's Rubber Manufacturing Co., 488, 490 & 492 Broadway, N. Y. Value \$40.

Fourth Prize.—Five dollars gold.

Fifth Prize.—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

Class C open to all members of the association who have not won any prize at this or a previous convention.

First Prize.—One Leonard split bamboo Catskill fly rod, gold mounted, with Mills & Son's best rubber click reel, filled with their "Standard" enamelled water-proof fly-line. Donated by William Mills & Son, 7 Warren st., N. Y. Value \$30.

Second Prize.—One trunk rod, with reel and line complete. Rod silver mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. F. Masters, 65 Court st., Brooklyn. Value \$25.

Third Prize.—One Henshall black-lack rod, with extra second joint and two tips. Donated by S. W. Goodridge Gratton, Windham Co., Vermont. Value \$15.

Fourth Prize.—One elegantly bound copy of Dore's "Ancient Mariners." Donated by Harper Bros., Franklin st., N. Y. Value \$10.

Fifth Prize.—One expensively bound copy of "Pastoral Days" (W. H. Gibson). Donated by Harper Bros. Value \$10.

Sixth Prize.—One oil painting, "Quail Seeking Refuge

from Stress of Weather." Donated by Henry W. Abbott, 11 Commonwealth ave., Boston.

Seventh Prize.—One hundred cigars. Donated by F. W. Metcals & Son, 175 South st., N. Y. Value \$10.

Eighth Prize.—Five dollars gold.

Ninth Prize.—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, by the FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

N.B.—No more than one prize can be awarded in any class or contest to the same contestant. If the prizes should outnumber the competitors, the awards in each class will be made in the order of merit, and the surplus prizes revert to the Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

WESTERN FISHES.

WE have received advance sheets of the "Proceedings of the United States National Museum, 1881." It contains a check list of duplicates of fishes from the Pacific coast of North America, distributed by the Smithsonian Institution in behalf of the United States National Museum, prepared by David S. Jordan and Pierre L. Joly. The list contains 63 families, 157 genera and 245 species.

Mr. Joly describes a new species of cyprinoid, *Squalius altian*, from Utah Lake, which is closely related to the *Tigania intermedia* of Girard. Rosa Smith describes a new Gobloid fish, *Otholobos eos*, from San Diego, California. Dr. Tilton H. Bean describes *Cromidia marginata*, *Potamorhynchus dentatus* and *Myxobolus granulatus*. The two first were received from our correspondent, Capt. Charles Beaudre, U. S. A., and one of them has been named after him.

Under the heading of "Notes on the Fishes of the Pacific Coast of the United States," Prof. David S. Jordan and Charles H. Gilbert give a list of the species known to occur along our Pacific coast, between the Mexican boundary and British Columbia, together with notes on the distribution, habits, size, value, etc., of each species, in advance of the publication of a general descriptive work. The common names in use by the fishermen are also given. We will refer to these notes again and give some extracts from them.

BASS, RED-SNAPPERS AND TARPOM.

A CORRESPONDENT of your paper, writing from Putnam Co., Florida, describes with spirit his experiences in fishing for red-snappers and bass on that coast, together with a tarpon adventure, in which he, like most anglers who have encountered the fish, came by the worst.

It appears to have used the rind method of fishing commonly practiced on that coast—the heavy hand-line and hook which is necessary in dealing with red-snappers in fifteen fathom water, but not so with the shoal water fish, like red bass, sea trout, mangrove snappers, cavalli or ladyfish, all of which may be taken on that coast with rod and reel, affording the first sport. In that way we take at Mosquito and Indian River inlets bass up to thirty-five or forty pounds. As to the tarpon, called by naturalists *Megalops potomacensis*, it is a fish of such immense strength and swiftness, as well as size, that it can seldom be taken with rod and line, either in its furious leaps tearing itself loose—its mouth being tender, like the herring family, to which the tarpon belongs—or parting the line, or breaking the hook. It enters the inlets in April in schools, pursuing the mullet, and may often be seen leaping five or six feet from the water like an immense salmon, which it resembles in silvery brightness and activity. It is sometimes taken with the "grains," a strong line and buoy being attached, which controls the rushes of the fish.

I myself have twice hooked a tarpon while fishing for bass with rod and reel, but my line was all taken from the reel at the first rush, and parted without in the least checking the fish, which went off seaward in great leaps.

I am told that the great feat of killing this fish on a rod was performed last winter at Indian River inlet by a veteran angler of Philadelphia. The time expended in the contest I do not learn, but the weight of the tarpon was said to be 140 pounds—about double the weight of the heaviest salmon ever killed on a rod. With rod and reel of the strongest, and three hundred yards of 15 thread line line, strong muscles and skill in using them, and good luck—it is therefore possible to kill the tarpon on a rod. The fishermen tell me that no common net will hold this fish, which has sharp labial bones which cut their way through the meshes; also, that it is a rich and well flavored fish on the table.

S. C. C.

Halfway Inlet, Florida, May 3, 1881.

TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

MOIRA, FRANKLIN CO., N. Y., May 17.

TROUT fishing in this part of the Adirondack region is now at its best. The late winter wea her cleared out all the ice and snow, and during the past week, many fine lots of trout were caught in the St. Regis and Salmon rivers and also in Meacham and Ragged lakes and many of the ponds. Many salmon trout were caught at Menaham Lake the past week, one weighing fifteen pounds. From now until the middle of June or the first of July is, in my opinion, the best part of the season for trout fishing.

If any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would like to get a fine specimen of the crane for mounting they can do so per good here. In a large piece of woods here, some miles north of here there are hundreds of them now nesting. Every dead tree has from one to five nests in it. They choose the dead trees, of which the woods are mostly composed. This is the third season they have nested in that vicinity. Many boys and men go there to shoot them for the sport. It seems hardly right to shoot them, but residents near claim they have caught all the fish out of the large brook that runs through the woods here. Two young men last Saturday afternoon shot a dozen with rifles in a short time. A. C.

TAKING SWALLOWS WITH THE FLY.—The Rochester Union tells us that Mr. John Harris, the Arcade confectioner, laid aside the cares of business Tuesday, and made a visit to Castledonia Creek, trout fishing. The day was cold and unfavorable for taking trout, but he managed to put a few good ones in his creel. If he had not caught a fish at all, the experience he had would have been ample compensation. He was using a very small fly essential to success on the creek, an unusual number of swallows were skimming over the water, and when Harris began to whip the stream the birds commenced to dart at the flies. There was no way of preventing them taking the flies, and before he stopped fishing he caught three of the birds on his hooks. Very light tackle

ALBANY, N. York, May 29:

The Membership Match—200 Yards. J. Miles, Bal S. ... 434545-29 ... W. H. Fitch, Bal S. ... 434545-29 ...

COLEMAN'S GALLERY has been removed to No. 1237 Broadway, the new building ...

Brookton Rifle Range, N. J., May 18.—Mid-range Match—Open to all ...

THE TRAP.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB, May 12.—The annual shoot and opening of the new club house ...

AMATEUR. A. H. Allen, Jr., 21 yds., 111111-1 ... J. P. Saffold, 21 yds., 111111-1 ...

The officers of the club are as follows: H. A. Allen, President; J. P. Saffold, Vice-President ...

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., May 21.—A match was shot this afternoon between two teams ...

E. J. Mills, Captain, 11111111111111111111-19 ... J. P. Saffold, 11111111111111111111-19 ...

W. M. McLeod, Captain, 11111111111111111111-16 ... J. P. Saffold, 11111111111111111111-16 ...

The club is now in its second year of existence and is rapidly growing in numbers ...

ESSIX HALL AND GUN CLUB.—Newark, N. Y.—On Wednesday the 15th inst. a series of eight matches ...

W. M. McLeod, 25 yds., 11111 30 yds., 11111-6 ... Kinsley, 25 yds., 11101 30 yds., 11101-6 ...

Koeller, 23 yds., 011110 28 yds., 01110-6 ... Campbell, 23 yds., 11011 28 yds., 11011-6 ...

COKEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Monthly match, May 29; weather rainy; ground traps; 50 yards boundary ...

The shoot-off was won by Kearney with four straight, and he bore off the badge ...

Pike, 11111111-10 Dikot, 11111111-7 ... McLaughlin, 11111111-8 Pike, 11111111-3 ...

GREENPOINT SHOOTING CLUB.—The first annual free shoot at the Greenpoint Shooting Club took place on their grounds in Woodside ...

W. Krumbach, 11111111-5 C. Berger, 11111111-5 ... R. Sprague, 11111111-8 M. Stone, 11111111-3 ...

MONTE, May 16.—The following is the score of the Gulf City Gun Club for the monthly medal shoot, May 11:

Jas B. Holt, 11111011011111111011001-14 ... Wm S. Alexander, 11111011111110111111-16 ...

CAZOVSKA GUN CLUB, CAZOVSKA, N. Y., May 2.—The annual meeting of the Cazovska Gun Club took place Friday evening, May 2 ...

VINCENOWN, N. J., May 16.—The Cooken Glass Club of this place held their semi-monthly contest for badge here to-day ...

SHREVEPORT PAIS, Wis., May 18.—The boys have been having a busy time of it lately and think they are doing good work ...

DEERBT, Me., May 18.—Ed. Gilman won that everlasting State medal again Thursday. He has won it so often that it ought to be given him by acclamation now ...

CATERSVILLE, May 21.—Regular weekly contest of Catersville Club; cards only; 15 balls each, at 20 yards ...

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly contest at Hempstead, L. I., for a gun; 6 ground traps; 30 yards boundary ...

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB.—President, Henry A. Allen; Vice-President, Samuel Guthrie; Secretary, J. Weazel; Treasurer, Herman Heilmann ...

BEATING THE RECORD.—On the 21st inst., Decoration Day, John C. Trask, of Lynn, will undertake to surpass the record of Capt. Adam ...

THE IOWA TOMSKAYERS, held by the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, is postponed for want of birds ...

LOUISVILLE, Ky., proposes to have "the best shoot of the year." Owing to the uncertainty of procuring pigeons, the postponed date has not yet been fixed ...

Answers to Correspondents.

W. M., South Worcester.—A letter for you at this office. S. H. L., Hainden, N. J.—The last edition of Hallow's Gazetteer was published in 1884 ...

M. B. McK., Mercer, Pa.—You can get your cup this summer or fall. C. B., Providence, R. I.—Your treatment was quite right; give him some little sugar each day ...

R. W. N., Pittsburgh, N. Y.—Ans. In Lake George duck bass fishing, begins July 20. In other parts of New York on June 1. In Vermont on June 15 ...

DETROIT, Mich., O.—You will find "detonation" defined in our Dittmar powder pamphlet, of which we have sent you a copy. If you have any regard for your gun do not use Dittmar in it ...

S. W. M., Galveston, Texas.—Do brook-trout have scales? Ans. They do. A careless observer will not see them, because they are covered with fine white scales ...

C. F. O., Eason, N. Y.—Read the article on gun barrels in our last issue. The drop of a neck best adapted to yourself, you can determine by experiment ...

DECEMBER, Clinton, Wis.—In selecting a pointer or setter puppy for the purpose of using a natural food, they are apt to be misled by dog from biting his game? Ans. You find in a dog that will destroy his scolding partner? Ans. I, by trying him on game ...

W. F. S., Woonsocket, R. I.—Where and when can I get lead for the purpose of using a natural food, they are apt to be misled by dog from biting his game? Ans. You find in a dog that will destroy his scolding partner? Ans. I, by trying him on game ...

J. S., New Brighton.—The three names, fyke net, hoop net or set net, are applied to one form of net. The body of the net is a cylinder disposed with hoops and having from one to three inches in diameter ...

C. E. J., Zanesville, O.—What is the best bait for bass and salmon besides live minnows? 2. What kind of bait is used for trout? Ans. 1. For black bass use the drop altered to suit taste and the crayfish ...

W. B. L., New York City, L. I.—Will a red setter pup that is kept out of doors exposed to sun grow darker than if he were kept in the house? 2. Does bathing make his coat darker or lighter? 3. What color will a setter pup be at 15 days? 4. Can anything be fed to a setter pup on his coat which will make him darker? 5. Does a setter pup rubbed (quail) give out enough scent to make it worth while to get some more when pups out? 6. Can you tell me of some man who gets some that he knows of? 7. Wood will not affect his coat. The coat will permanently keep it. 8. We know of no one who has any live quail for sale; it is too late in the season ...

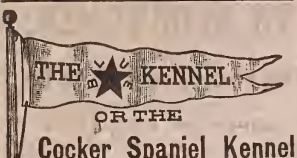
Any gentleman who would like to purchase a fine country residence on Manhattan Bay, North Shore, L. I., should contact advertisement of J. P. Travers this week.

NOTICE! Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application.

BRANDED NERVE FOOD. COMPOSED OF THE NERVE-GIVING principles of the oak brain and wheat germ. It restores to both body and mind the vigor and energy which are lost by overwork, nervousness, indigestion, and other causes.

For Sale. Property out of the City For Sale. Manhattan Bay, North Shore, L. I., opposite Great Neck. Gentlemen's Residence, large stone house built in 1870, 6 1/2 acres, 13 ft. 5 inches.

The Kennel,



M. P. MCKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I keep only Cocker of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer...

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs and on other animals...

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Both the above are recommended by R. O. CONROY, BISSET & MALLESON, 65 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.

"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."

Coin in the Stud.

The Champion Llewellyn Setter Dog Coin, white black and tan ticked, by Leicester out of Rose, has been placed in the Stud for a short period.

FRANK D. FAY, 14 High St., Boston, Mass. May 5, 4t

POINTER STUD DOGS.

- RUSH, \$50
ROCKET, 25
SNAPSHOT, Jr., 25

LACHINE KENNEL CLUB,

WHITESTONE, L. I. BENEDICT, imported, solid black, first and special Field Spaniel class, by Bachelor-Negress, Mr. Jacobs' strain; stud for sale.

Imperial Kennel

Bettors and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigree. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States.

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangleley Lake Region. Large size, each 10 cents. Send for catalogue.

H. L. LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods.

Received the ONLY GOLD MEDAL at the Berlin Exposition Awarded to AMERICAN EXHIBITORS.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. WM. MILLS & SON, Sole Agents, 7 Warren St., N. Y.

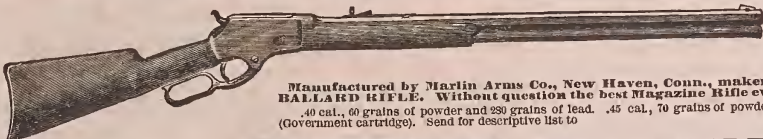


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THOMAS ALDRED'S Yew Bows, \$25 to \$35. RICHARD DART'S Cricket Goods. J. B. CROOK'S Hexagonal Bamboo Fly Rods, Solid Reel Plate, \$30.

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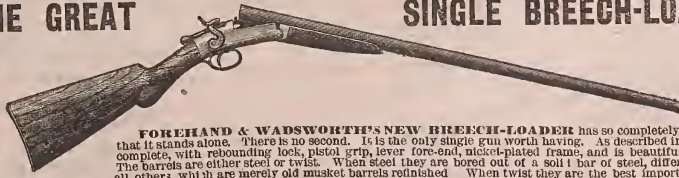
Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges.

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FOREHAND & WADSWORTH'S NEW BREECH-LOADER has so completely distanced all the others that it stands alone. There is no second. It is the only single gun worth having.

H. & D. FOLSOM, 30 Warren St., New York.

The Kennel.

ST. BERNARDS for SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains.

SHELTON'S AUXILIARY RIFLE



To Breech-Loading SHOT-GUNS.



Best Hunting Arms in the World. Send stamp for circular and price list. New Haven, Conn. P. O. B. 715. New York Circular: With Messrs. John P. Moore's Sons, 892 Broadway, where our goods can be had at factory prices.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES.



"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 30 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals; receiving the highest award for Dog Biscuits at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Hannover Dog Show, 1879; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.
Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X."

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MANN'S Trolling Spoons.



Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States.
Our Perfect Revolving Spoon is undoubtedly the best general spoon for taking fish ever offered to the public.
Three sizes made—No. 20, for bass, pickerel, or any fish under five pounds weight; No. 21 for large fish, and the best spoon ever made for salmon trout. No. 22 excellent for deep water fishing. Beware of Imitations. None genuine except JOHN H. MANN'S name stamped on every spoon.
Sold wholesale and retail by the principal dealers in Fishing Tackle.

JOHN H. MANN & CO.,
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1891.

Salmon Fishing in Canada.

T. W. BOYD, 241 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

Begs to inform his numerous customers in the United States that he has just received a large and varied assortment of Forest's Best Salmon Rods, Reels, Casts, etc.
Price lists of Flies, etc., and full information in regard to Salmon and Trout Fishing sent on application.

Fisherman's Automatic Reel.



Patented in United States
Dec. 7, 1889.
Patented in Canada,
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PATENTERS & MANUFACTURERS,
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The price of No. 2 when sent by express is 30¢; when sent by mail 25¢, to cover postage and registry fee. Send money by P. O. order, Registered Letter or Draft on New York.

Send for Circular.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL

FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, etc. It is superior to any in delicacy of taste and medicinal virtues and purity.

London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

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The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to the feet and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the genuine article. Sent for illustrated circular. MARTIN B. GOOD'S, (Successor to Frank Good) BRADDOCK & ANTHONY, Boston Agents.

RICHARDSON AND RANGLEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangleley Lake Region, Kennebeco, Cuscutup, Parmaochee and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; Illustrated covers, tinted paper, 220 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 60 cents. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANK, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and conditions on order. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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HODGMAN & CO.,

425 Broadway and 27 Maiden Lane,
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ARE OFFERING THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
RUBBER
Hunting and Fishing Outfits,
COMPRISING
Light Weight Shooting Jackets,
Hats, Cartridge Bags, Gun Covers,
RUBBER FISHING PANTS,
RUBBER FISHING BOOTS,
Rubber Blankets,
And Complete Rubber Outfits.
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A. B. SHIPLEY & SON,
Manufacturers of Fine Fishing Tackle of Every Description.

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Shipley's Lopped and Plain Mist Color Leaders. Shipley's Improved Adjustable Floats. Reversed Wing, Trout, Bass and Salmon Flies in stock, and also tied to patterns. A full assortment of common and finest Rods, Lines, Reels, etc.
Our Bethabara Fly and Salt Rods and Split Bamboo Fly Rods received the first premiums at the Centennial, Franklin Institute and Panama State Fairs.
A specialty of the celebrated Bethabara Wood for Fish Rods and Archery Bows. Stronger than split bamboo and as tough and elastic as steel.
Rod mountings of all descriptions on hand and to order. Price list of wood and rod mountings free. Our 65-page new Illustrated Catalogue of Fishing Tackle sent, post-paid, on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ORVIS' RODS, REELS AND FLIES.

Send for catalogue to C. F. ORVIS, Manchester, Vt.

Hornbeam Rods A SPECIALTY.

W. HUNTINGTON,
WILTON, CONN.

Makes a specialty of the manufacture of PINK HAND-MADE RODS of Hornbeam for fly-fishing. Every fly-fisher should have one of these rods, for whatever preference he may have these are the only thoroughly reliable rods, secure against breakage and capable of real hard usage. With one of these rods a sportsman may venture into the woods for a season and take no other rod, and be fairly sure of returning with it in serviceable condition. As made from wood of my own cutting and seasoning, they are powerful, easy in action and full of endurance. For circular send to WALLACE HUNTINGTON as above.

THREAD-WOUND, LONG-RANGE SHOT CARTRIDGE CASES

For muzzle and breech-loading, cylindrical and choke-bore shot-guns. Made to open just short of 50, 10 and 50 yards, giving close pattern and great penetration. 30 and 22 gauge. Send for circular.
20 Cent. Post-pa. for \$1.
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First premium at World's Fair at New York, and Centennial Exhibition.

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GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS,

Blowing Tackle, Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Flies, Leaders, Spoons, Artificial Bait, Fly Books, Etc., Etc.

"Salmon, Bass, and Trout Flies, Made to Order."
"Kriders'" Celebrated Gunter Enamel Split and Gilded Bamboo Rods.
Fly Eggs and Baiter's Skins in Great Varieties.
Tackery in all its branches.
Spratt's Patent Dog Collar.
Keeps of all kinds.

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DEALERS IN
FISHING-TACKLE, LAWN TENNIS, CRICKET, BASE BALL, ARCHERY AND SPORTING GOODS, GENERAL.

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Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers

Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland.

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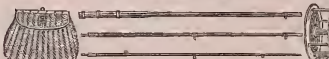
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 2.

INTRODUCTION OF SKY LARKS IN AMERICA.

THE good influence of the charming writings of Mr. John Burroughs are not confined to this country. Many of our readers will remember, in "Notes of a Walker," published not long ago in *Scribner's*, his description of his feelings on hearing the song of a stray English skylark which he came upon during one of his walks. In the same paper Mr. Burroughs suggested that this species should be introduced into this country, and that it would thrive here as well as in Europe. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Charles R. Rowe, of Cornwall, England, sent out to Mr. Burroughs a number of the birds, which reached this city April 23 last. The story of their importation and subsequent treatment is told, in answer to our inquiries, by the recipient of the birds, in the following letter:—

LEOPOLD, N. Y., May 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
You ask about the skylarks sent me from England. Twelve pairs were procured for me by Mr. Rowe, but only ten birds lived to be shipped. Of these seven reached me April 24 in good condition. I kept them in confinement about a week, when two of them died from the effects of myria's of small lice. The remaining five I liberated in a wide, low meadow just back from West Park landing on the Hudson. Up till a few days since I have daily seen a pair of them in the meadow, and had hopes that they would breed there, though I could not determine the sex of the birds. I have heard no song from them, but only their call note. On one occasion I saw one so-called meadow-lark drive one of them from the grass. I do not regard the experiment of introducing the larks a success, and all similar experiments will doubtless fail. The birds become dispersed and lost in our vast territory. A likely way to succeed, I think, would be to liberate the birds on some island off our coast, where the climate would be more like that of Britain, say on a bantock or Martha's Vineyard. The birds would not be so apt to lose each other, and would probably plant a colony from which in time they would spread to the mainland.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Mr. I. W. England's attempts to acclimatize the skylark have been undertaken on a larger scale, and consequently with a better promise of success. Two hundred birds were shipped to him in December last, one hundred and seventy-five of which reached New York. During their transportation to Ridgewood, New Jersey, some escaped, and others afterwards died, so that when they were turned out, about May 1, to shift for themselves, there remained but seventy-four healthy birds. Since their liberation they seem to have done very well. They have been heard to sing, and some of them have mated, and their nests have been found containing eggs, and later, young. No doubt a number of these will reach maturity.

Will the birds survive the coming winter? Will they migrate in the fall, and thus escape the fate that is sure to overtake them if they remain with us? We trust that they will. In the mean time, however, they should be protected by every means that can be devised. The professional collector is one of the worst enemies that these newly introduced birds have to fear, and it is to be hoped that he will spare these little strangers.

"ONLY A TALLY OF NOSES."

IN 1878 the National American Kennel Club gave birth to its first offspring in the shape of Volume I. of the Stud Book. It is a production that has never reflected especial honor on its parent, being a complication of inaccurate entries. In looking back at the means employed in its creation, we are not surprised at the paucity and defects of its information as a record. It was a long time, some eighteen months, before it was ready for distribution, even after registers, collected from various sources, had been placed in the hands of the compiler. At least it came in a lump, and then had to be taken as a dose. But no sooner had it seen the light than the public was promised Volume II., and entries were solicited from the breeders and owners of dogs for that purpose. Many have responded to the call, but from the outlook at present we are about as far off from having a really accurate and authentic record as ever. For a long time we possessed our soul in patience, awaiting the action of the club that had the matter in charge; but at last, worn-out by having to answer numerous correspondents, that we knew no more of the matter than they did, and fearing that several of them might lay violent hands on themselves at the supposed loss of their twenty-five cent pieces, we applied to headquarters, and at last not in vain, as the following reply from Mr. Dew will show. It reads thus:—

COLUMBIA, TENN., May 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favor, making inquiry as to time of closing entries and publishing Volume II of the Stud Book has been received. I regret I cannot answer your questions definitely. The publication depends upon the action of the National Association and as Secretary I only receive and file properly the entries forwarded. I think it high time that some action looking to the closing of entries and publication should be taken, and it will not be amiss for the sporting papers to ventilate the matter. I was much in hopes that some action looking to this end would be the result of the New York called meeting. The correspondence that it necessitates more than doubles the duties of the Secretary. I am in almost daily receipt of letters such as yours and also letters of inquiry as to pedigrees furnished the late Secretary, many of which I am at a loss to answer. Suppose you start the ball.

JOSEPH H. DEW, Secretary N. A. K. Club.

Now there is much of practical and outspoken sense in Mr. Dew's communication, and at the same time he shows clearly where the burden of blame should rest. To strike at the root at once, it is clear to us from correspondence now in our hands that the National American Kennel Club was not in 1877 and 1878, or since, in a financial condition to justify the attempt of the publication of any such important work as an American Kennel Stud Book. A reference to the letters of Mr. L. H. Smith, chairman of the publishing committee, in 1878, justifies us in this opinion, for a delay of months was occasioned in bickering over a very paltry sum. We agree fully with Mr. Dew, it is full time that something should be done, for over a year has elapsed since it was officially announced that the entries had closed. The book was promised early in the summer of last year, then immediately after the November trials, and now the entry is open again for an indefinite period, and every dog in the land may have had his day before the record is in the hands of the printer.

It is a certain thing that the entry should close at once and the book be published immediately, or the scheme should be abandoned and the money returned to the subscribers. But unless the book is accurate it will be of no possible value. It would be greatly to be deplored if the club should have to give up the publication of the record, for only an organization of the kind should be allowed to take the matter in hand. No private enterprise should be considered sufficiently responsible. The National American Kennel Club is unquestionably the best of its kind in the country, but still it is not doing itself justice or commanding the position it should occupy. In its long list of members there are many respectable and wealthy men, but they cannot be expected to pay the expenses of the organization. The club must be put on a sound financial basis; this is absolutely necessary for its success. The dues should be increased, and a fund provided for contingencies. Guarantee funds and passing the bat around are always means to be avoided, and no man should be allowed to pay more or less than his neighbor. If members do not pay their dues they should have no quarter, but be dropped from the roll. As a well filled larder is indispensable to a well-appointed house, so is a balance in bank necessary for the success of any organization. The meeting called at the New York show was for this express object of devising a plan to raise funds to pay off a long-standing indebtedness. Those behind the scenes "were conspicuous by their absence." But Mr. C. H. Raymond was there, and he offered to personally assume the club's indebtedness, but the generous offer was most properly declined. Thus the matter stands.

CAMPING OUTFITS.—Now is the time for camping parties to look over our advertising columns to decide on what they want to take in the woods. Rods, reels, lines, flies, boats, clothing, rubber goods, etc., will be found in profusion until the weight of the outfit becomes a serious question, and then the subject for discussion will be "what can we do without?" No matter what may be decided upon to leave behind the party must eat, and here we would call attention to the canned goods of Thurber & Co. We have long known the firm, and find their goods of first quality and reliable in every respect. They have their vegetables packed on the spot where they are grown, and so secure the highest perfection possible. Sportsmen will do well to follow our advice and ask for Thurber's canned goods.

TO STUDY AMERICAN FISHERY.—Mr. George Eckardt, Jr., son of the proprietor of the great carp ponds at Lublinchen, near Guhen, Germany, arrived by steamer Mosel on Sunday. Mr. Eckardt will remain in America about a year and study our methods of fisheries. He will first go to the stud hatchery of Col. McDonald, in Virginia, then on board the Fish Hawk to see the hatching of Spanish mackerel. In August he will go to the U. S. salmon-breeding ranch on the McCloud River, California, with Mr. Stone, and later will visit the salmon works of Mr. C. G. Atkins, in Maize.

THE LIGHTEST FLY ROD.—The first prize in Class C, for amateurs, at the coming fly-casting tournament is, "One Leonard split bamboo Catskill fly-rod, gold-mounted, with Mills & Sons best rubber click reel, filled with their 'standard' enameled water-proof fly-lic. Donated by Wm. Mills & Sons, 7 Warren street, New York. Value \$60."

We especially mention this prize because we believe it to be the lightest fly-rod yet made. It weighs less than four and three quarter ounces, and is a nicely-balanced little tool. It is ten feet in length, and in expert hands no doubt will do good service.

FOOD AND HEALTH is a bright weekly published in this city and edited by Mrs. Amelia Lewis. It is sensible, able and growing in influence. It is not an organ of the long-haired men and short-haired women disciples of any food craze, but is a practical paper for everyday life.

MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS, of Boston, Mass., inform us that the Scott & Sons gun has been awarded a special gold medal at the Melbourne Exhibition of 1881. As will be seen by their advertisement elsewhere, the Messrs. Read have in their warerooms a full stock of these guns.

HOW THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINED.

THE dinner of this famous club came off on the evening of the 27th of May, as advertised, and was a great success. At 5 p. m. the steamer left the foot of Fulton street and proceeded up the East River to Thirty-third street, where most guests were waiting to be taken on board, and then steamed away through Hell Gate and up to the hotel of Mr. John H. Starin, at Glen Island, which is above Throg's Neck, where the East River becomes Long Island Sound. The hotel is seventeen miles from the starting point and is beautifully situated for a summer resort.

About one hundred persons sat down to the table, which formed three sides of a square. Many more would have been present but for the false impression that the Club is a private affair, when in reality it consists of only the President and three others, who are a committee of arrangements. Invitations are sent out and the "members" are those who choose to attend. The nominal sum charged for tickets hardly covers the wines, all deficiencies being otherwise provided for. The country had been scoured for weeks for things aquatic which are not eaten, through absurd prejudice against their appearance. Now, the Ichthyophagus holds, if it holds anything, that much good food is lost to man through this ridiculous prejudice, which says that certain things "were made to eat" and certain other things "were never meant to be eaten." "How do you know?" asks the Club; "did you ever eat them?" "No," says popular prejudice, "but I don't believe they were made to be eaten." "Why not?" again queries the Club. "Because they don't look fit to eat and nobody eats them," answers prejudice. This is all that prejudice has to say, his grandfather never had them on his table and he is satisfied to feed things to his pigs or let them

traet of meat, but not yet put upon the market. It contains the pure muscle juice, and later in the evening was referred to by Dr. Hammond as having more life-giving and stimulating qualities in it than champagne. The razor clams (*Solen astus*) made a fair bisque, and the wonder is that they are not eaten in this country. They are said to be best when broiled (Jones' Animal Creation). The greysnapper (*Lutjanus castis*) is a fine fish from the Gulf Stream much esteemed in Bermuda, but rare here. The deviled horseshoe crabs, (*Limulus polyphemus*) were lacking in delicacy, their pronounced character might suit some palates better than ours. The drum, like the fillet of beef, was good, but not uncommon; one of the members voted it "too respectable." The rail (*Anglice Ray or Skate*) with black butter was not good. We have eaten skate and called it delicious, this whether the fish or the cooking, seemed coarse and strong. Why the sheephead, the best of salt-water fishes, was served, unless as a concession to the weakness of some of the brethren who had a little prejudice left, we don't know. The shark was very fair, not as coarse nor as strong as might be expected, and the tarry trousers of the African sailor had not flavored it with pitch as was feared. It was noticed that the niere-sticium was freely used with this dish. The squid seemed more of it to our thinking. Menhaden a la Goode was good, but boy. Striped bass, another concession to the weak stomachs.

The hellbenders were most excellent, the only fault being the small pieces consequent upon a limited supply. Scorpions (or sculpins) were also good. Lophins is the genuine name of the monster known as goosefish, fishing frog, angler, monk-fish and great sea-toad. It had a flavor of all the fishes which entered its ponderous jaws never more to return, it seemed like one of those things which one could eat but not

The Sportsman Tourist.

EL CONQUISTADOR.

"Half-way down, while picking our way through an old windfall Ignovius kicked something which rattled. Stooping to see what it was he picked up a jagged, rusty knife and a bleached human skull. Nothing else could we find though we searched carefully. Of what tragedy these were the sole mementos we could only conjecture. Was it red of color, a hunter, warrior, miner or prospector, who had perished miserably in this gloomy thicket? What was the manner of his taking off—by wasting disease, by famine, by ravaging wild beasts or by his brother man? We could not tell. Broke's skull at all, and not, perhaps, a woman's?—FOREST AND STREAM, May 19.

"Two hunters toiling up a cliff
Of the blue Colorado range,
Pained for a moment to survey
The landscape, wild and strange;
Far off, chain of mountains dim
Along the horizon crest,
While groves and valleys soft below
In tranquil beauty slept.
Near by El Conquistador rose,
Its steep sides dark with tufted woods,
Its peaks wind-swept and lightning-scour'd,
All around and near with forests clad,
And here a little mountain vale
Its natural garden fair outspread:
Fair with its grass, and blue of bloom,
And the bright, blue heavens overhead.

And here the careless foot uprind'd
A skull, a jagged, rusty knife,
Were these the sole mementos left
Of some foul, murderous slaine—
Sole relics of a tragedy
That stained these grasses green:
These moldering bones that here have lain
For years, unknown, unseen?
Was it the red man or the white,
Hunter or miner, Indian brave,
That perished in this lonely spot,
Dead, and defamed a grave?

Oh, happy, 'twas some tender maid,
Some Indian swain, some emigrant,
Sailing across Atlantic seas,
To die in this sequester'd haunt,
But who the mystery would solve,
The story of these bones unfold?
Ah, never! 'till the last Great Day,
When all our's secrets shall be told.

Ah, many who seek this Western ether
Were outlived men from foreign shores;
Men steep'd to the very lips in crime
With heart of iron and hand of steel.
They blast the rocks, they dig the mines,
They sift the sands, 'till nuggets shine,
And even in savage midnight fray
Are prompt with the bloody blade to slay.
Shelter Island, May 21. ISAAC MORELAND

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

BY FAIRCHILD, JR.—FIRST PAPER.

AS Canada is to be the anglers' and sportsmen's paradise in the coming years, I shall endeavor, in the following series of short sketches, to describe some of the most marked features of that portion of the Dominion embraced between Quebec on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River and Lake St. John and the Saguenay River, the discharge of this lake, together with some slight account of the people dwelling upon the outskirts of that mighty wilderness, and what facts in the natural history and fishing of the country may appear to me to be new or of interest to the general reader.

I shall avoid the continuous narrative, and thereby some of the dull, trite and stupid incidents of the daily journal, as I am quite convinced that the hour at which the writer may be writing, or the hour at which you may be reading, what he has had for breakfast, have very little in crest to any one but himself.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE COUNTRY.

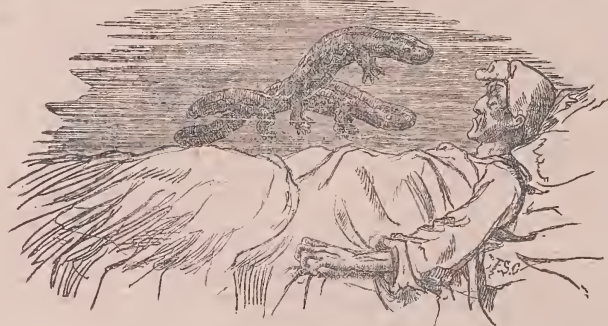
Canada is destined before many years have passed to enjoy a supremacy as a resort for those enthusiastic and adventurous anglers and sportsmen who, no longer content with the famous spots of the East, and the West having passed into the hands of the hardy and intrepid sportsmen of Canada. Such they will remain for generations to come; for the long arctic winter and immense snowfall, together with the unproductiveness of the soil, unfit it for settlement. So inhospitable is the climate that the cultivated lands on the north shore of the St. Lawrence are but a mere fringe. Quebec, the venerable old city, still stands within the shadows of the forests. From the summit of the storm-beaten cape which surmounts the town, the eye roves over a well cultivated valley, dotted with smiling homesteads, and rests upon a range of mountains, whose blue summits blend into the azure of the sky. These mountains—the Laurentides—extend to the Labrador coast, and are the barriers which agricultural development will never surmount. To the hardy and intrepid sportsman they are but the sentinels that guard his domain from the ruthless and rapid destruction that is overtaking some of our fairer but too accessible regions.

This boundless wilderness is intersected with a network of lakes and rapid shallow rivers, all of which absolutely teem with trout, and many of the latter are the salmon. The vast forests are the ranging grounds of the brown and black-footed carbon—the renderer of the western hemisphere—while the mink, otter, beaver, lynx, fisher and bear are also found in abundance. The widely scattered and solitary posts of the Hudson Bay company are still to be seen beside the lonely lakes of the interior. The nearest post to Quebec is at Lake St. John, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. Since the completion of a government road to the lake, which is the head of the Saguenay River, a section of the country has been opened to the angler that is prolific in fine fishing, but strict caution necessitates the assertion that the latter must be musquito and fly-proof, as both insects appear to flourish amidst the dank, dark forests of the North. The thin-skinned man's life would be rendered utterly miserable from the attacks of these little pests.

Winter is the season of the year most affected by the Canadian sportsmen for their trips into the interior to hunt the caribou and moose, and for fishing. Inured to the cold from infancy, they defy its utmost severity, and find themselves as happy sitting before their little camp-fire in a hole in the snow, while the storm shrieks wildly through the shaggy pines above them, as the thermometer marks 50 deg. below zero, as in their comfortable homes. Upon their broad snow shoes they traverse the wilderness to its remotest parts.

THE INHABITANTS.

Upon the outskirts of this wilderness dwell a singular people, a race long settled upon the land they till, but who,



THE ICHTHYOPHAGIST'S DREAM.

he wasted for this slight reason, if it is a reason. The motto of the Club is: "He who eats a hog, or any portion of one, has no right to despise the flesh of any creature that the Creator has made."

No shark was to be obtained, but, by one of those fortunate chances, a fisherman from Cape Cod came into Fulton Market with a "man-eater," which he brought in as a curiosity. Blackford bought it and, notwithstanding its stomach contained the left leg of a colored boy, with a boot and a piece of his tarry trousers, the Club considered it a prize and was happy. The hellbenders were obtained through the kindness of Dr. Beechley, of Meyersdale, Penn., who personally interviewed the fishermen and secured them. Their absence would have disappointed Prof. Cope, who came from Philadelphia on purpose to eat the menoponia which he has so often dissected and found to contain wholesome-looking muscle, but which it never occurred to him to eat until he saw that the Ichthyophagi proposed to serve it.

The company sat down at 7 p. m. At each plate was a card with a nightmare in shape of a sleeping individual, who, having dined on the hellbender, was visited by them in his sleep. The reverse contained the following:—

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
| Little neck clams. | MENU. | Sauterne. |
| Consommé of Mossbunker. | Potages. | Bisque of Razor Clams. |
| Amontillado. | Hors d'œuvre. | Boudins of grey-snapper à la Blackford. |
| Horseshoe crabs à la diable. | Sardines. | Anchovies. |
| Drum à la Cope. | Relishes. | Filet de boeuf à la Richelieu. |
| Pommes duchesse. | St. Emilion. | |
| Entrees. | | |
| Rate à beurre noir. | Sheepshead à la Normandieu. | |
| Saute of shark—Chinese style. | Rapid à la Starin. | |
| Pain de menhaden à la Goode. | Asperges. | Niersteiner. |
| Sorbet des Princes. | | |
| Noté. | | |
| Striped bass à la Mather. | Pomery. | |
| Boeur. | | |
| Hell benders. | Sea robins. | Angie worms. |
| Lophins à la Baird. | Pieces Froides. | Sturgeon à la Ichthyophage. |
| | Salade. | |
| | Seaweed. | |
| | Dessert. | |
| Glace nautique. | Petits fours. | Fruits. |
| Fromages. | Cafe. | Liquere. |

The first new thing was the consommé of mossbunker (menhaden). This was made from "Goode's Extract of Fish," an article made on the same principal as Lichig's ex-

"hanker after." The angle worms and sea-weed salad did not appear because, being easy to obtain, they were left to the last and not attended to in time. The "angle worms" were not to be the earth worms, *Lumbricus terrestris*, but the sand worm found on the sea coast at low tide, called lob-worm, or bug-worm, (*Arenicola piscatorum*). They are said to be good when first placed in warm water to make them eject the sand and then dropped into hot fat like dough-nuts.

The President, Mr. John Ford, arose with the coming of the sorbet and congratulated the club on the improvement in the *menum* from last year, and said that in time it might be possible to get up a dinner of articles which no human being had tasted of. He then stated that the club contained a poet, and called on him to recite his verses, and Mr. Fred Mather read his alleged poetry, "When the Ichthyophagous Dines," from FOREST AND STREAM of May 12th. Mr. George Weremarth, the accomplished tenor of Plymouth Church, sang in Italian, German and English, to a piano accompaniment by Mr. Benedict. Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt was then called upon and maintained his character of one of the best of after-dinner speakers. He referred to the fact that these dinners were having an effect upon the members; Mr. Phillips had increased in weight to 250 pounds, while the speaker equaled to 212 pounds, Mr. Blackford weighed 200, and the President of the club had increased his waist measure. Professor Cope being called on gave then a little scientific nomenclature which nearly broke his inferior maxillary. Captain J. H. Mortimer told some good stories, the military band from David's Island serenaded the club, and at 11:30 they rose and went to the boat. On the way home songs were sung and nothing marred the harmony of one of the most famous dinners on record which language cannot describe and only those who were there can thoroughly appreciate.

—Mr. William E. Dorwin, who has been known for a long time as the capable and efficient superintendent of the Brighton Beach Railroad, has retired from that office to take charge of the extension of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. Being a railroad man, Mr. Dorwin is, perforce, an expert angler. He recently made a vacation trip to the Vermont hills, whence he returned laden with the finny trophies of his detours.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—In the *Evening Post* for June 20, 1806, the New York Sporting Club announces the expulsion of two members for shooting woodcock out of season.

amidst the progress of the last two centuries, have successfully resisted its encroachments, and to-day exhibit the strange anomaly of French customs, manners and habits of the 17th century preserved to the 19th in the new world, under a foreign government. A happier, more contented peasantry do not exist, and their virtues are manifold. They are a social, loving people, and delight to live within sound of the parish church bell. Very devout, they have an immense number of *jeûs* during which all labor is suspended to enable them to attend the mass and the subsequent festivities. Sunday is pre-eminently the happiest day of the week. If in summer, no sooner is mass concluded than the whole parish adjourns to the greensward upon the river bank and partake of their frugal meal amid much railway and laughter, and then the afternoon is given up to dancing and singing, courting and canoeing, and other innocuous amusements.

They labor no harder than is necessary to provide for their simple wants. They are a self-contented people, and extreme indigence is rare among them. The wives and daughters spin and weave their own linen and woolen cloth wherewith they clothe themselves; their small farms yield sufficient for the family use; the maple bush the sugar and syrup; the nearest stream or lake abundance of luscious trout for fast days; the *sapin* swamp its quota of snared hares and partridges. There is little to sell, still less to purchase. They are exceedingly polite in their intercourse with each other and toward strangers; even the little children bow and courtesy on the road when passing you. They are hospitable in the extreme, and anticipate the every wish of the traveler who seeks their door. Above all they are devoted to their native soil, the *beau Canada*. When the long arctic winter spreads o'er the land, and all labor is suspended, the people abandon themselves to the delights of that social intercourse of which they are so fond. Day and night the rooms resound with the lively tinkling of sleigh bells and the merry laugh and song, as gay parties of young and old wend their way to and from each other's houses.

"Thus dwell together in love these simple Ardenian farmers; Dwell in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from; That reigns with the tyrant, and evey, the vice of republics. Wealth locks their doors, and the heart of the owners; But their dwellings were open, and the hearts of the owners; There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

Happy the angler who, in his short respite from the harassing cares of the busy world, finds his way among such pleasant pastures green.

NOTICES BY THE WAY.

The elevation of the banks of a river at the foot of a rapid mark the height of that rapid. In the estuaries of rivers and the head of rapid islands are always formed. Deep holes in rivers instead of filling up from the deposits brought down from above by the floods gradually grow deeper. To effect this there must be a strong under-current, during heavy freshets, or whirlpools with a set toward the lower end of the pool. In no other way could they purge themselves. Among ledges of limestone and blue clay in river bottoms large round holes are frequently found. These holes are formed by the water cutting its way through the current, in which whirls them around and around precisely as the burr stones of a mill revolve.

Snow is dissolved by thawing to one-fourth part of its bulk, and the process of melting it is so slow and toilsome that it is of the utmost importance in winter to find water near camp. It is always advisable, therefore, to camp beside a lake or a rapid stream. From the former enough water can be collected from the surface of the ice by scraping away the snow. The weight of the latter depresses the ice and causes the water to rise over it, which it also prevents from freezing. All frozen waters must have a breathing place, therefore air-holes are always to be found, or rather avoided, in lakes and rivers. They are necessary, too, for the life of the fish.

In summer thunder-storms are of frequent occurrence, and rage with great violence for a short time. They spring out of what would be a fine morning of bright, unclouded sky, but they as quickly disappear, and all the time smiles again. Wind storms are not uncommon that lay waste extensive tracts of country, leveling the mighty forest before them like so many reeds. Such tracks are termed windfalls by the settlers, and are executed by every one who has occasion to cross them.

Forest Indians always walk intod for two very good reasons. Were they to walk with the toes turned out, they would be constantly tripping amidst the loose roots and the brush, and secondly, the habit of wearing snowshoes enforces the intoc step. It is an imperative law of snowshoeing, to red and white alike, to walk with toes well turned in; an at, tempted violation of this unwritten code is swiftly followed by a severe punishment—a "header" into four or five feet of snow, from which it is no easy matter to extricate one's self.

Cattle on a bush farm, where they are much troubled with flies and mosquitoes, soon lose all dread of a fire, and often seek its protection as against their little winged tormentors. Often large snudge fires are burned for them in their pastures. I have often seen them rush headlong into it to obtain relief from the venomous attacks of the insects.

Large forest trees much exposed are often split by the extreme action of the frost, which expands their outer fires and they are then broken through the center, accompanied by a loud report like the explosion of a small cannon, and as startling in the extreme in the quiet stillness of night. Rocks are sometimes similarly acted upon where there are seams into which the water percolates and then freezes.

Wherever extensive fires have burned off the coniferous forests an entirely different growth takes place. Birches, poplars, wild cherry, etc., spring at once into luxuriant growth for a distance of several miles, which it is difficult to force a way. Many bush fires are occasioned by the lightning striking some old dry *cheek*.

Trout are not often captured by the fish hawks, for they are about as quick as their feathered foe, and at the first flash they dart away. It is the heavy sluggish fish, such as the suckers, which lie motionless and asleep in the warm, shallow waters, that fall a prey to the keen-eyed hawk. As the capture of such vile fishes is no small gain to a stream, the fish hawks must be considered a benefactor to the race of anglers. Suckers consume an immense amount of trout spawn.

People always smile incredulously when the angler relates his ill luck in losing his largest fish, but it is nevertheless the case that the very large fish more often escape than find their way into the angler's creel. I have captured some old staggers from the numerous species of fish, the mouth showed their frequent acquaintance with the angler's fly. Rivers upon which much logging is carried on, while they

may abound with trout, afford poor fly fishing. The fish are so often disturbed by the drifting logs that they seek the still, deep waters, and feed near the bottom. The Jacques Cartier, one of the most beautiful rivers in Lower Canada, and a famous one for large fish, has been almost ruined for fly fishing the past few years from this cause.

Trout, when they attain a very large growth, become almost entirely cannibalistic. The better to conceal their nefarious practices they seek the dark waters of some hole in the stream, sailing forth at night upon their smaller and more helpless brethren. Early in the spring they seek the rapids to cleanse themselves from the parasites that infest them, and they will then rise to the fly, but very rarely at other times.

Feeding and the nature of the water are the two principal causes of the diversity in the coloring of trout, and their forms. In very rapid, clear streams the trout are very brightly marked, and are like and like. In the quiet waters of the lakes the lazy life and abundant food gives them a roundness of form and duller markings.

Large trout are usually found in couples. Can it be that as they advance in life they permanently mate? Is it simply a platonic affection, the desire for the congenial companionship, the mutual aid and sympathy extended to each other? Who knows!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MICHIGAN FISHING TRIP.

I HAVE just received the neat pamphlet issued by the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway Company, and while looking through its pages at the illustrations and the general information therein contained, occasionally a headline would attract my attention, calling to mind a beautiful creek, lake, camping-place, town or hotel, and I found myself in a very short time with the book on my desk and thinking over the delightful trip one may take from Traverse City to Petoskey. I will try and sketch a trip that, to me, was one of the most enjoyable I have ever taken, and one you will not be satisfied with going over once, but will wait with anxious anticipation for the time to come when you can again traverse the *beau pays* of the north-west.

The old reliable Grand Rapids and Indiana road, with its courteous attaches, will land you safely at Traverse City. Here you will find a neat, clean, cool little town, facing the west arm of Grand Traverse Bay, with as good a hostelry as one would wish to find—the Park Place Hotel. Stop here a day and rest, then take the early morning boat for Elk Rapids, thirty-three miles distant via Long or West Bay straits, touching at Old Mission, arriving at Elk Rapids about noon, at which point you will change boats for the inland route.

Take the spring-wagon, which meets the boat, and you will be whirled along the long dock—piled with iron ore high on either side—down onto a short stretch of level road, around a mill over a stream nearly above a large fish chute, and in about five minutes brought up whirling at the Lake View House, a clean, homelike little inn, where you will be treated well by a very gentlemanly landlord, and you will have a beautiful view of Traverse Bay, and to the right and left, attractions enough to interest you until time is called to take the little steamer for the Lewis House Landing at the head of Torch Lake. As you leave Elk Rapids you pass neat white houses, with their beautiful green lawns in contrast, lumber mills, a very large blast furnace, etc. Leaving these behind our little steamer puffs away taking us along at a lively enough, Elk River—two and a half miles long, and considerably wider than the usual Michigan River—into Elk River, nine miles long, a very beautiful sheet of water and clear as crystal. Crossing this we again go through one of those narrow, crooked, little streams for a short distance into Round Lake, three miles long, thence through Torch River, four miles long—a purely typical northern Michigan River—into Torch Lake eighteen miles long.

The steamer makes two stops on the trip through this beautiful lake country, at the Lewis House Landing early in the evening, where you stay all night. Mr. Lewis, the proprietor, is as genial and whole-souled a landlord as you would wish to meet. Should it be moonlight walk over a narrow strip of land about one fourth of a mile to the beach on Grand Traverse Bay, where you will find a beautiful, broad, sandy beach, a walk here gives a refreshing, rejuvenating feeling and then back to the hotel for a good night's sleep. After an early dinner the next day Mr. Lewis will take your baggage in his "street car" over to the lay shore where you again take passage on the steamer for Petoskey, on the way making a stop at a small (saw mill) town, and then into Charlevoix, a very pleasant and at the same time peculiar looking place, situated back a short distance from the lake, on both sides of a small stream, on quite a little bluff overlooking, to the east, a short distance, Pine Lake, and to the west, Lake Michigan. By evening you land at Petoskey, where you take up quarters at either of the comfortable hotels there—the Occidental or Cushman, both good. Here you will want to stop a day or more, as it is quite a bee hive, everybody you will see in good humor, and all evidently looking for something. This place is at present the terminus of the G. R. and I. R., and should you desire any information not obtainable elsewhere call on Mr. Quaintance, the agent of the company at this point, whose gentlemanly and accommodating ways will be a pleasant recollection. Beyond this point a stroll down the beautiful pebbly beach will be in order and amply repay for the time and trouble taken, and you will here, with little trouble, find many handsome stones, and many very fine agates are here picked up. The same can be taken to one of the number of lapidaries there who will polish or make from it a memento of which you will long cherish as a souvenir, a glance at which, at any time, will bring back many pleasant recollections. Beyond this point you will have the beautiful inland route through to Cheboygan, which all should take, and which I will not mention here further as I have taken up space in your columns heretofore with details of this trip.

I have made this sketch a flying one. You can well lengthen it to good advantage by making a longer stay at Traverse City, Elk Rapids or Lewis House. There is more sport and more to be seen here at Elk Rapids, however, than at the other mentioned points.

Excellent fishing may be had at any place you may choose to stop. At Traverse City, deep water fishing, and near the town trout, bass, etc. At Elk Rapids shoulder your rod at the hotel, and you can be back again in one hour with quite a respectable string, and undorably the same at the head of Torch Lake. At Elk Rapids I know you can, for I have tried it. Go, take this trip, and be convinced.

Columbus, O.

FRANK N. BEER.

ON THE SAWKATAWABET.

POST-ET. MICH.

IN season, it is no exaggeration to say that the forests of the south shore of Lake Superior are a "fairly alive" with game, consisting chiefly of pigeons in July and August, when the huckleberry is ripe, partridge and that variety commonly called spruce partridge, in September and October, and a fall and winter innumerable hare and red deer. Nearly every mill, rimlet and river has countless numbers of speckled trout, and the flesh of the same is invariably hard and compact, owing to the frigorific temperature of the waters in which they live and sport. In places where wild rice or celery grows, many varieties of water fowl may be seen, and owing, in a measure, to the fact that they are rarely disturbed, are comparatively quiet tame and easily approached.

Not long since Friend B— and myself decided to put in a week or two, fishing and hunting in the vicinity of the Sawkatakawab River. This stream rises in the south range of Keweenaw county, the extreme northern county of the Upper Peninsula, flows in a southerly direction and empties into Keweenaw Bay. It drains about seventy-five square miles of territory, and in consequence of its being the receptacle of several small creeks increases to quite a volume ere it dashes, piece-meal, over the ledge of rocks at its mouth. It is a most beautiful stream, and its waters are pure, translucent, except in the season of freshets, when it is a darkish red, and with its driftwood and other debris is anything but attractive to the eye.

In the early days of the month of September, with our camp outfit, with dogs, guns and ammunition, and with old Joe, our cook, guide and woodsman, a veritable Pathfinder, we took our places in a light spring-wagon and were transported over a well-kept road, through beautiful forests and romantic dells, past low farms resting in the shadows, and over hills from whose summits ever and anon were afforded us charming vistas of land and water for a distance of about ten miles to the head of Lac La Belle. Here we procured a Mackinaw boat, and placing our baggage therein, were soon afloat, headed to the mouth of the canal which connects this lake with Keweenaw Bay. Meeting, as soon as we landed, our old friend John Mayno, a half-breed who, with his family, were occupying the Lewis House, we engaged comfortable quarters for the night, and he also advised John and an Indian named Frank for our voyage to the river. We also at this point made preparations for an early start in the morning of the coming day. Inasmuch as Frank was the proud owner of a water craft which he guaranteed would outrun anything on the lakes, we concluded to follow his advice, to wit, discard the Mackinaw which brought us down and proceed on our journey in his yacht. Everything having been completed for the morrow's sail, it became incumbent upon us to wade away in the most agreeable manner possible the few hours intervening before bed-time. This we did in rowing around the foot of the lake near the head of the canal, at the suggestion of a fisherman, who assured us that we would probably have the pleasure of killing a beaver or two.

The conditions were indeed favorable to success, as the night was still and the water glassy and smooth. As we approached a bayou we expected, from what we had heard of them numerically, to see one or more of the quadrupeds at no great distance from us, but for a time, however, we were doomed to disappointment. Carefully and patiently we paddled wherever we thought there was a prospect of obtaining even a transitory view of the game we were after, and it was not until some time had elapsed that we heard a splash, which at a distance of six or seven miles could be seen in the night, were circling away from the spot which our quarry had dove to the bottom. In a moment or two another plunge was heard, and the ripples indicated the place where this one had taken his immersion. It was not long before plunge after plunge and splash after splash kept up quite a little tempest, but we were unable to get a shot at any of them, although they were apparently in close proximity to us. They kept about the margin of the bayou, and on the edge of the rushes, where the tall trees would cast their shadows and render them unobservable to us while they rippled the water, when it was too late for execution. We saw that it was necessary for us to change our base of operations, which we accordingly did, and it was not long after we had taken a position as near to the shore as practicable before an opportunity presented itself. Simultaneously B. in the stern of the canoe and I in the bow discharged our weapons at two handsome beaver, whose heads were distinctly visible some few yards above the surface. We soon discovered that B. had fired with fatal effect; and, elated at his success, he lifted his beaver into the boat. My shot, however, was a failure, as not even a piece of fur could be seen to evince me with the reflection that I had at least not missed entirely. It was now useless to attempt to kill any more of this species of game, as our guide, who knew well the habits of this animal, informed us that they were easily frightened, and would keep concealed or move away to safe distances.

In the morning we were up bright and early, made a hasty toilet, ate a light breakfast, and got everything into the yacht preparatory to starting. During the early morning a stiff breeze came up from the east, and by the time we were ready to pull out there was quite a commotion on the bosom of Eto-de-gris. However, our Indians were determined to brave the elements, and made bold to out for Point Isabella, three miles distant. Off this point the sea was running quite high, but inasmuch as the wind was quivering all and our outfit was riding the waves as easily and gracefully as a duck, we got along very nicely on our course to the mouth of the river. The direction we took, which at times lay near a bold headland and again at some considerable distance from the shore as we were passing a bay, presented to the eye an ever-changing and most beautiful scene. The agitated sea on the one side and the dark, impenetrable woods on the other, mingling at the background in a high ridge with points Houghton and Gratiot as distinctive features, displayed nature in her wildest, wildest grandeur. The shore, in places, was rocky, and discovered us oaves in which the hardy mariner could find a haven of refuge.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at our destination. As we were sailing into the river we observed a flock of thirty or more ducks of the red-head species, directly ahead of us. Becoming alarmed, they arose and rose in a line for the surface, which brought them over us. For a few minutes we had sport such as the most enthusiastic duck hunter might envy, and when it ceased we were, as our trophy, ten fat, large ducks.

Selecting a spot for our camp within easy access of water, we bade adieu to John and Frank, who were to return to their homes and were desirous of taking advantage of the

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A SCHOOL GIRL.

May 13. The fly-catchers seem to be made of springs. Their motions are the most angular of any of the feathered...

The chimney-swallows have homes rather difficult to reach, though it may not seem so. When they wish to descend the chimney, they circle round and round till they think they are directly over the opening, then, lifting their wings till they are nearly vertical, flutter down. They sometimes miss the mark, and dart off to try again.

The summer yellow-bird catches insects with more grace than the fly-catchers. Every motion of the yellow-bird is a curve. It takes its time, yet it is always sure of the mark.

May 14. Saw a robin fly some distance to catch an insect in the air.

May 16. The wren is a perfect model among birds of the passionate lover. He is in perfect ecstasies over his mate. His song is short because he is so eager that he knows not what to say, and the notes nearly trip one another up, they come so fast. While he is singing his wings quiver with excitement.

May 17. In flight the bobolinks hold their wings down, not horizontal or up as with most other birds. They sing most commonly during flight, and bring their song to a close just as they reach the ground. If they light on a post or a tree, they sing in a subdued tone.

The crows do not seem to be very much afraid of the poles and strings put around a corn-field. Two were sitting on a tree near a field, deliberating. "Caw, caw, caw, caw," says one. "Caw, caw, caw," replies the other. Then they slowly flap over and settle down in the midst of the poles and strings. Warning!—Farmers, always put string around your corn-fields. It is a first-rate way for fly-catchers to alight on.

May 19. Saw a chestnut-sided warbler in our apple-tree. It caught insects like a fly-catcher.

The nut-hatch seems a very voracious little bird. He runs around the trunk, his head often down than up, and squirts under the bark with a most quizzical expression. There almost seems to be a twinkle in his eye as he pulls out the sticky bug.

May 23. The woodpecker never runs down a tree-trunk. When he wishes to be lower down he flies or drops down. Authority—Prof. Scott, of Westfield. The nut-hatch goes oftener down than up.

Very many birds accompany their short notes, especially those of excitement by some motion of the body. The robin jerks out his chirp of excitement with his tail. It seems as if the chattering of the swallows was made by the wings, as the swift fluttering of the wings always comes with the twittering.

May 18. The cuckoo is a shy bird, keeping itself hidden in the foliage, turning its head from side to side on the look-out for a dnger.

Above the trees a crow is seen pursuing its heavy flight, with laborious flapping wings. On a sudden the enemy, in the form of a king-bird, or perhaps two of them, is upon him. They dart down upon him with all their force, fly up in a short circuit, peck, flick and come down again, and their swift movements contrasting with the crow's steady flapping. Perhaps the crow is frightened, but his motions do not show it, though he does seem to be getting out of the way as fast as is consistent with the dignity of his character. When his pursuers have chased the enemy from their domains, they leave him to the tender mercies of the next king-bird who may happen to spy him, and return for more crows, hawks or insects, just which comes luckiest.

A B. W. was troubled by a colony of swallows which took possession of his large, old-fashioned chimney, one spring, sending the smoke down and causing great inconvenience. One day, while the birds were all away, he went up and put a wire network across the opening of the chimney. About a dozen the birds returned. Imagine their feelings when they discover their doors barred against them! They rush wildly back and forth, they dash against the branches of the chimney after dark. At last they are obliged, in despair, to seek other homes. Poor swallows!

Ha-fid, Mass.

MARGARET MILLER.

RATTLESNAKES CLIMBING TREES—New Orleans, May 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am writing to the question, Do rattlesnakes ever climb trees. I will relate what I once saw. In the spring of 1869, about the middle of April, I was behind the plantation hunting wildcats. The dogs had started one, and were leading him a lively race, and I was sitting on my horse listening to the music of the chase, when my attention was drawn to some object up a large water oak that was standing in an opening by itself, and leaning at an angle of about 15 degrees. There was water all around the tree, as there had been in the morning a heavy rain, but the water had been high the water did not remain long after the rain stopped, but went to the swamp, leaving the land dry. The object that I saw was about thirty feet from the ground, and lying on a limb about ten feet from the trunk of the tree that made out at about right angles, and forked where the object lay.

I rode up to the tree but could not make out what it was, and having no time to lose I sent a ball up, when I was, came one of those large diamond rattlesnakes (Crotalus adamanteus) about six feet long.

On a former occasion I shot one out of the top of a tree that had fallen down, having some large limbs lying about ten feet from the ground.

Those are the only two that I ever saw on trees, but I have seen thousands on rocks that looked as hard to climb as trees.—T. P. LOVINOY.

A WELL-MARKED TURTLE.—A box turtle was found in a field at Baiting Hollow, Long Island, a few days since in the following marked on its bottom shell—"B. F. Y., 1836; B. F. Y., 1841; B. F. Y., 1851." B. F. Youngs, of Riverhead, marked the turtle first forty-five years ago, and also the second and third times. After marking it for the fourth time "B. F. Y., 1881," he let it go again.

The above item from the Sun reminds us of a snapper once found by a friend of ours, which was probably the oldest turtle ever found. It was marked, "In the year of our Lord 1"

BIRDS THAT EAT FISH.

M. R. BOWLER SHARPE, the eminent British ornithologist, recently delivered, under the auspices of the National Fisheries Exhibition, a most interesting lecture on fish-eating birds. A novel and attractive feature of the discourse was the exhibition, by means of an oxy-hydrogen, of a number of excellent paintings of fish-eating birds. Mr. Sharpe's lecture is reported in the Live Stock Journal, and we give below an epitome of it.

Mr. Sharpe said, fish-eating birds were chiefly swimming birds—the grebe, grebe, etc., but there were many birds of prey that were distinctly fish-eating birds. The white-tailed eagle was very fond of fish, though it did not catch them for itself. It was renowned for the way in which it followed the osprey or sea-eating eagle, and robbed it of its prey. While the golden eagle was feathered to its toes, the tarsus of the white-tailed eagle was bare. The majority of birds of prey had a thin or thigh-bone only just a little longer than the tarsus, but in the osprey the thigh was twice as long as the tarsus. While some birds had three toes in front and one behind, others two in front and two behind, the osprey had an outer or reversible toe, which he had the power of turning backwards or forwards, so that in catching hold of a fish his toes were at right angles to each other, which gave him a circular grasp, a great help to him in seizing such slippery prey in fish. But the osprey was now pretty nearly extinct in England. Owls were fish-eating birds. Water-hen once saw a barn owl hit its foot for a fish. In Africa there were some regular fish-eating owls which had the bare tarsus, so that they could wet their feet without fear of catching cold from damp feathers. Coming to the perching birds, there was a certain group which was separated from them by the osteological structure of the sternum or breast bone; and amongst these was the kingfisher. This bird, which would soon make a good meal of the contents of an open trout trap, did not do much damage in the river, where he caught small minnows, etc. People would be sorry to miss the kingfisher from our rivers; and, luckily, his habits were so shy that he was able to take care of himself. Lizards had much to answer for in the destruction of the kingfisher. When there was a demand for his plumage for ladies' hats, there was an immense slaughter of these birds on the Thames. Foreign kingfishers, though of the same size and form, were abundant on the banks of rivers, and had only three toes instead of four. The form of the kingfisher was such as to adapt him exactly to catch fish. He had no long tail to retard his motion when he plunged into the water; but he had a long bill with which to cleave the water, while his short tail served as a rudder. Then the robin had been seen to eat fish—a bird one would not have expected to take such food. Among the waders, or long-legged birds, the greatest culprit as a fish-eater was the heron. Though an ardent fisher, he was not a fish-eater, but he did the damage attributed to him, as he lived principally on eels. He was not, however, averse to frogs and small animals; and the lecturer told the story of a heron in captivity which seized a rat that had been stealing his fish, held him under water in his bill, and then swallowed him at one gulp. He also mentioned an instance of an eel strangling a heron, an illustration of which is shown in the exhibition. The kingfisher was not a fish-eater. Like the heron it ate small fish and frogs; but unlike the heron it was solitary, not sociable in its habits. The spoonbill, which ate small fish and aquatic insects, used to be found in Norfolk; and some of the large family of storks, much protected in Germany, were formerly residents in England. Cranes did not do much damage to fish. The knot was an interesting swimming bird, from the mystery which surrounded its breeding haunts; but it was a great deal to be feared, like that which had reduced the number of unknown haunts of European birds during the last few years from six to one. Another bird which was maligned because it was said to devour small fish and ova was the moorhen; but he had never found any evidence of its being a fish-eater. The same might be said of its cousin, the coot. These birds should be protected for their extremely tame disposition. Moorhens could be tamed so as to go about a house as a pet animal. Like the heron it ate small fish and frogs, Mr. Sharpe said that there was no doubt that ducks at the mouth of rivers ate a good number of fish; but the golden eyed duck was under the accusation of being an absolute fish-eater. It would be difficult to defend the goose and from the like accusation, as he probably lived on scarcely anything else but fish.

ABOUT LOONS.—Pocasset, Mass., May 12.—In your issue of April 28, "B. D. R." writes, "I was of West Milford, W. Pa., asks for some information about loons. His bird was not very large. The last one that I shot is before me now; it measures thirty-six and one-half inches in length and four feet five inches in extent. Weighs nine pounds, and is light for the dimensions. Here this is not called a large one. I am told that the one was killed at Calumet Beach which weighed twenty pounds." "Beach" weight, I guess, with the shooter's arms for balances. I once knew one to weigh by scales sixteen pounds; that was a white one—a female; they are said to grow to the largest size. I have seen them in Chesapeake Bay, where they are often caught in the fish ponds. Both species—C. tylosus glacialis and C. septentrionalis are found at Buzzards Bay. The last is locally known as "Pegging owl," "Pepperlin" or "Tuckermant." It is much smaller than the former species, and weighs about four pounds. It is spotted like its larger brother on the back. The male has a slate or drab-colored throat, with a red spot on the throat, whence its name—red-throated diver. The female is like the larger white loon in color.

Loons have been known to breed in Plymouth, Mass. A few years ago Mr. Warren, of Duxbury, had a nest on the shore of "Oliver's Neck." He was wading along the shore fishing for pickerel, and saw the loon on her nest. She fluttered off into the pond at his approach; they were two white eggs in the nest. Can any one tell if they were two or two? "Oliver's Neck" is a point in White Island pond, and is owned by the White Island Club. Some of the members found the nest soon after, and took the eggs, my informant said. I am also told that they have bred on the island on Half-way Pond. I have seen loons there in the summer, but could not find any nest. In a former article I spoke of the loon as a tough bird—how tough you may judge by the following, which I had verbatim from the shooter. He had been on Hog Island Point and shot at a loon, which, he said, was thirty yards high; the bird fell at an angle of forty-five degrees, struck on a big flat rock and rebounded off into the water. He went to the spot, looked about him, then dove and went his way. One would have thought he had been—though broken by a rock—might disjoin the framework of

any bird. "B. D. R.'s" loon was about the average size; eight such loons slung on a pole, and the ends of the pole on the shoulders of a brother shooter and the writer, made a heavy load to tote up from the shore. A live loon can pick hard, and a dead one is hard to pick, nevertheless some of the softest beds in these parts have loon's feathers in them.

MEAGRS.—The information given by our correspondent relative to the breeding of the loon in Massachusetts is interesting, but are the eggs of either species of loon mentioned whiter? We think not.

THE IBERX IN THE ALPS.—The Iberx, it would appear, promises to be again naturalized on the Alps. A herd which was turned out on the Grisons are reported to have survived the Winter without damage, and to be making themselves at home in the vicinity of the glaciers. This cannot fail to be a source of gratification to the thousands who make Switzerland their Autumn playground. For some time past the Alps were each year getting barer and barer of life. The chamois had almost disappeared from some of the more accessible parts, and even the marmot could scarcely have long survived the edelweiss, which the Government of the different Cantons have also put under the protection of the law. The Iberx, which is a species of the family of the bouquetin, is a species of goat which shares with the chamois the upper reaches of the mountains. But it climbs even higher than that animal, and can rarely be seen far below the limits of perpetual snow. In Gernua Switzerland, where it is known as the scioibock, the Iberx was at one time comparatively common. But the persecution of tourists and the multiplication of cheap rifles have all but exterminated it on the higher alps, and of late years it could rarely be seen except on those of Valais and Piedmont, where, thanks to the enlightened efforts of the late King Victor Emmanuel, it was carefully protected.—London Telegraph.

A HINT FOR THE SMITHSONIAN.—We are permitted to publish the following from a letter of a well-known Canadian ornithologist, Mr. John Nelson: "I read with much attention all such notices as appear in the Plover and Stream respecting the migrations of birds. Coming as they do from all quarters of the country, they afford the student a means to study the migratory habits of our fauna, so mysteriously erratic in many species. Stations of observation should be established at all points where the service of competent persons could be obtained, such persons to send in monthly and semi-annual reports to a centre, some one of your large institutes. The material thus collected after a properly collated and tabulated matter possessing very high ornithological value. The migratory course of such species could be accurately determined, and other information of paramount importance secured tending to perfect our knowledge in this most interesting science."

A FLORIDA GALLINULE.—Hornellsville, N. Y., May 23.—I shot a bird here yesterday and want to know what it is, that is if you can tell from my poor description. General appearance like an over-brown rail; length 13 inches from end of bill to tip of tail; bill black; tip of tail long, and of a bluish cream color, the base bright red; wings and back blue; neck and breast blue-black; under tail coverts white; some white or gray on belly; legs about 5 inches long, three long toes and a short one; color of legs pea-green, and some bright red on thigh just below the feathers.

Nothing like it ever seen here before by the oldest inhabitant. I should like to know what it is, and in what position to include it in Orn. Fauna.

Your bird is a Florida gallinule (Gallinula galeata), a near ally of the rails and coots. It should be mounted in the position of a rail, as in habits it closely resembles those birds.

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.—The generally accepted belief that the insectivorous plants are nourished by the animals which they capture, is not believed by the veteran florist, Mr. Peter Henderson, of Jersey City. That gentleman has been making some experiments on this point, and concludes that these plants do not derive any more nourishment from their victims than do the pines and hemlocks, which destroy such great numbers of insects by their restitutive excretions.

In the summer of 1878, Mr. Henderson and A. R. W. J. Tait made experiments, using 100 plants in each test, and the conclusions which they reached were that those plants which had received no animal food were quite as vigorous as those which had been fully supplied with insects. The plants used in the experiments were the well-known "Venus fly-trap." Further experiments on this point are required to settle this point definitely, but those which have been made are certainly extremely interesting.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW NEBROZO.—Dedham, Mass., May 14.—I had a week ago, a fine row of pens about a hundred feet in length, but now they are riddled by the English sparrows having cut off the tops of the largest portion, and they are still at it. I have three lots more yet to come up, which I wish to save if possible. Can you suggest some means of poisoning them? Something that, if they leave any, will not be dangerous for my dogs or hens, which will have the run of the ground after my crops are off in the autumn?—F. J. B.

Shoot the birds. That has been found effective in other instances. It will take some time and ammunition, but it is the only thing to be done.

NOTE ON THE SCARLET TANGER.—Westfield, Mass., May 21.—During the cold rain of this week, which lasted about four days, a large number of scarlet tanagers were noticed hopping about the dooryards and sidewalks unable to fly. I carried a chain with a snail of two of our warblers rather seldom seen in this vicinity, and a great many thought it a new species. Other birds are as lively as ever. Why isn't the tanager?—S.

AN OLD EAGLE.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., May 22.—In the middle of April an eagle was shot at Naksok, Denmark. It measured 78 inches from tip to tip of wings. Head its neck extended a chain with a snail of two of our warblers rather seldom seen in this vicinity, and a great many thought it a new species. Other birds are as lively as ever. Why isn't the tanager?—S.

SPRING NOTES.—Framingham, Mass., May 14, 1881.—Though the season may fairly be called a little "backed up" but the birds are not so far from their normal state as they were earlier than usual, viz., the black pool (D. striata) and the black and yellow (D. maculosa) on May 11.—P. C. BROWN.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE NEBRASKA SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION.

THE State convention of sportsmen met at the Board of Trade Rooms, at 8 p. m. President J. C. McBride called the meeting to order. Upon the calling of the roll of delegates the following clubs were represented by full delegations, viz: Omaha Sportsman's Club—J. M. Woods, N. W. Logan, L. A. Beltzer, W. F. Miller, J. H. Abbott, S. L. Sibley, G. N. Church, J. C. Strassberger, R. W. T. Peet, A. B. Barney, Ira. P. Conger, F. E. Brown. Plattsmouth Sportsmen's Club—Gen. R. R. Livingston, Sam. M. Chapman, Geo. S. Smith, F. E. White, W. T. Matthews.

Working Men's Club, Omaha—E. Leeder, F. R. Smith, Geo. Jones, John McDonald, Wm. Robinson. Lincoln Sportsmen's Club—J. H. Honeywell, S. C. Elliott, S. S. Brock, C. E. Strassberger, Dr. F. S. Ronse. Osceola Sportsmen's Club—J. M. Woods, N. W. Logan, L. A. Beltzer, W. F. Miller, J. H. Abbott, S. L. Sibley, G. N. Church, J. C. Strassberger, R. W. T. Peet, A. B. Barney, Ira. P. Conger, F. E. Brown. Plattsmouth Sportsmen's Club—Gen. R. R. Livingston, Sam. M. Chapman, Geo. S. Smith, F. E. White, W. T. Matthews.

Norfolk Sportsmen's Club—J. S. McClary, C. P. Matthews, Wm. Suttler, C. Selah, S. W. Hayes. Nemaha County Sportsmen's Club—W. T. Den, W. M. Kanfman, W. W. Browning, Church Howe, A. R. Davis. On motion a committee of three on credentials was appointed by the president. The committee retired and soon returned and reported the foregoing list of delegates entitled to seats. Report adopted.

The address of the retiring president was read, as follows: *Gentlemen of the Convention:*

Custom seems to call upon the retiring president of this association for a few last words, something in the form of a message, reviewing the past and suggesting topics for consideration now and in the future. Since your last meeting quite a revival in shooting and fishing circles has taken place, as is witnessed by the number of new clubs organized in this association. Whether they ultimately become members or not we have the satisfaction of knowing that in spirit they are valuable allies, and that the good work begun six years ago will be more carefully guarded in the future.

The stocking of the streams with valuable fish by the State Fishery Commissioners, all of whom are members of this association, has had a cheering effect upon Nebraska sportsmen, and we are still more encouraged by the splendid appropriation of \$74,400 to be expended by them in their good work.

By the act approved Feb. 29, 1879, the catching of fish in any of the waters by means of nets, seines or baskets of any kind is prohibited, and a severe penalty is inflicted upon the guilty party; yet such is the greed of man, or more generally of boys, that many cases of violations have no doubt occurred and are occurring in the interior of the State, and a sharp lookout for violators of this law is recommended.

In accordance with your instructions given at your last meeting, 2,000 copies of the game laws of the State, in poster form, were printed and distributed to the local clubs, a large number posted at railroad stations, and a copy mailed to each postmaster of the State with a request to post it up in the office. Railroad stations and public places in this good work, and directed agents to post up bills in a conspicuous place, all of which, your president believes, was of great benefit to the game and fish interests of the State.

Through the sentimentality of a few visionary persons the Legislature of 1875 enacted the most ridiculous law which protected hawks and owls from destruction, and permitted them to prey not alone upon the song-sparrow, the wren and hundreds of other native birds, but to appreciate their never-ceasing hunger upon the quail and the prairie chicken. There is no sportsman in the State who annually kills as many birds as the average hawk or owl destroys. He is a constant and unrelenting "pot-lunier." From break of day until nightfall he skims the prairies in search of the lesser of his tribe; and he is no respecter of age, for he devours not only the old but the young also, and particularly fond of the fledglings and the eggs. After darkening his eyes with the prey he is compelled to retire, the "moping owl," his alert and accurate hearing takes up the work of destruction, and thus, day and night, these ravenous bird killers piled their vocations, and were protected by law because of their reputed appetites for grasshoppers. Your president is not a believer in the theory advanced by the over zealous advocates of the law, that the hawk and owl do not subsist upon grasshoppers, except in the absence of any more toothsome quail or sparrow, and if they did the large number of small birds annually destroyed by them would pick up millions of locusts and other noxious insects, where owls and hawks would destroy but few. It is in consideration of the destruction annually wrought by hawks and owls that I recommend their destruction on every occasion. I would go even further and advise local clubs to offer a bounty for each head of hawk or owl delivered to them, and would take the market hunter and the "pot hunter" to join in the work of extinguishing these most destructive enemies of our game birds.

There are many who think that the open season for quail shooting is too circumscribed by the present law, that December should be added to October and November. But for the fact that the past few years have usually severe upon quails, and that thousands of them perished, an attempt would have been made to have the law amended in that respect at the last session of the Legislature. Under the circumstances, however, it was hoped that through the shortness of the open season and strict obedience to the law the birds would be spared and would multiply and replenish their decimated ranks and furnish a better sport in the future.

If the loss has been so heavily upon quails than has been reported and which they shall continue to increase as in the past it may be well to ask the Legislature of 1882 to extend the open season so as to include the month of December.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer show that by economical management the annual dues from members of the association are sufficient to defray the ordinary expenditures, and but for the expense of publishing the game laws, and the still greater expense of the bench show, the association would have a balance on hand sufficient to commence another year's work. However, these expenses have not been in vain, and their lessons do not go unlearned. The bench shows have not only taught many of us what good dogs are,

but we have learned to appreciate a good dog and to own one. The field trial, while, owing to the slight attendance of our own members, was not a success, nevertheless, taught us several things, the most satisfactory and important of which was that we have a great many dogs in Nebraska that for practical purposes are as good as any sportsman can wish, and even better than some foreign dogs exhibited on that occasion. I am satisfied that many of our sportsmen who have good dogs, failed to attend, for the reason that they feared to run their dogs against the "crack" dogs of the country, anticipating a defeat that would have been ignominious; but now that they have witnessed the actions of the best in the field will be willing to pit their own against any that may come. For that purpose and to stimulate interest, I recommend that a field trial be had the coming season on prairie chickens in August, and not to be deferred until the birds get old, wild and scarce. Such a trial, if open to the world and properly advertised, would bring a large number of fine dogs and an interesting time be had.

Finally, allow me to extend my thanks to the officers and members of the association for their kindness and willingness to aid me in the discharge of the duties of office, and to turn my thanks for the honor you conferred upon me in this connection. J. C. McBRIDE, President.

After reading of the President's message, on motion the President appointed a committee of five to agree upon a place for holding the next annual meeting of the association and report to-morrow evening.

J. E. McCartney, of Omaha, declined to serve as one of the judges at the bench show, whereupon Mr. J. S. McClary, of Norfolk, was appointed in Mr. McCartney's place. Upon request of Mr. F. E. Brown he was also relieved from a similar duty and Mr. Dew, of Brownville, Neb., was appointed in his stead. On motion, the meeting adjourned until to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock.

Minutes, May 18, 1881.—Meeting called to order by Vice-President Matthews, in the absence of the President. The following business transacted:

The reports of the officers and committees being in order, they were severally received and placed on file. The treasurer's report showed a small balance of money on hand. The secretary's report contained sundry bills, etc., unpaid. The same were audited, and ordered to be paid.

The committee appointed at the last annual meeting to present resolutions on the death of Maj. T. Thoroughbred, reported appropriate resolutions, the language expressive of the sterling character of the deceased; and the good fellowship he maintained with this association, and the loss sustained by his sad and unexpected death. The report and resolutions were adopted and were ordered to be spread at large upon the records of the association.

The committee appointed to fix the place for holding the next annual meeting reported in favor of Omaha, and their report was adopted.

Election of Officers.—The election of officers for the ensuing year being in order, the following gentlemen were duly elected:—

President, B. E. B. Kennedy, of Omaha; Treasurer, R. W. Purzage, of Brownville; Secretary, J. F. McCartney, of Omaha; Vice-Presidents, J. S. McClary, of Norfolk; J. W. P. Peet, of Omaha; Josiah Rogers, Edward Luder, of Omaha; J. H. Harley, Lincoln; L. A. Beltzer, of Osceola; W. H. Hackney, of Brownville; Wm. C. Lyons, of Lyons; J. C. Strassberger, Lincoln; W. L. May, of Fremont; E. S. Hawley, of Nebraska City. On motion, Sam M. Chapman, of Plattsmouth, was elected a member of the executive committee. On motion, it was unanimously voted to hold a field trial of dogs on prairie chicken the last week in August or first week in September next at or near Norfolk. The executive committee was given the matter in charge, and instructed to advertise the same in Eastern papers.

Mr. Chapman submitted the report of the judges of the bench show containing list of awards. Adopted. Resolutions of thanks to the outgoing officers were severally adopted.

Gen. Livingston, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Harley made reports of last year's field trials with severe though merited criticism upon the lack of attention given to the rules by Nebraska sportsmen, attributing the same to cowardice, etc.

On motion, the president appointed John W. Peet, W. H. S. Hughes and C. P. Matthews a committee to report resolutions at next meeting respecting the death of G. H. Collins, of Omaha.

On motion, the convention adjourned *sine die*.

THE LONDON SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of the London (Ontario) Fish, Game and Insectivorous Birds Protective Society, last week, Dr. Niven in the chair, the secretary, D. Skirving, presented his report, which was as follows:—

"It is most gratifying to find that now most of the sportsmen in and around London take a deep interest in the protection of our fish, game and insectivorous birds, and that each year new members are added to our list of subscribers. The good effects of the society are being felt all over the London district by local sportsmen, and I think it is not exaggerating when I state that more game birds were found last shooting season than during any three seasons previous. From information received from various sources, which I consider most trustworthy, I can state that quail have wintered well in this locality, notwithstanding the severe frost of January and February, and I think next fall we will have more birds than ever if there are only a few more cold coming summer. I regret that the Legislature at its last session, at the solicitation of the fruit-growers, amended the Insectivorous Birds Act, and placed robins on the list of birds that may be shot. Still, they did it in a very gentle way. The Act reads: 'Robins may be destroyed during the fruit season by the owners of fruit-bearing trees or plants.' I wish to state, however, that I have only seen one robin shooting robins at any other time liable to be fired upon. Formerly, if the Legislature had seen fit to place woodcock larks on the game list, making an open season from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, we would think they deserved praise. We, as a society, have asked this, but it has not been granted. Possibly, when the scientists, who are now experimenting on them, give a description of the contents of their stomachs, they will be placed on the list of birds suitable for food. During the year only two infringements of the law have been reported. The offenders in both cases, I am happy to say, were fined five dollars each and costs. I am satisfied that if the farmers would only re-

port all violations of the law coming under their notice it would have a very marked effect, and not only would the pot-lunier become extinct, but the game birds would rapidly increase in numbers. We have issued during the year about 500 large posters with the close season for fish and game, and the fines and penalties attached for the violation of them. I would suggest, when getting out the new bills for this year, we should offer a reward for the head of each fox, skunk, weasel and hawk killed, or a prize for any one producing the greatest number of heads; as, undoubtedly, they destroy as much, if not more, game than all the shooters put together. The fishing interests are being well and closely watched by the energetic fishery officer, Mr. Peter McCann. Within the past few weeks he has had some eight or ten persons up for catching bass out of season, and the majority of them have been fined \$2 each and costs. Mr. McCann reports the following on the Thames to be in good order, with the exception of Blackfriars' dam, which will be remedied this spring. Last year we had some correspondence with the Fishery Department at Ottawa relative to the close season for bass, suggesting that it be changed to, say, from 15th May to the end of June, as we consider that to be the time during which the fish spawn, but we were unable to get Mr. Wither to change the time, which at present is from 15th April to 15th May. Some of the Chatham fishermen, last session, also tried to get the law changed, but were likewise unsuccessful. This is to be regretted, as during the latter part of May and beginning of June bass are quite unfit for food. The fish in the river this year are very plentiful, and already great quantities have been caught—below Cashmere—one family alone netted \$300. Last year the water was so low that we lost a well-known trout stream in the neighborhood, and replenished it with trout at considerable expense, with very gratifying results, and this year other two streams are being leased for a similar purpose. If the shooters would show as much energy, and get the farmers as a body to assist them in protecting game, in a few years we would have the best fishing and shooting grounds to be met with in Canada.

For the destruction of vermin, hawks, owls, skuks, foxes, etc., it was decided to offer \$50 to the person who killed three hundred and over; second prize, \$25, for two hundred and fifty; third prize, \$15, for two hundred. The persons competing for the above prizes must give satisfactory proof to E. Raymond & Son, furriers, of having killed the birds or vermin. Mr. McCann has brought the question of prohibiting the destruction of robins under the same law, although if anglers were allowed indiscriminately to take out trout of all weights and sizes the streams in Western Ontario would soon be depleted.

The election of officers was proceeded with, resulting as follows: President, Dr. Niven; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Woodruff and W. C. I. Gill; Secretary, D. Skirving; Executive Committee—H. Sullivan, Harry Brant, C. S. Elliott, W. T. Strong, J. P. Pudicombe, A. McCrae and L. McDonald.

GAME IN INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 9, 1881.

SNIPES, with us, have come and gone again. We had a very little left feather for the shooting this spring, the atmosphere jumping from cold, up to and through the middle of April, to an uncomfortable warmth from the first week of May to the present time. Snipe and plover were rather plentiful for a short time, though. A company of four hunters are reported to have killed 116 plover in a single day on the flats west of the city, across White River. Your correspondent has also been hunting, thirty snipe and eight plover in a morning's hunt east of town. In company with a couple of friends, I am going down to Martineville, Ind., about the 19th or 20th of this month, and spend a couple of days among the squirrels, which are reported as quite plentiful this spring. Should we have any luck it will be a pleasure to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM an account of the ups and downs of a squirrel hunt in Hoosier-land.

During the recent session of our State Legislature a bill was introduced into the House prohibiting quail-shooting for two years. It passed the House, but was not brought up in the Senate. We are, therefore, to be governed by the old law, which allows quail-shooting during the months of November and December of each year. There are no partridges in this section, at least not enough to pay for hunting them, although they are found in considerable numbers in the northern part of the State, as are also prairie chickens.

The woodcock season opens here the first of July. The law on this point is very good, but by that time the weather is generally so intensely hot as to melt the ardor of the most enthusiastic sportsman, and but few care to indulge. For myself, when I have a spare day in midsummer, I prefer to seek the shady banks of the White River, and there, with my pipe and rod, and a hookworm.

WISCONSIN NOTES.

MENOMONIE, Wis., May 23.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dreariness of last winter, a considerable sport was enjoyed by hunters and farmers in this vicinity; a large number of deer were killed during the season, with an occasional bear to make it interesting. All winter a destructive war was waged on the wild animal hereabout. From November to March, our country paid \$471 bounty on scalps. There were killed thirty wolves, one hundred and twelve foxes and thirty-seven wild cats. Most of them were killed with poison.

A curious circumstance connected with the above-mentioned business happened. One Horland was putting out poisoned baits when he discovered three wolves in the bushes; the first he shot and treated and a few rods, when one of the wolves advanced, ate, died, and in fifteen minutes was being dragged home by Horland.

The prospect of a plentiful supply of prairie chicken this season is flattering; but few were killed last season owing, in part, to their advanced age and consequent wildness at the opening of the season. Reports from farmers are to the effect that chickens are numerous, and appear to be attending strictly to business; nests with a score of eggs in each have been found.

Our Legislature last winter made few changes in the game laws. It is now unlawful to kill woodcock between the first day of January and the tenth day of July; quail, partridge, prairie chicken or grouse of any kind, or any wood-duck, mallard or teal duck between the first day of January and the first day of August; and between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of September, any waterfowl, mink, muskrat or fisher between the first day of May and the first day of November.

SOME HINTS ABOUT GUNS.

FROM Mr. W. W. Green's very comprehensive book, "The Gun and Its Development," of which we have received advance sheets through the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Squires...

CONVERTING MUZZLE-LOADERS INTO BREECH-LOADERS.

Some guns will admit of this conversion; others will not. The barrels best adapted for this conversion should be very strong at the breech, so as to allow for boring the chambers to admit the cartridge-case, and yet be strong enough to resist the large powder charge that they are subjected to in England.

CONVERTING PIN TO CENTRAL FIRE.

This must be done by a thoroughly practical gunmaker, for if the holes receiving the sector legs are bored out of position, the breech ends are materially weakened and the guns made exceedingly dangerous.

CLEANING GUNS.

Unless a gun can be properly cleaned after a day's shooting, it had better be left until the proper time can be given to it. The best plan is to wipe out with petroleum or turpentine, and then wipe dry, afterward oiling the barrels. Before putting away at the end of the season, or after shooting near a lake, the barrels should be well-cleaned inside and out with boiling water, wiped dry and oiled.

THE COST OF GOOD GUNS.

A first-class gun, says Mr. Greener, is expensive because the best material and the best workmanship are employed. In every stage of the manufacture, from the first selection of the iron and steel, through all the successive processes of welding, boring, grinding, filing the barrels, and the preparation and fitting of the different parts, there may be a vast difference in the quality of the work.

CHOKE-BORES.

The term "choke-bores" means simply "barrels whereof the diameter of the bore at the muzzle is less than the bore at some point behind the muzzle, other than the chamber," while any barrel constricted at the muzzle to the extent of 5,000ths of an inch, may be termed a modified choke.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

WE continue the publication of this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

- 1. What is the character of the country referred to?
2. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. But in hounding deer, by the greater method, are the deer prepared to go south, and between now and July, if there will, I have not the least doubt, be more deer killed than in all the remainder of the season besides.

FLOATING IN THE ADIRONACKS.

The slaughter of deer in the Adirondack region has already begun. This week a party of six or seven hunters, with guns, jacks, etc., have gone up to the St. Regis and vicinity for a two weeks' hunt for deer by floating. And others are preparing to go soon. And between now and July, if there will, I have not the least doubt, be more deer killed than in all the remainder of the season besides.

miles, he could not reach here without going around a distance about as far as it would be from that city.

I never could understand why these three northern counties, Clinton, Franklin and St. Lawrence, which contain a large portion of the Adirondack region and many of the best hunting and fishing localities within the State, were without a game protector, while in the centre of the State they have appointed them in counties where there is but little game and little market for its sale. It looks to me as if the places or counties to appoint them would be where game is plenty and where it is sold.

THE BEAVER RIVER COUNTRY.

- 1. Updating forest lands interspersed with streams, lakes, meadows and burned timber on the lands level, 9 miles below and level on East Branch and many of the ponds south and east-ward from here, and also as far east as Clinton county. This is what is killing off the deer, not hounding, as some hotel keepers and pot-hunters would like to make out. If a correct count of all the deer killed during the year by hounding and floating could be had, I would stake all I have got that two are killed by floating to one by hounding, in these three northern counties at least. ANTHONY OSKOLK. Near the Adirondacks, May 23.

Still-hunting is the most scientific method of hunting deer. It is generally pursued during the first light fall of snow, which enables the hunter to track the deer and to move quietly through the woods; is attended with great privations and fatigue, many disappointments and constant vigilance. All combined will not guarantee a deer to the hunter between break of day and evening twilight.

6th. Residents of the Adirondacks would assist in enforcing laws that seemed to them more for protection of deer, than so much for the benefit or pleasure of outsiders, who only go to the woods for pleasure. And I think they would approve of a law allowing only a few weeks of hounding, commencing Sept. 1.

7th. First, I do not think so. Second, I do not think it would. 8th. The fawns are dropped in May, and generally are able to care for themselves after July 15th. Open season would therefore naturally begin then and last till about January, or deep into the spring.

I agree with one of your correspondents that "the present law, with a little alteration in the time for hounding to commence and duration thereof, would be good enough, even allowing floating, if it could be enforced."

I agree with one of your correspondents that "the present law, with a little alteration in the time for hounding to commence and duration thereof, would be good enough, even allowing floating, if it could be enforced." His testimony in regard to numbers of deer killed graphically states the customs of hunting in the Adirondacks—19 killed out of season, 4 killed since he left. Take the 19 killed during 46 days, 17 of them were killed in 15 days, at a time when deer should not be hunted even. They are easily fooled in June. The last of July they get more wary and are approached with greater difficulty. He gives July credit for only two deer killed, 17 in 15 days of June, 2 in 31 days in July. I should not wonder if the reason for only two being "recorded" as killed during that month was owing to a little more "muscle" day times than the deer liked. Floating in August would do no harm where bounds are used. He starts August off with 4 killed before bounds. There were but 15 days in August during which bounds could be legally used for driving deer. That was doing well for August. September should have been better, and October twice or three times better than Sept., in a region where 17 can be killed in 15 days floating, for the fact does not like to run far, and we take to water quickly. Well, I suppose the deer were pursued in hot weather every day by the different parties and betook themselves to parts unknown to starters of dogs. They found "the 16-mile level" too hot. The starter of hounds generally knows where to go, but sometimes he will not go there. A starter might readily fool greenhorns by starting hounds in hot weather with a hearing of his party, and let them hear the "francise" for a while, and allow the dog to convince themselves of the true reason for not killing the deer so started. They think he did his part, but the deer would run away off to some other stream or lake. Just so I have known a conscientious starter to put out the hounds seven or eight miles away, then walk back to camp only to hear, "We waited till two o'clock and heard no dog, so gave up the watch. Just after we came in a big buck swam across the river," etc. Or if any number of the party get fired and went to sleep, the starter is happy to hear "the first thing I knew a deer jumped in, the water not being deep enough for him to swim in. I could not get my gun up before he disappeared on the other side." A party of that kind will get very few shots, and every night their dogs come home with tails down, and a starter knows there is no use in over exerting himself.

PROGRAMME OF THE STATE SHOOT.

At 12 o'clock, noon, the Reception Committee, Judge Henry S. Lott, Chairman, will attend at the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, Reading Room, at the Hotel Brighton (Brooklyn), in Coney Island, to meet delegates and friends to exchange courtesies, to assist in the location of visitors in satisfactory lodgings, and generally to make such final arrangements as may be advisable. A special shower, with appropriate accompaniments, will be provided. Delegates and others from abroad are especially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity.

After all preliminaries shall have been consummated, an opportunity will be afforded to view the ground selected for the tournament, and also by special train to visit the city of Brooklyn with the committee, and inspect the prizes, which will be grouped in attractive form in the exhibition windows of the Brooklyn Furniture Store, 501 Fulton street.

read B. A. M.'s letter on the "Founding vs. Still-Hunting" discussion in your number of May 19th with much pleasure as I can from quite a number of years' experience verify his conclusions. But on one point, that he does not touch, I think special mention must be made, and that is the proportion of deer wounded and not secured by the hunters by jack or still hunting is far greater than by any other way of hunting. My guide, "Honest John" Plumley of Murray's Rock (whose statement is that of all guides who honestly tell what they know of the matter), is that on the average not over one out of five shot at is ever got by the night hunter. He says that he has paddled a sportsman up to us many as twelve miles in one day, and that the deer was secured, though most of the rest had probably been wounded by a few bucks shot and had died in the woods. He says that on some carry or lonely hut he has often come upon the carcass of a deer that had thus been wounded by some midnight fusillade, and had died where skin and venison could benefit no one.

For five years past I have made one of a party to come in on an October hunt with hounds, and during that five years not one deer that was shot at and wounded got away from us. We have always had excellent success (an average of one deer each for a week's hunting, but find we must go farther back every year, as the pot or still hunters, who spend the summer hunting for the hotels, are fast clearing all the easily accessible places. I have considerable hopes that the State Game Constables will stop at least part of this early killing this season, as they appear to be more active than usual this spring, and I hope that the fear of the \$75 fine may save the life of not only many a doe and her fawn that are sure to die if she is killed, but of many a noble buck that would cheer the heart of the real hunter, as on some crisp October day he stands on some river runway listening to the hounds on the mountain side ready for the quick shot with his Winchester rifle as the lordliest of all our game gives a few bounds in sight.

I think that if my brother sportsman would follow my plan, viz., a two-weeks' or more fishing trip in the last two weeks of May before black flies bother much, and fishing is the best; then take the same time in October for hunting, and not try and combine the two in July or August they would not only enjoy themselves much better, but find their general health improve, and would join the guides and myself in condemning the useless slaughter that always accompanies floating or still-hunting.

As they know and all say, that unless this summer hunting is stopped their "occupation will soon be gone." Winter killing is now practically stopped, and we must attack the next objectionable feature, and I think you for the opportunity given to this thoroughly placed matter before the public. M. S. NORRIS.

In Camp, Racquette Lake, May 24.

THE YELLOWSTONE BUFFALO SLAUGHTER.

IT is estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 half-bred hides will be shipped out of the Yellowstone country this season. Two firms alone are negotiating for the transportation of 25,000 hides each. When to this is added the immense amount of skins and furs of other kinds—deer, elk, antelope, bear, beaver, etc.—some idea may be formed of the extent of the Yellowstone peltry and fur trade.

Most of our citizens saw the big load of hides that the C. K. Peck brought down last season, a load that hid everything about the boat below the hurricane deck roof. There were 10,000 hides in that load, and they were all brought out of the Yellowstone on one trip, and transferred to the C. K. Peck. How such a load could have been piled on the little Terry, not even the men on the boat appear to know. It hid every part of the boat, barring only the pilot house and the smokestacks. But such a load will not be attempted again, for such boats as the Terry will not be there at least fifteen full loads of buffalo hides and other pelts. Requiring 1,000 hides to three carloads, and adding to this fifty cars for the other pelts, it will take at least 550 box cars to carry this stupendous bulk of peltry east to market. These figures are not guesses, but estimates made by men whose business it is to know about the amount of hides and furs awaiting shipment.

Nothing like this has ever been known in the history of the fur trade. Last season the output of buffalo hides was above the average, and last year only about 30,000 hides came out of the Yellowstone country, or less than a third of what is there now awaiting shipment.

The past severe winter caused the buffalo to bunch themselves in a few valleys where there was pasture, and there the slaughter went on all winter. There was no sport about it, simply shooting down the fawn-tanned animals as cattle might be shot down in a barn-yard.

To the credit of the Indians it can be said that they killed no more than they could save the meat from. The greater part of the slaughter was done by white hunters, or butchers, rather, who followed the business of killing and skinning buffalo by the million, leaving the carcasses to rot. When the buffalo are all killed off, as they bid fair to be in a very few years at the present rate, then everybody will wonder that the government did not do something to preserve this, the noblest of animal game, or at least prevent the killing of the buffalo for the hides alone.—Sloat City Journal.

PROGRAMME OF THE STATE SHOOT.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1881.

At 12 o'clock, noon, the Reception Committee, Judge Henry S. Lott, Chairman, will attend at the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, Reading Room, at the Hotel Brighton (Brooklyn), in Coney Island, to meet delegates and friends to exchange courtesies, to assist in the location of visitors in satisfactory lodgings, and generally to make such final arrangements as may be advisable. A special shower, with appropriate accompaniments, will be provided. Delegates and others from abroad are especially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity.

After all preliminaries shall have been consummated, an opportunity will be afforded to view the ground selected for the tournament, and also by special train to visit the city of Brooklyn with the committee, and inspect the prizes, which will be grouped in attractive form in the exhibition windows of the Brooklyn Furniture Store, 501 Fulton street.

Return trains will leave the city for Coney Island to accommodate those wishing to participate in the meeting of the Convention. At 8 o'clock in the evening the Convention will meet in the east

dining hall of Breslin's Hotel, Brighton, when the credentials of delegates will be received and the Convention organized. Delegates are respectfully requested to wear their club badges during the Convention.

All the contests for prizes during the Convention are open to members of the Association only, and will be conducted under the rules of the Association.

Special Notice to Clubs.—Express tents and bulky baggage to Long Island Sportsmen's Association, care Wm. Engeman, Coney Island, N. Y.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

Contest No. 1.—At 8 o'clock A. M., on completion of previous shoots; ten single birds; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Brooklyn Furniture Company, one parlor suit of eleven pieces; value, \$1,000; second prize: J. B. Scott, one second class of ties.—First prize: Daly gun, Scholverling, Daly & Gates, 81 Chambers street, New York, \$225; second prize: \$50 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: suit of clothes, S. L. Pettit & Co., \$100; second prize: \$20 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: regulator clock, Benedict Bros., \$50; second prize: \$15 gold.

Contest No. 2.—Amateur Match. Open to those never having won a prize at their own previous convention of the Association; a contest for which entrance has been charged; class shoot seven single birds; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Parker gun, Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., \$250; second prize: Double barrel, Henry Bredon, Brooklyn, Conn., agency, \$75. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: One case of Nonparal shirts, F. C. Chamberlain, New York, \$200; second prize: Old Judge tobacco or cigars, Goodwin & Co., \$50. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: Two pairs of Bohemian Swiss tie curtains, W. H. Mumford, Brooklyn, \$100; 2d prize: Twenty-four gentlemen's dress shirts, Wechsler & Abraham, \$75. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: \$10 gold; second prize: \$5 gold.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

Contest No. 3.—At 8 o'clock A. M., on completion of previous shoots; single trap shoot; Pierce Diamond badge, Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: The badge, to be held by the winner each year in trust, and to be accounted for to the State Association, who will draw the name of the winner. Second prize: Entrance fee, \$10. Class B, or 2d class of ties.—Prize: \$100 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—Prize: \$50 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—Prize: One case Curtis & Harvey's powder, E. H. Madison, Brooklyn.

Contest No. 4 (on conclusion previous shoot).—Ten double rices; class shoot; entrance fee, \$5. First prize: Bronze piece, "An American Hunter on Horseback shooting a Bison," the Le Roy Smith and Lead Manufacturing Company, New York, \$30; second prize: Schilling gun, Wm. Read & Sons, Boston Mass; case donated by Schuyler & Dunne, New York, \$125; third prize: Elahostre baby carriage, also two children's "Tally-Ho!" sulkeys, C. W. F. Darr, New York, \$100; fourth prize: Suit of clothes, J. Barnum & Son, New York, \$50; fifth prize: \$25 gold.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

Contest No. 5.—At 8 o'clock A. M., on completion of previous shoots; class shoot; seven single birds; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: gold watch, Tatham & Brown, N. Y., \$250; second prize: \$100 gold. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: Three barrel Baker gun, L. O. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., \$250; second prize: Pair Indian plumes, Welch & O'Neil, New York, \$50. Class D, or third class of ties.—First prize: Colt gun, Hodgkins & Smith, New York, \$100; second prize: \$50 gold. Class E, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: \$10 gold; second prize: \$5 gold.

Contest No. 6.—At 12 noon, on completion of previous shoots; no class shooting; entrance fee, \$5. Sportsmen's Association Cup, donated by James W. Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y., \$500; second prize: Garden City Club trophy, Garden City Gun Club, Hempstead, L. I., \$150; third prize: \$20 gold; fourth prize: \$10 gold. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Three barrel Baker gun, Curtis & Harvey's powder, W. Stitt, New York, agent.

FLY-CASTING.

For programme of the fly-casting, Thursday, June 23, see last issue of this paper.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY, JUNE 24.

Contest No. 7.—At 8 A. M., on completion of previous shoots; class shoot; ten single birds; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Hammerless breech-loading shot gun, W. W. Greener, Birmingham, England, through Henry C. Squires, American agent, New York, \$325; second prize: "Gauge Birds of America," Charles Scribner's Sons, \$50. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: Case of cigars and cigarettes, Stratton & Storn, New York, \$100; second prize, violin bow and box, Dr. J. C. Connor, Brooklyn, \$50; third prize: \$20 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; second prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; third prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; fourth prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; fifth prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; sixth prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; seventh prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; eighth prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; ninth prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100; tenth prize: Remington gun, New York, \$100.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 9 A. M.

Contest No. 8.—Not class shooting. First prize: Dean Richmond trophy. Second prize: The Star Strapp Cup, Theodore B. Starr, New York, \$150; third prize: \$50 gold.

Contest No. 9.—At the conclusion of the Dean Richmond Trophy contest, Saturday, June 25, 1881, five single rices, open to writers employed on the newspaper press and representatives of prominent publishers, were shot for the purpose of raising a fund for "Around the World with General Grant," donated by the author, John Russell Young, \$25; second prize: Miscellaneous page, John E. Long, Brooklyn, E. D., \$25; third prize: Morocco writing desk, Sears & Co., New York, \$20; fourth prize: One hundred cigars, F. W. Merrens & Son, New York, \$10.

Real Average.

For best average in contests 1, 3, 4 and 7, the FOREST AND STREAM are presenting the gold medal, Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York, \$100.

Best Conscience Score.

For best conscience score of birds killed without mist during the first week of the Convention, the following clubs are the winners of the following clubs, viz: "Morroe County," "Danville Sportsmen's Club," "Andover Club, Rochester," "Rochester Gun Club," and clubs of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association. Oil painting, \$100; second prize: \$50 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class E, or fifth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class F, or sixth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class G, or seventh class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class H, or eighth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class I, or ninth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class J, or tenth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Thursday, June 22, at 12 noon. Contest No. 1.—Individual; ten shots; distance, 100 yards; off-hand; entrance, \$15. First prize: One Remington, No. 7, \$100; second prize: \$50 gold. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class E, or fifth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class F, or sixth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class G, or seventh class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class H, or eighth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class I, or ninth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class J, or tenth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

Friday, June 24, at 12 noon.—Ten shots at the wall; distance, 15 yards; 47½ measure; entrance, \$2. First prize: One fancy revolver, Smith's, \$50; second prize: \$25 gold. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class E, or fifth class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class F, or sixth class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class G, or seventh class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class H, or eighth class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class I, or ninth class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold. Class J, or tenth class of ties.—First prize: \$25 gold.

White Mills, Pa., \$3, fifth prize: One loading board of same character and value as the last above prize, \$3; sixth prize: \$2, gold.

The illustrated programme of the week will be ready for delivery before the convention, and will contain an authenticated history of the New York and Long Island sportsmen's associations, and Game, with verified scores, prepared by Abel Crook, Esq., President of the association. Also a history of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, prepared by E. N. Cook, Esq., the Corresponding Secretary of the association, and a list of the members of the Coney Island, prepared by R. S. Conant, Esq., of Harper Bros., from statistics furnished by Judge A. G. Crocney, of New Utrecht, and other appropriate matter.

On conclusion of the preceding contests, the State Tournament will stand adjourned, and the following contests will take place, in which any member in good standing of any organized Club within the United States of America may participate.

Contest No. 10.—At 9 o'clock A. M., on conclusion of previous shoots; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: W. C. Scott gun, \$150; second prize: Suit of clothes; Treadwell, Jarman & Sible, New York, \$50. Class B, or 2d class of ties.—First prize: Sterling silver dinner set, 36 pieces, F. & H. Leuermann, New York, \$350; second prize: Leather trunk, Thomas & Sons, New York, \$35. Class C, or 3d class of ties.—First prize: Case of tea, Robert Wells, \$50; second prize: Three hundred cigars, F. W. Merrens & Sons, New York, \$30. Class D, or 4th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class E, or 5th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class F, or 6th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class G, or 7th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class H, or 8th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class I, or 9th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class J, or 10th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold.

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1881.

Contest No. 11.—On conclusion of previous shoot; five double rices; class shoot; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or 1st class of ties.—First prize: Bronze piece, representing an English woodcock rising from the marsh, McCoy and LeBrie, New York, \$100; second prize: One case specialties, donated by Pond's Extract Co., New York, \$100; third prize: \$50 gold. Class B, or 2d class of ties.—First prize: Henry Richards gun, manufactured by W. & G. Scott & Sons, John P. Moore's Sons, New York, \$50; second prize: English corduroy hunting suit, Edwin S. Harris, New York, \$35. Class C, or 3d class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class D, or 4th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class E, or 5th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class F, or 6th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class G, or 7th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class H, or 8th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class I, or 9th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class J, or 10th class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28.

Contest No. 12.—At 10 A. M. on conclusion of previous shoots. Fifteen single birds and ten double rices. Entrance \$25. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class E, or fifth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class F, or sixth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class G, or seventh class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class H, or eighth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class I, or ninth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold. Class J, or tenth class of ties.—First prize: \$100 gold.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

Contest No. 13.—At 10 o'clock A. M.; class shoot; five traps; Dutchman traps; entrance fee, \$5. Class A, or 1st class of ties.—First prize: One Charles Mortimer gun, John W. Hatfield, New York, \$75; second prize: Sole leather gun trunk and traveling trunk combined, Cronch and Fitzgerald, New York, \$25; third prize: Split barrel, imported by Robert G. & J. Moore's, New York, \$20; fourth prize: One split bamboo bass rod, B. F. Nichols & Co., Boston, Mass., \$20.

Special Contest.—Flying clay pigeons and trap. On Friday, June 24, if time will permit. If contest cannot be held on that day, it will take place on completion of the later-mentioned contests. Conditions.—Each contestant to shoot at ten (10) single clay pigeons and five (5) double rices. Rules of New York State Association to govern, so far as applicable. Entrance, three dollars (\$3). The pigeons and traps to be furnished by the manufacturer, 100 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio. Class shooting.—First prize: \$10, gold; second prize: One Ligowski trap and 1,000 clay pigeons. Both above prizes are donated by the manufacturers.

EXTERMINATION OF WOODCHUCKS.—In one of my March numbers I noticed an article from "G. F. W.," stating that he had used the pond turtle successfully in the extermination of woodchuck. His mode of operation was as follows: To secure the turtle by tying a string to one of his legs and dropping a few drops of turpentine under his tail; he would then scramble into the hole and the woodchuck would be commencing out. I would like to state that I have carefully tried this plan, and find it to be a most successful one. In various species of turtles, and I find the receipt will not work, for two reasons. In the first place the turpentine has not the desired effect, and secondly, the turtle will not enter the woodchuck hole, and cannot be forced to do so. I have grave doubts that "G. F. W." was ever successful, and would like to hear further from him.—W. B. L.

A TIP FOR TWO TO WOODCOCK SHOOTERS.—Avoid if possible the country "gin mill," with its gang of loafers, bad liquor and swarms of flies. When there is yet time locate in some clean and wholesome farmhouse, where good food, quiet, and a good night's rest will make up for supposed business. Dress in a flannel shirt with a rolling collar, it being some kind of protection against the mosquitoes, and wear a light linen shooting coat without sleeves. For pantaloons stout flannel is the best. Light but strong laced ankle shoes, with low, flat heel, and broad soles for the feet, and for the head a straw hat with crown high enough to stow away several leaves of cabbage, or a small flat sponge, which keep wet. And remember that for keeping birds free from taint, there is nothing equal to a wicker fly reel, which is light and easily kept out of the way on the back by a couple of straps.

In Oregon, the other day, a farmer scattered poison about the holes of the ground squirrels, which are a great pest there. The next morning he found a number of dead squirrels. The second morning he found a dead crow that had eaten one of the poisoned squirrels. The next morning he found a dead skunk that had eaten the crow that had eaten the squirrel that had eaten the poison.

OREGON.—A well-informed correspondent of the Portland (Oregon) Rural Press, informs that a good game law is imperatively demanded for that State. "The slaughter of deer and birds is carried on unbridled through the months of May, June and July, and in a few years the people will complain of the scarcity of game where once the woods and prairies were teeming with them." On one day a boy was hunting, and boasted of shooting a hen grouse as he was sitting on a nest of eggs."

FOXES RELIEVING EACH OTHER.—I could verify the statement made in a recent issue of your paper, stating that the red foxes when pursued by hounds will relieve each other, as I have often known them to do so. And hereabouts, where the hunting is for sport entirely, and the fox rarely killed, I

think the foxes enjoy the sport quite as much as the others engaged in it.—T. S. (West Chester, Pa.)

SHOOTING PUMPKINS.—Mr. C. O. Smith, of Tuscarora: "My father taught me to shoot on the run, long years ago when we were living in Chenang county, and when I was but a little boy. We would go out on a side hill, and my father would roll a pumpkin down it. While it was under way I fired, and practised so constantly and patiently that I got so I could hit the vegetable every time. I did this so I could learn to shoot a deer on the run, and it gave me excellent practice and skill."

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, May 11.—Squirrels have been unusually plentiful this spring, and large numbers have been shot. A couple of men came in this afternoon with twenty-six. In about three weeks black mulberries will be ripe, and at that time young squirrels will be fully grown, and can be easily found in the early morning and late afternoons feeding in the mulberry trees. A good many fine robbers have been shot in the bottoms near here this spring.—WILL.

POISONING QUAIL.—A California paper says that quail are very abundant in Santa Barbara county. In some places the farmers are compelled to poison them in order to protect their growing crops. Five acres of Lima beans were wholly destroyed by these birds on one farm.

TEXAS.—Dallas, May 20.—Prairie-chickens, pheasants, grouse and other small birds promise to be plentiful. Many hundreds of deer have been killed this season only for their hides. Such work should be stopped.—RENO.

LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting will be held at the Royal Arcanum rooms, Friday evening, June 3, at 8 o'clock, sharp.

It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health where Pop Bitters are used.

Camp Fire Glimpsings.

By the way, that reminds me—

CAN anything equal the solemn grandeur of a forest at night? Can anything approach the feeling of respect and awe that steals over the weary sportsman as he wrings his neck about at the foot of their airy and to sleep in the wilderness, while the pine trees murmur a lullaby?

Well do I remember the first time I slept alone in the trackless forest. The solemn stillness of the scene and the sense of utter isolation from the rest of mankind impressed me deeply, and I was sad. When I awoke, also, I had a feeling of vague unrest. This I can explain. It was due partly to the general feeling of stiffness which pervaded my frame, and partly to the demonstrations of a company of ants that had crawled down the back of my neck and started a canker. But now I am never sad in the forest. I have become accustomed to the feeling of loneliness, and the appropriation of my person by various forms of animal life has no novelty for me. A man can acustom himself to almost anything.

I had a friend who, when he awoke one morning and found his rattlesnake curled about his neck, was so frightened that he crawled down the back of my neck and started a canker. But now I am never sad in the forest. I have become accustomed to the feeling of loneliness, and the appropriation of my person by various forms of animal life has no novelty for me. A man can acustom himself to almost anything. I had a friend who, when he awoke one morning and found his rattlesnake curled about his neck, was so frightened that he crawled down the back of my neck and started a canker. But now I am never sad in the forest. I have become accustomed to the feeling of loneliness, and the appropriation of my person by various forms of animal life has no novelty for me. A man can acustom himself to almost anything.

"Silent night, peaceful night" SM.

The tales of great slaughter on turkeys, recently narrated in FOREST AND STREAM by "Splasher" and "J. H. J.," bring back to my memory the circumstances of a noteworthy single shot I made long ago. It is about fifteen years since I and another boy, W. W., both flowing over with love for shooting, took a periodical tramp to Iroquois Bay to hunt ducks. I say "hunt," for we seldom shot more than one a day, but enjoyed rowing up on the floes and blazing at them with our light single barrels. On the ever-memorable day of my great shot we had pulled our punt for miles without shooting anything and were about to start for home, when on rounding a point, we came on a youth of about our own age, who was also armed with a single barrel and six ducks and went off with an old musket of enormous calibre, the barrel about four feet long and heavy in proportion. His luck had been too better than ours, notwithstanding his superior equipment, for although there was a good many ducks in the bay they would not come into his decoys and his great gun had not spoken with any effect during the day. This we learned after he had returned to his father's place, and I was in luck with a profusion of wildfowl that would not look well in print. We soon struck a bargain that promised ill to the ducks. The stranger and I were to get in the blind while my friend W. (who has since, poor boy, served the great mystery) was to take one of the boats and drive a flock of red heads that were a short distance out in the bay. The owner of the big gun said the bird was a Canada goose, No. 1. We were also to get a pair of red heads and a pair of Canada geese contained three drabs of powder and an ounce of No. 6. My friend W. did his part of the work well and in half an hour seven or eight fine red heads were within thirty yards of the blind and huddled together. At the word there was one report and all but one of the ducks lay flopping on the water, while one flew away, evidently hit hard. The boy with the big gun jumped up and shouted, "I shot them all!" As we were to divide, I did not dispute him, but while

we were trying to push off his boat to pick up the birds they one by one recovered strength enough to fly away and left...

were four fine high-mouth bass which weighed about three or four pounds. My rod stood the test like a charm, and bent...

River it is much less abundant than the Quinnet salmon, and its flesh is less firm and paler. It reaches a weight of 5 to 8 pounds...

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

- BROOK TROUT, Salvelinus fontinalis. Rainbow Trout, Salmo trutta. Yellow Perch, Perca flavescens. Striped Bass, Morone saxatilis. White Bass, Alosa chrysochloris. Rock Bass, Ambloplites. (Two species.)

THE SALMONIDÆ OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

FROM advance sheets of "Proceedings of United States National Museum" we take the following list of the salmon family of our western coast.

We have given some account of the revision of this interesting family by Prof. Jordan and Mr. Gilbert before, but it was merely a list of species and their synonyms...

FAMILY SALMONIDÆ.

- 52. Salvelinus macrurus, J. & G. Dolly Varden Trout; Bull Trout; Salmon Trout. (Salmo spectabilis, Grd.; Salmo campbelli, Suckley; Salmo lordi, Gunther; Salmo tudes, Cope; Salmo callarius, Pallas; Salmo bairstii, Suckley.)

FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.—We are prepared to direct anglers to fishing resorts easily accessible from this city.

Thouga cheviot's top be frosty still, He's green below the knee, See thou your plaid an' tak' your gad An' gang awa' wi' me.

HINTS FROM AN OLD ANGLER.

KEEP your flies from moths in tight vessels (wide-mouth glass bottles, small preserve jars, etc.) except when on your vacation angling.

Before going into the woods provide yourselves with cotton gaiters with elastic wristbands, to which add light silesia or light twilled cotton gaiters, with elastic bands. Let the gaiters reach above and outside of the coat sleeve, to half-way to elbow.

Take a supply of guide rings and strips of metal, with plenty of thread. You may break your fly rod and have to extemporize one from a young cedar or wild cherry.

The use of cotton gloves has a further use than above-mentioned. You can hold a fish without it slipping through your fingers, and they will prevent your hands getting sunburnt.

FISH IN MINNESOTA.

NOW that the season has opened, let me claim a corner and relate to the interested readers of the Forest and Stream a tale also harrowing of death among the finny beauties that it will make you all feel like coming and joining in the battle.

Yesterday morning myself and partner started out to try our hand on the bass and walleyes, and six o'clock saw us with our minnows, rods and all, headed across the lake for the fishing grounds.

From Mount Shasta to San Luis Rey River, in streams of the Coast Range and west of the Sierra Nevada. Less common north and California, and seldom seen in salt water.

- 54. Salmo gairdneri, Richardson.—Steel-head; Hard-head; Black Salmon. (Salmo trutta, Suckley.)

Found in the mouths of the large rivers from the Columbia northward, and occasionally in the Sacramento. It appears with the salmon and is usually thought to be migratory, but is probably not so, or migratory to a small degree.

- 55. Salmo purpuratus, Pallas.—Oregon Brook Trout; Salmon Trout; Lako Trout. (Salmo clarki, Rich.)

Very abundant in all waters north of Mount Shasta and through the Great Basin and Rocky Mountain region; occasional southward to Santa Cruz. Found in abundance in salt water in Puget Sound and about the mouth of the Columbia.

- 56. Oncorhynchus kisutch (Walb.), J. & G.—Coho Salmon of Frazer's River; Silver Salmon; Kisutch; Bielaya Ryba. Skewitz.

Sacramento River to Puget Sound and northward; very abundant in summer and fall. It is rarely taken in the Columbia in the spring, but great numbers run up the river in the fall.

- 57. Oncorhynchus chouicha (Walb.), J. & G.—Quinnet Salmon; King Salmon; Chouicha; Chinook Salmon; Spring Salmon; Columbia River Salmon; Sacramento Salmon; Winter Salmon; White Salmon. Sawkwey.

From Ventura River northward to Behring's Straits, ascending Sacramento, Rogue's, Humboldt, Columbia, and Kamschatka, Japan and Northern China; in fall ascending these and probably all other rivers in greater or less abundance; the young taken in Monterey Bay, Puget Sound, etc., in summer, is considerable numbers.

- 58. Oncorhynchus nerka (Walbaum) Gill, & Jordan.—Blue-back; Sukkeye; Redfish; Kascal; Frazer's River Salmon; Krasnaya Ryba.

San Francisco to Behring's Straits; very abundant in the fall when it runs in all streams, but not to a great distance. Not seen by us anywhere in the spring. It reaches a weight of 12 to 20 pounds.

The following table gives some of the specific characters of the species of Oncorhynchus. The figures given are the averages of variation, so far as known:

Table with columns: Name, Number of gill-rays, Number of anal rays, Number of pectoral scales, Number of scales in longitudinal series, Number of branchiostegals, Average weight in pounds, Markings.

61. Hypomesus pretiosus (Girard), Gill.—Surf Smelt. From Monterey to Alaska; very abundant north of San Francisco, and often seen in the San Francisco markets.

62. Thaleichthys pacificus (Richardson), Grd.—Eulachon; Hoolikin; Candefish; Greasefish; Smelt. From Oregon northward, ascending the rivers in spring in enormous numbers, but not for a great distance.

63. Osmerus thaleichthys, Ayres.—Smelt. From Monterey northward; rather common, but not in such great numbers as the surf smelt and the eulachon.

64. Osmerus eburneus, Lockington.—Smelt. Everywhere found with the preceding, and scarcely less common.

THE COOKING OF THE CARP.

MRS. AMELIA LEWIS, editor of that useful paper, Food and Health, says: There are various ways of cooking the carp in an appetizing manner. We shall mention them here: 1. To plain broil it. 2. To stew it in gravy. 3. To bake it when stuffed.

(in, or some kind of a few slices of bacon. Place this in oven or cover over on top. When done, make a brown gravy with the fat in the pan, and pour over the fish, or eat dry, if you prefer.

Beetroot salad or potato salad can well be eaten with it. Also, mashed or fried potatoes, and various vegetables, green peas or beans.

The flesh of the carp represents among fishes the tastiness of the fowl among poultry, or the pig among the meat of the domesticated animal. It is savory, aromatic, and also nourishing to a degree, and carp will become a very valuable fish food.

TROUTING WITH AN AUTOMATIC REEL.—SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I wonder if many of your readers have already taken their rods and made as delightful trips as I enjoyed last week. It makes one mourn when he starts toward a trout stream in Central New York, to think that there are now so few of them left, where the beautiful fish are not so badgered and persecuted that little attraction is left for the sportsman. But I know of one little brook, fed by numerous springs, that I waded in the cool shades of an old wood, or tumbled over shallows and under fallen trees, making innumerable favorite haunts for the wary fish that, not many years ago, fairly swarmed in them. That is down in the southern portion of Cortland county. Of course, the little stream is much visited, but I have never failed of a respectable catch from its pure waters; and this year, from the marvelous backwardness of the spring, I found it had been less fished than usual at this season. So much the better for me, and I passed two days with friends beside its banks in the enjoyment that is known only to the angler and the lover of Nature's peaceful scenes.

By the way, I made at that time my first trial of the new automatic reel, invented and made in this city by Messrs. Loomis and Plumb. Have you tried it yet? I think I have seen it advertised in your columns. From my limited experience with the new device, I can say nothing but good of it. You understand, doubtless, that the entire work of reeling in the line is accomplished by a spring, and one who has not used the reel can hardly imagine the facility of holding his rod, freeing the reel of the brake, while an exciting contest goes on between the fish and the spring. The least slack line is impossible, and, indeed, all crank drudgery, if I may so term it, is done away with, while the embossed spring remains. I hope to hear from you an editorial expression on this topic.

Do you and your readers know that here in Central New York the work of protecting fish and game is more actively prosecuted, perhaps, than anywhere else in the country? So vigorously have the game estates prosecuted unlawful fishers, that a wholesome fear of heavy penalties exists, which must work for good. A few nets have been found on our little Onondaga Lake, where those peculiar whitefish breed that are so much coveted, while a general warfare has opened on Oneida Lake, and several arrests have been made. In this connection the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club has done excellent work.

Good-bye for three weeks, when I hope to write you from the best bass fishing grounds in the country.—WALTON.

TROUT AND BLACK BASS.—It is not entirely safe nowadays to recommend to sportsmen any near-by fishing as offering any great inducements in the way of trout fishing, so diligently has not only the rod, but the bass uses of pot-fishermen been applied to lessening the resources of streams and lakes. But it is safe to say that a day's travel will not take the angler to better sport than the best of the sport may be enjoyed than that still offered by the streams of Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware counties, N. Y., and Pike county, Pa. Milford, Stockwater and Hawley, in the latter county, are centres from which start brooks that still yield good returns to the fly. The Sawkill, Vandemark, Raymondville, Dryden and Adams brooks, near the former place; the Schoharie, Taylor's and the Schoharie, near the latter, and the Elk, Elkwater, and a number of streams, easily named in Hawley, are all good ones. First-class accommodations in the way of stopping places, guides, &c., are amply provided. Monticello, Calicoa, Fallsbury and Morston, in Sullivan county, and Ellenville, in Ulster county, are likewise well surrounded by trout streams.

Black bass fishing with spears on June 1. The Delaware River is now acknowledged to be the favorite bass-fishing water within easy reach of New York. Six-pounds were taken at Milford, Port Jervis, Pond Middy, Shohola, Lackawaxen and Narrowsburg last season. It is estimated that over 15,000 bass were captured with the hook and line between Milford and Narrowsburg during the summer of 1880—a distance of forty miles. Besides the river, there are over thirty lakes with good fishing, some of them being stocked places, stocked with bass, which are daily resorts of lovers of black bass fishing. Noramby, the farthest distant of the places named, is 122 miles from New York; Milford and Port Jervis are 88; Shohola, 107; Lackawaxen, 110, all reached by convenient trains on the Erie Railway only.

A GAME PROTECTOR SPEAKS.—ITHACA, N. Y.—The conspiracies which seem to be formed in nearly all sections of the State in violation and in defiance of the fish protecting law have, I trust, been at last—if not broken up—at least thwarted in their illegal aims in most localities.

The result of my investigations last fall and winter, in which I succeeded in bringing several of the schemes to light, I was in hopes would be of such practical aid in the fisheries of Cayuga Lake. Recent developments, however, show that the rascals are still at work, and also that fish piracy is not confined to the lower slums of the community with which the authorities have heretofore had so much trouble. Respectable, in other respects law-abiding, citizens are found to carry on the illicit business. At one head of a fishing stream, on the shore of the above-named two fykes, the property of Harvey Barker. A seine belonging to ex-Game Constable Van Droof was raised in the same locality. In response to an appeal of some parties at the foot of the same lake, I went there and after considerable vigilance discovered twenty-seven fykes and one gill-net scattered around in the various fisheries which I immediately took possession of and confiscated. The plans of these outlaw-hunters to be deep-bait and almost defy detection. So general do they appear, that the co-operation of officers and citizens alike is necessary to break them up. Their retreats are at last discovered, and their practices unearthed, and by proper vigilance on the part of the local officials, I trust that the mislaid trade may be extinguished, and the offenders punished as they deserve.

D. B. NORRIS, State Game Constable.

TROUTING IN ULSTER AND DELAWARE COUNTIES.—New York, May 23.—JULIUS returned with Mr. A. Whitney, of Brooklyn, from Ulster and Delaware counties, on our annual hunting expedition. We fished every day for two weeks, and had it not been for the Rev. James Beecher, a genial, kind-hearted gentleman whom Mr. Whitney was well acquainted with, we would have come home completely disgusted. Beecher's Lake was the only place where we could catch any number. Mr. Whitney and myself caught 234, and only stopped because we had enough. Mill Brook, I am afraid, will be a failure this year; water was very low last fall. The mink and a few net fishermen took all there was left in the large pools. And the winter, we must remember, was very hard, the water freezing to the bottom. Fish, I am told, were frozen in. The break-up of ice came, and a great number of trout were killed by being dashed against rocks and stones before they thawed out. They put in thirty thousand trout in streams at Shandaken and Big Indian last Saturday. The people in this locality are waking up to the fact that it is necessary to keep fish in streams or city folks will not come their way and leave the mighty dollar.

We fished Fartough Lake, a lovely spot, four miles from Grant Mills, and owned by Mr. Ward De Silva, whom we stopped with, and caught only a few, but were satisfied that it is a good place, and when trout take a notion, I know one can get all he wants. Go to Arkville on Ulster and Delaware R. R., and private conveyance 15 miles to Mr. De Silva.—H. C. WEST.

TROUT IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Spokane Falls, W. T., May 8.—Trout-fishing has begun. I am accustomed to one-quarter and one-half pound speckled beauties, the privilege of taking them varying from one to eight pounds seems immense. Cour d'Alene and Pen d'Oreille lakes and the Spokane River are full of fish, which take the fly at this season very readily. I landed one weighing six and one-quarter pounds to-day and several weighing from one and a half to three and a half pounds. I will write you shortly about the country and the manner and way of getting to it.—J. H. R.

SWALLOWS AND BATS TAKE THE FLY.—Rochester, N. Y.—In your last issue you tell how J. H. Harris, of this city, was fishing for trout on Annie's preserve, Caledonia Creek, and although the fish did not take the fly well, he had the novel experience of catching three swallows with his hook. The mistake the small artificial fly for their natural food. The late Sam. Drake, of this city, one evening had his fly taken by a bat, and to his astonished comrade explained that it was probably a cherubim.—ROCHESTER.

WRISTLE FOR FLY-CASTING.—Providence, R. I.—In an article on "Quacks and Anglers," you ridicule "Galvanic Wristle." I would say, however, that any one who will try it will find that a good silk classic wristle, 2 1/2 inches wide, such as can be ordered of any druggist, will prove an excellent support to the wrist, and I for one could not cast but a short time without mine, which I never fail to take when going for a trip. Let fellow-anglers try and report success.—"PHI."

THE CRAFT FOR TROLLING.—Oceanic, N. J., May 24.—The fishing season may be said to have opened. I have taken, this morning, six fine bass striped, the first of their season—average 2 lbs. I have fished on the waters of the North Shrewsbury for twenty-five years, and I have never had a boat that pleased me so much as my 32 ft. 60 lbs. Rushton canoe. I recommend this canoe to all fishermen, more especially trotters like myself.—G. H. W.

A BIG STOCKED BASS.—New Rochelle, N. Y.—On the 24th of May Mr. Walter J. Davis caught with a hook and line, using a squid for bait, a striped bass four feet two inches long and weighing fifty-eight pounds! It was taken in New Rochelle harbor, Long Island Sound, in about twelve feet of water near the village dock.—H. W. M.

ADIRONDACK TROUTING.—MORA, May 24.—Trout-fishing is still splendid. Many have been up to the ponds and streams and caught big strings of trout. One man caught thirty pounds alone at the outlet of Meacham Lake, last week. The boys continue to shoot the cranes nesting in the swamp below here. There are hundreds of them.—A. C.

GRAND LAKE STREAM SALMON.—A correspondent, G. A. B., writes, under date of May 14, that the salmon fishing (Hovort), at Grand Lake Stream is first rate; fish, large and plenty.

—Anglers going from Boston to the Maine trout country have a choice of routes, among them that of the Eastern Railroad, which carries one through an excursion rates, which are noted in our advertising columns. Send to the agent for an excursion list.

Ne matter what your feeling or attainment is, Top Bitters will do you good. Prove it.

—The beaver is one of those animals whose instinct and intelligence have been most discussed among naturalists. Currier, it is well known, used to demonstrate by a series of experiments the manner in which the animal was so artificially suckled, that the admirable industry and intelligence and precision of certain laws of nature evinced by the works of leavers spring from a blind mechanical force—pure instinct, unrelieved by the higher faculty. Currier fed his young prisoner with branches of willow, of which it ate all the bark, cutting up the peeled stems into pieces, piling them up in a corner of the box as building material. He then provided it with red pebbles and red branches; they were all used by the beaver in the manner peculiar to his species. "This," argues Currier, "was blind instinct; no good could result from the trouble which it gave itself, for it needed no house." Buffon's argument, that solitary though free beavers do not know how to construct dams, is refuted by Currier's young prisoner, who constructed and built his dams and dykes.

There are numerous instances of the beaver's activity that appear incompatible with the argument that only blind instinct moves the little workers. To watch two beavers at work gnawing down a big tree—I have seen them on several occasions at work on cottonwoods not infrequently two and two and a-half feet in diameter—each worker kept up strictly to his side, the incision being made with perfect, one might say mathematical accuracy, to bring the tree in its final plunge to the very spot they want it, at least a foot or two on the upper side of it, where the danger from the swift current is greatest, is a sight which will probably convince even the most unbelieving. An experiment made on several different occasions by me tells its own tale.

Coming in the course of my rambles upon quite fresh beaver work, say a moderately big cottonwood tree five or six inches in diameter, standing on a slope, and already cut through by them, I would have been very glad to see, if possible, break it down, so that it fell up the slope in a direction opposite to that which the beaver evidently intended. Visiting the spot the next day, or two days afterward, the tree was invariably lugged round, with the top downhill or afterward the little creek, the foundation work probably of a new dam. London Field.

FROM advance sheets of a future report of the Report of Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the United States, we make the following extracts from "A report on the history and present condition of the fisheries of Cape Ann, Mass., together with notes on the natural history and artificial propagation of the species," by H. E. Earle:

Fish Culture.

THE CODFISH.

FROM advance sheets of a future report of the Report of Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the United States, we make the following extracts from "A report on the history and present condition of the fisheries of Cape Ann, Mass., together with notes on the natural history and artificial propagation of the species," by H. E. Earle:

The recent inquiry into the decrease of the food-fishes of the coast called to the attention of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, under the direction of the commissioner, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, has led to the establishment of temporary stations at different points along the coast, where special attention has been given to the study of the more important species for the purpose of gathering definite information of their relative numbers past and present, their geographical distribution and their habits. Of late the commercial importance of what might be styled the northern fisheries, and the complicated questions that are continually arising between our own government and our northern neighbor regarding them, has led Professor Baird to give particular attention to this subject, with a view to becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the habits and movements of these species, but also the methods employed in their capture and the extent and money-value of the fisheries.

"With this end in view, he selected Gloucester, Mass., as the most suitable location for the study of the cod-fish, which he arrived at his assistants early in July, and at once began the investigation of the subject."

"The late James W. Milner, deputy commissioner, arrived early in July to take charge of the experiments, and Mr. Frank N. Clark, a professional fisherman, was selected to accompany him, and came soon after to personally superintend the work in the hatching-room. Mr. Milner remained long enough to see the preliminary apparatus and machinery placed in position and the first eggs laid, when he was obliged to return to Washington on account of his serious sickness. A little later Mr. Clark was called away to look after the interest of the Commission in another State, and Capt. H. C. Chester superintended the work in the hatchery during the remainder of the season."

"A 4-inch pipe was laid from the hatching-room to a point in the harbor at the end of the wharf, and sunk below low-water mark. The outer end of the pipe was fastened to the piling of the wharf, and the inner end, in a box, to the masonry of the pier at the annual life of the harbor. The inner end communicated with two 300-gallon tanks, placed in an elevated position in the center of the room, to be used as reservoirs for the salt water. These reservoirs were connected with the supply pipes that extended along the walls of the building, at a height of 12 feet, by vertical faucets at short intervals, from which the water was supplied to the eggs by means of rubber tubing. In one end of the room was placed a large wooden stand, upon which the pump that brought the water from the harbor to the reservoir in a constant stream, the quantity being regulated by the outflow."

"It was of course unknown what hatching apparatus could be made to use as no eggs of the cod had ever been artificially hatched, and indeed it was not till after the completion of these in charge to which of the three classes, sinking, floating, or adhesive, the eggs of the cod belonged. Cones similar to those used in hatching (figured in the report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for 1875, and also in the report of 1876) as likely to give the best results, put up along the sides of the hatching-room, and connected with the faucets by the rubber tubing."

"After recording the failure of the cones, and of Mr. Milner's inverted cone with a twisted tile at the apex to give the water a spiral motion as it ascended, while the outflow was in the form of a circle surrounding, and just above the inflow, in a line with the sides of the cone, through the masonry of the eggs dragging the screens. Of Clark's hatching-box, the Ferguson bucket, and the bucket of Mr. Earle's design, through the sediment and mud in the water, he says—

"Captain Chester was at this time devising an apparatus which should not give a certain change to the water, but also partially keep the sediment from the eggs. This apparatus is known as the Chester bucket. It consists of a tin cylinder 18 inches in diameter, and 24 inches high, with four rectangular openings, each 2 1/2 inches wide, extending from near the bottom to within 2 inches of the top. These and the bottom of the cylinder are covered with wire-cloth to prevent the eggs from escaping; and the dirt from entering the water. The apparatus was not, however, so simple as it should not give a certain change to the water, but also partially keep the sediment from the eggs. This apparatus is known as the Chester bucket. It consists of a tin cylinder 18 inches in diameter, and 24 inches high, with four rectangular openings, each 2 1/2 inches wide, extending from near the bottom to within 2 inches of the top. 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Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

Boston, May 23.—Better weather conditions never presented themselves to fifteen than to-day, but only a small number took advantage of the opportunity...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes A C Adams, O M Jewell, J S Bennett, etc.

Handicap Match (Creechwood target). J S Bennett, 45; J F Fellows, 45; J W Johnson, 45; J C Adams, 45.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The past week at this famous resort for rifle men has been one of unusual success...

AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB.—The matches for June are as follows: June 8.—Extra Long Range match; 45 shots; 1000 yards.

AMATEUR PISTOL MATCH. S W Fattar, 65; J H Williams, 65; S W Fattar, 65; J H Williams, 65.

BUCKFLOUT, Ct., May 27.—The regular shoot of the Bridgeport Rifle Club to-day had fair weather most of the time...

RECORD BADGE. T shots.—D N Conner, 35; S H Hubbard, 35; S N Nichols, 35; D N Conner, 35; S H Hubbard, 35.

MILWAUKEE TEAM. 800 yds. 900 yds. 1,000 yds. Total. J C Wells, 73; J N Johnston, 73; J T Drake, 73.

CHICAGO TEAM. 800 yds. 900 yds. 1,000 yds. Total. E R Hubbard, 71; M F Truett, 71; J A Shaffer, 71.

AT A MEETING HELD AT THE Kirby House in the evening there was a large attendance. The following clubs were represented: Geo. H. Thomas, Chicago; Minneapolis Club; Orion, Racine; Sheboygan Club, Lake View, Wis. 1, and the Milwaukee Club, E. M. Skinner, of the Minneapolis club, presided, and Col. Lou. H. Drury, of the Chicago club, acted as secretary.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 22.—Owing to the competitive drill of the last three days and presence of some of the visiting military in town, the attendance at the shoot of the section No. 2, was not so large as made. The following are the scores: 800 yds. 900 yds. Total. Gschwind, 47; Spindler, 47.

THE TRAP. THE BRASKA TOURNAMENT. THE SHOOTING TOURNAMENT HELD AT LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, UNDER THE management of the Lincoln Sportsman's Club, May 11, 18, 19, and 20, was well attended, although the weather was cold, raw and rainy during the first two days.

yards; fifteen shots at each; any rifle; teams using all military rifles to receive an allowance of ten points at each distance.

AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB.—The matches for June are as follows: June 8.—Extra Long Range match; 45 shots; 1000 yards.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—For the week ending May 23.—At 80 yds. Creedmoor target reduced to the distance; 3 scores, possible 150.

THE SHARPS RIFLE AND ASSOCIATION, of Camden, has issued its program of matches for the season as follows: The first match, June 4.—Shorts match for military rifles; open to all comers; distance, 200 yards; position, standing; 10 shots; weapon, any rifle, without cleaning.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 24.—The rifle contest between the Milwaukee and Chicago, of Chicago, and Minneapolis clubs of the Chicago Club, was an exciting and spirited affair.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes J C Wells, J N Johnston, J T Drake, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes D N Heibel, C Y Skinner, C Y Maudlin, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes E R Hubbard, M F Truett, J A Shaffer, etc.

AT A MEETING HELD AT THE Kirby House in the evening there was a large attendance. The following clubs were represented: Geo. H. Thomas, Chicago; Minneapolis Club; Orion, Racine; Sheboygan Club, Lake View, Wis. 1, and the Milwaukee Club, E. M. Skinner, of the Minneapolis club, presided, and Col. Lou. H. Drury, of the Chicago club, acted as secretary.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Dudley Selph, W Arins, W W Charlton, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Knight, Henry, Doolittle, Pierce, Howe, McCall, Malby, W W Wilkias, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Henry, Charlton, Sechlund, Hausman, etc.

TO SHOOT ON THE grounds of the New Orleans Gun Club there was a bait shooting match, handicap from 18 to 65 yards rise, to double rifles, three prizes being offered.

THE SHOOTING TOURNAMENT HELD AT LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, UNDER THE management of the Lincoln Sportsman's Club, May 11, 18, 19, and 20, was well attended, although the weather was cold, raw and rainy during the first two days.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Brucker, Arbutnot, Farnie, etc.

CONTEST NO. 2, 10 balls at 10 yards, resulted as follows: Babcock, 10; Fry, 10; Schellenberger, 10; Sprigg, 10; Petty, 10; Dunham, 10; Barney, 10; Still, 10; Henton, 10; Budd, 10; Hentz, 10; Robertson, 10; Arbutnot, 10; Hathaway, 10; Felizer, 10; Sulzfeld, 10; Bracey, 10; Collins, 10; Hoyer, 10; Woods, 10; Hester, 10; Browning, 10; McIrvine, 10; Pect, 10; Shelton, 10; Irwin, 10.

SECOND DAY.—The rain of the night before had not greatly interfered with the sport. The match was for the prize silver cup, won by single birds, at 21 yards rise. This cup was won last year by the Lincoln Club. It was won to-day by the Omaha Sportsman's Club.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Omaha Sportsman's Club, Hughes, Lincoln Sportsman's Club, McBride, J E Baum, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Nebraska County Sportsman's Club, Browning, Kauffman, Syracuse Sibley Gun Club, Bray, Barney, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Leader, Bracey, Woods, J M., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Johnson, Jones, McCartney, Babcock, Sheltonberger, Woods, Petty, Hathaway, S B., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Hestling, Mills, Matthews, Francis, Carpenter, Bray, Hentz, Collins, Barney, Robertson, Tucker, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes First prize was divided among Petty, Page and Hallett; second, S. A. Tucker; third, S. M. Schellenberger; fourth, Geo. Jones. The fifth was won by the following result: First money divided among Petty, Irwin, Jones and S. B. Hathaway; second, Tucker; third, Hentz, Hestling and Hasting; fourth, Dunham.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Team shooting; 10 glass balls, 18 yards; McBride, Shelton, Summers, Den, etc.

guide book of Lake George with maps, will be forwarded to those desiring it.

Mr. Marvin (Piscator), Hillview P. O., Lake George, N. Y., will erect a bath in the canoe camp, and will serve meals at all such camps. He will furnish spar for bedding at a reasonable price. Canoeists are requested to bring their tents and blankets.

Upon arriving at the canoe camps, canoeists will please report to Mr. Charles A. Cressy, Supr. of Camps, who will assign them their camping grounds.

REGATTA COMMITTEE. (FRANK STAIN, CHARLES F. GARDNER, NATHANIEL H. BISHOP.

Persons desiring to invite themselves to the American Canoe Association can obtain a copy of the constitution, by-laws and instructions to applicants by addressing the secretary. Non-bit canoeists can become members. When crews are used for the purpose of starting money, or for racing for purses, their owners will be considered professionals, and are ineligible to membership in the American Canoe Association. The initiation fee and first annual dues (\$10) should be sent in registered letters. The first number of the "Canoe Pilot" will be issued in December of the present year. The first annual registration book, with a list of members, canoes, etc., will be published in the course of a few weeks. Applicants for membership will expedite the issue of this work by sending in their membership fees at an early day. More than one hundred members have been enrolled in the Association within the last eight months.

NATHANIEL H. BISHOP, Secretary of A. C. A., Lake George, Warren Co., New York.

CANOEING IN NEW YORK.

It is strange why New York has not taken the lead in canoeing. Considering population, wealth and unsurpassed facilities of every kind, the present condition of this health-giving, clean and interesting sport, the New York Yacht Club, has hardly furnished as much encouragement, nor has it succeeded in propagating a love for the pastime, which would have volunteered to its own strength and reputation. While the West, and especially the West, has been advancing with rapid strides, New York to-day can hardly muster a score of active canoeists, who really swing the blades and are not content with simply being in the boat. The New York C. C. has no more commodious quarters, is free from debt and should be far more popular than any other club in the State. The New York C. C. has no more commodious quarters, is free from debt and should be far more popular than any other club in the State. The New York C. C. has no more commodious quarters, is free from debt and should be far more popular than any other club in the State. The New York C. C. has no more commodious quarters, is free from debt and should be far more popular than any other club in the State.

YACHTING NEWS.

The Southern Yacht Club offers \$1,500 for a single Northern racing yacht will sail.

QUESTION OF TYPE.—The type of yacht most prominent is so much the result of measurement by length that we are glad to see the clubs giving small boats making a move to follow the lead of the large clubs in either abandoning such a faulty rule or else settling limits to its ill effects by prohibiting more than a certain area of sail. We do not unreservedly approve of such limitation as the best way out of the difficulty, as we would prefer to see the root of the evil—measurement by length—dealt with rather than one of its natural effects. Still, as a step in the right direction, the limitation set to sail by the Pennsylvania Y. C. is deserving of approval. Of still importance is this limitation deemed that the club has incorporated this feature in its charter, as follows:

"This certifies that we, the undersigned, citizens of Philadelphia, desiring to associate ourselves for social and recreative purposes, do hereby constitute and organize ourselves as the Southern Yacht Club of Philadelphia."

"First.—The name of the club shall be known as the Pennsylvania Yacht Club of Philadelphia. "Second.—The principal business of this club is to encourage the building of yachts termed fourth-class tick-ups, and to limit the sails to a size that can be safely carried by the same, thereby going away with over-cargo, which has been the chief object of Delaware river yachting. Yachts not to measure more than 18 feet 2 inches in length, 4 feet 6 inches beam and 15 inches in depth amidships. Sails shall not measure more than 4 feet 6 inches around the bolt rope before being stamped, and shall be allowed to stretch no more than 18 inches hereafter, making 56 feet of bolt rope.

"Third.—The principal rooms and place of business of this club shall be in the city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania.

"Fourth.—The principal rooms and place of business of this club shall be in the city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania.

"Fifth.—The number of trustees to manage the business of the club shall be five, and their places of residence in the city of Philadelphia, Penn.

"Signed—Oscar Y. Korn, George Hardman, Charles Meyner, Herman Bassett, George Foster, Jesse Vaneghten, Walter Gilbert, Knox S. Leeds, Frank Shaw, William Hardman, Jr., Harvey T. Weber, Frank Kisselback, Leslie Wood.

A RETURN to the "Forest and Stream" showing that the proposed America Cup Match, which everything is plain sailing with, took the right tack from the outset is instructive. When the challenge was first mooted in these columns weeks ahead of counterparts, almost all objections were raised, culminating finally in a piece of grotesque shoddyism published in a contemporary which turned its paragon nose at the keeno of a joint stock racing machine of such a wretched little kind as the New York Y. C. offered the opportunity to challenge the New York Y. C. without any further ado. It was even proposed to ignore the matter entirely; but two very good reasons were suggested to put about and since a very different time is now on record. This, we believe, was effected through the journal, the only one free enough from local prejudice to demand a more judicious representation of the matter. A deal of trust, article them, and from which the New York Y. C. could not escape under any pretences without relinquishing their claims as the national champions, and which, by the continually-growing fleet of cutters, in spite of their state out of "our smooth waters" of the world, is not a negligible thing is that the very few accessions to the cutter fleet are in the order of gentlemen who have owned the slightest light drafts in America. The testimony of one and all, however, is against their boats for anything but harbor sailing, and they ought to know, for they have had all the chances for observation necessary among both cutters and sloops, and in spite of their natural predilection being in favor of the sloop, have given their natural predilection to the sloop, and have been able to agree with a honest eye with a cutter that cutters of fair beam are the most satisfactory.

A FLEET OF CUTTERS.—Contemporaries still living in sailing-vian ideas must be thoroughly "nonplussed" by the continually-growing fleet of cutters, in spite of their state out of "our smooth waters" of the world, is not a negligible thing is that the very few accessions to the cutter fleet are in the order of gentlemen who have owned the slightest light drafts in America. The testimony of one and all, however, is against their boats for anything but harbor sailing, and they ought to know, for they have had all the chances for observation necessary among both cutters and sloops, and in spite of their natural predilection being in favor of the sloop, have given their natural predilection to the sloop, and have been able to agree with a honest eye with a cutter that cutters of fair beam are the most satisfactory.

MEASUREMENT ABROAD.—Many English yacht clubs are adopting Mr. Kemp's proposed rule (length square multiplied by beam and divided by twelve) based on their own responsibility. The Yacht Racing Association has also raised another matter, at which it is likely some definite decision will be set with the new rule to go into force. The Evolution is opening the eyes even of the dulciss, and Little Watson & Co. are beginning to think a change deserving of a little more critical examination on their part, as the present rule simply threatens to wipe out their profession of yacht designing, no talent beyond addition being needed to build one yacht longer than another.

LIVADIA.—A paper read before the Institution of Naval Architects, London, at their last meeting, establishes the fact that the Imperial Russian yacht Livadia is a success economically and otherwise. It comes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times, and says it is no such thing. The damage attributed to striking wreckage was really due to a critical examination on their part, as the present rule simply threatens to wipe out their profession of yacht designing, no talent beyond addition being needed to build one yacht longer than another.

A SUCCESS.—So far as an opportunity has been afforded for judging, the yawl rig on the Caprice is pronounced a decided success. We even hear that she is faster than as a sloop, but whether or no, that she is extremely handy, the mizen taking care of its fit and no one noticing, in actual practice, any complication of gear. Those who have sailed in her are delighted with the change, and we already hear of many contemplating the adoption of the rig. Let the snug schoolers down East sail in the yawl if they want a fast, handy rig for racing or for cruising. The world is moving.

YACHT BOOKS.—We have received a little volume, entitled "Euryclides Abot" by the author of "One More Unfinished." The story is an account of a cruise in a sloop from Montreal to Lake Champlain. It is well written and, if without stirring incident or technical detail, will give to interested readers not only a good yarn, but also the public benefit of their experiences as well. We are also in receipt of Lord's Yacht Register for 1881, which will be reviewed at greater length. Readers are in the meantime referred to the advertising columns.

FAST BOATS.—Mr. Thos. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., recently sent two yachts of his own model Sloop. We hear that in the regular St. Louis spring regatta, May 25, they both did remarkably well, the Zingua beating everything and the Julie coming in a good third. These boats are 24 1/2 ft. long, 10 ft. beam and 3 ft. deep and have long, iron bows and sharp cuttings at the stern. The mizzen mast of the Zingua has her oars in hand for other boats of the same kind, including one from England.

INTRA-STATE REGATTA.—The enterprising yachtsmen of New Orleans have gone so far as to offer \$1,500 for a single Northern yacht can be induced to sail on Lake Pontchartrain, and they further offer to make a special match for \$1,000 a side on a subsequent day with the stranger. But we fear to no purpose, the "open boat" interests in New York are next to dead.

CHICAGO'S FLEET.—Chicago is gradually acquiring a very respectable fleet of yachts. When once the ever lasting good hold in the West the sport will grow with lightning rapidity. Chicago now owns the large schooners, Alder, Viking and the Countess of Dunfermline, and a number of cutters. These, with the first start of the season, ought to be productive of some international racing.

MARLBHEAD REGATTA.—The open regatta off Marblehead June is promised to draw a large number of entries. From the circuit before us we judge the arrangements to be of the best and the management in the hands of competent yachtsmen. Entries should be sent to Wm. Bridger, Marblehead, or to Frank H. Brown, 23 Doan's St., Boston, who will furnish information also.

BOAT SALE.—Attention is called to the advertising columns where yachts and canoes are frequently offered for sale or wanted.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

W. S.—For names of reliable guides in the Adirondacks write to Charles Greenough, 45 Nassau St., New York, of whom see notice in last issue, p. 350. You can arrange so that members of the party can leave at any time. Map of the Adirondacks \$1.

E. S., Southampton, Pa.—I have a bet that brook trout have been taken in the waters of Pennsylvania which have weighed over 20 pounds. Am I correct? Ans. Yes. They have been taken those that weight almost what we do not know what the weight of the largest trout ever taken in Pennsylvania waters was. Perhaps some of our readers will give the weights.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. FAIRLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished. KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, 51 per pair. KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best. KEEP'S UNBROILED SWEATERS. KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate. KEEP'S NECK WEAR, latest novelties. KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for 50. KEEP'S PAT. FAIRLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for 55. KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union. KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST. Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

CONVENTION OF

N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSN., E. H. Madison, of 561 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has, by special courtesy of the Long Island Sportsmen Association, been granted the exclusive right to furnish ammunition, etc., on the Brighton Beach grounds in June during the Grand Tournament, where a choice selection of sportsmen's sundries will be constantly on hand. Shells sold at reasonable prices.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of

Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. All kinds of Glass Work done to order. Special Catalogue Free of Charge by

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BEACH COTTAGE,

AT SCARBORO, ME.

Will be rented by the month or summer. Boating, bathing, shooting and fishing.

Address EVERETT SMITH, Portland, Me.

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A complete 124 page Illustrated Catalogue of the best of the three cent stamps. PACK & SYNDE, Manufacturers, 121 & 123 Nassau St., N. Y.

Macintosh Waterproo Goods.

In Ordering Stock or Pants please state the Size—you can easily obtain it from your Shoemaker of the Boot or Shoe you are accustomed to wear.

The quality of these goods is so well and widely known as to require no comment. It is not only unequalled, but also unapproached by that of any similar manufacture in the world. By a special arrangement with the Messrs. Macintosh, we are enabled to place their goods in the hands of Sportsmen at prices which will certainly drive all inferior makes out of the market.

Stockings, full length, any sized foot, per pair, - - - - - \$8 00
Pants, reaching nearly to armpit, - - - - - 14 00
Heavy Flax ground sheets, weight 6 1-2 lbs., size 7 1-2x4 1-2 ft., each, - - - - - 8 00

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBAY & MURRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

DRAIN THE LIFE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the VITALIZING principles of the ox brain and what germs, both brain and body the elements are prepared by Dr. Cassell, who has been nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a falling memory. It prevents debility and compresses the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed for 500,000 patients.

For sale by druggists or mail, at F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

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For information as to best streams and lakes

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reached by the ELIZ RAILWAY. Got the free pamphlet, "Summer Homes and Sports Along the Erie."

Apply at offices, 261, 301, 357 Broadway, N. Y.; 2 Court street, Brooklyn; 34 Hudson street, Hoboken; 184 Market street, Newark, N. J.; at station ticket offices along the lines, or by mail to

JOHN N. ABBOTT,

Gen'l Supt. Agt., N. Y.



A bright, coated tongue is a sure sign of a dangerous stomach, and one which has had all the chances for observation necessary among both cutters and sloops, and in spite of their natural predilection being in favor of the sloop, have given their natural predilection to the sloop, and have been able to agree with a honest eye with a cutter that cutters of fair beam are the most satisfactory. It will uncoat the tongue, by removing from the stomach the cause of its irritation. It cures, as well by a charm, all who use it. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.

66 Pine St., New York.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Winchester Rifle, mndel 1856, with the open sights and set trigger; also, reloading tools, cartridge pouch and ammunition; very good, cheap; may be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES, No. 3 Cortlandt St., New York. May 26, 1881.

FOR SALE—A handsome Mexican fawn ground, about five months old and in good condition; is quite a pet. Inquire of J. J. KING, 192 W. 23rd St., N. Y. City. June 1st.

FOR SALE—A Winchester '73 model, full magazine, in perfect order. Price, \$20. Address F. HALLOWELL, Swaney St., N. Y. June 1st.

FOR SALE—The open sloop yacht Anita; length, 30 ft.; 11 ft. 6 in. beam; depth, 3 ft. 6 in. built by Kirby; very fast and able; sails new; well found; in every respect. Apply to THOMAS C. BROWN, Stamford, Conn. June 1st.

VALUABLE OLD BELLS FOR SALE.—Two old system anchors, one 100 lbs. weight, one 50 lbs. weight, and all light; seven feet high, in good running order, and good for a hundred years more. For particulars, address M. W. STICKNEY, June 1st.

FERGUSON'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE Jack Lamps, Dash Lamps, Fishing Lamps, Etc.



FOR NIGHT HUNTING AND FISHING, SPEAKING FISH, Camping, Canoeing, Yachting, Driving at Night, and General

ILLUMINATING PURPOSES Excelsior Dash Lamp, Fits on any kind of Dash or Vehicle.

Bicycle Lanterns, Dark Lanterns, Musicians Band Lanterns, Pocket Lanterns, Hand Lanterns, Etc. Send stamp for Illustrated Price List. Name FOREST AND STREAM

ALBERT FERGUSON, 65 Fulton Street, N. Y.

HOLABIRD

Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND.

The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader, with the last improvement, is now ready... Price, \$20. 2d. Per case, masterly... Price, \$20. 2d. Per case, masterly...

The Kennel.

ROUGH-COATED COLLIE DOGS IN THE STUD. ALEX, one of the truest types of Collie ever exhibited... Price, \$20. 2d. Per case, masterly...

FASHION KENNEL offer for sale—1st Little Borth, well-bred fox terrier, 18 mos. old... Price, \$20. 2d. Per case, masterly...

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs bred, broken and handled by men of experience...

M. L. C. H. MASON'S STUD DOGS.—Salisbury, Mass. Mastiff, five 20; Mayor of Bingley, Newfoundland, 30; Don, pointer, 25; Moselem, 11, fox terrier...

LLEWELLIN SETTER BITCH, four years old; thoroughly broken on ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail...

WANTED—A well-bred, thoroughly-broken liver and white or lemon and white Pointer Dog, about three years old...

TO EXCHANGE for Broken Pointer Dog, Black and Tan Setter Bitch Kessie (Drake's Skip-Queen best fly), handsome, fine fielder...

BENGLI-H MA-TIFFS.—large litters of very choice thoroughbred pups, with best pedigree...

FOR SALE CHEAP or to Exchange for Fishing Rods, a brace of well-bred (Plunket and Rufus descended) Setter Pups and a first-class brood bitch...

FOR SALE—A well-bred, partially broken Setter Dog 13 months old; good retriever...

POINTER PUPS for sale cheap; no better stock in the country...

FOR SALE—Pure blooded Skye Terrier Bitch Puppies, out of Mr. Sewalls' Nova; by Dandy; three months old...

FOR SALE CHEAP—Irish setter bitch, broken and winner of two prizes...

FOR SALE—A fine Pointer Dog, 18 months old, well broken...

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERRY, Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1881...

GOODYEAR'S Rubber M'g Company AND Goodyear's India Rubber Glove M'g Co., 488, 490, 492 B'way, cor. Broome st., AND 60 BROADWAY, cor. FULTON ST. RUBBER OUTFITS COMPLETE FOR FISHING AND HUNTING.

DAVENPORT'S STANDARD BALL TRAP FOR WING PRACTICE.

DOUBLE, SINGLE, RO-PASS, STATIONARY. ANY DESIRED DIRECTION, ALL IN ONE TRAP AND ONLY ONE SPRING USED. Popular Because Reliable, Cheap Because Durable.

CRUTTENDEN FLY ROD.

This Cut is an exact representation of this rod, which CANNOT BE EQUALLED FOR THE MONEY. It has Solid Reel Plate, Nickel Plated, Patented Reels...

Fred. Sauter.

NATURALIST AND— TAXIDERMIST 199 WILLIAM ST. Near FRANKFORD, N. Y.



FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR, THREE KINGS

Three excellent Cigarettes, each having their own peculiarities. NEW VANITY FAIR, just out, and is the Mildest Cigarette yet produced.

NEW VANITY FAIR.

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OLEOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For Cocker's of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies...

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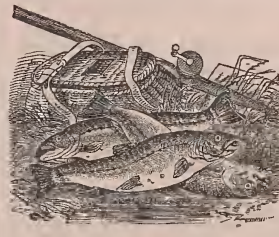
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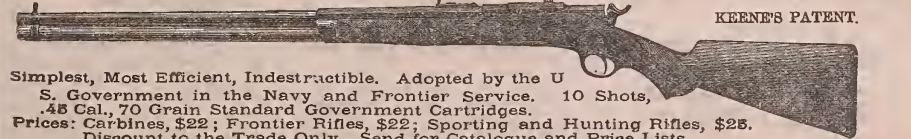
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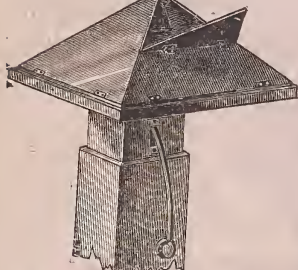
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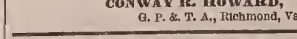
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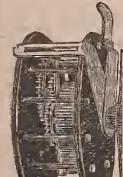
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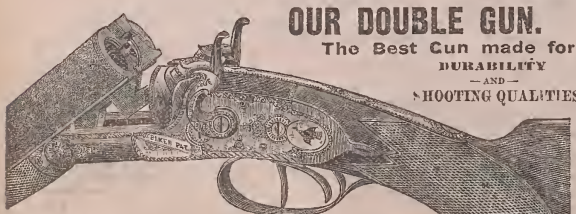
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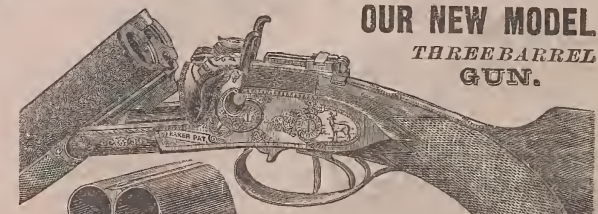
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1881.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 9.

FROM our valued correspondent, Gen. E. W. R'ce, of Arizona we learn that it is miners and a soken of Catalina, in that Territory, have combined to suppress the vandalism of the tramps and vagabonds, and with these outlaws they put the scoundrels who show the sitting quail and the pregnant doe. A committee of the club is announced through the press that they mean to protect their property, and they also demand a vigorous enforcement of the game laws. It is evidence of a healthy public sentiment when game law-breakers are classed where they belong—with tramps and vandals. By this movement, which we make much pleasure in recording, the people of Catalina, Arizona, have shown themselves to have a higher appreciation of decency in respect to the capture of breeding game than can be claimed by many sympathetic communities of the older States. On this eastern side of the Rocky Mountains the citizens of Catalina might without difficulty find numerous benighted regions in which is ample room for home uisionary effort.

THE HUNTING CARS of the Pullman Palace Car Company have become so popular that the demand for them far exceeds the supply. Last season the applications for these cars were more numerous than ever before, and we presume that for the coming fall the effort to secure them will be equally great. We understand that the Davy Crockett and Izank Walton have been thoroughly overhauled and renovated since last season, so that they will now be more comfortable than ever.

DIRECT COMMUNICATION between all the standard dealers in sportsmen's goods and purchasers of the same goods is established by means of our advertising columns. The pages devoted to this kind of information are well worth careful reading; everything that the sportsman needs can be obtained by communicating with the firms there represented.

THE ROBIN'S ISLAND CLUB.

THE little island, which has acquired prominence as the scene of the Eastern Field Trials, has just passed into the possession of a club of twenty New York gentlemen, which is styled the Robin's Island Club. The officers of the club are: President, Wm. R. Kendall; Vice-President, Dr. J. Floet Speir; Secretary and Treasurer, Alram. B. Baylis, Jr. It is proposed to keep the preserve well stocked and cared for.

The new club have acquired a most desirable piece of property. Robin's Island, of which a map was published in our issue of December 2, 1880, divides Great Peconic Bay from the little Peconic Bay and lies in the middle of the entrance to the northward. The island lies nearly north by west and south by east and is a mile and three-quarters long, but a large portion of this length is due to the narrow sand spits which extend to the northward and southward from the main body of the island. It is of moderate height and grassy, being destitute of trees, but stunted scrub oak thickets cover the crowns of the hills that rise from the centre of the island and extend to the southward. From the water the island shows steep faces from ten to forty feet high on all sides save to the northward. The soil is sandy as a general thing, but there are several clay pits toward the northwestern shore. The extent is said to be about 530 acres, seventy-five of which are under cultivation. The vegetation is rank, and the rolling hills to the north remind one of those near Reedy Pond on Montauk Point. Salt water grass and bay-berry bushes, with a deal of nasty briars, form the principal cover and make it a hard place for youngsters to run, indeed, a strong hasty dog finds his work cut out for him to make any kind of speed. But there is a large portion of the island to the westward where dogs can be speeded on the rolling hills and where they can be seen at all times.

It was generally understood that the Eastern Field Trials Club were intending to purchase the island for their annual trials. The change of ownership will not, however, we presume, interfere with the successful running of the trials. On this point Dr. Speir writes to us: "Being myself the originator of the club I have kept constantly before the members the interests of the 'Eastern Field Trials,' and I think I can safely say that every courtesy will be extended to them. Anything I can do to advance the interests of the Field Trials I shall do with the greatest pleasure."

A CANOE VOYAGE OF GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY AND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

TWO gentlemen, members of the American Canoe Association and of the Lake George Canoe Club, will start from Lake George at the close of the August meeting, for a canoe voyage of some twelve thousand miles. They will go down Lake George to old Fort Ticonderoga, through the neck of Lake Champlain to Whitehall, thence through the Champlain Canal to Troy, following the Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence Lake Erie to city of Erie, and thence via canal to Allegheny River to Pittsburgh. From the latter city they will follow the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi at Cairo. They will go down the big river as far as Point Breze or Turnbull's Island, then take Atchafalaya Bayou will follow into bay of same name on Gulf of Mexico.

Up to this point the trip has been simply a passage. Now the genuine work will commence. The coast of this part of the Gulf is comparatively unknown. Cote Blanche Bay, Vermillion Bay, the Mermentau River and lake of same name will receive some attention. Caecassien Lake and River visited, they will paddle to Sabine Pass, through the pass to Sabine Lake. The Sabine River will be explored as far as time will allow, and then away for Galveston, Texas. The bays and water-courses here are so well known, that nothing but a passing glance will be given them. Below Galveston comes West Bay, San Luis Pass, and then some forty miles of open coast. A short passage will take them into Matagorda Bay, when they will have a clear inland route to Point Isabel at the mouth of the Rio Grande River. From the latter point there will be an uninterrupted opportunity to study, not from books, but from nature herself. The route from this out bounds in interest to the student—rare birds, unknown plants, beautiful shells, specimens of coral, many-colored flowers, and a thousand and one things to see, admire

and study. Following along the coast to Gulf of Camp che, and around to Uxmal River—ascending this river about fifty miles will bring them near to the famous Uxmal ruins, which were probably built before the Pyramids were built—and Cape Catoche, past the Island of Cozumel and into the Bay of Honduras. Visiting the principal of the Bay Islands, they will now go on again, around Cape Cameron, past Segovia River, through that wonderful collection of coral reefs and keys that belt the Mosquito Coast. San Juan de Nicaragua is passed, and Chagres is looked over; Caragena and Point Gallinas are passed, and then comes a perfect network of islands, coral reefs, etc., etc., as far as the Island of Trinidad. Here the voyagers will bid farewell to the continent for awhile, and follow up the chain of the Caribbean Islands as far as Havana, Cuba, when they will strike off across the Gulf Stream to the Florida reefs, and home by the Atlantic coast, expecting to reach their starting point some time in August, 1882. The entire voyage will be made in a double canoe, 16 feet long, 32 inches beam, 14 inches deep. There is no standpoint from which to observe nature so favorable as the cockpit of a canoe, and these gentlemen are disposed to test this fact to the utmost. While on the trip they will be entirely dependent on their own exertions, and the voyage from start to finish will be made by canoe alone. There will be, probably, a large and enthusiastic gathering of canoeists to wish them bon voyage at the start, and a larger one to welcome them home in 1883.

NO LIFE IN METEORITES.

AN account is now going the rounds of the daily papers to the effect that traces of organic life have been found in meteorites, and that hence the other members of the solar system are inhabited by living beings. The following extract from the London *Telegraph* gives the substance of the supposed discovery, and we quote it as follows:—

Two interesting problems, which have long perplexed the scientific world, appear to have been at last definitely solved by the eminent geologist, Dr. Hahn. These questions are, first, whether or not celestial bodies, other than the earth, belonging to our solar system, are inhabited by animate beings; and, secondly, whether the meteoric stones from time to time cast upon the surface of this globe emanate from incandescent comets or from volcanic planets. That they at no time formed a part of the earth itself has been conclusively demonstrated. Dr. Hahn has recently completed a series of investigations upon some of the huge meteoric stones that fell from the skies in Hungary during the summer of 1866. Thin laminae of these mysterious bodies, subjected to examination under a powerful microscope, have been found to contain coralline and spongy formations, and to reveal unmistakable traces of the lower forms of vegetation. All the organisms, animal and vegetable, discovered by Dr. Hahn in the delicate stone shavings he has thus dealt with indicate the condition of their parent world to be one of what is technically termed "primary formation." But the presence of water in that world is proved by the fact that the tiny petrified creatures revealed by the magic of the lens, one and all, belong to the so-called aqueous classes of animals. They could not, therefore, have possibly existed in comets, at least if the assumption be correct that these are in a state of active combustion.

This supposed discovery, about which such a pother has been raised, is no discovery at all, and the work of Dr. Hahn merely shows how utterly he has misconceived the character of the material which he has studied. The plates of his volume are beautiful, but they only serve to illustrate the mineralogical nature of the material. What he has supposed to represent coralline and spongy organisms are in fact only concretionary forms which the common minerals of meteorites often take. These forms are well understood by mineralogists, have long since been described and are to be seen in nearly all the stony meteorites.

While we know that there are other worlds than ours, and while it is possible that they may support life in some form or other, there is, we believe, as yet no evidence whatever that this is the case.

Somewhat on the same level with this meteorite story is the one recently published by a San Francisco paper with regard to the enormous magnifying power of a large telescope in California. It was said that when the telescope was directed toward the planet Mars, the whole topography of one face of that orb could be distinctly seen. Rivers, seas, lakes and forests were plainly distinguishable, even cultivated fields were known by their shape and color, rectangular ob-

jects were supposed to be buildings, and certain small moving bodies were undoubtedly the inhabitants of the distant planet engaged in the pursuit of their daily avocations. All of which was good.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION MEETING.

THE thirtieth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. on Wednesday, August 17. Great efforts are being made by the Local Committee to insure the success of the meeting and, from present appearances, it seems probable that this will be one of the largest and most important scientific meetings ever held in the West. The general programme for the week has not yet been announced, but is in process of preparation and, when completed, will, after having been approved by the Standing Committee, be made public.

The headquarters of the Association will be at the Music Hall, where members are requested to register as soon as possible after their arrival. The hotel headquarters will be at the Grand Hotel, on Fourth street. The offices of the Local Committee and of the Permanent Secretary will be at the Music Hall, where also the general meetings and those of the sections, sub-sections and committees will be held. The special arrangements made and to be made with hotels, railroads, etc., will be announced later.

At the Boston meeting several changes in the Constitution were proposed, which will come up for action at Cincinnati, the object of the changes being the reorganization of the sections, and also to extend the scope of the association. Should these changes be adopted the association will embrace eight sections of equal standing, each presided over by a vice-president, and having its own secretary and sectional committee. The following is the division proposed and upon which final action will be taken at Cincinnati:

Sec. A.—Physics. Sec. B.—Astronomy and Pure Mathematics. Sec. C.—Chemistry, including its applications to Agriculture and the Arts. Sec. D.—Mechanical Science. Sec. E.—Geology and Geography. Sec. F.—Biology. Sec. G.—Anthropology. Sec. H.—Economic Science and Statistics. Also I.—A Permanent Subsection of Microscopy, which shall elect its own officers and be responsible directly to the Standing Committee.

Several excursions will be arranged for by the local committee, and will be announced on their circular. Special excursions will be arranged for the Anthropological Section to "Fort Ancient," Madisonville, and other places of interest.

All communications relating to the local arrangements for the meeting should be made to the local Secretaries at Cincinnati, while all matters relating to membership and to the presentation of papers will be attended to by the permanent Secretary.

The following is a list of the officers of the Cincinnati meeting:

President—G. J. Brush, of New Haven, Conn.
Vice-President, Section A.—A. M. Mayer, of Hoboken, N. J.

Vice-President, Section B.—Dr. Engelmann was elected but has resigned, as he is in Europe.]

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Chemistry—William Ripley Nichols, of Boston, Mass.

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Microscopy—A. B. Hervey, of Taunton, Mass.

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Anthropology—Garrick Mallory, of Washington, D. C.

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Entomology—John G. Morris, of Baltimore, Md.

Permanent Secretary—F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, Mass.

General Secretary—C. V. Riley, of Washington, D. C.

Secretary of Section A—John Trowbridge, of Cambridge, Mass.

Secretary of Section B—William Saunders, of London, Ontario.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Chemistry—H. W. Wiley, of Lafayette, Ind.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Microscopy—S. P. Sharpley, of Boston, Mass.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Anthropology—J. G. Henderson, of Winchester, Ill.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Entomology—B. Pickman Mann, of Cambridge, Mass.

Treasurer—William S. Vaux, of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JUNE MEETING of the Coney Island Jockey Club promises to be a very interesting one, and the list of events for the nine days racing offers unusual attractions. All the prominent stables are well represented in the list of entries published, and there is every indication that the June meeting of 1891 will be a memorable one in the annals of racing at Coney Island. One of the most interesting of all the races to be run at Coney Island this year is that for the Great Long Island Stakes, four mile heats, to be run at the last day of the fall meeting of the club. It is a sweepstakes for all ages, \$250 each starter, with \$5,000 added; \$3,500 to the first, \$1,000 to the second, and \$500 to the third. To this is added the Woodlawn Vase, to become the property of the subscriber winning the race two years in succession. Entries to close September 1.

CONEY ISLAND.

THE delegates from the different Sportsmen's clubs will be welcomed to Coney Island by a poem of greeting, entitled "Field Sports," written by Mr. Wm. E. MacMasters, of the Albany Argus, and the Philadelphia Press.

Papers on topics within the scope of the State Association have been promised; and it is proposed that these shall be read and discussed at the evening sessions of the convention. A paper by Gaston Pay has the suggestive title, "What Shall We Do About It?"

In response to some inquiries received concerning the feature of the week's programme, the FOREST AND STREAM suggests that the amount of time devoted to such matters will depend wholly upon the choice of the members assembled. We know that the President of the Association has secured the promise of a number of essays, which will serve as the groundwork of conference if anybody wants to confer.

Those members of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game who resented the suggestion in these columns a year ago that that body was at present misnamed, will have an ample opportunity at Coney Island to make good the Association's claim to being a "game and fish protective organization." It is to be hoped that the public may be set right on this point. We shall see what we shall see.

Whatever may be done, if anything, beyond the pigeon-shooting and other contests, the Coney Island meeting of the New York sportsmen will be a memorable one. The whole entertainment will be on a scale never attempted before, and a most beautiful souvenir of the event has been prepared by the indefatigable executive of the society, Mr. Abel Crook, in the shape of an illustrated hand book. This will be a volume, of the current monthly magazine size, of one hundred and fifty pages, and handsomely illustrated. The engraved antique title-page is a real work of art, and the frontispiece—well, that is art, too, in its way, being none other than the famous "Shot 'Em on de Wing," which is loaned for the occasion by the Harpers. The contents of the book will comprise an elaborate history of the State Association, which has been prepared by Mr. Crook, together with the records of the prize winners in previous years; a history of the Long Island Association; an illustrated sketch of Coney Island, past and present; the programme of the meeting; the well-known Punch cartoon, "They Will Fly Into It Sometimes," and the cards of the prize donors. Taken altogether the book will reflect credit upon the Long Island clubs and upon those who have been most concerned in its preparation.

The prizes, which are to be contested for, are now on exhibition in the show-windows of the Brooklyn Furniture Company, Nos. 551-565 Fulton street, Brooklyn. The window was arranged under the supervision of Mr. C. W. Wingert, of the prize committee, and the tasteful manner in which it was done reflects great credit on that gentleman. The display surpasses anything of the kind ever seen before, and guns, fishing-rods, silver cups, gold watches, medals, etc., are there in profusion. The prizes on exhibition, Tuesday night, were those secured by the clubs of the western district, although the Washington Gun Club have obtained a number of prizes that have not yet been delivered. The street in the vicinity of the window was thronged with people, all trying to get a glimpse at the gorgeous display, and it is well worth a day's journey to see the exhibition. For the benefit of the delegates coming to the convention, excursion trains will be run on the Erie and New York Central railroads.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—The Governor has signed the appropriation bill giving the Commission \$15,000. He vetoed the bill last year, and it was feared that he would do so again. The press of the State has generally urged the necessity of the appropriation. There was great chagrin of losing the results of the labor of former years at the State hatchery and of making a break in the series of hatchings of shad and other fish. Governor Cornell is a close economist, but he has probably learned that it is not economy to withhold the appropriation from the Fish Commission. The Commissioners have agreed to expend one-third of this year's appropriation on the fisheries of Long Island, which have been sadly neglected. The salt water fisheries have never received the slightest attention from the Commission, and they are worth more than all the rest of the fisheries of the State. It is a matter for rejoicing that our economical Governor has had his eyes opened to what are the true interests of the people in this important matter of food supply.

UNSUCCESSFUL SHIPMENT OF CAMP EGGS.—In our last we recorded the arrival of Mr. Geo. Eckhardt, Jr., from Germany, for the purpose of studying American fish culture. Mr. Eckhardt attempted to bring over 100,000 eggs of the leather carp to Prof. Baird. They were packed in the refrigerator boxes which Mr. Mather successfully sent white-fish eggs to Germany in last fall, but on opening them in Washington they were all dead and covered with fungus. Dr. Hessel is of the opinion that they cannot stand a temperature as low as the refrigerator gives. We incline to this opinion also, as the eggs of summer spawning fish do not seem to bear what those of the winter spawners will thrive under.

GUN GROUNDS NEAR NEW YORK.—The Jersey City Heights Gun Club have leased a tract of land, of which they

propose to make commodious club grounds. The location is within twenty minutes of the New York Post Office, and as the Club propose to arrange for the accommodation of outside individuals and clubs the new grounds will prove a very decided acquisition to the gunners of this city. It will be just the place to run out to try a new gun, to test one's skill with the glass balls, and to repair for an afternoon's target shooting. The grounds will be opened within a short time, when further particulars will be given in these columns.

METALLIC CARTRIDGES.—We are informed by Messrs. Hartley and Graham, of this city, that Judge Lowell, of the United States Circuit Court, has rendered a decision in the case of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, against the State of New Jersey Cartridge Company, of Lowell, Gen. B. F. Butler, President, on the Allen Healer Patent, sustaining the patent on every point. This suit was commenced in 1874 and covers one of the most important principles in the manufacture of metallic ammunition. It is used by the principal cartridge manufacturers in this country and Europe, and by most of the Governments.

THE bill known as the Armstrong Bill having passed at Albany, and been signed by the Governor, is now a part of the game law of this state. We publish its most important provisions to-day, and will supplement them with the remainder next week. Whatever merits or defects this new law may be thought to have, one thing about it, at least, gives satisfaction; that is the conspicuous absence of anything like the "refrigerator amendments" which the marketmen of this city attempted to foist upon us.

FISHERIES EXHIBITION FOR SCOTLAND.—The English Exhibition at Norwich has been a grand success, and it is now proposed to hold one at Edinburgh, in April, 1893. This is one of the most important points in Great Britain to hold such an exhibition. The Scotch herding fisheries are of the greatest value, and the whole fishing interest of Scotland centres in Edinburgh.

THE members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association are rejoicing over the adoption of the game bill which they prepared, and for the passage of which they have been working. The new law is, therefore, the result of their concerted, systematic and persistent effort.

THE PRIZES in the coming New York State shoot aggregate \$12,000. In solid worth they have never equaled by those of any other shooting in this country. Coney Island may some day become the Monaco of America.

THE PLAN of the Middlesex, Conn., Game Association, as detailed in our issue of May 26, is recommended to the attention of sportsmen who are about to organize game protective associations.

THE name of *Scribner's Monthly* is to be changed to *The Century*. The magazine has over a hundred thousand paying readers now; with its new name may it have another hundred thousand.

SOME further particulars of the Gaston Club are given in our game column.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.

WE give a very few—say one in ten thousand—of the opinions, more or less approving, eulogistic and encouraging, which come in the FOREST AND STREAM'S mail, from all the four quarters of this Yankee nation, and some also from Queen Victoria's Dominion across the line. However gratifying it might be to our personal vanity to publish all the flattering letters we receive, such a task would involve too great a tax upon our space, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with the following. We are assured that the regular weekly issue of this journal is its own best vouchery. If we may believe the kind words of old and new friends it is now universally conceded that in the successive volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM is contained the best sportsmen's literature ever furnished by any publication in the world. Read what is said of the paper:

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The title page and index of Vol. XV. came as bright as a dollar, and fully as valuable. I have every number of the FOREST AND STREAM and the HORN AND GUN in all their changes ever published, and prize them highly, but would consider them comparatively valueless without the index. I think FOREST AND STREAM better to day than ever before.—E. S. HOLMES (Grand Rapids, Mich.)

MARKED SUCCESS—STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

I have introduced the FOREST AND STREAM in many localities throughout the United States and the Canadian Dominion, with the object of assisting by my note (or might) the establishment of a sportsman's paper of higher (one than previously published on this continent, and hope that its financial success has proved commensurate with the marked success and steady improvement in other respects.—EUGENE SMITH (Portland, Me.)

A SINGLE DEPARTMENT WORTH THE PRICE.

I have been a constant reader for the past four years, and esteem your journal very highly. The original articles in Natural History are alone worth many times the price to all true sportsmen who hunt, forest and stream for instruction and recreation rather than to "kill, burn and destroy."—J. T. C. (Victoria, Ont.)

BETTER EVERY YEAR.

I have taken the FOREST AND STREAM for some time; I have become very much attached to it, and think it grows better every year.—D. S. (Lebanon, N. H.)

ADVERTISERS HEAR FROM IT.

We are receiving very flattering results from our advertisement in your paper, in fact we should have written you before but for the great number of answers we have had to write in regard to the books.—HUNT & Co. (Chicago, Ill., U. S.)

BEING MANIFEST SERVICE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is doing magnificent service for sportsmen and the public generally. It is conspicuous in defence of prac-

The Sportsman's Tourist.

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

By FAIRCHILD, JR.—PART SECOND.

FOREST BIRDS.

THE silence and solitude of the great northern forests is rarely broken by the blithesome song or presence of birds, yet in the trackless wilds of the far interior I have made the acquaintance of several rare and interesting species by habits of close observation. They are an unobtrusive family, as their predilection for the deep forests attests, and not much inclined to court the society of man, though there is one noteworthy exception to this rule, as I shall presently show. So full are they of the immensity and grandeur of these sombre old woods, that it has imparted to them a sober, quiet thoughtfulness, a joyous peal of light-hearted melody being rarely heard—not that they are gloomy or morose, but only earnest, intense, finding life something more precious than an idle hobby to be spent in frivolity. They no doubt also feel a quiet thankfulness in their escape from the manifold dangers that encompass their less thoughtful brothers of the field from the predatory attacks of hawks, crows, reptiles and man. The latter, by the way, ceases to be a foe of the small feathered race as soon as he is beyond the pale of civilization; in the former rarely extend their journeyings beyond it.

There is a little red-colored bird that has a call that sounds precisely like the kind of an axe in a log. The imitation is so exact that I have several times diverged from my course to find out who was encamped near by, to be suddenly recalled to a knowledge of the chopper by hearing the sound repeated in another direction as my shy little feathered friend flew off at my approach. There is still another little inhabitant of the woods, not in wooded regions, however, with old bushmen, as its presence and short, querulous whistle is said by them to be followed by a storm. It defies the severest cold of the long Arctic winter. It is called the red-bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*).

The snowy owl—the great northern hunter as it is aptly named—the barred owl and the cinereous owl are today only stragglers into the depths of the forests, adventurous hunters of the woods, not in wooded regions, however, with old bushmen, as its presence and short, querulous whistle is said by them to be followed by a storm. It defies the severest cold of the long Arctic winter. It is called the red-bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*).

At rare intervals I have had my camp intruded upon by one or the other of these owls, who, having satisfied its traveler's curiosity, uttered its blood-curdling, sleep-destroying cry, would betake itself again into the quiet shades of night.

Twice in mid-winter I have seen a pair of ravens circling high in air over the frozen sea. At times, uttering their hoarse croaks, they appeared the embodiment of loneliness. What could have tempted them from the sea-coast to the far interior I know not.

The woodpecker family is about the most fully represented one throughout the forest region, the most conspicuous, both for its size and rich markings, being *P. picatus*. It is by no means common, though widely distributed. The woodpeckers play an important part in nature's economy. By their perforations in the trunks of dead trees they hasten their decay and fall. Four species winter in Canada, but during the prevalence of severe cold they entirely disappear; a slight thaw, and they are again actively at work. I have been led to think from this that they might hibernate for short periods.

The exception to the shyness of the forest birds to which I previously alluded is the Canada jay, alias whiskey jake, a noisy bird, etc. I saw a pair of the blue jay, but unlike its congenitor, its plumage is of a dull, leaden color, and its song a soft continuous warble. I have never camped in the wilderness winter or summer that I have not had a visit from a pair of these singular birds. Fearless of man, they would take up their quarters on the nearest twig to the fire and watch their opportunity to steal whatever was left unwatched a moment. Holding their end up we remained, and the water in the tub, asked him what it was in most of our habits thrown to the ground and otherwise eat up such queer sober antics as to constantly excite my risibles. It is said to breed in midwinter, but if such is the case the male must relieve the female upon the nest, as the germ in the eggs would perish upon the least exposure to the intense cold. I am rather incredulous about this, as I am about the stories that are told concerning its ability to capture fish in the water like a kingfisher.

The aquatic and voraciously represented family throughout the lake region where they breed, and in the early fall the angler, while fishing, obtains many a chance to bag a few ducks to add to his bill of fare.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

If there is a scateness and sobriety on the part of the forest birds, the levity and volubility of this little denizen of the coniferous forests enlivens the general gloom. Summer and winter alike the red squirrel, as it was in most of our habits thrown to the ground and otherwise eat up such queer sober antics as to constantly excite my risibles. It is said to breed in midwinter, but if such is the case the male must relieve the female upon the nest, as the germ in the eggs would perish upon the least exposure to the intense cold. I am rather incredulous about this, as I am about the stories that are told concerning its ability to capture fish in the water like a kingfisher.

The little chatterbox is given to migrating occasionally, and if in the course of its journeyings it comes to a lake or a river it takes to the water unhesitatingly and appears as much at home in it as its first cousin the muskrat. In the coniferous woods the red squirrel lays by no provision for the winter, but depends upon the cones to furnish it with a sufficiency to carry it through the long months of snow and ice,

COMMENTS DE BOIS.

To such lamentable admits were the Canadian noblesse reduced, about the middle of the seventeenth century, by their improvidence and the frequent depredations of the marauding savages, that their younger children went half-naked, while their wives and daughters were compelled to work in the fields. The sons of these mendicant seigneurs, with more energy, perhaps, than their sires, but with the same disinclination for honest labor in the fields, bandied together in small parties and struck out into the wilderness to trade with the Indians for heavier skins or to trap them on their own account. I have a suspicion that a too close ecclesiastical supervision, and frequent penance for the freaks of young blood, may have hastened their departure, but upon this point the records are silent. In vain did the Governor proclaim their proceedings illegal and threaten outlawry against them; equally vain the threats of excommunication hundreded after them by the Jesuit fathers and the Recollets; the taste of the freedom and license of the camp-fire was far more potent, and defections from the ranks of the younger men in the colony still continued until it was estimated that over eight hundred of them were engaged in the "hefurious" pursuit of the beaver. Animated by a spirit of adventure, they penetrated the great unknown wilderness from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Hudson's Bay. Many of them contracted alliances with the dusky natives of the forest, and secured considerable influence with the councils of the tribes from which they took their squaws, and in time became almost as savage.

Once a year it was their custom to repair to one of the French towns. Francis Parkman thus describes the return of a party of these francis from their roivings.

"Montreal was their harboring place, and they conducted themselves much like the crew of a man-of-war paid off after a long cruise. As long as their beaver skins lasted they set no bound to their license. The new comers were bedizened with a strange mixture of French and Indian finery, while some of them, with instincts more thoroughly savage, stalked about the streets as naked as a Potawatamie or Sioux. Drinking and gambling filled the day and night. When at last sober, they sought absolution from the priests and once more disappeared within the shades of the forest."

After the conquest of Canada the Hudson's Bay Company's serious hunters, and the *Conzeux de Bois* at once found their allotted place in their service. Of late years the Company has dispensed with the services of many of these forest rangers, who have returned to the villages of their birth, and marrying, have settled down on a bush farm upon the edge of that wilderness they love so well. The domestic ties are not sufficiently strong to wean them from their first love. Old Jean Le Blanc is a good example of his race. When the frosts of autumn have frozen the mountains with a thousand rattling lugs Jean becomes meazy and restless. At all hours of the day he may be observed at the corner of his little log house, that commands a view of the forests, blowing thick clouds of smoke from his short, black pipe, and taking observations. Some fine morning he is seen entering the edge of the bush, old flintlock under his arm, snowshoes slung over his shoulders, together with his small pack of traps and other necessities. What becomes of him and how one knows, but early in spring he reappears, swilling strongly of smoke and drawing behind him a very tellingly laden traineau, the proceeds of his winter work, the skins of the caribou and moose that have fallen before old flintlock; and the pelts of beavers, minks and martins in his traps.

Jean is a good trapper, a poor shooter; he is full of the lore of the bush, but ignorant of everything else; superstitious as the Indians among whom he has so long dwelt, and as full of curiosity, but considers himself a good shot, and as full as light-hearted as a scowboy, he is envious of no man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LAND OF THE SIOUX.

THE first day of October, Dr. C— and myself embarked a first and N. W. train bound for the far Northwest. As we glided along over the smooth steel rails and begun to realize that the noise and smoke of the great city of Chicago was rapidly fading from our view, what a mountainous sense of relief stole over us, for had we not a month before us, a month we could devote to buffalo, deer, antelope, geese, ducks and—rvt! We almost felt that a score of years had fallen from our heads, and that we were "boys again." I often wonder if only those fortunate individuals imbued with a great love for nature's solitudes and handiwork ever enjoy this delicious feeling, if not, they miss one of the keenest and most refreshing pleasures of life.

We had in view the game fields contiguous to the N. P. R. Like all lovers of the rod and gun we were desirous of finding a sportsman's paradise, and where we were more likely to find it than in "the land of the Sioux?" We made brief stops at St. Paul and Minneapolis, but long enough to meet several gentlemen fond of lake pursuits, among whom was the ever-gentle Charles Hailcock. Mr. Footner, the obliging superintendent of the N. P. Ex. Co., we found anxious to do all in his power to assist us, and as he is very expert with the implements used by sportsmen he knows how to do it. We can say for the whole management of the N. P. that they are generous and obliging to the sporting fraternity, in strong contrast to some Eastern railroad officials I could mention. After leaving St. Paul our first stop was at Perham, about the centre of the "park region" of Minnesota, so called from its fanciful resemblance to a city park. A few miles west of this country several hundreds of miles in length on the south, reaching into Northern Iowa, and northward far toward Manitoba. It consists of a high, undulating prairie, diversified by thousands of lakes of clear and limpid water, frequently so near to each other as to hardly admit of a roadway between them. Scattering oaks dot the surface of the land, with here and there a beautiful grove. The ground is covered with luxuriant grass, except in a few places, where it is very dry. It is not perhaps needless to say that these lakes are stocked with apparently inexhaustible quantities of black bass, muskellunge, pike, pickerel and the various smaller fishes indigenous to this latitude. Otter Tail Lake, one of the largest, contains, in addition, whitefish. In many of these lakes wild rice is found in abundance. Otter Tail county is said to contain over nine hundred lakes, most of them nameless.

Here we luxuriated on the most delicate and gamiest of fish, and the plumpest of millards and teal. The sharp-tailed grouse are also quite common. Deer are occasionally found, but wild we cannot say that we found it the paradise of which we had so fondly dreamed, for "there is no rose without its thorn." We found a very sharp thorn in our guide; he knew too much. His superabundant knowledge

tical things and ideas, and its fidelity is as conspicuous as its wisdom. It is the sporting life—not sporting in the sense of a gambler, and that every family can read with profit, for it is as by edited, clean, interesting and educating. It is one of the best of natural history teachers to be found. Every one of its several departments is complete in every respect, and each is edited by a gentleman who has made it his job a life-study.—*Spectator*, N. Y., *Journal*, May 18, 1881.

A FINE-CLASS JOURNAL. The card of Forest and Stream in our advertising columns should attract the most intelligent sportsmen. It was voted for 1881 a first-class journal devoted specially to the subjects connected with the sports of the "rod and gun." We have read it for years, and can speak of its merits understandingly.—*Germanian Telegraph*, Jan. 13, 1884.

THE BEST PATRONAGE OF BEST SPORTSMEN. The FOREST AND STREAM is a journal worthy of and demanding the liberal patronage of the highest and truest type of American sportsmanship.—H. B. ROSE, late Secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association.

IT IS THE PAPER. I have now taken the FOREST AND STREAM seven years. Every week I look forward with pleasure to the day on which the mail shall bring me my paper. Although passionately fond of hunting, yet I get very little time to indulge in this sport, and as the next best thing I like to do is to read the FOREST AND STREAM, I have endeavored to keep myself posted on sporting matters. I regard the FOREST AND STREAM as the paper for American sportsmen. W. M. D. (North Canaan, Mass.).

NO PAPER CAN TAKE ITS PLACE. There is no paper published which can take the place of the FOREST AND STREAM in the estimation of gentlemen who have the time and talent to enjoy the sport of the field, the forest and the stream. Besides the matters pertaining directly to these sports, there is a vast fund of information available to all gentlemen, whether addicted to out-of-door recreations or obliged to pass their lives in sedentary occupations. Time spent in reading this paper is well spent, and no one who reads and reflects will fail to be profited thereby.—*Day City, Mich., Tribune*, March 4, 1881.

LABORS OF BEESWAX TO ABS. I am going to lead you to the ADVERTISING IN FOREST AND STREAM. I often get a letter with the card cut out, showing it to be an old paper, perhaps a year or more old, so I know that it pays to keep it until all the time in season and out. I have received 385 letters from all parts of the world, and I thought me twenty-five in a bunch.—J. H. RUSHTON, Canton, N. Y.

HAD TO HIRE AN EXTRA CLERK. I had had to hire a clerk who was kept busy with answering letters received through my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM.—HENRY PETERHANS, Greenpoint, N. Y.

A REASONABLE PREFERENCE. The FOREST AND STREAM is a very large and honorable body of subscribers, I should judge from the result of a little advertisement which I inserted in that paper at so trifling a cost a short time since. That this is certainly no more than it deserves in proportion to the amount of advertising matter contained in its pages.—G. T. C., Buffalo, N. Y.

WAS COME TO THE FRONT. It comes as a welcome visitor to our table, and every time has something in it both instructive and entertaining. Since Fred. Master's change of the "fishing columns" it has come to the front.—W. D. T., Chicago, Ill.

ITS INTELLECTUAL HEALTHFUL. Although only twenty woodcock seasons have passed over my head I take an ardent interest in field sports. I am indebted to your instructive and well-doing paper for the greater part of the instruction I feel for nearly every day. If any young man look your valuable paper instead of whiling away their time on some worthless publication they would be wiser and better in the end.—B. A. M. (Austin, Minn.).

THE FACTS OF SPORTSMANSHIP SETTLEMENT. I appreciate the fact that you have in your paper every week focus the sportsmanlike sentiment of the country, and in turn radiate the same out to the ends of our land. You are doing a good work in a manly way. *Macle's Tribune*. I read every paper through, advertisements and all, and I like the whole thing, even to the tint of the cover.—J. W. Garland, N. Y.

KEENLY ADVERTISING TALENT. My advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM was well placed. I received correspondences from Maine to Texas.—J. J. (Haverhill, Mass.).

GIVES PROMINENCE TO REAL SPORT. Please renew my subscription for the year. I find little time to shoot, but make up in part each lack of a good time in the field by reading your paper, which I am happy to see gives increasing prominence to matters of real sport with rod and gun.—L.

BEHOLD HOW GREAT A PLEASURE A LITTLE PAPER BRINGS. I should like to express my appreciation of the fact that you have in your paper every week focus the sportsmanlike sentiment of the country, and in turn radiate the same out to the ends of our land. You are doing a good work in a manly way. *Macle's Tribune*. I read every paper through, advertisements and all, and I like the whole thing, even to the tint of the cover.—J. W. Garland, N. Y.

GAME IN KENTUCKY.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky., May 25. GAME came through the winter apparently as little reduced, numerically, as after a season so remarkable for its mildness. It is in great measure to the fact that there was almost no shooting by sportsmen as a polar temperature nipped the early hunter in the midst of his preparations. Turkeys, partridges and especially squirrels are abundant. Quail are by no means annual tenants of the mountain small farms, but this spring there is scarcely a grain patch without its pair. Red foxes are multiplying alarmingly since the repeal of the scalp law, and the advent of their offspring into poultry yards keeps many good games in a state of nervous solicitude about their derling ducklings and goslings. The hares are unfortunately too wily for Reynard, or have become infected with the emigration mania and sought prosperity in localities convenient to pea and cabbage crops, upon which their regular forays are becoming a nuisance, exasperating gardeners of even Jibbik fortune. Hawks are very numerous, are sagaciously bold of mail either one has fallen asleep on guard or the shotgun has been returned to its corner, when the hullab among the old quincus and chickens informs you that another Methodist titbit has been unfeelingly snatched away in the "bloom of youth."

Attracted to the door a few mornings since by the "racket" of crows, martens and bluebirds, I discovered that they were harassing a huge hawk, and as I was in my rifle, rushed to the aid of the victim. The hawk's enemies roared him as he flew over the yard I gave him a salute which he acknowledged by dropping almost at my feet a full grown squirrel, which bore only the marks of his talons. It proved a savory addition to a dish of broiled beefsteak at dinner.

KENTUCKIAN.

seemed to be as conspicuous as his dislike for hard work. How many of us have fallen into the hands of his counterpart! So when the great October snow storm struck us, eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, we were obliged to depend on our own resources to extricate ourselves. It took us a week to do it.

To lovers of the rod and gun this region offers many attractions. The canoeist, or parties with light boats, can traverse this entire system of lakes finding royal sport, with picturesque and ever-varying scenery.

The altitude averages about two thousand feet above the sea, its climate healthy and invigorating. A few pioneer settlers are found here and there.

Our next halting-place was at Fargo, the thriving young metropolis of the valley of the Red river of the North. This busy little city is already the centre of a large trade. It lies in the eastern edge of Dakota, and furnishes supplies for the westward growing interests so rapidly developing in Northern Dakota. But our interests lie with the buffalo, deer and antelope of the vast plains beyond, we take the train for the far West.

After leaving Fargo, the lakes and watercourses begin to show a strong solution of alkali. Geese and ducks by thousands could be seen rising from them, as the noise of the train startled them from their feeding grounds. (Geese seem to delight in the shallow waters.) We were soon engaged in feeding in the shallow alkali lakes among the mountains of Wyoming and Montana, even as early as the month of August.

After a few days spent in the vicinity of Crystal Springs, which seem to be the headquarters of the Northern Pacific for wild geese, we went on to Bismark. This place, at present, is on the border of a vast, limitless plain stretch out unhabited and almost unknown to the white man. Within a few months it was not healthy for a white man to show himself out of sight of the railroad line. Much of this territory seems to be identical in character with the rich lands of Eastern Dakota. About two hundred miles west of Bismark we reach the bad lands. Here the scenic changes of vegetation almost cease. The little Missouri flows through this a northern watercourse, and in the thousands of miles in thousands, gracefully bounding away from the approaching locomotive. Here, too, is the last resort of the buffalo, and following them like a Nemesis are the white and copper-colored butchers who, unless soon restrained, will exterminate them. Cannot and will not Congress, hereafter it is too late, take means to put a stop to this reckless carnage, or limit this animal extermination to the white man?

Doubtless another season will see hundreds of sportsmen taking advantage of the completion of the N. P. to the Yellowstone to take a trip to that wonderful game resort. The head waters of the numerous streams that contribute to the formation of the Yellowstone still abound in a great variety of large game. In the autumn of 1878, in a somewhat extensive trip over this region, I saw herds of elk still quite plenty in the valleys and on the mountain sides. Antelope were rarely out of sight. Grizzly, cinnamon and black bears were frequently met with—mountain lion and mountain sheep occasionally. This region seems now to be the last great game preserve of the continent. The streams are full of trout, and it is in reality a sportsman's paradise. But our month had expired. We had no time left to visit the farther Yellowstone, so we have gone back to business, and must defer this pleasant trip till another season.

Chicago, January 7, 1891. H. L. STORV.

CATCHING WILD HORSES IN TEXAS.

SOME TIME since as we were returning from a hunting expedition on the plains of Texas toward evening, we came upon a wagon trail, and as we were by no means certain of our locality we concluded to follow it.

Going but a short distance we came to a ranch, and riding up we found the owner at home, and to our surprise an acquaintance, a Mr. Woods, whom we had met in Fort Griffin a few weeks before.

He gave us a hearty welcome, and as there was plenty of room outside the house if not in, we accepted his invitation and went into camp near his wood pile, that being about all the accommodation we wanted.

Staking out our ponies, and making a rousing fire, supper was soon ready, and as we had a good one, I invited Mr. Woods to join us. We had a cup of coffee with us, and a rubber blanket—shaken out, our plates wiped off with a piece of flour sack, the frying-pan turned upside-down to keep the dogs from eating the grease out of it, and a large armful of wood thrown on the fire—for there was nothing mean about my man in making a fire when he did not have to cut or carry the wood—we were ready for a chat.

Our host filled his pipe and after a few puffs proceeded to give us an account of his capturing a herd of wild horses a short time before. As I was interested in it, I thought some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM might like to hear of it.

Mr. Woods had noticed several times during the winter a small herd of horses, feeding not far from the ranch, and determined to try and capture them.

From his account it was plain that it would seem that they always fed on a certain range, and that if driven they will go to the extreme end of it, then make a circuit and return to about the place they started from.

In the early spring, when the grass is short and consequently the ponies are poor and weak, is the time selected, as during the summer it would be almost impossible to ride them down.

This preparatory necessary being the building of a strong corral, he selected a place in a thick grove, on a trail leading to a water-hole; here he built his corral, leaving an opening where the trail entered, which he closed with a strong gate. The entrance he made V shaped, running out for forty yards on either side of the trail a strong fence of brush and stakes. Concealing all as much as possible he was ready to begin the drive.

This preparatory took three days, with the help of two men.

They then selected four of their best horses. Packing a few days' rations and a little corn on one of them, they started out in search of the herd.

They sighted them about noon, five or six miles from the corral. Calling Mr. Woods mounted the best horse. Putting a few quarts of corn into one of his saddle pockets with a few days' rations of bread in the other, and filling his canteen with water, he was ready for a long ride.

He directed his men to camp where they were, and have their horses saddled by daylight ready to relieve him, as he expected to pass about that time.

The herd had all this time been quietly feeding about a mile off.

As Mr. Woods rode toward them they started off on a run, keeping after them, they ran a mile or two, then came to a walk and allowed Mr. Woods to ride within a mile of them, when they again started off on a run, he keeping after them as before, never allowing them to get out of his sight.

They kept on a run all the afternoon until toward evening, when they came to a walk, seeming to think it was no use trying to get away from the strange horse that was always following them. He did not press, always keeping about a quarter of a mile behind, but giving them no time to stop and feed, feeding his own horse a little corn as he went along out of his saddle pocket.

Toward night the herd went to water, but Mr. Woods gave them no time to drink much, although allowing his own horse to drink all he wished.

That night was clear, with a moon, so there was no trouble in keeping them clear.

By this time the herd seemed very much inclined to stop, and would allow Mr. Woods to ride within a few hundred yards before they would move on. He kept after them until toward morning, when it became cloudy and dark, so that he lost sight of them; he therefore stopped, unsaddled and fed his horse, ate some supper, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, went soon sleeping, thinking there was no danger.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and on looking around he saw the herd feeding only a short distance away.

Stalling his horse, he was soon after them. They started off on a brisk gallop, but Woods kept up, and they soon got tired and came to walk.

They kept them in this way, always keeping within a few hundred yards of them, and giving them no time to feed, but feeding his horse with a little corn as he rode along.

Toward noon they were approaching the place where his men should be to relieve him, they having made a turn in the night, and were now on their way back toward where they had first started from.

The Woods kept a sharp look-out but could see no one, so he kept on all day.

By night he could ride within a few yards, and they had not indulged in a run for some time; he was very tired but kept on, still hoping his men would come to his relief, but no help appeared, and toward morning his horse gave out and he had to give up the chase.

Making the saddle and bridle for him, and turned his horse back to the ranch, was no danger of his going away, as his last ration, rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep.

He woke at daylight, and looking around for his horse found he had gone off. He was certainly in rather a bad fix; but determined not to lose all his labor, he threw his blanket on a bush to mark the place where he had left his saddle; he started after the herd, but as they were being driven only a short distance off, and as he came up started off on a run, but only kept it up for a short distance, then came back to a walk, so that there was no trouble in keeping up with them.

About eight o'clock Woods saw his men coming toward him with a horse; they had been out looking for him during the night, but seeing nothing of him went back to camp.

In the morning they found his horse near camp, so knew he could not be far off, and started with a fresh one to find him.

Mr. Woods thought that the ponies were so nearly exhausted that he could now pen them. Sending a man out on each side of the herd and bringing up the rear himself, they drove them slowly toward the corral, which was only five or six miles off.

They worked them slowly toward the trail which led to the corral, and when they struck it they started off in a canter, making for the water; the men kept after them and they trotted along, following the trail between the wings, without seeming to notice them, right into the pen. Mr. Woods kept close behind, and closed the gate after them.

He had the herd now safe, and after a short time more of safety for them, they were taken away to be sold to the world. They then tossed them, and hobbling securely turned them out to feed.

Toward night they were driven to the ranch, and they found they had fifteen good ponies besides two mules; the mules were branded U. S., and had evidently been abandoned by some government expedition on the plains; they were the wildest and hardest to handle of any of the ponies broken to ride, that is, broken in a Texas sense. Some were very fine, and he sold most of them for a good price. The mules he broke for himself, and they turned out a very poor pair.

WINOUS POINT CLUB.

IN nine cases out of ten, a long anticipated and impatiently expected week over decoys and behind blinds turns out like a precocious child with a big head; wonders are predicted of it, but alas! it too frequently shrivels up and dies of a broken heart. During the last week of the season, wind and wind not favorable often wreck our fairest visions; and after three or four hours behind the best blind, with all his good nature frozen out, one readily realizes that weather and wind have much to do with successful duck-shooting, amply confirming poor Joe Long's oft-repeated advice, "Who are wise and would make the biggest bags must freely consult Old Prob and the moon." During the last week of the season, wind and wind not favorable often wreck our fairest visions; and after three or four hours behind the best blind, with all his good nature frozen out, one readily realizes that weather and wind have much to do with successful duck-shooting, amply confirming poor Joe Long's oft-repeated advice, "Who are wise and would make the biggest bags must freely consult Old Prob and the moon."

With this experience and advice we started on receipt of a letter from "El-Liv-Ves" (the man who never smiles), which Finegan triumphantly showed us, with the sententious remark, "That's the stuff," and were soon gliding along the Lake Shore Railway from Buffalo toward Sandusky.

The Bay of Sandusky has an extent of over 30,000 acres of marsh, which furnishes feeding ground in the fall and spring for millions of ducks and geese. Wild celery grows in the greatest abundance, and here the canvas-backs flock in great numbers. Twenty-six years ago a few old sportsmen of Cleveland, appreciating the immense advantages of such a locality, purchased and otherwise obtained control of over 5,000 acres of marsh and meadow, and the Winous Point, or "Crest of the Bay," was founded. It was at first a most shabby place. From this nucleus has grown the elegant and comfortable buildings of the Winous Point Club, limited to thirty members, now owning and leasing over 18,000 acres of the finest duck, snipe and quail ground in the West, and valued at over \$100,000.

Barring the incident of a smash on the Lake Shore North-

tingham, that lost the lives of the engineer and fireman and destroyed \$25,000 worth of railroad property, we arrived at Cleveland in due course, spending the night in the hospitable home of one of its oldest citizens. We took the early train on the following morning, and with the addition of an early old Nimrod to our party, we arrived at Port Clinton at ten o'clock.

The kindly phiz of George met us at the depot, and after seeing our impediments stored for a sled transfer over the mud roads to the Club House, Finegan, Gore and the writer started by the new route for the Point. How many times since have I thought of how we were then, and how we are now, and rested on with the plaintive inquiry, "How long, oh, how long?" and how straight Gore guided us through mud, slush and water, to the high, warm, comfortable lounging room of the Winous, and its old fashioned fireplace filled with four logs, I'll not now narrate. Suffice it to say we reached there at last, and were amply repaid for the weary trip by one of George's best dinners.

The club has two large substantial buildings containing some thirty sleeping rooms, with the necessary addition for kitchen, dining-room, laundry, etc. Adjoining the house is the tank house and boat house, in the former of which are the necessary counters and benches for loading, cleaning, etc., with tanks or lockers for each member, and in the latter over 40 row boats of various kinds, including the Kenyon, Osborn, Barrett, Racine and others. There is also an array of decoys, from the little blue hill to the big goose, all ready for their deceptive occupation. Along the south front of the house is a wide veranda flanked by a beautiful lawn, with a 40 ft. flagstaff, at the topmost of which flies the club flag, always signalling occupancy of the house. It is very seldom that the flag is not fluttering in the breeze.

On the west side of the house, a hanging room, is a black walnut and glass case of ample dimensions, containing a large number of beautifully set up specimens of water fowl, all killed by members of the club—ducks, teal, geese, swans, brant, quail, woodcock, snipe, eagles and hawks. A particularly beautiful specimen, a swan killed by Mr. Cross, is much admired. On the south side of the room is the library and a rack for guns. The club has a superintendent, the omnipotent and indomitable George, and four keepers, who patrol the grounds during the season, and woe to the luckless duckerbeak who is caught poaching. What George would do with such a one is best told by the Earl of Dunraven's game-keeper on being questioned in court as to his disposition of any one caught red handed: "Plat ud I du?"

Such sport and its accessories may well be called a sportsman's paradise, and so we found it.

After a good old-fashioned game of whist and a well-spread supper and night cap we retired early with visions of ducks unnumberable.

Breakfasting early, Finegan, Bob and the writer set out for our blinds at ten o'clock. The club blinds were started on the north-west all day, and the birds were akin to lightning bolts in their flight, scarcely noticing our decoys; still our bag of canvasbacks, teal, wigwags and redheads was fair, and we returned well satisfied.

It is no exaggeration to say that from almost any point on the bay could have been seen thousands of mallards, wigwags and canvasbacks, and the club blinds were a splendid sight to our eyes were blessed and our fingers tingled by the sight of a ring of old honkers.

The register of birds kept each season by the club members for many years shows an enormous number killed. Butterballs and coots are not counted. To the credit of the club be it said that mallard shooting is prohibited in the spot.

Unfortunately for the writer a telegram ruddy dispelled his hopes of a week's vacation, and he was reluctantly compelled to bid good bye to Winous Point and its hospitalities in the midst of his enjoyment. Another season an your correspondent may be enabled to discourse more eloquently of the varied attractions of the "Winous." EN GARDE.

Natural History.

THE FISH MORTALITY IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

THE following report into the causes of the recent terrible mortality among the fishes of the Florida coast has been made by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll to Professor Baird and will appear in the proceedings of the United States National Museum. Owing to the impossibility of procuring samples of the supposed poisoned water for analysis no definite conclusion has been reached as to the cause of the destruction of the fishes of the Gulf has been reached. The report is as follows:

Pursuant to your verbal suggestion, I made it an object, during my recent cruise down the western coast of Florida in the service of the Superintendent of the Census, to inquire into the so-called "poisoned water" which was supposed to have caused the remarkable mortality among the sea-fishes that occurred in the autumn of 1880. I am sorry to be able to but must excuse on the plea that I was too late to see any actual destruction, since the cause had wholly disappeared previous to my arrival there, and also from the fact that I was unable to carry out my intention of going to Key West, where most of the fishermen live who suffered injury, and who could perhaps have furnished additional information. It appears that this misfortune is not a new experience in the eastern part of the Gulf of Mexico. One of the oldest residents on the Florida coast, Mr. Benjamin Curry, of Manatee, told me, what others confirmed, that as far back as 1844 a wide-spread destruction of all sorts of salt-water animal life occurred, apparently due to causes precisely similar to those which produced the latter noted destruction. It is reported that the fishes suffered all along the southern shore, and have done so at intervals since to a less degree, until in 1878 an excessive fatality spread among them, which was wider in the extent of its damaging effects and probably more destructive in point of number of victims than the later visitation of 1880. Even the cooler half of 1879 was not exempt from some appearance of the plague.

It is regretted that no information of this deadly infestation in the sea during 1878, Mr. John Brady, Jr., an intelligent captain, told me that the time of year was January, and that the "poisoned water," to which universal belief credits the death of the fishes, could easily be distinguished from the clear blue of the pure surrounding element. This discolored water appeared in long patches or "streaks," sometimes 100 yards wide, drifting lengthwise with the flow

of the tide. The earliest indication of it was the floating up of vast quantities of dead sponges—chiefly "loggerheads." All those seen by Mr. Brady were less than forty miles north of Key West, in what is known as "the Bay," or, as my friends call it, "the sea," as they are all blowing (i. e., south-ward or eastward) of the Florida Reefs; but it was soon discovered that all the hitherto profitable sponging grounds lying off the coast as far north nearly as Cedar Keys, and particularly off the Anclotes, had been ruined. These grounds are only now beginning to show signs of reproductive-ness in sponges. At the same time, many portions of this area—for example, Sarasota Bay—seem not to have been affected so much at least to cause the death of swimming fishes to any great extent. In the case of the sponges, only a few of other species than the loggerhead would be seen floating; but when they were looked into, all were found dead, though still clinging to the bottom. When a sponge dies naturally it gradually becomes white at its base, through the loss of its sarcoel matter, but all these were observed to have turned black. The abandonment of these sponging grounds from the Reefs to Cedar Keys, during the three or four years following this attack, entails a loss, which it is hard to estimate, because partially compensated in the increased price of the article in the market due to its consequent scarcity, and because at all times the product there is an uncertain quantity; but I hazard the opinion that \$100,000 would not repair the damage to this business interest alone. Had it not been for the fortunate discovery just at that time of the sponge-tracks off Rock Island, northward of the Suwanee River, almost a famine in this article would have ensued.

Concerning the attack of 1880 I am able to say more. It began suddenly, and immediately followed the terrible hurricane which is known as the "August gale," the fish and all other ocean life suddenly dying in herds all along the southern (eastern) shore of Tampa Bay, on Egmont Key, at its mouth, which was the most northern point, and thence southward as far as Snake River, in Whitewater Bay, on the coast. Thence the hurricane was found in the currents that set southward through the Bahia de Passaro, through the Northwest Passage beyond Key West, and even out in the neighborhood of the far isolated Tortugas.

Everywhere throughout this whole extent of coast, except in the mouths of the rivers and in the shallow bayous, all the forms of sea-life died as though stricken with a plague fatal alike to all, and were drifted upon the beaches in long windrows so dense that near human habitations men were obliged to be carried to the shore by the water. In some places (I haul them away by wagon-loads to be prepared for manure, as was done in some cases. Not only were swimming fishes destroyed, but sponges, crabs (I saw upon the beaches thousands of horseshoe-crabs laden with their chains of undischarged eggs), and great numbers of mollusks. The oysters at the mouth of Manatee River and in Tampa were spoiled (in imagination if not in fact), and the excellent clams of Sarasota Bay became waste, as well as of a repulsive green hue at their edges. A graphic account has been given me in a letter received from Mr. Charles Moore, Jr., keeper of the lighthouse on Egmont Key, at the entrance of Tampa Bay, the original of which I transmit herewith. This point witnessed the height of the calamity, and as Mr. Moore was present during the whole season, his account of facts is valuable.

By Mr. Moore's letter, February 20, 1881.

"Sir: As I promised to give you all the information about the fish dying at this station, I will do so to the best of my ability. The first dead fish we saw was on Sunday, October 17, as the tide came in. There were thousands of small fish floating on the water, most of them quite dead. I saw only one kind the first day; they were small fish, four or five inches long; the Key West snappers called them "brim." They were new fish to me. The next day other kinds were seen all along the shore; the pompano was about the next to give in, and by the 25th October nearly all kinds of fish that inhabit these waters were dying, except the ray family. I don't remember of ever seeing any stinger or whipper ray, or the devil fish, as we call the largest ones of the ray family.

From the 25th of October to the 10th of November was the worst time; during that time the stench was so bad that it was not possible to go to the beach. The next day I went to Manatee, and the assistant keeper and myself staid ourselves up in our rooms and kept burning tar, coffee, sulphur, rags, etc., night and day in order to stand it. It was warm, damp, and calm weather. They continued to die for about six weeks; they kept getting less every day. I counted seventy sharks within 80 yards, all small; I never saw a shark over four feet long dead. The cow-fish and eels were about the last to give in. I think the cause of the fish dying was caused by the fresh water, as there were immense quantities of fresh water coming down the bay, and the water here was nearly fresh on the surface, while the water underneath was perfectly salt. Now, if the fresh water could have passed off into the Gulf without being disturbed by winds, it would have naturally spread out thinner and thinner as it would have rolled on toward the Gulf Stream, and once it got there, then there would have been no trouble. But on the 7th of October we had a heavy gale from the southwest, and it continued to blow from the south and west until the 11th of October, and a very heavy sea running at the mouth of the bay, and it churned the fresh and salt water all up together, and the strong southerly winds set this mixed water back and kept it here for several days.

I noticed, a few days before the fish commenced to die, a peculiar smell on the water, something like the smell of brim-water, and the color of the water was a dirty green, mixed with small sediment. I noticed the fish while they were dying, when they first came in shoal water; they would not enrage, dart around in every direction, but in a short time would give up and float ashore. On examining them I found their gills all glued together with a slimy substance and of a whitish color, and in a short time the gills would turn green and black, and the color of the water was a dirty green, mixed with small sediment. I noticed the fish while they were dying, when they first came in shoal water; they would not enrage, dart around in every direction, but in a short time would give up and float ashore. On examining them I found their gills all glued together with a slimy substance and of a whitish color, and in a short time the gills would turn green and black, and the color of the water was a dirty green, mixed with small sediment. I noticed the fish while they were dying, when they first came in shoal water; they would not enrage, dart around in every direction, but in a short time would give up and float ashore. On examining them I found their gills all glued together with a slimy substance and of a whitish color, and in a short time the gills would turn green and black, and the color of the water was a dirty green, mixed with small sediment.

"My address is: Bradenton, Manatee County, Florida."
"Very respectfully,
"Keeper of Egmont Light-House."

Along this region of the Florida coast are several establishments or "factories" devoted to the catching and salting of fish, chiefly the mullet and its roe, and to the making of su-

perphosphates. All of these were obliged to suspend operations, and their winter's work has been ruined, or at least all the profits are gone. One gentleman told me of a single definite loss he had thus suffered of \$800.

To this part of the coast, also, comes a large fleet of smacks and "smackees" every winter to catch fish for the Key West and Havana markets, principally the latter. These smacks were found that, as before, the brownish, discolored water, "filthy and glutinous" (as one described it), which seemed the cause of the mischief, lay in streaks drifting with the tide. The small fishes that swam into one of these patches (which had a vertical thickness apparently coextensive with the depth of the sea at that place) seemed unable to get out before they were stifled, and died as though by suffocation. Even the large carnivorous swimmers, like the sharks and porpoises, were found to die, though frequently they would often strength to turn back and flounder out. In the pure element, between the deadly streaks, fish were as abundant as ever at the distance from the coast where the smacks operated, and their wells were often filled with prompsness; but it was found that it was impossible, even by going straight out to the Tortugas, to run the gauntlet of the poisoned water between there and the Cape Sable, since if once it was encountered, the fish, though they would swim minutes sufficient to bring about the death of every fish of the cargo. I have a few notes, culled from the Key West journals, which show that a loss of nearly \$10,000 resulted from only four or five such misfortunes. The consequence was that for some weeks the fishing throughout all that part of the Gulf had to be wholly abandoned, involving the idleness of a large number of vessels and their crews.

Seeking an explanation of the phenomenon, I everywhere asked what was the local theory to account for the matter, and was almost always told with confidence that it was due to an overflow of the swamps and the pouring into the Gulf of bodies of fresh water poisoned by a decoction of noxious 'acids,' etc., leached from the roots which had been soaking for years in the pen-up floods—a theory which I fail to find supported by such facts as I have been able to learn.

Those who are conversant with the history of this explanation, point out that the winter of 1877-78 was an unusually wet year, and that this last fall saw more rain falling in South Florida than ever before in the recollection of the people there. This is probably true, and it may be, as asserted, that the years heretofore when the fish have died have been those noted for their excessive rainfall, but I have not compared meteorological records. It is no doubt true also that if a semi-fishy mud, or muck, saturated with the tannin derived from decomposing roots and stems of palm trees, oak, sumch, etc., which do abound in the Everglades, be found and it emitly unhealthy. But further than this the hypothesis will not hold. It requires us to believe that the overflow of a small surface of swamp-land shall so tincture the wide area of the Gulf as to destroy its healthfulness during several weeks, while the tides are ceaselessly swinging back and forth as they are, and continuously replace the water of every part with new and sound elements of palm trees. This is preposterous. Moreover, provided it was true of the Manatee River (as is claimed), or of the Caloosahatchee further south, why should it not be equally true of the Atlantic coast, where there is the same or greater drainage, yet no such trouble known; or of the Withlacoochee, Suwanee and a dozen other streams draining swamps like the Okefenokee, in whose mouths the excess of water is noxious as those that are further south, yet whose discharging streams do no harm to the fishes? Moreover, in the Manatee River itself no fish were killed over the free range of the tides, though daily breasting the swamp overflow.

Some, discarding any theory of the decoction of poison from plants as an explanation, will tell you that the excess of rain-water discharged by the rivers so freshened the surf as to cause the death of all shore swimming fishes. This, as near as I can make it out, is Mr. Moore's explanation of the mortality at Egmont Key.

In a few confined spots, where fishes could not escape at will, this might now and then cause a death, but it is notorious that the fishes of the Gulf coast make little or no distinction between salt and fresh water. Alligators swim to the ocean just as readily, and the best sheephead caught are those of the Gulf. The cause of the stream is always sweet, and the water is never so fresh as to do us any harm. The head of the bayous, or until the river-channels get too shallow for them to swim further, a little fresh water, or a good deal, more or less, would receive no atention whatever from a Florida fish. The Mississippi has been deluging the Gulf with a well-nigh Amazonian volume of water, fresh not only, but thick and nasty, yet no one supposes the fishes off the latter are obliged to accept of its murky flood unless they choose, or, if they do, that they suffer by it, except to the palate of the eel.

But a more cogent argument, from facts perhaps overlooked heretofore, exists against any theory which seeks to explain the destruction of marine life inside the Florida reefs by any landward agency. This is that it was in all cases the dwellers on the bottom that perished first, while the surface-leaders were the last to be affected, and, as a rule, escaped altogether. (Until 1880, I was told, the mullets were ever known to be killed.) It was the death of sponges, conchs, sea-anemones, crawling horseshoe-crabs, of toad-fish, cow-fish, skates, and the like, which keep close down on the bottom, that first apprised the fishermen of the presence of their dreaded and mysterious enemy. Next came the bodies of red-fish, groupers, pompanos, and other deep swimmers, and last of all the mullets, which are shallow water, and float on the surface, having a lesser density. If it exerted a noxious influence it would be the surface-life that would first succumb, the bottom-life longest escape. But quite the reverse has been the case, and this, with other appearances, leads to the conclusion that the "poison" springs from the bottom of the sea, or is formed in its waters.

The only way to account for this, by supposing that eruptions of volcanic gases may have taken place through the bottom of the sea along a line stretching from Tampa Bay to the Tortugas, and through the western half of the Florida Keys. Inquiring as well as I could whether there had been any evidences of plutonic action in that region within a few years, I heard a tradition that about the holidays of 1877-78 an earthquake shock had been felt on the west coast. "I have had no opportunity to verify this," but it is a well-known fact that just previous to the hurricane of last year, so well remembered by all the people of Florida West, as a time of almost unparalleled destruction of shipping and height of tidal waves, a shock of earthquake was felt throughout the whole southwestern end of the peninsula. It did considerable damage in the city of Key West, and was so alarming at Tampa that several persons ran in flight from their

houses. Immediately after it began the sudden destruction of fish I have described.

Whether the physical shock of such an occurrence, touching the fish and creepers on the bottom, would do them harm, or whether the subsequent patches of "poisoned water" owed their discoloration and undoubted deleterious properties to being saturated with sulphureous or carbonic acid gases derived from volcanic emanations, I cannot presume to decide. But if the last supposition had been proved true, or shall be at some future time, would it not be a rational and sufficient explanation of the death of the fishes, sponges and their kin, whenever they came in contact with the discolored water alluded to?

Analysis of the suspected water would have done more to solve the question, probably, than anything else could do, and it is a matter of regret that I could not obtain a few specimens of it for that purpose. After the end of September, however, the evil diminished, and by Christmas all of the harmful water had disappeared from the Gulf.

Regretting that I could not have done more to get at the truth of the matter, in essaying which I was offered every aid by the citizens of Florida, but continually impeded by bad weather and other untoward circumstances, I beg to avail myself of this little that I have learned, and I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,
ERNEST INGERHOLL.
PROFESSOR SPENCER F. BAIRD,
United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

SPRING NOTES FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

As it may prove interesting to some of your readers to compare dates concerning the leaving and flowing of trees and plants, arrival of migratory birds, etc., I have much pleasure in forwarding the following "notes," which, if acceptable, can be supplemented by others.

Willow (*Salix*). Of this genus we have several species, but, unfortunately, owing to the difficulty of identifying them, I am unable to give more than a general account. The latter begin to blossom here in an early season, and yield itself to moderately dry ground as well as moist. Its silky catkins appear generally about April 20, but in early seasons, like that of 1876, I have known them to put out as early as March 18. The catkins of the different species of willow are called "pusses" by the children of this province. In England I well recollect when a child we used to call them "goose-goose," which denoting its downy coating as somewhat like the animals in question. They generally leaf about the last week in May.

Alder (*Alnus incana*, DC.). Catkins generally appear about the first week in May, but I have observed them (1876) as early as April 14. This year (1881) I noticed them first on May 1. This shrub—or tree as it might be called in some parts of the province, especially in the Stewiacke Valley, Colchester County—attains a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and six inches in diameter of trunk, is extremely common everywhere in moist situations. It usually puts forth leaves about the second week in May. The wood is very brittle, and in clayey land no shrub is more easily grubbed up than the alder. The downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) loves to inspect the lower parts of the alder trunks, where from the many holes pierced in the bark it evidently finds the larvae of some insect suited to its taste. From this peculiarity no doubt the unscientific countryman calls it "sap-sucker."

Sweet Fern (*Comptonia asplenifolia*, Ait.). Bears catkins about the last of April. It is an extremely common shrub on the rich sandy loam of Kings County, and is generally supposed to denote good soil. It leafs the last week in May.

Wild Gooseberry (*Ribes*). I am not quite certain as to the species, but I take it to be *synodonta*. It is very regular in leafing, generally the first week in May. The fruit is ripe about the second week in July.

Red Maple (*Acer rubrum*, L.). Usually flowers about May 10, and sheds them a week or ten days later. In full leaf about May 30.

Aspen (*Populus tremuloides*, Mich.). In flower last week of April, and leafs about May 20. It is called by the countrymen "the maple-tree," and is held in high esteem for wharf logs, and for all purposes in salt water, as it is not attacked by the *Teredo* or other marine worms.

Balsam Poplar (*P. balsamifera*, L.). Leafs about the last week in May and flowers about same time, giving out its characteristic strong perfume, which is carried by the wind for some distance. It is called here "Balm of Gilead."

Dandelion (*Taraxacum dens-leonis*, Desf.). The flowering time of this well-known plant varies much. The earliest date I have recorded (1865) was on May 2, and the latest about the middle of that month.

Common Frog (*Rana fontinalis*). The earliest croak of this species I have registered was (1865) on April 6, and the first spaw observed that season was April 10. We usually hear the first croak almost invariably on a wet or damp evening, about the middle of April. This season (1881) I heard the first croak on the 14th of April, and saw abundance of spaw in ponds on May 1. I have observed the tadpoles in ponds (1867) as early as April 10.

Common Snake (*Coluber vertebralis*). Usually appears about the second week in May, but sometimes earlier, according to the season.

Green Snake (*C. ventralis*). Generally appears about the same time as the Common Snake. It is called here "the green snake" (*Tardus migratorius*). Several stay with us all winter, but the migratory flocks arrive about the end of the first week in March. It usually commences to sing about the first week of April, and the first song is almost invariably heard in the evening. The first song I have recorded was on May 26, 1862.

Song Sparrow (*S. melodia*). Generally makes its first appearance about the middle of March and treats us to the first bird song of the season.

Black Fly (*Simulium molestum*). This terrible plague to all anglers appears about the second week in May. They do not seem to attack the plain flesh of the hands or face, but always make for the roots of the hair of the head. I first observed this habit while lying on a woolly carriage rug, which they appeared to alight on eagerly and searched at the roots of the hair for flesh, but when they came to where my hands lay upon the rug they usually departed. Cows may be seen in pastures near the forest literally covered with these creatures trying to force their way down to the roots of the hair.

Fern Lodge, Waterville, Nova Scotia, May 30.
FROM SING SING, N. Y. May 29—Editor Forest and Stream.
May 5—Saw first Baltimore oriole (*Icterus baltimore*).

May 7—Saw bob link (*Hollongia urbinarum*).
 May 11—Found red-shouldered hawk's (*Buteo lineatus*) nest containing one egg, large embryo; also, phoebe's (*Sayornis phoebe*) nest, two fresh eggs, and golden-winged woodpecker's (*Colaptes auratus*) nest containing five fresh eggs.
 May 15—Found clipping sparrow's (*Spizella socialis*) nest, egg.
 May 16—Faw ruby-throated humming bird (*Trochilus colubris*).
 May 20—Found blue bird's (*Sialia sialis*) nest, one egg; also, yellow billed cuckoo's (*Coccyzus americanus*) nest, three eggs; large robin's and yellow-breasted chat's (*Icteria virens*) nest, four fresh eggs.
 May 21—Found yellow warbler's (*Dendroica aestiva*) nest containing three eggs.
 May 22—Found two nests of yellow-breasted chat, each containing four fresh eggs, and wood thrush's (*Mniotilta muscadivora*) nest, four fresh eggs; also cat bird's (*Parus carolinensis*) nest, four fresh eggs, and house wren's (*Troglodytes aedon*) nest, three fresh eggs; also, blue bird's nest, one egg. Same day, found blue bird's nest with large young ones and saw young blue birds that could fly.
 May 25—Saw pair white-eyed vireos (*Vireo noveboracensis*) building nest. Saw pair least flycatchers (*Empidonax minimus*) building nest. P. D.

A MOTHER'S COURAGE.—This would be a good season of the year for those gentlemen who delight in treading ruffed grouse to take their curs in the woods to practice the art of getting the birds into the trees, in order that their worthy masters may get resting shots. At least I would wish them so to do if they might be fortunate enough to meet with as determined a mother bird as I did this morning. The curs might learn a lesson. If I judge to go some distance in the mountains to look for a fox and a mink, I will take two terriers—a fox and a Dandie Diamond—both well known for their pugnacious qualities. After finding the fox den, and unceremoniously with the help of the dogs, I turned homeward, and came suddenly upon a hen ruffed grouse, with at least twenty chicks. The dogs were at heel, but at once rushed on the bird, who sounded the danger for the young. I called the male bird. I have seen a game hen defend herself against a larger dog. I have seen one particular game hen on one occasion kill a Norway rat of good size, that attempted to take an egg or chick, but for my fury and determination I never saw anything to equal the efforts of this female ruffed grouse. Never for the space of a moment of thought did she cease from a most determined assault until the dogs beat a retreat to heel. The male bird was scarcely less determined, but the dogs were not the same kind "do or die" bravery shown as with the mother bird.

This may be very common, but I record it as my first experience of the kind, and I know very well that no cur, however good at getting birds into the tree in the shooting season, could have withstood the attack of this morning, which adventure led me now to write this article, wondering how honorable a gentleman reason within themselves to justify their honorableness (?) way of bagging ruffed grouse.—BARKSWORTH.
 May 30, 1881.

STRANGER CRABS OF MAURITIUS.—The following interesting account of some peculiar crabs appears in a recent issue of *Nature*: Two crabs of most extraordinary habits are described. Both belong to the family *Procydidae*. The embryos of this family have their feet claws armed with large teeth. Latreille, who first named them, has found one particular crab marked that a gummy substance was always to be found at the ends of the claws of this species, and Dana described the animal as always having something spongy in its hands. Dr. Moberg has discovered the remarkable fact that these things held in the two claws of the crab are in reality living sea-anemones. These sea-anemones are attached to the immovable joint of each claw, while the teeth of the movable joint of the claw are kept buried deep into the flesh of the sea-anemone, and thus hold them fast, although each anemone can easily be pulled away from its position with the forceps in specimens preserved in spirits. The mouth of the sea-anemone is always turned away from the crab. The same curious combination exists in the case of another species of the same family but of a different genus, *Media tessellata*, which also inhabits Mauritius, and in the claws of this crab, with its pair of Actinias, named by Moberg *Actinia prehensilis*, with fully expanded tentacles, held out in each hand. Moberg gives the following account of the matter: "I collected about fifty male and female specimens of *Media tessellata*, all of these held in each claw an *Actinia* prehendens. The recurved books of the inner margin of the claw joints of the crab are particularly well adapted to hold the Actinias fast. I never succeeded in drawing the Actinias out of the claws without injuring them. If I left the fragments of them when pulled out lying in the vessel in which the Media was, the crab collected them again into its clutch in a short time. If cut the Actinias in pieces with the scissors, I found them all again in the claws of the crab after a few hours. It is very probable that the Actinias all the crab in catching its prey by means of its three claws, and having it elevated in its other hand, gain by being carried from place to place by the crab, and thus brought into contact with more animals which can serve as food to them, than they would if stationary. This is a very interesting case of commensalism."

HOW A PARTRIDGE LEAVES HER NEST.—Rockland, Me., May 30.—On the 13th of this month I received a line from a friend in the country, saying, if I would ride out, he would show me a partridge nest with nine eggs in it. The next day myself and another friend rode out with the crab, who guided us—three men and two dogs—to the nest. We went carefully as we neared the nest, and got within about twenty feet, when she went off like a shot into the air, flying high and far. After admiring the nest and eggs a moment, we left, not forgetting to pronounce our blessing upon it as we walked away.
 A friend informed me that he had found another, with twelve eggs in it, and, pointing to a house a mile and a half away, said the boys there would show us the nest. So, wishing to see all there were, and also to give the thing a fair trial, we went to the house and found the boys (three of them) at work in the field. We gave them a dime apiece to show us the nest. This time our forces were somewhat augmented, and consisted of two men, three boys and two dogs, and we approached with a little more awe than the first, being going very carefully. We saw the hen on the nest plainly for a half minute, and then she glided off and ran—not feigning lameness, but sneaked off—as if as there was not much underbrush she was in sight for three rods. I have heard of another, and I intend to visit it to-morrow. If I do I will report.—JAMES WRIGHT.

IS IT A HYBRID?—Natchez, Miss., May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* I have just seen what to me was quite a curiosity. It is a cross between an ordinary dunghill cock and a guinea-fowl. The mongrel is now about two years old, is somewhat larger than an ordinary chicken, has a long neck and neck of the chicken (minus the comb and gills), and the plumage of a guinea-fowl. It has the graceful and easy carriage of the guinea, with the chuck or cackle of either or both at will. The guinea-hen, after receiving the attentions of the cock, and the usual season of incubation, hatched six of these little curiosities, but they succeeded in rearing only two. I please to show you a specimen, but I have no similar case. Where could a curiosity of this kind be sold, and what price do you think could be obtained?—S. M. D.

We have never known of a case quite similar to the one here reported, and if there is no mistake in the matter it is a very interesting one. We have no idea of the value of such a specimen.

A CURIOUSLY MARKED BUFFALO.—Croyton, Missouri River.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* This winter the Indian trader, Jos. Kipp, bought a buffalo robe so peculiarly marked that I think it deserves notice in your columns. All the "old-timers" men who have lived among the buffalo all their lives, say they never saw anything so remarkable as this. The animal, a large cow, was killed in the vicinity of the Black Butte by a Blackfoot medicine man, and it was only by offering several rifles, blankets, etc., etc., that Mr. Kipp could induce him to part with the robe. The long, shaggy hair on the head and part way on the back is pure white, and a perfectly white border a foot deep extends along the edge away behind the fore-shoulders. The tail is also white. Yellow hair, which is very common, was never heard of, but never in the history of Montana Indian trading has anything been seen like this. As I said before, the white is a pure white and perfectly regular in place and outline. It would be worth \$200 to any museum, which is Mr. Kipp's valuation of it.—APRIL 27.

SHILL TRAY CEMETERY.—LYNN, Mass., May 27.—Three weeks ago-to-day while out a few miles west of the city for the purpose of giving my hound a new after being chained up all the week, I was standing on a large boulder looking down through the thick second growth of pine and hard wood, trying to make out what the hound was baying so fiercely about. I espied, lying on the topmost branches of a small pine, what appeared to be a snake of some species. It was seven feet long, and I was so near that I was taking sun-sight. I called my two chums to the spot we decided to interview his snakeship. Whereupon I immediately slung him with a charge of No. 10 shot, which brought him to his senses and the ground at the same instant. At least this is my conclusion, as "a wise head keeps a still tongue," and he did not even enlighten us as to how he attained his elevated position, or what his purpose was when there, or on receiving my challenge shot and dropped. On closer inspection it proved to be a black snake, and by actual measurement 43 inches in length. HORACE L. MAYO.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF GEOLOGY.—The April number of this excellent magazine contained a number of articles of great value. Among these were: "Less directly in touch with the ground in a review of the geology of the United States," a Monograph on the Obolomites, by Geo. Bird Grinnell; Elements in Orographic Displacement, by W. J. McGee; The Basin of the Gulf of Mexico, by J. E. Hilgard; Geology of Florida, with a map, by A. E. Smith; Channel Filling in Upper Devonian Shales, by H. S. Williams; New Order of Extinct Jurassic Reptiles (*Caduria*), Discovery of a Fossil Bird in the Jurassic of Wyoming, and Note on American Pterodactyls—the last three by Professor O. C. Marsh.

WILL HAWK EAT CROW?—Philadelphia, Pa.—A sporting friend of mine in Delaware, who saw the item in *Forest and Stream* relating to that question, told me, a few weeks ago, that during our severe winter he saw a strange "miss" out in the field on the snow, and went out to investigate. He said that when he got there in a heavy snow storm, he saw a black thing and held it in his beak and looked at him, then dropped it and flew off. On going up he found the hawk had been feasting on a starved crow.—DIDYMUS.

OSTRICH EGGS OMBLET.—The female African ostrich at the Philadelphia Zoo, has begun to lay. One huge egg was sent to Uncle John Krieger to blow. Being freshly laid, he saved the contents, and has been reporting on ostrich eggs omelet-to-day, and pronounces "good, not a bit strong."—HOMO.

Game Bag and Gun.

HABITS OF DEER AND HOW TO HUNT THEM.

PAINSBURY, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., March 2.
I HAVE killed the winter deer, and I have it in this State, such as deer, bears, etc.; also have hunted some what in the West. For twenty years or more I have hunted deer in the Cumberland mountains, and I think I can give you some information as to the different ways of hunting and the habits of deer.

In this part of the State we hunt deer in the Cumberland mountains and its spurs. Walden's Ridge is one of the Cumberland spurs. It circulates many miles in length and from twelve to twenty miles in width, only partially settled, leave a vast extent of wilderness, where are found a great many deer and a few black bears. There are many deep gorges and rough places that afford secret hiding-places for deer and bears to raise their young. The country is well watered and well timbered, and affords an abundance of mast for the deer to feed upon. In many places it is almost level for several miles. Thickets of undergrowth, covered with grapevines, are often found. So it will be impossible for the deer to become extinct in this country from still hunting or bounding.

The mode of bounding or driving deer here is as follows: Deer have certain runs, generally upon the dividing ridges and through the swags of ridges. Standers are placed on these runs and the driver takes the deer from one to a dozen or more, and generally drives against the wind, which is the way deer, especially old bucks, always run.

The deer hunter that understands his business, in taking a stand to wait for the driver to drive out the deer, always takes his position against a tree, fronting the way he expects the deer to come. In standing for deer you should never get behind anything, for the deer is almost certain to see you move,

and then he will change his direction. Driving does not run deer out of the country. You may drive in certain localities one day and run deer several miles away from their range, and in three or four days you will find the same deer back in the same locality.

Still hunting is another mode, and that is to walk about slowly through the woods and watch for deer. The best time for still hunting is in running time, in the months of October and November, after the does are with fawn and are running and hiding from the bucks. When you see a doe running, follow the woods, go and take your position in shooting distance of where she has passed, and keep a sharp lookout the way she came, and often, in a very few minutes, you will see a buck coming, tracking her. Let him come up near enough for you to get a fair shot, beat or whistle at him and he will stop. If you are a marksman, then you will have venison. On some runs I have known three large bucks to be killed in less than two hours. Still hunting in the months of October and November is the most successful way of hunting. Sometimes that the good rifle shots are the most successful still hunting. Shotgun will do for driving, but rifles are the best to use in still hunting.

Slow-tracking deer with a dog is another very successful way of hunting. The dog, from a small puppy, must be trained. A half-hound is generally preferred. A cross of a hound and a pointer or English dog is also good. The dog should scent and the bulldog or cur the speed and bravery to take hold when he comes in contact with a crippled deer. The dog is trained to follow the track by scent in a slow walk, and you follow the dog ten or twenty feet behind, and keep a sharp lookout for the deer. When the dog has a strong scent of the deer you can discern it by the precaution he uses, and when he sees that he stops and sniffs for a short time, and at the end of the track he does not back run, but waits for you to see what you want done. If you have crippled the deer, his lim on, and if it be badly crippled he will catch it and kill it, and you wait on the track where he started from when you heard him, and he will return and take you to the dead deer. This is the most successful way of hunting, and if by it you can find out more about the habits of the deer than from any other mode of hunting, it is the best.

Deer food on moss, such as chestnuts, hinknapines, acorns, moss, twigs, buds, etc., but not much if any grass.

I have seen a great many deer dressed, but I have never, in this climate, seen a spear of grass in their food. They like peas, corn and other kinds of grain. In the winter they sometimes eat wheat and oats in their green state, but I do not think they feed on it in this climate ever eat grass. Game deer will eat anything.

After running time, deer, especially old bucks, go to the rough woods and stay until they shed their horns, which is in the months of February and March. Then they come out on highlands and into the flat woods. Young deer and does are not so particular. They roam about all seasons.

The does have their fawn in the month of June, in thick underbrush near water.

The bucks, after their horns come out and are full grown, begin to harden them the first of July. They mark their beds upon the high hillsides, lie with their bodies in the shade and with their heads exposed to the sun. They feed at night when the moon shines, but when the nights are dark they feed early and late in the daytime.

Deer do not enter any day between the hours of twelve and two o'clock. Between those hours they feed a little and then return to their bed-grounds. In the month of August the bucks begin to rub their horns. They generally rub on a soft-barked bush, such as a small pine, and by first frost, which comes from the 10th to the 20th of October, their horns are hard and they begin to run.

The great deer men who live on the mountains, do not market, in particular, but for the meat.

The people here would not favor a law prohibiting the bounding of deer. We have a game law in this State, but it is not strictly enforced, as it should be.

In this section of country we have quite a variety of game, such as turkeys, pheasants, quail, rabbits, squirrels, coons, gray foxes, wild cats, and many other species. The Roanoke, Chatanooga is our nearest city of any importance; fifteen miles from the hunting grounds mentioned. The mountains are well watered, both soft and mineral waters, and are very healthful. The soil is good for fruits and vegetables. It would be a good sheep country, but very little attention is paid to sheep raising. A great many cattle are grazed upon these mountains, and some make it very profitable.

THE WOODS?

THE GASTON CLUB.

SOUTH GASTON, N. C.

Editor Forest and Stream.
 In reply to the many inquiries from Maine to Texas, in consequence of your publication of my proposition to establish a hunting and sporting club at Gaston, I think it best to give through your paper more particularly the advantages which the locality offers.

The hotel is a very conveniently arranged house, and contains some twenty-three rooms, all with fireplaces. The ground floor is divided into two large and spacious rooms, one of which can be used for cooking purposes. The second story is composed of bedrooms. The third story has a very large ballroom, with several fireplaces in it, and is so arranged with folding-doors as to make, when not used as such, three or four bedrooms. The hotel is on the north bank of the Roanoke, and immediately adjoining the extensive low lands of the great flood of the Roanoke, which are, for many miles, on the south side of the Roanoke is the South Gaston resort, bath and express office. The town of North Gaston is a place of the past, and exists now only in memory.

In reply to the special inquiries of a gentleman from Pennsylvania I will state scintiam; First—Gaston is on the north bank of the Roanoke. Second—The Roanoke is not navigable above Walden and below Clarksville, Va., for any great distance. Third—The ballroom has a large room, one of water at Gaston some three miles long and half a mile wide, with but little current—not more than that of the Hudson or Susquehanna. Third and fourth—With the exception of the Roanoke bottom lands the adjacent country is hilly and well adapted to the usual S. northern products. The Roanoke bottom lands are extremely productive, and are generally well watered and have a capacity for crops, one of which is 10,000 acres in one body can be purchased for agricultural purposes and as a game preserve. Sixth—The winters are generally mild and subject only to the variations of a temperate climate. From the 10th of October to the 10th of August immediately following no part of the United States is more healthy. During the months of August and September we have occasional malarial diseases, which, by-the-by, rarely require the attention of a physician. We

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

In our next issue we will publish the rules which will govern the fly casting the 23d of this month at the Tournament at New York State Sportsman's Association at Coney Island. We will also print the record of all previous castings, with the distance cast by each competitor, and would request any person having information on this subject to correspond with us. Mr. Abel Crook, the President of the Association, has gathered much information in addition to the prize list published, which he will furnish us.

A prize has been offered by Mr. W. B. Hopson, of the Sea Wagon, of a gold mounted split bass, one salmon rod, made by H. L. Knicker, 10 feet in length and weighing 27 ounces, worth \$75. It is to be given to the person making the longest cast in any class in single hand fly casting, and will be given in addition to any other prize won. This is the only case in which a contestant may be permitted to receive two prizes in this tournament of fly-casting. The interest in it is increasing, and general satisfaction is expressed at the number of prizes and their arrangement, and a good number of entries are promised.

The bass cast in this style, is attracting attention, and being the first time that it has been held. Now we will see what distances can be cast in this style, and have something besides fabulous stories of enormous casts. If you can cast, bend down your rod and try your skill in this most beautiful of arts.

BASS THAT REFUSE THE FLY.

WILKS, TEXAS.

I AM NOT satisfied yet. I did think that when I got my new "stranahat canvas boat," and my new fly rods, and my bait natural and artificial, boys of deer-tail and the like, that I would completely "blay and eat" a villainous lake, but "nary time," and now is the "winter of my discontent." I am bothered. I can stand disappointment as well as any man, when it is necessary, or only occasional, but when it comes so frequently, I get weary. I believe the fish in the South have been so accustomed to our "big" and "big" minnow baits, that it is impossible to ever school them to any "gentle or delicate," at least until the present generation of fishes have passed into the frying-pan, and a new school reared up.

Last week my friend Thompson and I got our sporting wagon ready, hitched in the ponies, filled the vehicle full of everything on earth that a camper-out could wish for, took big flies and little flies, red and white painted rods, all kinds of tackle and a minnow seine. We took along everything. We camped two nights at "Crystal Creek," 16 miles from town. I tried the flies first. I was crazy to witness a bass rise to a fly. I prevailed on Thompson to take some sun-perch with crickets, so as to be certain of a meal for dinner. I stole away to a splendid pool, some sixty feet long and 20 wide, with a faller log across the middle. I crept up behind a bush and looked in. The water was clear and there was a lining bottom. I carefully rigged up my new fly rod with a light silk line. I then selected a royal coachman for a leader and a La Belle for the dropp (I believe that is the word). I then drew off about three feet more of the line (than the length of a rod). All ready, I made my cast—my first cast with an artificial fly—my maiden cast, you understand. I trembled for safety, not for my own, but for the delicate rod. I trembled because I expected something fearful was about to turn back on me. I was a bundle under emotional excitement. The two flies settled beautifully on the water, causing but little splash or ripple. I waited the result until the waves began to subside, when I saw two fine bass rising to the flies. One was a two year old and the other three. They were beauties, however, and as they ascended slowly toward the flies with their bodies curved or bowed in a menacing manner, I expected to see them rise to the flies, disappear in their jaws, and be gone. But they did not take them. They came up to within three inches of the flies and took a good look, turned their tails and swam slowly and sensibly away, and leaving the world to darkness (disappointment) and to me. And left me to understand that I was the biggest fool of the three. I cast to them again but to no use. Couldn't fool them. Then I cast near the log, when a fine bass swam immediately before the flies, and within three or four inches of them, then turned and swam away. I then cast beyond the log, and drew the flies along toward me, when I saw a fine 2-pounder slowly following the flies. I merely kept the flies in motion to prevent their discovering the fraud, but this one like the rest turned with bad disgust and swam slowly away. I then cast toward another part of the pool, when a fine one arose and did just as the others had done. I quit that pool and went to another, and my efforts met with like results. So I just wound up my tackle and went to camp, and all the time lamenting that I ever read a word about fly-fishing for bass. I went there and got Thompson, and we drew the minnow seine and took a few minnows. I went to the same pool and tried with the minnow with little or no better success, although they took the minnow better than the fly. We then went to some splendid lakes some five miles below, said to be the best in the country for bass. We entered the canvas boat, and I need not say how satisfied I am. I tried different baits, but my strike did not give me the rod and reel and took my long cast or reed pole. I had a deer-tail bob and tried that. I had several splendid strikes, and all large bass from two to four pounds, but from some cause I failed to hook them, only taking three in all. Some I found the deer-tail bob to pass any fly that I had to provoke a strike. The flies would raise them, but that was all, and the bass would not take them. We took some minnows from the river with seine, but the bass would not take them—the hobbing the most effective lure we had, nor did they go for that much. The only cause is that I can attribute it to this apathy on the part of the fish, one is that the moon is just on the full and the nights are light all night, rendering the fish sluggish and dull all the next day, as I have mentioned in some former papers. Or, that the fish are in their spawning season, and decline food in consequence. Something wrong, that's all. I would like if my handsome friend Dr. Heushall would rise and explain.

I shall not say much, however, until I get a hold on the Doctor's "Book of the Bass." He has shown me how to make the bass rise to the fly, but he is not shown me how to make him take hold of it. Did you ever think of that? Or that the fish are in their spawning season, and decline food in consequence. Something wrong, that's all. I would like if my handsome friend Dr. Heushall would rise and explain.

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I shall not say much, however, until I get a hold on the Doctor's "Book of the Bass." He has shown me how to make the bass rise to the fly, but he is not shown me how to make him take hold of it. Did you ever think of that? Or that the fish are in their spawning season, and decline food in consequence. Something wrong, that's all. I would like if my handsome friend Dr. Heushall would rise and explain.

others kept them moving, but nothing that I could do would induce them to seize the fly.

The weather was all one could ask. The water was in prime condition, and nothing else could I attribute their not biting except the "wrong time of the moon."

I have not quite despaired, however; I shall try them again and out. The worst I hate in the whole matter is about my big expectations. The more one expects the greater the fall, when disappointment does come. I don't like to be snubbed by country lads and fogies. My only source now is in the Doctor's "Book of the Bass." I am going off by myself and take it all in *veritas et liberitas*. Probably he will tell me how to compel the bass to take my fly after I have got him within three inches of it; and if he does I am going to make another break for them; but until then, I shall lie on my oars and wait the inflowing tide. C. L. J.

BASS FISHING IN KENTUCKY.

MILL SPRINGS, KY., May 25.

WINTER persisted in lolling so long in the lap of spring that angling without overshoes, great coat and yarn mitts was for force put off till last of April, and but little sport has been indulged in, as the few spring-like days were but preliminary to a skip toward a far different temperature of such unprecedented torridity that the average angler concluded it the overture to the grand Cascades as per Brother Shipton's programme for '81. "Was thought that that could have certainly 'set the sun afire.'" Busiwhackers are seeing all the streams in an absolute disregard of the fish law as if no such existed. One fellow, while seining at night, was snaked bitten, and there was some hopes that the venom would be fatal, but through the arrangement of a timely change of cars, including ferrisage at Sixty, but a weekly outlook for a complimentary obituary in the country paper is yet unrewarded. Better luck to the snake next time.

During the short enjoyable spell "Uncle Joe" Taylor, a native pioneer, seventy-three years of age, came over to go fishing with me, "just to see me catch 'em with a reel," he said.

Uncle Joe never misses a fall deer and turkey hunt, and living near a river has always set great store by his trout lines. Having never seen a reel in use, he wanted proof of the extravagant praises he had heard of that style of fishing, and I joyce to report that our trip has resulted in the old man's equipping himself with an approved angler's outfit and cheerfully transferring his trots to Aunt Mat for clothes. As transporting minnows over eight miles of mountain trails was a task beyond our capabilities, we had a one-pound black bass into a landing net, which I may gratify some brother to learn I at we put our minnows into a gallon jug two-thirds full of fresh spring water—balanced with a stone in a meal sack, as we hadn't enough to demand two jugs—and on arrival, at noon, found every minnow alive.

Fishing below a mill-dam in the swift water, pike-perch and black bass were taken rapidly, and when Uncle Joe had the pleasure of putting a brick-iron through the under-gut of an eight and one-quarter pound pike-perch which a slasher led into the landing net with a six ounce, eight feet Japanese rod and No. 2 Meek reel, his reconstruction was complete, for the ecstasies of rod and reel angling were established.

As soon as practicable I shall accompany Uncle Joe to his favorite fishing resorts, and hope there will be some in our catch that deserve to go on record. By the way, the old sportsman is responsible for the following, which I believe as if I had seen it:

On one of his trotting excursions, while amusing himself by tossing clips and pebbles on the water to see the black bass dart for them, a water-snake glided into the water and was immediately tackled by a big fish which heroically endeavored to dine off snake, but finally gave it up, the snake wriggling into hiding badly worsted by the protracted struggle. KENTUCKY.

TROUTING IN CANADA.

TROUTING IN CANADA.—Trout fishing has so far been unusually good here in the Eastern Township this season. Hoppen has yielded up some trout-ponds, and yet retains his biggest. In company with the veteran snow shaver, Mr. W. L. Malby, the writer recently visited Lake Nick and Coons pond, where we basketed some fine *Salmo fontinalis* and for a change went to Browne Lake and killed a quantity (all we could carry) of pike and small-mouth black bass. One of the bass kicked the beam at 4 1/2 lbs. I have just returned from a trip to Big and Little Avy lakes, and there we had good sport in Big and Little Avy lakes, and Little Leach pond. The largest of our trout taken there weighed 1 lb. and 16 oz. If these lakes were properly protected they would afford fine sport for the trout fisher. A French Kanook has built a steam saw mill on the shore of Big Avy and is depositing his sawdust in the lake. This, with sweeping the spawning beds with nets, will soon clean out the trout. Where are the Vermont Fish Wardens? Eastern Townships, Canada.

BASS AND TROUT IN CONNECTICUT.

BASS AND TROUT IN CONNECTICUT.—Putnam, Conn., May 30.—The first black bass this season were taken by A. M. Wood, of Dayville, an expert with the fly. He took about a dozen a few days since at Alexander's Lake, a fine sheet of water some four miles long in his place. When the proper time arrives, and bass are off the spawn beds, there are a few old salters here in Putnam who drive up to Webster Pond, which lies just over our line in Massachusetts, and they have such a taking way with the bass, that the fishermen up there look sad when they see the quantities of fish taken to Connecticut. But there is no end to bass fishing in Webster Pond; it is literally alive with them. This county used to be the best in this State for trout-fishing, but now there are few very few to be had. There are so many fishermen that the streams are kept pretty full of fish. Something must be done toward restocking our streams, and more attention must be paid to the laws, or our trout-fishing will soon play out.—E. T. W.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUT.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUT.—In your issue of June 2, I notice an item asking for information in regard to trout weighing over two pounds caught in Pennsylvania waters. Last year Mr. Ben H. Milford, of Montrose, caught in Carr's Lake, near Conowingo, a brook trout weighing 3 lbs. 7 oz. This spring, His Honor J. B. McCollum, of Montrose, caught a trout which weighed 7 lb. 8 oz., in the above-named lake. In the same lake Mr. W. W. McCain, of this place, caught a trout weighing 2 lb. 6 oz. The same gentleman caught a brook trout in Bowman's creek, Wyoming county, two years ago, weighing 2 lbs. 4 oz. I have just returned from Bowman's creek, where I spent a few days angling in that well-known stream. My host, Mr. Wm. Culver, told us that he

caught a trout, last year, weighing 3 lbs. 1 oz. If this does not settle the point, your Smithport correspondent can address any of his party's names and get the facts at first hand. Cook, Susquehanna Co., Pa. J. W. G.

TENNESSEE, SAVANNAH, May 30.—The new fish law seems already to be exerting a salutary influence in this vicinity. The net fishermen have suspended operations, and persons living near the head waters of the creeks, report that the stoppage and gigging, formerly so largely practiced, has been stopped altogether since the publication of the law. Public sentiment seems to be largely in sympathy with the law, and I hope that after awhile something may be done toward protecting the game. There is a law in force in some of the counties, but does not apply to the whole State.—W. H. L.

A CALIFORNIA RESORT.

A CALIFORNIA RESORT.—Soda Springs, Si-kiyou county, Cal., May 23.—Your correspondent, "B. W." will find this the place he is looking for. It is twelve miles from the foot of Mount Shasta, twenty miles from Mt. Hood River; on the drainage of the Sacramento River. Good trout fishing is within rifle shot of the house. Horses and mules always on hand, with full outfit for camping. Plenty of trout, there being five lakes within three miles of the hotel. No better salmon fishing in any of the waters of Canada than here during the months of July and August.—G. C.

NEWTON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

NEWTON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—Messrs. S. Alcock & Co. of the Standard Works, Boston, have been awarded a gold medal and a special diploma by the jurors at this exhibition for sea and river fish hooks, swivels, etc., and for improvements and new styles of the same. This is the only gold medal for sea and river fish hooks awarded at this exhibition.—London Chronicle.

SHAD IN THE DELAWARE.

SHAD IN THE DELAWARE.—Piled-Up, May 30.—The shad setting season on the Delaware River below Philadelphia is nearly over. The market boats made it last trip. A native crewed to Philadelphia, since the opening of the season, 23,000 shad. The freight and commission on the shad amounted to \$15,000. Very little is left for the fishermen—scarcely wages. The shad fisheries further up the river will probably cease operations the present week.—Homo.

HINTS FROM ANGLERS.

HINTS FROM ANGLERS.—I read in your issue of June 2, "Hints from an Old Angler." He recommends cotton gloves. Silk is far preferable, especially if the butt is, as it should be, wound at the grasp, for a fly rod. Then he omits the small bottle with ground glass stopper for spirits of ammonia, a perfect antidote to the poison of the black flies, punkies and mosquito bites.—H.

INFORMATION WANTED.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Will G. H. W., of Oceanic, N. J., please inform a fellow fisherman, who is about to spend his vacation at Hed Bank, in what parts of the Shrewsbury River good bass and weak fishing can be obtained? Also, if the latter part of this month will be late enough, and oblige. J. L. C.?

RALPH'S, LYON MOUNTAIN, N. Y.

RALPH'S, LYON MOUNTAIN, N. Y.—Salmon-fishing has been good for the past three weeks, and now speckled trout are taking both fly and bait, and a full basket is the rule. Several parties from New York and Albany are here now, all charmed with the place.

Hop rollers have more patience than Job, curing thousands of patients daily.

Fish Culture.

THE FIRST AMERICAN FISHCULTURIST.

I AM very much surprised that the wording of my statement in the Epoch paper should be unsatisfactory to Dr. Garlick. It was my intention to credit him with the introduction of fish-culture into the United States, and in having the paragraph in question before my eyes, I am of the opinion that I have not done it justice so that it gives to Dr. Garlick the honor which he so well deserves. I feel much grieved that Dr. Garlick has not appreciated my intentions in the matter. If he will refer to my remarks at the close of the discussion in the Epoch, he will find that the names of Dom Pinchon are discussed, and to which allusion is made in the paragraph upon Epoch XX, he will see that I place Dr. Bachman's shadowy claim upon a par with the equally shadowy one of Dom Pinchon, a title by application at least. Garlick, "the father of fish culture," is compared with Dr. Garlick, who, in my opinion, should be styled "the father of fish-culture in America." I shall be pleased to hear of any publications of Dr. Garlick prior to 1857. I should be glad to see such, and, as the members of the Fish-culture Association will remember, read this part of my paper very slowly, please to call out criticism and censure. Before the final publication of the paper of "Epochs of the History of Fish Culture" I shall be glad to make such changes as shall make it just to all. I can assure you that criticism will be very welcome. At the same time, as a historian I cannot pass by the fact that Dr. Bachman has put forth certain claims—claims which since the recent successful experiments in transporting fish eggs in a partially dried state can now be proved to be known with as much reason as if they were a twelve-month ago. G. BROWN GOODE.

REPORT OF THE CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.

The report shows much good work on the part of the Commission. Mr. Horace D. Dunn reports on the state of the salmon fisheries, their laws and violations by canners and others, as well as on the views of the canners regarding the laws. Of the sand they say they are not so common as was reported in last year's report. Greater numbers are now taken than before. In 1872 and 73 they were scarcer than ever on account of the destruction of spawning beds in previous years by mining operations. Since then, thanks to artificial culture, they have increased. The catch in the Sacramento for the last five years is: 1874, 1,508,781 lbs.; 1875, 1,616,423 lbs.; 1876, 4,439,563 lbs.; 1877, 6,520,763 lbs.; 1878, 4,932,260 lbs.; 1879, 10,877,400 lbs. This shows a steady gain year by year, and is a most gratifying fact, especially in view of the fact made up for the next season. This falling off is only apparent on paper, the cause being a strike among the fishermen and no fishing in consequence for three weeks.

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many people pinch the throat with the idea of inducing the dog to swallow. This act is dangerous, as it often makes the patient crawl, and with the throat in the throat, sometimes choke from drawing it into the windpipe. All that is necessary, in most cases, is a little patience to keep the dog's head elevated, and he will soon swallow. In very obstinate cases the end of the nose may be pinched, which soon compels the dog to perform the act of deglutition.

To give a pill or bolus the upper part of the muzzle should be grasped and the lips pressed between the teeth. This forces the mouth open, and it remains so, because the dog is afraid of biting himself. The head should then be elevated, and the pill or bolus dropped into the back of the mouth. The mouth must then be immediately closed and held until the dog has swallowed.—*Live Stock Journal.*

ARE THERE TWO CHAMPION ELCHOS?—(Clement, N. H., June 3, 1881.)—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to correct a few errors—the result of my poor English. The paragraph which appear in my brief note, published in your issue of June 2, is not out of hand. It should have read, "For all and sundry of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been'—and of course, instead of 'and' it should have been 'or'." I was indeed of that vote. I also asked him where Highland Lass was owned, and he said, "I am confident, 'Washington.' I will furthermore say in this note that Mr. Osborn's personal explanation secured all right, and I sincerely hope now through his friend in New York to say no more, but more really to the dog, and his breeding, from what I have imported, and when, where and how he gained his celebrity. I had believed that I owned the only champion Irish setter Elcho in the world, and the dog recognized such the fact, and he was willing to be given. To be sure there is an Elcho II, imported, but not by Col. Reeves, of Maryland, and so he can't be the one; and there is an Elcho III, but his being bred in this country shuns him out. Both these are celebrated dogs, and had some of champion Elcho, and a son of his, a puppy named in Washington called Elcho IV, and there is a champion Elcho. But about this other celebrated Elcho I am sure there are many besides the writer who would like to hear.

Editor Forest and Stream: I see by your last issue that Dr. Jarvis, the owner of Elcho, has published the explanation which appear by me in your previous issue as to the pedigree of a red Irish pup advertised for sale by me in your valuable paper. Dr. Jarvis now makes the assertion that the word *Observed* was twisted into the word *Champion* by me, and more really to the dog, and his breeding, from what I have imported, and when, where and how he gained his celebrity. I had believed that I owned the only champion Irish setter Elcho in the world, and the dog recognized such the fact, and he was willing to be given. To be sure there is an Elcho II, imported, but not by Col. Reeves, of Maryland, and so he can't be the one; and there is an Elcho III, but his being bred in this country shuns him out. Both these are celebrated dogs, and had some of champion Elcho, and a son of his, a puppy named in Washington called Elcho IV, and there is a champion Elcho. But about this other celebrated Elcho I am sure there are many besides the writer who would like to hear.

At the last New York show a gentleman came to me—a stranger—and asked me if champion Elcho had ever served a bitch called Highland Lass, that same one, I don't remember who had tried to sell him out of my hands. I asked him where he had seen her, and where Highland Lass was owned, and he said, "I am confident Washington." I told him no such bitch had visited Elcho, and he left.

Now, the truth of the matter is this: Being at the dog show on Thursday the week before last, I met Mr. Jarvis (Clement) and his wife, and he kindly endeavored to find Dr. Jarvis for me, but was unable to do so. Later, as I was leaving the hall to take the train for New Haven, I heard a man say to some one, "Here is Jarvis, now." Turning, I saw three gentlemen talking together, and I stepped up to them and asked them if they had seen Elcho. They told me that it was I. Then I asked him if Elcho had served Highland Lass, he said that he had not. I thanked him and went out.

The pup had been advertised before I saw Dr. Jarvis, and I did not know that he had tried to sell me a pup or that I was intended to sell the pup. As soon as I arrived home I looked for the letter I sent you last week, and read the same as I expected, that the pup was out of Lass by Elcho. I intended to sit the matter to the bottom at once, but was so busy that I remained so far from my work. When I was able to return to business I was so busy that I forgot the whole circumstance until I was reminded of it by having my attention called to the first communication from Dr. Jarvis in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, to which I took pains to answer as far as possible. I have now written you the truth of the matter, and I will send you the names of the owners of Elcho and Highland Lass, imported by Col. Reeves, as soon as I can get them from the gentleman who presented the puppy to me, and then Dr. Jarvis will put me in the possession of the pup. I will not say myself, I shall take no further notice of the affair, as I consider that I have done all that I can to rectify any mistake which may have occurred through my advertisement, but through no intentional error on my part.—*Live Stock Journal.*

ELCHO NOT DEFEATED.—(Clement, N. H., June 6, 1881.)—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me, through your columns, to inform the American correspondent of the *English Stock Keeper* that he got things a little mixed in his report of the New York show of 1881 in regard to Irish setters. If he will think again he will find that there is no Elcho II, and that Elcho I was not in champion class, and was not beaten at the show; that he only competed for best Irish stock dog prize, which he won; also was one of the winning Irish kennel; that he had not only the honor of being sire of the winning puppies, but that the winner in champion dog class was a son of his; that the winner of second prize in open dog class was a son of his; that the winner of the only *A. C.* in same class was a son of his; that the winner of second prize in open bitch class was a daughter of his; that the winner of the only *A. C.* in latter class was a daughter of his; and that the winner of the prize in the *A. C.* was also one of the brace winners of the special cup offered for "best brace of Irish setters in open classes regardless of sex." That is how the New York show of 1881 was won by Elcho and his dogs, and I hope you were concerned, and I trust that the *English Stock Keeper* will correct its correspondent's statements after knowing the facts as above stated.—*Mossy Clear.*

BRUSH II AND BLACKIE II.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 12 there appeared an article signed "Dido," wherein he seeks to cast a slur on our late importation of Brush II and Blackie II. In this article he says that he has written in reference to Brush and Ellen being the best brace of black spaniels in England, in his remarks thereon, is only a little dot thrown in the eyes of some who, perhaps, may be influenced in favor of his own importation. He says that he has written that "Blackie II" was nearly a year, and good little bitch though she was, it is many a long day since she might have been considered the best in England. She won a great number of prizes in her younger days, and had retired from the show arena some years ago, and indeed, was actually killed on account of her great age. Now we ask what does this statement mean but a disposition to do injustice to one of the very best black cocker bitches in England?—one that had gained seventy-eight first prizes on the show bench, and was one of the best when she died, which happened only a few months ago. Does "Dido" attempt to show that there has been a better one? Again he says: "Neither has Brush been considered the best dog in England since Kaffir and Zulu came out last June, and said that they were the best." This is a very proceeding on his part, as "his (Brush's) day was past."

Now, the truth is, Mr. Easton writes us, that neither Kaffir nor any of Mr. Jacob's dogs ever did beat Brush during all the time he owned him. The last time he exhibited Brush was at the Crystal

Palace show last June, and Mr. Jacob's string was there, and among them Kaffir and Zulu; and they all came behind Brush, he taking first prize. This does not look as though he was not considered the best dog in England since Kaffir and Zulu came out. Mr. Easton furthermore adds that he "was offered a long price for Brush and sold him, since which he has been exhibited in bad condition and wretched form, and has been beaten solely on account of his owner's intention of preparing him for a sheep competition. Brush has won over seventy prizes, and was selected from all his competitors by 'Stonehenge' as the correct and perfect type of a dog to illustrate his chapter on Spaniels in his book of 'The Dogs of the British Islands.' No man will have the audacity to deny that 'Stonehenge' is not our greatest living authority on the standard of dogs in our best shows, and his standard is considered by all sportsmen as the very embodiment of perfection in this direction.

"Dido" further says, "Beau and Blackie are not champion." We claim they are. In the same breath he says he "no desire to detract from the merits of Mr. Cummings' importations, as they are both of very choice blood, Brush especially." Benedict has more of Brush's and Ellen's blood in his veins than Beau's, and Benedict belongs to "Dido." We know all about Kaffir's dam being the Wolf (sire of Brush). "Dido" is as unfair to others as he is over fair to himself, when the truth is, the color of poor Kaffir is denied him, which "Dido" so much boasts of and which he has given to a Sussex spaniel. Kaffir owes his honors largely to the Wolf (black) cocker, while Blackie is a liver colored Sussex spaniel and a prize winner in that class, and one of the last old English afforded of the breed, notwithstanding he is dead, and not of old age either.—G. B. CHAMBERS & SONS.

[We trust our esteemed correspondent, who has assumed the name of the illustrations Queen, will not drive us to commit heretofore by continuing a correspondence which has too much of the color of advertisement, and is decidedly out of place in these particular columns.]

ANOTHER LAVERACK IN AMERICA.—In our issue of April 27 we published a list of the pure Laverack setters in America, at the same time stating that we would be glad to publish the data concerning those not included in said list. Unfortunately, the list was printed without the signatures of our learned editor, and several omissions occurred which have since been corrected. We are now rejoined, upon turning over the files of February, 1880, that there is still another to be added to the list, the property of the Monticello Council Club, on February 14, last, in the name, Mr. W. H. Chester, brought over two little dishes of Mr. Goodspeed, Don Juan, from the celebrated kennels of Mr. H. F. Grant, Bank House, Newport, Isle of Wight, England. These bitches were Blue Queen and Blue Princess, by Tam o' Shanter (Black-Ram) out of a Belton (Blue-Prince-Cock), whelped August 1879, color white and black. Blue Princess has died since, but Blue Queen is still living, and has been described by Mr. Dow as bearing a striking likeness to Countess.

SILPS.—Mr. J. R. Whitman, Chicago, Ill., has just received from England a cocker spaniel puppy five months old, liver and white, and he has also ordered from Shidmore an Irish water spaniel bitch as good as can be found. We are prevented from answering several communications this week on account of the patent lithographical signatures at the bottom of the letters. We also from time to time other letters from which the address, place and name are omitted. These, of course, are never answered. The measurements of Mr. A. H. Moore's first prize winners will appear at an early date. Those sent us stray in the mails.—It is said that three dogs went mad in Oceanville, T. I., on the 27th inst., and were shot by the police. It is further said that many of the licensed dog-catchers in this city depend for their living more upon the valuable dogs which they seize and sell without taking to the pound than upon the fees for dogs seized under the ordinance, and there was no gratuity at the awards. The measurements of the superb bitch Norway as seen as she gets in shape; she has just become the mother of fourteen puppies.—Mr. Edward Olin, of New Orleans, has kindly sent us a photograph of an Indian dog, which he has seen and shot at the awards. Boston. He has been made that those who win first prize in the All-gold stakes in the coming field trials in Louisiana.

WITH THE BUILD-GOBS.—The Bulldog Club of London, England, held their Seventh Grand Show of bulldogs at Aldridge, London, on the 12th and 13th of May. Seventy-nine dogs were entered, and the quality was of the highest. The general arrangements were excellent, and there was no grumbling at the awards. In the champion class for the club's gold medal only two entries appeared in the catalogue, viz., Monarch and Sunshiner, and the honor went to Monarch. He is a grand big brindle dog, owned by Mr. D. S. Oliver, and was bred by Mr. J. W. Harris, well known as an enthusiastic lover of the breed. To be eligible for the champion class a dog must have gained three first prizes under club rules. During the two days these dogs were the centre of attraction, and for my part I thought the sight of them well repaid me for my voyage across the sea. It is noticed that while was the prevailing color, but I saw some very handsome dark brindles. Such a collection of short noses, long tails and underwing jaws could not be seen elsewhere, and bulldogs being of a quiet nature, there was a total absence of the usual barking and howling so distinct-



RED IRISH SETTER MEG.

The property of Mr. Benj. F. Clark, Manchester, N. H. Bred by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; born April 20, 1870; is by Elcho out of Rose, winner of 1st prize in Puppy class at New York show in 1880 and 2d prize in Open class New York show, 1881. She was trained by Mr. Samuel Settoon, Oheayville, R. I., and is thoroughly broken on grouse, quail and woodcock.

to visitors to ordinary dog shows. The dogs were fed upon Spratt's biscuits. After the show a sale by auction was held, and many of the dogs were bought in at high figures. I purchased the dog Hero, winner of second at Brussels last year, and got him safely to Quebec, after a rough passage. Bull dog stock appears "booming" in England, if the prices asked and paid is anything to judge by. I saw old Sam to Shercliff, the dam, I believe, of your Boston Honey Boy. It was in poor condition, and only succeeded in getting second in her class.

St. Leonard, Prov. of Quebec, June 2. HEMLOCK.

A MEMBER OF "THE LIFE SAVING COIRPS"—New York, May 31, 1881.—An incident occurred at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds at Babylon, L. I., last Thursday, an account whereof I think worthy of insertion in your columns. My little Shye terrier bitch, Wasp, is a great swimmer and frequently follows the Superintendent about as he rows over the lake adjoining the Club grounds. She did so on Thursday last, accompanied by Mr. F. O. De Luce's spaniel, Sankey. After swimming some time, Wasp gave a little cry as if in fear and sank to the bottom, probably having been taken with a cramp. Sankey heard the yelp, and turned toward where she had disappeared and swam over the spot several times whining incessantly. Presently he dived, came up again, and found his comrade. This was repeated six or seven times until finally he found her at the bottom and brought her up, swam with her to the shore, and had drawn her quite out of the water before the Superintendent reached him. He seemed delighted with his success, rushing about and uttering joyful yelps. Wasp was nearly drowned, and it required active measures, rolling, rubbing, etc., to restore her.

I think Sankey's intelligence and persistence wonderful. The story I give as I had it from John Reed, the Superintendent of the R. C., who was an eye witness of the performance. The water was, I believe, between five and six feet in depth.

MEMBER W. K. CLUB.

BINGO.—The *Star* tells this story of a New York engine-house dog: "For six years he had held a responsible position in the Fire Department. It was his habit to lie directly in front of the engine in the engine-house, and when an alarm sounded he dashed out in front of the horse and ran around in a circle, barking furiously. Every fireman in lower New York knew what that meant, and the street was cleared in an incredibly short time. Then Bingo ran ahead of the engine and cleared the way for blocks in advance until the fire was reached, when he lay down quietly till all was over. Then he trotted home with the air of a dog that had done his duty. One day he had been running ahead with the engine, but discovered that the tender was behind time. He ran back and found it blocked at the Point. He barked and whined, and when clearing the tracks away that he volubly allowed his sense of the exigency to overcome his respect for the person of a nervous gentleman, in his zeal biting the man's hand, who thereupon went to Justice Murray and secured an order to have the dog killed. Bingo was martyred in the East River, and his stuffed form now holds a place of honor in the engine-house of company No. 32, in John street."

SINGULAR BREAK OF A SHEEPDOG.—A correspondent writes to *Land and Water*:—"One of Sir George Wombell's Yorkshire tenants reports a remarkable occurrence from the locality of Newburgh Park. A sheepdog belonging to this person a short while ago presented her owner with five puppies. Shortly after the puppies were discovered the mother was seen acting in a mysterious manner in the vicinity of an old oak tree in the neighborhood. On this occasion she was reported an examination of the tree, which was a hollow one, was made. Inside the trunk were found a vixen fox and five cubs. The vixen were left in the lair, but next morning, on the place again being examined, all the lot had disappeared, and shortly afterward one of the cubs was found apparently quiet at home with the puppies of the kennel. Whether the sheepdog had carried off the cub to her own offspring with the intention of appropriating the rest of the vixen's progeny in the dam's absence, and whether the vixen, finding one of her cubs snatched, sought after quarters or not, is a matter for the curious to settle."

A LIE ABOUT A DOG.—A shepherd dog on the farm of Thomas Hain, at Scheyville Hill, has been creating a furore in that neighborhood during the entire past winter. He has been seen repeatedly drag a large piece of bark up a steep hill back of the farm-house, where a thief once had formed, then deliberately sent him on it and slide to the bottom of the hill. Many people have witnessed this strange freak of the dog, and after consulting down the hill several times the dog would carry the bark sled to a place of safety until he needed it again.— *stolen from a California Exchange.*

THE GLODIN DISINFECTANT.—This compound has long had an enviable reputation as being one of the best deodorizers and disinfectants known. It is now known as the "Glochin" disinfectant. We have heard that Mr. James H. H. H., the proprietor of the articles for this country, has recently organized a joint stock company for its manufacture. The Glochin is strongly recommended by the leading medical authorities of this city and of the country, and will no doubt have a large sale.

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE.
J. H. Hays, 10701 17000 0100-0
D. B. Drake, 10701 17000 0100-0
O. A. Oakley, 10701 17000 0100-0

VINCENNTOWN, N. J., June 1.—The Clinton Club held monthly contests for today to-day. Card's trap, 8 yards rise, 10 balls each.
F. S. Hilliard, 10701 17000 0100-0
J. G. Haines, 10701 17000 0100-0

CATAWISSA, Penn., June 4.—Weekly score of Catawissa Class Club.
Alder, 10701 17000 0100-0
Foster, 10701 17000 0100-0
Thorpe, 10701 17000 0100-0

BROOKLYN GOLF CLUB.—Continuing match for the prize course and handicap.
W. Wilson, 10701 17000 0100-0
H. F. Wilson, 10701 17000 0100-0

BAHOONIX, June 4.—Second regular monthly shoot of the Long Island Forest Club at glass bird club house.
C. W. Field, 10701 17000 0100-0
Thorp, 10701 17000 0100-0

SAVINGTON, N. Y., May 30.—The shooting season at Lakeside Park, under the management of the Long Island Forest Club, has been continued to-day with several well-known gentlemen of the city engaged in a pleasure shoot at the park and the following scores were obtained:
G. N. Crouse, Capt., 10701 17000 0100-0

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 13.—Wednesday last the members of the Portland Long Range Rifle Association held their annual meeting at the residence of Mr. E. A. Church, the youngest member of the club, came off as follows:
Abell, 10701 17000 0100-0
Berger, 10701 17000 0100-0

VICKSBURG, Miss., June 1.—Pigeon match, 17 stogie birds, privilege of roost barrels, 21 yards rise, 10 yards boundary. The birds were tough and average good flyers.
Fred F. Miles, 10701 17000 0100-0
D. E. Tabery, 10701 17000 0100-0

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 24.—Pigeon and ball match, 19th, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 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What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder—
Never within reach of feet.

What is life? A thawing ice-berd
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

—Chicago Tribune.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers.
Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order.
Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail.
59 WALKER ST., NEW YORK.

"NEPICON RIVER."

We are now prepared to furnish Angling Parties with Canoes, Camp Outfits, Guides and all the ordinary groceries and provisions necessary for a trip up this far-famed river.

A selection of the best Canned Meats and Fruits kept in stock and supplied at reasonable prices.

Light Oils NOT KEPT.

Parties will do well to engage their men on the spot, thereby saving the steambot fares and extra wages coming and going.

Best of men to be had for \$1 per diem.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
Red Rock, Newgou Co., Ont., Can.

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Headquarters for Sportsmen and their families; a training and gunning center; numerous mountain lakes and streams easy of access. Bass and pickerel fishing, partridge, woodcock and other small game; excellent drives; twice daily train. A private family (in village) open double and single room, also parlor and bedroom, detached, with piazza; high ceiling; good beds; wood fires; plenty of ice; \$1 to \$10.

GILBERT, 140 Nassau, Room 22, New York.

BEACH COTTAGE,

AT SCARBORO, ME.

Will be rented by the month or summer. Boating, bathing, shooting and fishing.

Address EVERETT SMITH,
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Chronic Looseness of the Bowels results from imperfect digestion, and this again from stomachic irregularities and interruptions. Remove the cause, and of course Nature, unless overborne by drastics, will resume her work, reinforcing the bowels, and making them in their turn act properly.

Tarrant's S Uzer Aperient is just the thing for this work. Its mission is to cleanse the colic. It never fails!

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Thurber's Reliable CANNED GOODS

— FOR THE —
Hunter and the Angler,
— OR —
TRAVELER BY LAND OR SEA.

Thurber's Reliable Canned Goods will be found just the articles required. They are packed in handy and convenient packages, and are ready for use at a moment's notice. Can be served hot or cold. The following will be found especially adapted to the requirements of the sportsman:

- THURBER'S BONED TURKEY,
- " ROAST
- " BONED CHICKEN,
- " ROAST
- " LUNCH HAM,
- " WHOLE IRONLESS COOKED HAMS,
- " LUNCH TONGUE,
- " ROLLED OX TONGUE,
- " POTTY MEATS,

Ham, Tongue, Beef, Turkey, Chicken, Duck & Game. Also a full assortment of Canned Vegetables and Fruits packed where grown and white fresh and delicious. Sold by all first-class grocers and dealers in Reliable Food Products.



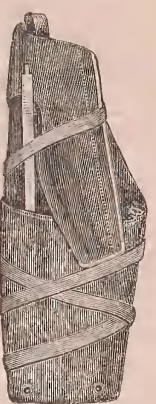
PATENT FOLDING CANVAS FISH BASKET.

EACH: \$1 75, \$2 00, \$2 50.
SIZE: A, B, C.
CAPACITY, 9, 12, 20 lbs.

PRICE INCLUDING STRAP.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE.

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY.
Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, NEW YORK.



CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

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Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a falling memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 800,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail. F. CROSVY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY. Open to all pupils wholed on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to all. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PEACOCK OR ALL-AGED STAKES. Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$250; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to all. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBER'S STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prizes to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB FENDE, Secretary. P. O. Box 874, New York City. Special prices to follow others according to their value.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Eccl. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

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SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

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BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP.

For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.

Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP or CARTRIDGE it has no equal. Fits on any shaped ash or on any vehicle.

PRICES: Dash Lamp..... \$5 00
Jack and Dash Lamp..... 5 25
Fishing Lamp..... 7 00

C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

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FRANK BLYDENBURGH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.
66 The St., New York.

The Edgar Barbless Hook.

TROUT FLIES ON No. 1-0, 2, 4 and 6.

BASS FLIES ON No. 4 and 6.

Ask your Dealers for them, or send us for circular.

Sole Agents, **Wm. MILLS & SON,** 7 Warren St., N. Y.

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LYMAN'S PATENT COMBINATION GUN SIGHT. Makes a Sporting Rifle perfect. Send for circular containing full description. Address: **WILLIAM LYMAN, MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.**

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled. NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz.	230	475	650	800	900
	945	465	715	1120	1120

TATHAM & BRO'S, 82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

FERGUSON'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE Jack Lamps, Dash Lamps, Fishing Lamps, Etc.

FOR NIGHT HUNTING AND FISHING, SPEARING FISH, Camping, Canoeing, Yachting, Driving at Night, and General ILLUMINATING PURPOSES. Excelsior Dash Lamp, Fits on any kind of Dash or Vehicle.

Bicycle Lanterns, Dark Lanterns, Musicians Hand Lamps, POCKET LANTERNS, HAND LANTERNS, Etc. Send stamp for Illustrated Price List. NASSAU FOREST AND STREAM.

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Now is the Time to Order

TENTS, AWNINGS & FLAGS.

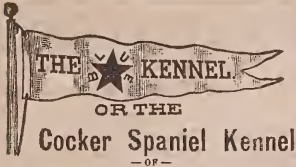


Tents of all kinds for Sportsmen, Naturalists and Photographers, also for Camp Meetings. Fancy Tents for families made to order. Awnings of all kinds for Dwellings, Boats, etc.; also Yacht and Boat sails. Flags and Banners of all kinds made to order. All work done in best manner and at very low prices. Send for Illustrated circular. Address S. HEMMENWAY, over Wall street Ferry-house, South street, New York.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richard son-Bangley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, in an amusing, instructive and interesting; 244 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. **CHARLES A. J. FAHRRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.**

SPORTS A complete 134 page illustrated Catalogue sent on receipt of two three cent stamps.—**PECK & SYDENH, Manufacturers, 124 & 126 Nassau St., N. Y.**

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M. P. MCKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I keep only Cocker's of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

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"PRACTICAL KENNEL DOG," &c. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."

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The Champion Llewellyn Setter Dog Coin, white black and tan ticked, by Lancelotti out of Rose, has been placed in the stud for a short period.

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RUSH, . . . \$50
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BENEDICT, imported, solid black, first and special, Field Spaniel class, by Bachelor-Negress, Mr. Frost's champion and fee, \$25.

Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.

PINE LODGE KENNELS.

I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.

Rory O'More in the stud, The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States.

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE FARRAR-RANNEY Lakes Region.

H. L. LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods.

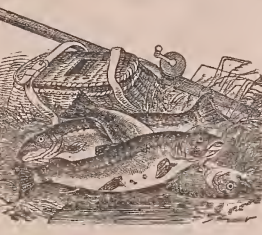
SOLE AGENTS, WILLIAM MILLS & SON, 7 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

Our Hand-Made Fly Rods, Lancewood Middle, 2 Lancewood Tips. MIST-COLORED LEADERS.

Trout, with loops for droppers, 3 ft., 15c.; 6 ft., 30c.; 9 ft., 40c. each. Bass, extra heavy, 6 ft., 50c.; 9 ft., 75c. each.

OUR NEW INVISIBLE LEADERS, made of very finest gut, 6ft. 35c.; 9ft with loops, 50c.

VERY SMALL FLIES, SUITABLE FOR INVISIBLE LEADERS, \$1.25 PER DOZEN. ABOVE SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.



J. B. CROOK & CO., MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS, AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS, 50 Fulton Street, N. Y. SPECIALTIES FOR 1881.



ALDRED'S YEW BOWS - Ge ts, \$18 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARCHERS' Crickets, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP GRENWICH, \$1.50 set; Plain, \$1.00; Cutters \$2; Bow Strings, 75c. each. FRANCIS DANK'S Cricket Bats, \$3.50 up; balls, \$1.50 to \$2.50. AYER'S London Lawn Tennis, \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50 per set. LONDON TENNIS BATS, \$3.00; Cork Handle, \$4 and \$5. J. B. CROOK'S Greenheart Back Bass Rod, \$12 and \$15. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, \$15; Patent Rubber Multiplying Rod, \$30.

N. B.-Nothing but first-class goods sold at this Establishment.

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FOREHAND & WADSWORTH'S NEW BREECH-LOADER has so completely distanced all the others that it stands alone. There is no second. It is the only single gun worth having.

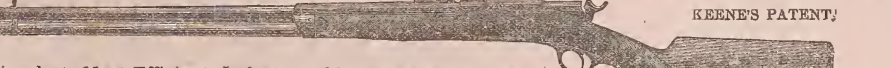
MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.



Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated BALDWIN REPEL. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced.

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Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges.

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70 YOUR NAME in New Types

New styles by best artists: Bonquet, Birds, Gold Chromo, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc. - two million. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety Advertising and Trade-Edge Cards. Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 samples Fancy Advertising Cards, 50c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 25, Northford, Ct.

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SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE. Vanderbilt Bros., 38 Fulton St., N. Y.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them.

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BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES with the New CORDED EDGE CUSHION The best now made! WAREROOMS, 726 BROADWAY, N.Y. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Families worth \$5 free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Birds' Skins, Taxidermists' and Naturalists' Supplies. Send for New Price List. Reduced Rates. W. J. KNOWLTON'S Natural History Store, 163 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND,

POULTRY AND GAME Nos. 266 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.

Sportsman's Goods.



5 Consecutive Shots, 50 feet, off-hand.

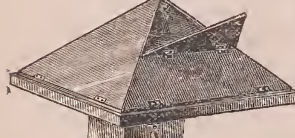
WILD HARRY, the Indian scout, says that with a Stevens' Halo or Pistol, at 50 feet, off-hand, he can knock the spots out of a playing card in this way all day long.

CHAS. FOISON, 106 Chambers St., N. Y. dealer in Fire-Arms, Ammunition, and all Articles connected with the same, and sole agent for J. STEVENS & CO'S.

Breech Loading Arms. SINGLE GUNS: Plain, \$12.50; Twist, \$15.00; Laminated, \$17. RIFLES: .22 cal., 24 in., \$20; 26 in., \$22; 28 in., \$24.

CHICAGO, Ills., April 12, 18-1. For nine years I have been proprietor of a shooting gallery, I have tried the different makes of rifles, and my experience shows me that the Stevens' Halo case is all others, and is more in demand than any rifle in my gallery.

PATENT SELF-CLOSING PLUNGE TRAPS.



For further information see accurate description given in advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM of April 25.

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Ct., MAKERS OF THE WORLD-RENOUNDED PARKER BREECH-LOADER.



BROWN'S PATENT GUN CLEANER. For One Dollar, one Cleaner, Patches, Brushes and all directions sent free of postage.

Hotels and Resorts for Sportsmen

Black Bass and Mascalongo

THE CELEBRATED FISHING GROUNDS OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

St. Lawrence Hotel and the Rathbun House, CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

Both under one management. The Rathbun House has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and both houses refitted and refurbished throughout.

BEST FISHING GROUNDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Competent oarsmen with first-class boats at reasonable prices can always be obtained.

H. L. FOX, CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

RALPH'S Upper Chateaugay Lake, NEW YORK.

(ADIROCK MOUNTAINS.)

This popular resort is rapidly filling up with seekers after

H ALTH AND PLEASURE

THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, BRACING ATMOSPHERE, EXCELLENT TROUT-FISHING,

combined with ease of access and first-class hotel accommodations, make this place especially desirable.

The Albany, N. Y. Express of April 23 says, editorially:

"Life to the Adirondacks is very pleasantly written up in Harper's Magazine by Col. Marc Cook, whose article will undoubtedly induce many to seek the North Woods in search of sport and health."

"One of the most beautiful sheets of water in the Adirondack Chateaugay Lake. The mountain scenery around it is incomparable, the water deep and clear, and forest and water are not hatched and fished out. There is good shooting back from the lake, white speckled and salmon trout abound in its waters.

For further information see accurate description given in advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM of April 25.

SPECIAL INCLEMENTS TO WINTER BOARDERS.

Address M. D. RALPH, LYON MOUNTAIN, CLINTON CO., N. Y.

ADIROCKS.

Sportsmen and Tourists going to the woods via Plattsburgh after July 1 can find me at the Folquet House, that city, and on the train for Ausable Forks Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings to arrange for conveyances and seats in coach for the lakes.

Virginia Midland R. R.

The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Pulman Palace cars direct without change. Cans and dogs carried free. For New York at 10 P. M. and 8 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M.

I beg leave to inform the traveling public and old patrons of this well known and popular resort that I have purchased it and will open it to visitors on and after July 15.

M. D. RALPH, Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.

Hotels and Houses for Sportsmen

EASTERN R. R.

ATTENTION! FISHERMEN.

RANGELEY, RICHARDSON

Moosehead Lakes. EXCURSION TICKETS

ARE NOW ON SALE AT COMPANY'S TICKET OFFICE,

306 Washington Street,

Next Door to Old South Church, and at Depot on Cambridge Street, Boston.

Also at OFFICES of THOMAS COOK & SONS, 91 Broadway, New York.

Table listing excursion routes and prices: Boston to Farmington and return \$9.50, Phillips 11.00, Rangeley 12.50, etc.

TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON. For all Points in Rangeley & Kennebec Region at 7:30 A. M.

FOR MOOSEHEAD, 7 P. M. Excursion Lists will be ready about June 1.

LVIOUS TUTTLE, Gen. Pass. Agr. Boston, May 12, 1881.

"THE FISHING LINE"

TAKE THE Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries.

AMONG SUMMER, RALPH AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the Grand Traverse Region, and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.

THE TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1. The GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends Nov. 1.

BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and lakelets of this territory.

The Sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or club by mail, as fee for packing fish can be had at nearly all points.

THE BASS WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful. The air is pure, dry and bracing.

Hay Fever and Asthma Affections. The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will be largely increased in time for the sea on of 1881 by new buildings and additions.

During the season ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold AT LOW RATES, and attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk.

If in our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists a full illustrated book of 160 pages sent free. Time Cards, Folders and further information, address

A. B. LEEF, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fishing Season at Rangeley Lakes Again Open.

EXCURSION TICKETS VIA BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

Table listing excursion routes and prices: Boston to Andover and return \$9.00, South Arm (Rohadun Lakes) and return 12.00, etc.

Also tourist tickets to all Sporting and Pleasure Resorts in Maine and the Provinces.

Tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices and at 290 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. DEPOT, BAYMARKET SQ., Boston. Send for list of excursions.

Hotels and Houses for Sportsmen

TO SPORTSMEN:

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,

Respectfully invite attention to the SUPERIOR FACILITIES

afforded by their lines for reaching most of the TROUTING PARKS and RACE COURSES in the

all the principal cities to KANE, PENNY, BIRD, FORD, CHESSON, RAISTON, MINNEQUA, and other well-known centers for

THE LINES OF Pennsylvania Railroad Company also reach the best localities for

GUNNING AND FISHING

in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in

Treat Fishing, Wing Shooting, and SAGE HAWKING.

TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY, SOUAK, and portions of the NEW JERSEY COAST renowned for SALTY WATER SPORT AFTER FINE AND HEALTHY.

W. L. THOMAS, Gen'l Manager. Agent for Chesapeake & Ohio R'y.

Chesapeake & Ohio R'y.

THE ROUTE OF THE SPORTSMAN AND ANGLER TO THE BEST HUNTING AND FISHING GROUNDS OF VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA,

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Allegheny Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild duck, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc.

Guns, fishing tackle and one dog for each sportsman carried free.

The Route of the Tourist, through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Virginia Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Sprinkles and other famous summer resorts.

The C. & O. R'y is reached by rail at Huntington, W. Va., from the West, Northwest and Southwest, at Charlottesville, Va., from the North and East, and at Richmond, Va., from the South.

The Chesapeake Extension in the summer of 1881 affords

THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE TO THE ADIRONDACKS and establishes a continuous rail line, via Richmond, Va., and Huntington, W. Va., between the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific Ocean.

CONWAY R. HOWARD, G. P. & T. A., Richmond, Va.

Old Dominion Line.

THE STEAMERS of this Line reach some of the finest waterfowl and upland shooting sections in the country. Connecting direct for Chincoteague, Colb's Island, and points on the Peninsula, City Point, James River, Currituck, Florida and the mountainous country of Virginia, Tennessee, etc.

Full information given at office, 177 Greenwich Street, New York.

Bromfield House, Boston.



MURPHY FLEMING, MESSENGER, Proprietor.

TIM POND TROUT FISHING.

The boarding camps at this resort will be in readiness for sportsmen May 25. The quality of trout, the improvements in camps and boats, the facilities for reaching this pond and the beauty of lake and mountain scenery makes this one of the most desirable resorts in Northern Maine.

SUMMER RESORT.

ON SHINNECOCK BAY, LONG ISLAND

Having added largely to my house I am prepared to take two or three families for the summer, surf and sea water bathing, also good snipe shooting, good boat fishing, and every other amusement of sea food cooked in b-st manner.

Refer to J. B. Shepherd, 81 Broadway, New York. Wm. H. Lusk, 22 Broadway, New York.

FAIRBANK'S POCKET MAP OF THE RICHMOND-RANGELEY LAKES REGION, including all the lakes, ponds, rivers of the entire country, as well as the head waters of the Connecticut River, Connecticut and Parmachenee Lakes, etc.

CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANK, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES.

"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 30 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals, and receiving the highest award for Dog Biscuits at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Hanover Dog Show, 1879; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.

Beware of WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X."

**WHOLESALE AGENTS,
FRANCIS O. de LUZE & CO.,
18 South William Street, - - - NEW YORK.**

To be had in smaller quantities of Grocers and the Sporting Goods Trade Generally.



Packed in Cases of 112 pounds each.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Fishing Tackle.

MANN'S Trolling Spoons.



Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States.
Our Perfect Revolving Spoon is undoubtedly the best general spoon for taking fish ever offered to the public.
Three sizes made—No. 30, for bass, pike, pickerel, or any fish under five pounds weight; No. 21 for large fish, and the best spoon ever made for salmon trout; No. 22 excellent for deep water fishing. Beware of imitations. None genuine except JOHN H. MANN'S name stamped on every spoon.
Sold wholesale and retail by the principal dealers in Fishing Tackle.

**JOHN H. MANN & CO.,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.**

1881. Salmon Fishing in Canada.

**T. W. BOYD, 241 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL, P. Q.**

Bags to inform his numerous customers in the United States that he has just received a large and varied assortment of Forrest's best Salmon Flies, Rods, Reels, Casts, etc.
Price lists of Flies, etc., and full information in regard to Salmon and Trout Fishing sent on application.

Fisherman's Automatic Reel.



Patented in United States Dec. 7, 1880.
Patented in Canada, Jan. 8, 1881.
**LOOTHS & PLUMB,
Patentees & Manufacturers,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.**
The price of No. 2 when sent by express is \$6; when sent by mail \$4.75 to cover postage and registry fee. Send money by P. O. Order, registered Letter or Draft on New York.

Send for Circular.



Soft Rubber Crawfish, Patented Oct. 1, 1880.
NEW BASS BAIT. Samples by mail, 75c. **Soft Rubber Hellgramites, 60c.** **Soft Rubber Frogs, large, 50c.; small, 30c.**
Trade supplied by **W. J. MILLS & SON,** Sole Agents, 7 Warren street, New York.

MOLLER'S NOR-VEGIAN GOD-LIVER OIL PUREST & BEST.

FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism, or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity.
London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.
W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents) New York
(175, and Canal)

RICHARDSON AND RANGLBY LAKES ILL. ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Raquette Lake Region, Kennebecago, Cussepete, Farmington and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illustrated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 40 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. **CHARLES A. J. FARRAR,** Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881.

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{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 16.

WORMS IN FISHES.—We would call the attention of anglers to the article on this subject from Mr. Frederick W. True, of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. True is a rising young student, who has taken up the little-known subject of intestinal and other parasitic worms. We have always claimed that the worms in fishes were harmless and have offered to eat any fish containing them or to pick out the worms and eat them alone to prove our belief in their innocent nature when taken into the stomach of a warm-blooded creature. It is pleasant to find that Mr. True coincides with this view of it, because some rash newspaper correspondents have tried to get up a scare on "trichine in shad" and other sensational questions. Just as the mites in cheese have a flavor undistinguishable from the cheese itself and are harmless in the human stomach, so, Mr. True informs us, are the worms in fish. They have not reached the proper place for development and are destroyed by digestion. It is of course a matter of taste with a person whether they will eat a fish inhabited by these tenants or not, but if they do there is no danger. Some people are a little nervous about such things and cannot take a cherry on trust, but must open and examine it. This is merely disgust at worms in general, without fear of becoming a "host" to them, and it is gratifying to be assured that the parasites of fishes are as harmless as the worms in cherries. For ourselves, we eat cherries in full faith that there are no worms in them and if there are we never see them and the taste must be like that of the cherries. We do not care to have our pleasure marred by the doubt that our cherries are not inhabited, and so we regard a ripe, plump cherry as Caesar's wife was held to be, above suspicion. Mr. True is certainly worthy to be enrolled among the noble band composing the Ichthyophagous Club, who will thank him for the hint that the Italians eat the "macaroni worms" from fishes. At the next dinner of the club perhaps "macaroni worms, a la True," may adorn the bill of fare.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT.

THE preparations for the tournament at Coney Island have been completed, and the Long Island clubs will be ready next Monday to welcome the delegates from other parts of the State.

Badges for the delegates and visiting clubs have been provided, each one being numbered and the name of the person receiving it to be registered. They admit to all the privileges of the grounds and are not transferable. None but members of the State Association will receive them. They will be distributed at the headquarters of the Long Island Association, Hotel Brighton, Coney Island, at noon on Monday the 20th, by Mr. T. C. Chamberlain, Chairman of the badge committee. Members must apply for them in person.

Members who have not provided themselves with hotel accommodations are requested to send their baggage to the Long Island Sportsman's Association, Hotel Brighton, and to be present at noon on the 20th to select their hotel. Price at Hotel Brighton will be two dollars per night for rooms without meals; or four dollars per day including board. Lower terms can be obtained at other hotels, and there will be plenty of room for all.

On Monday noon a special chowder will be served in the dining room of the Hotel Brighton to members of the Association who can obtain tickets without charge upon application to Judge Henry S. Lott, chairman of the reception committee, at the Association headquarters. The grounds will be open for inspection on Monday and the prizes will remain on exhibition at the rooms of the Brooklyn Furniture Company, 663 Fulton street, Brooklyn. The committee will accompany those wishing to view the grounds and prizes during the afternoon. The convention will assemble in the east dining hall at Hotel Brighton at 8 P. M. The balcony will be reserved for ladies and their attendants. Admission to the convention hall and to the balcony will be by ticket which can be obtained at headquarters. Attached to the ticket will be a coupon to be retained for admission to the dining room where the collation will be spread and tickets will be issued to the ladies as well. The collation will be largely composed of sea-food, and seats will be furnished to all who may attend. These details are intended to insure the comfort of visitors and ladies who may accompany them, and to insure freedom from intrusion and from outside interference.

The ground committee have arranged the traps so that the inside columns of the grand stand will form the eighty-yard rear boundary, and the outside fence of the track will form the one hundred-yard boundary for double birds. The pond for fly-casting will be about 100 feet square. Entries can be made at headquarters or with Fred Mather on the grounds. The rifle contest will be placed near the fly-casting at a distance of over a quarter of a mile from the trap score. Platforms are prepared at the traps so that the shooters may stand either on the planks or on the turf, as they choose. Comfortable moveable settees have been provided for the shooters with a canopy to protect them from the sun. During the tournament the tent committee of the Long Island Sportsman's Association, Harry Miller, 451 Flatbush ave., Brooklyn, chairman, will provide a substantial lunch for those members who may not wish to leave the grounds during the day, without charge. Mr. Bogeman, proprietor of the grounds, will provide an old-fashioned clam bake daily, and the Long Island Association will also provide a cook in order that no man shall hunger.

The bulletin, or illustrated programme, published by the Long Island Association, will be ready for delivery at noon on the 20th. Each delegate will be given two copies and each donor of a prize will receive one copy. The remainder will be sold at a price sufficient to cover cost of publication. This has been considered necessary by the extensive scale on which it has been gotten up as it will be a most elegant souvenir of the tournament. It will be a book of 172 pages on fine sixty-pound tinted paper and beautifully illustrated. It is from the press of William C. Martin, 111 John street, New York, and is under the direct supervision of Mr. Abel Crook, the President of the Association, and Mr. S. S. Croant.

Delegates are requested to present their credentials at headquarters at noon in order to avoid delay at the opening of

the convention, and to allow more time for enjoyment of the elaborate musical and literary programme in the evening.

THE ORDER OF TROUT HOGS.

A PENNSYLVANIA subscriber, who by the way bears the honored name of Cotton, sends the FOREST AND STREAM this clipping from the Bradford, Pa., Era, and asks what is to be said of the exploit chronicled:

HAUL OF 4,000 TROUT.

To Gene Ford and Charley Eastman must be awarded the honor of Bradford's Champion trout fishers thus far this season. During an angling sojourn of less than two days along the green banks of the unpolluted streams at Cross Forks, Potter county, they caught four thousand of the prettiest specimens of the toothsome trout family. To remove that doubt, which mankind is so prone to attach to fish stories, the successful fishermen arrived in the city yesterday, in open daylight, with the full number of trout mentioned. The fish were fresh, fat and as tempting as the red lips of a maiden. The trout will be served at Henderson's Public Square restaurant.

Well, there is not much to be said in such a case of pure and unadulterated hogghishness as this. If the Era report be true, Messrs. Ford and Eastman deserve an exalted position in the ranks of the trout hogs. They have earned their shoulder-straps. We have no personal acquaintance with these Bradford fish scoopers, nor any desire ever to go fishing with them; but we take great pleasure in siding them to make known to the universe their claims as "champions" of Bradford and of the whole country, for that matter—for let us hope that no one will be found anywhere else so shameless as to claim to have outdone this 4,000 trout haul. And while we are about it—provided no other claimant turns up—we propose a medal for the Bradford champions.

The editor of the Era, by the way, calls it "angling." Does he not know the distinction between fishing with a rod and line, and shoveling them out with scoops? And he says the streams were "unpolluted." Does he not know that sawdust and coal tar and lime and strychnine are not more polluting and destructive than this outrageously hogghish plundering he records?

Some of the fish commission reports contain drawings of the insects and other creatures which prey upon and destroy trout. Would it not be a most excellent plan for the Pennsylvania Commissioners to send a photographer to Bradford, and in their next report give us the portraits of these two "champion trout fishers?"

But perhaps the item is only an invention of some of the Era staff. If so, we do injustice to the parties mentioned; and as we would fain injure no one we invite Messrs. Gene Ford and Charley Eastman, of Bradford, Pa., to tell us how many trout they did catch, how long they were catching them and what style of tackle they employed.

It looks now very much as if they would come in for a medal. Can some one suggest a suitable design?

MIGRATORY QUAIL RETURN.—Last week we published a note of the return of migratory quail to one of their breeding places in Quebec, and we have received from Mr. C. B. Hazelton the pleasing intelligence that the birds put out at Winterton, Me., have also been seen there this spring, several of them having been observed on the 23d of May.

Mr. BERGH has been talking to a World reporter about the coming pigeon-shooting tournament at Coney Island. How he talks and what his talk amounts to may be seen from the World extracts which we give elsewhere. Mr. Bergh's language needs no comment.

THE headquarters of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society are at Plainfield. The organization is active, alert and prosperous. It is receiving accessions of non-resident members. A further notice of its mode of working will appear in our next number.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 will contain a supplement of four pages giving the full scores of the pigeon shooting at Coney Island.

It's a jolly company of *bon vivants* that will gather when that 'possum is served.

sailed by the "Queen of the Lakes" again, and so finish entirely our camp life. The proprietor of the Central Lake House was our carman. I must not forget the kindness of Mrs. Smith at the hotel nor cordially her hospitality was extended to us.

Of this journey down the lakes in our boat how can I write graphically enough! The morning was a perfect one; cool, bright and alive with the song of birds. I sat in the stern where a little nest had been made of fragrant hay while John and the guide occupied the bow. My nest grew by degrees into a bower; tall, nodding bulrushes waved round it, and water-cresses, besides a mass of lovely ferns and flowers as we drifted along, sea let, cardinal flowers, queenly pond lilies and sturdy blue flags.

There was at one turn the daintiest picture—a water color—a veritable *tableau vivant* at one point. In a spot where the rapids were shallower and the stream narrow and shaded with fine old trees we met a party of four boys from seven to fourteen taking their boat up stream. The three larger were in the water pushing, a shirt their only garment, while the fourth limbs gesticulated white and wet. They seemed quite shame-faced at meeting us in such guise, but they looked so handsome and bright, and the sturdy little fellows in the boat so well and happy that one might pray "God keep them young and innocent!"

That night we camped at Cedar Creek where the water is the deepest, most intense blue, and where pretty little speckled trout float and leap and play, now jumping clear out of the water for the bait, then nibbling off the hook or dancing round it. They are the most exquisite creatures I ever saw in the animal kingdom. One never knows how to handle them or catch them. In some other life they must have been inveterate flirt, and have had changed their dress, for their beauty and nature still remain. I slept on a couch of cedar branches, a most delightful spring mattress, believe me, and our guide swung the hammock under the trees. The next morning the two men went off a second time to get the "spotted beauties" and he beheld as the tramp was too hard. The first fishing had been rewarded by fifteen I think it was, and right dainty food they were, too, broiled at our crackling camp fire, but this morning they could not get one, so capricious were they. I climbed down the bluff to the water's edge, and found some delicate mosses, tiny ferns and graceful water weeds while they were away.

On our next day's sail (or row, rather), we saw flocks of ducks, snipe and pigeons, but had not time to do much havoc among them as we needs must catch the "Queen" on her down trip.

And now we were in civilization again; well-kept farms and orchards, fields with busy laborers and mills going up on the banks of the flowing water, while neat and trim homes waited here and there for tired men, and little children played round the door-step looking for father. And we, too, were going home; going with brightened eyes and reddened cheeks with renewed health and strength, with bright hopes and aims for the morrow.

Of the more practical part of our camping, the exact distances we traveled, the number, size and weight of our fish, the hooks, lines and poles we used, all the minute detail that men delight in I have left John to tell; he says I have left it all out.

This year John goes camping without me. He says Baby No. 1 with her eyes on Cedar Creek line, would be good for nothing up there, but for a good-sized picker—Baby No. 2 is the idea!

POOR LITTLE PENN.

BY ANNE G. HALE.

LYNNE GRANGER has made the children a present of a Skye terrier—one that Paul imported—the neigst, handsomest, sauciest, *cutest*, little pup you can imagine; and Bud and Posie are crazy over him."

So wrote Pedagogues one day last March, and every letter since has contained allusions to "the ugly, lovely darling," who had become the household pet. Greatly to my annoyance has been this praise of "the nasty little handle of rascals" as somebody styles a Skye terrier, for my best affections for a long time have been set on Tramp—Tramp, the dignified, sedge pointer, who made his most polite bow to the Forest and Stream last summer, in a card of thanks to the editor for the relief afforded his lame paw by a lotion prescribed by said editor.

His tiny, snappy snout of canine sagacity, bounding so suddenly, so impulsively into face, protruding so innocently, so severely. I never saw the interloper, but having heard a great deal about his familiarities with Tramp and Philip Sheridan—the portly and gentlemanly house-ent—who both received his advances with the most contemptuous silence for several weeks, I have been ready to say with rough Bob Jakin: "I wouldn't own such a dog, I wouldn't," and have left my thoughts rest with prison soldier old Tramp.

Not that I can call him handsome, or remarkably attractive in any way. He is not demonstrative, either—seldom shows much feeling in voice or action. Nor yet is he eager to assert his claims to praise, or even to attention. He knows his place and has the good sense to keep it; knows how and when to speak, and when to hold his tongue also. In fact, he behaves himself like a worthy, though a very common-place citizen, and deserves, and doubtless receives, in ways best comprehended by his dogship, the thanks of the entire community thereof. He certainly has proved himself an industrious, faithful and affectionate servant in his journeyings to and from Florida, the land of his nativity, with his young master. Besides this, has attended him unwearyingly in many perplexing, yet most enjoyable, expeditions across the everglades of the South, along the sands or over the marshes of our eastern coast, and through the intricacies of our most comprehensible woods, in the pursuit of game.

Still, though loyal to Tramp, I must confess I had had some curiosity to see the frolicsome and flighty little Skye. I pitied him somewhat, truth to tell, because of his cumbersome name, Pennsylvania, which had to be docked to Penn to suit the manikin's curtailed proportions; and, picturing him to myself as boning about under the burden of that weighty appellation, led me to think more leniently of his impertinence.

Yet, imperfectly he had none, in the eyes of Bud and Posie, who hugged and kissed and petted him under an inch of his life, after his most mischievous pranks, even; and pampered him with all the dainties they could coax or cajole from Maggie, the cook, or surreptitiously obtain from the table or the pantry, or spare from their own tin-bits.

And I did come near to seeing him once, when, tying a blue ribbon about his neck, "making him look like a

beauty," Posie thought, he was promised a journey in the cars with them to visit me. But he behaved so naughtily at the very start that, like all bad boys, he was punished by being left at home. And now I shall never see him, never know what I have lost by not seeing him, Posie thinks.

Last Monday came a letter from Pedagogus: "You will be sorry to hear that our dear little Penn is dead. He had a bad habit of flying out at horses passing by, barking furiously, and getting in front of their feet. He was killed instantly, run over by a carriage yesterday morning—probably struck first by the horses' hoofs and then crushed by the wheels. He made but one yelp, and it was all over. He certainly had been very good, and I am glad his death was instantaneous; it would have been much worse to have had him bruised and mangled and dying a lingering death. The children are heart-broken. It is their first grief, and they can't get over it. Poor Bud moans him continually. We buried him by the hedge, between two apple-trees, and the children have decorated his grave with flowers and a little flag."

The little grave between the apple-trees will always keep a tender spot for "ugly, handsome" Penn in the memories of Posie and Bud; and from that will spring into fragrant blossoming kindness and gentleness toward all living creatures; out of this first grief will grow sweet sympathies, pitying words and loving deeds for the suffering, the unfortunate, the despaired. And when I recall to mind their affection for miserable little Penn, their ridiculous petting of the undesirable little beast, I bang my head with shame, and sharpen to the utmost all computations of conscience as a penance for the scorn with which I have regarded that "sauciest, cunningest little pup."

Yes, I ought to do penance in some way, because of my inconsistency, for previous to hearing about Penn I had accepted Dinah Morris' views, and often quoted her words (from Adam Bede): "I've a strange feeling about the poor dumb beasts, as if they wanted to speak and it was a trouble to let them be silent; and I can't help feeling sorry for the dogs always, though perhaps there's no need. But they may well have more in them than they know how to make us understand, for we can't say half what we feel with all our words."

I have just read for the fifth time an almost forgotten letter of poor Bud, who mourns so deeply now his wretched pet. The tiny sheet, covered with big, sprawling, childish characters which he had taken such pains to form neatly, telling me of his little heart-ache and his anxiety for a few simple gifts, and then—with anxiety that set his words away and hurried his sentences—saying: "Did you know that Penny, poor, dear Penny, had the mange? If you do not know what that is I will tell you. It is when dogs scratch themselves and are sore. So one afternoon papa went down to Mr. Marsh's store and bought two boxes of ointment to rub on him, and now he's almost well."

So short little Penn is gone, and to be able to remember that he was almost well, because of what they once contained, when the sharp hoofs and cruel wheels put a stop to his frolicsome life, and hustled forever the merry clamor of his shrill voice.

DEER HUNTING IN CANADA.

"UP, Prezey, up!" were the first sounds I heard as I disengaged myself from the coaxing arms of sleep. We had, the previous evening, reached our camping ground in the fastnesses of the Madawaska district, and, after having raised our cotton habitation, carried the boats to Poison Lake, hauled the stove and made things comfortable, we had retired to an early couch, wishing that the morrow would prove auspicious as to the weather and lucky in its results.

We were in number four. Our man, Friday, whose French name had on our tongues assumed the sound of Prezey, was the object of the ejaculation which opens this article. Gerald, the spokesman, was the life, soul, and in a great measure (especially at meal times) the body of the camp. A surveyor by profession, endowed with fine features, great agility and strength, and withal a most pleasing temperament, he had spent the greater part of his life in the wild woods of the Province, and had acquired while using his theodolite a thorough knowledge of the bush and its inhabitants. His brother John was No. 3. Though somewhat younger in years, he had all the good qualities which are admired in a camp-fellow—genial, good-humored, with a strong appreciation of the comic of the ridiculous, and a ready inclination to make himself useful in any and every way. He was a "light" pack. No. 4 was my humble servant, a limb of the law who believed in hurrying away annually toward the end of October, from office and courts, to enjoy the free breezes and the invigorating exercise of the chase.

Prezey's response was a growl indicative of an inclination to question the authority of *Monsieur Jar* (for Prezey related our bad pronunciation with a will), but the persuasive powers of a well-thatched gun-cover added greatly to the clarity of his obedience. After wrestling for a while with an obstinate pair of frozen boots, he set himself to the task of starting the fire with the aid of green lichen, disinclining to use the dry splinters we had so zealously collected the previous evening for that purpose. His ill success made us all amiable, and we were up in a trice favoring Prezey with emphatic comments upon his stupidity as we went to work, and after enjoying the ice-friended creek hard by, were ready for the morning meal which the joint efforts of the whole community prepared.

The day was scarcely yet at hand, but the lowering clouds on the hill-tops that surrounded our cozy tenting ground gave promise of snow which was soon coming down quietly upon the dried leaves and wide-spreading branches.

The dogs had been lightly fed, and Jack started off with them to do a six-mile run four miles from camp to look for tracks and get a start on the deer.

Gerald held to the shore of the lake to take his chances in an Abenaki canoe which no one could be tempted to sit in but himself. The cook remained in camp while I sauntered off to a point which the experience of other years had taught me to be a well-frequented runway. Ere long the dogs give forth the joyful tongue—the first notes have an inquisitive pitch. Now, Paddy, the stand-by of eight seasons, is heard and deep, with Wallace and Hector answer back in eager, fitful strains.

The sounds seem to come from every point of the compass as the freshening breeze winds through the sinuosities of the gullies, growing louder and weaker, and then bursting suddenly on the almost startled ear within three hundred yards. A rush is heard, and the white flag, which the eye has looked for all along, appears among the trees. How beautifully the

agile doe takes each leap, with ears thrown back, listening to the dreadful tongue of the hounds, but hurrying not as one might expect. Suddenly a puff of smoke issues from among the branches, and a tremendous streaker strikes the edge of the hills and is prolonged through the valley and the awestricken deer, galvanized by the shock, falls, crouches down, and with useless eye, inquires into the cause of the commotion.

A false move betrays me; I can insert a second cartridge, I rise the white flag, and off darts the target through the thicket of the brush, and before the rifle can be raised the fact of making every further hope to die within me. I should not have missed, but I did.

In nine cases out of ten, if you see the deer coming toward you in the woods, you will obtain a smiding shot by whistling or shouting *bah*. The animal will stand in its tracks until it finds out the source of this new danger.

A large amount of calculation and coolness is required in shooting at a flying deer. I have almost invariably discovered that shots delivered otherwise than when the animal is in the point of making its spring are useless, they either drop behind or under the object.

I felt somewhat crestfallen, for somehow I have the reputation of being a good marksman, but my chances for the morning were gone as the three dogs had, by some strange fatality, taken up the same trail. However, I remained at my post lest fortune should tempt the doe back on her tracks, and made up my mind that the second shot of the season would prove more telling than the first.

A fine report from the lake tells me Gerald is in luck, and my experience of his accuracy of aim leaves me no doubt of the result.

Much has been written against hound hunting, and more ink will be wasted on the subject before the close of the chapter is reached. Some maintain that the music of the dogs frightens the deer from the neighborhood, but my experience and that of many to whom I have spoken on the subject is in favor of the otherwise. The deer seem to know when the dogs are on their own particular trail, and do not apparently heed the tongue of a whole pack which may be rushing upon another of their own kind, and most deer, especially old stagers, take a delight in circling round, stopping to listen to the music of the hounds, and then scampering off toward their point of departure, again to repeat the same antics after a dash of a few hundred yards.

The deer seem to be in the camp when Gerald returned with news of his success in the otherwise. The deer seem to be the property of my turning cook and giving my gun to Prezey, whose visage is adorned with two swivel eyes, and who looks fixedly at you if you chance to be beside him, while he swings the axe over his head preparatory to sinking it into the tree he is chopping.

The snow fell quietly and dreamily at intervals during the day, so that when on the second morning we had got through the pantomime of breakfast it was proposed to devote the day to still-hunting.

Still-hunting is not a favorite sport of mine; it smells of the barn-yard; it looks too much like killing in cold blood, which, according to every authority legal, is murder. And yet I have indulged in it, and, thanks to the power of leaching by imitation, which the Darwinian theory teaches me I came by honestly from a remote ancestor, I have acquired some knowledge of the ways and means of this branch of sport.

And first let me assure the novice he had better avoid leather in his apparel; leggings should be eschewed. The noise they make is too much for the equanimity of any deer of ordinary circumspection. The soft deer-skin or the short-legged beef-skin (Canadian moose-skin is the easiest and best covering for the feet, and if the trousers are fastened round the ankles, the flapping of their lower extremities will be avoided).

The still-hunter must be a man of patient mould. His mind must be satisfied that no crouching or reclining form has escaped his eye as it sweeps the wood after every step. His attention must be, above all, bestowed on the upturned roots of fallen trees, lest beneath or behind them should rest the object of his researches; and while watching to the right and left he should not neglect the country ahead. In the case of deer are passed by than are almost walked over before they are seen.

If you wish to follow up a trail do not choose one that follows the direction of the wind. Remember that a deer's nose is his very best friend, his ears the next, and his eyes the least trustworthy. Take notice whether the animal browsed on the beech-tops on its way, and whether the hoofs were lazily dragged along the ground. In the rutting season the hoofs are apt to raise their feet after him. You can generally count upon seeing your quarry soon if you notice these signs; but as you hope for success do not walk upon the trail. Sweep round it in curves having an arc of 200 or 300 yards, according to the thickness of the wood, alternating to the right and to the left in a very zig-zag line. Should you proceed in a straight line upon the trail you will certainly be seen before your eye meets its point of attraction.

The advantage of making the curves is that it enables you to fix the position of the quarry soon if he can be made aware of your presence. If when your half-circle is completed you find the trail, you know the prey is still ahead; if you find it not, you then are sure the animal lies somewhere between you and where you left his track 200 or 300 yards behind. And now you must strain your eye and ear, and watch your footsteps, lest one false move will send you on a fruitless work, and allow the king to escape the intended snare. Let no bush, no clump of grass, no upturned root, no lying log, no heap of brush large enough to conceal a few feet of succulent venison go unscrutinized.

You will generally find that when the deer is about to lie down it will sweep around in a half-circle on its track immediately before doing so. If the trail does not swerve to the left, you may in almost every case make up your mind that you are still 300 yards behind the object of your inquiry.

A startled deer always takes time to dung after springing to its feet, and this gives you the best opportunity you may expect of placing your shot in position. In the thick woods of the Madawaska a second shot is not to be expected. Sending rifle-balls through intervening branches after a fleeing buck seems to be a very unwise transaction as an investment in U. S. bonds which have twenty years to mature.

If your eye takes in any spot likely to hold your game, approach it stealthily, but do not be neglectful of other points in the compass; use your neck as does the heron in the long grass, and if there are two or more of your party hunting in the same locality fix the direction of your companions in your mind's eye before the time comes for the beh-

attitudes is to crawl on the wet ground through tangled weeds and shrubs until I reached a hiding place on the border of its feeding range, and there patiently and silently watch for its coming. This I have done over and over again for days together before getting sight of the bird."

We have ourselves seen the woodcock stand in a listening attitude with his bill touching the ground, but we have always believed that the sensitive bill was held to the earth in order that the bird might perceive, whether by the sense of touch or hearing we are in doubt, the movements of the worms that might be moving just below the surface. It may be that love is the motive which actuates the woodcock in performing this curious action, but we are inclined to think that it is something much more prosaic—namely, hunger.

BIRDS AND ANTS.—Perth Amboy, N. J., May 21.—I noticed yesterday quite a number of black ants, with long wings, emerging from a crack in the floor of my south porch. Procuring some hot water I destroyed several hundred in a few moments, but soon found that it was a waste of time as well as of water, for the insects continued to pour out in such prodigious quantities as to defy all attempts to reduce them. And so the living stream kept on, until the air was full of them too, for as fast as the sun's rays warmed them they would take to flight and drift away on the gentle breeze. And here came in the fun. My house is surrounded by shade and fruit trees in which I have encouraged birds to build, and many are the English sparrows whose quarrelsome interference with my wrens and bluebirds has cost them their lives, for my little Stevens' pocket rifle, 22, is ever ready for instant use. So these foreign pests have learned to give me a wide berth, and the early morning is enlivened with the notes of robins, bluebirds, wrens and orioles (Baltimore and orchard), kingbirds, yellow-throats, peewee flycatchers, yellow-wrens and cal-birds, while barn and chimney have their occupants, and even the voice of the meadow-lark and quail may be heard occasionally from adjoining fields.

Well, as may be imagined, it did not take the birds long to spy the winged ant, and such a frolic as they had! In less than five minutes nearly every bird on the place was chasing them, and it was indeed a pretty sight to see them darting and wheeling in the air, every second lessening the numbers of their prey. Oh, they had a rollicking time! I could see the glint of their eyes and hear the snapping of their bills, so closely and fearlessly did they circle round my head. And as I watched them I called to mind the words of the Psalmist—"So they did eat and were well filled; for fle gave them their own desire."—J. L. KLEARY.

WE will serve that 'possum hot.

Game Bag and Gun.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

AFTER my long and pleasant sojourn in the roaring metropolis whence FOREST AND STREAM is distributed all over the mighty nation I find myself once more in a position to acquaint your readers with those current happenings in which they naturally take the keenest interest. I have on occasion recollect my history of a fortnight's deer slaying (last November) in the North Woods of Michigan by Gilman, Rogers, Long et al under the guidance of those trained foresters, Joseph Kurtz (Black Joe) and Albert Beaver, who is better known to sportsmen as "Buck," the pioneers of Turtle Lake, since christened Roger's Lake in compliment to Detroit's enthusiastic and sportsmanlike police superintendent. His gentlemanly like nothing better than an occasional camping respite from the exasperating demands of theft-catching, and it is a pleasant honor that his name and fame should be immortally associated with one of the most enchanting regions in our Western wilds. I dropped in at a favorite place of resort for Detroit sportsmen to-night, and stumbled upon those identical frontiersmen of Roger's Lake. They told me they had come down to civilization to learn by observation how the west was done, and to gather food for mental chewing against the time when they will return to their guns and traps, and deer and bear, and fragrant hemlock boughs. The summer flies drove them out, but they look like a pair of cast iron men with their splendid muscular development, lack of superfluous flesh, and clear healthy skins that look as if their owner's coat did not so much as imagine the significance of a day's sickness. When I look at such men I long for the life of the woodsman. I covet his powers of digestion, I admire his panther-like activity, and glory in his true manliness. His untrammelled life is the thing that makes the man. Let us all take to the backwoods and be just such men. What should we care about tare and tret, fuss and fret, and all the other enfeebling conditions that make up the sum of average life in the busy mart? I am rebellious under them, and it would require but little urging for me to eat, loose and live the remainder of my life out in buckskin leggings and a woolen shirt. Hurrah for the woods!

Joe brought down with him a handsome and playful cub, the history of whose capture forms an interesting narrative as illustrating the way its captor and men like him live. He told me the story in his own modest way, and so I give it to FOREST AND STREAM as nearly in his own language as I can recall it. "One night about six weeks ago," he said, "I thought I deserted lumber camp in the woods near Roger's Lake. I kinder thought there was bear around, and so I made up my mind to watch. I knocked a bit of the chinkin' out from between a couple of logs of the cabin, locked the door, and took a peepin' position. I sat there night onto four hours without a sign of showin' up, but hime-by a big shee bear showed up smellin' round for the scraps left by the lumbermen. I had a Winchester express rifle with explosive bullets and I let drive. The first hit was fair, but before she would give I had to send three other bullets after the first, and I let you she was pretty much torn to pieces. I dragged the carcass into the cabin, and lay down near it, with my clothes on, to sleep. It must have been about two hours after that when I felt something soft-like crawlin' over me, and when I was square woke up I see it was a cub. The little cuss had missed his mother, and as I had forgot all about fastenin' the door he had nosed it open and come right in without stoppin' to knock. I just quietly tint him up and got an eye out for the other one. I knew he couldn't be very far off, and sure enough he came waddling along in a little while, and I took him in, too. This one you see here I thought D'd fetch down to the boys, and I've turned him over to Mr. Gilman to do what he likes with him. The old bear weighed about 400 pounds, and was a Michigan Sportsman's Association and its exceptionally good work have been very influen-

tial factors in procuring important game legislation during the session of the Legislature which ended to-day. The game bill passed in pretty good shape, under it the woodcock season opens August 1, duck, September 1, and quail November 1.

The only criticism of the law I have heard is in relation to deer, some hunters having expressed a modest regret that the killing season was not held off at least a fortnight later. However, it is now pretty nearly perfect, and the State Sportsmen's Association is entitled to congratulations.

Fishing at the Flats is booming now, and some lively stories are floating around. The best work is got on bass, musclogge and pike.

AMATEUR.

THE OLD GOOSE-BLIND.

FOR many a year on the edge of the bay
The old goose-blind had stood,
Where the marksman had watched like a bird of prey
To slaugter the innocent brood.
And now the sides had been freshly lined
With salt water bushes and boughs of pine;
And the fowler within the stand reclined,
Eyebing the wash of the ocean's brine.
A crystal stream by the structure's side
Trickled out to the ocean's brink;
And here the fowl, at ebbing tide,
Would come to sand and drink.
To gabble and tell of each other's sins,
And how on tar Spitzbergen's shore
Miss Goosey had had eight pair of twins
When she never expected but four.
Around her axis old Terra may roll,
But only those silly creatures
Can enjoy the gossip and news of the Pole
In all its novel features.
And much they resemble the tender sex,
Who clatter together in noisy groups
Of dresses and jewelry, frolics and checks,
Engagements, births, pertinences and soups.
And now you may see by the sportsman's eye
That the tide is fast receding,
And with anxious gaze he watches the sky
As with a face that is almost pleading.
The hidden rocks are beginning to bare;
The breakers cease their dreary moan;
The winter gull lifts fans the air;
The fowler is there on the shore alone.

All is peace; not a sound or cry
Is heard at the lonely sear,
When suddenly in the seaward sky
A moving speck is seen.
Like the glidor of a humming reed,
That, porting from the parent stem,
On through the cloudy air doth speed,
The tiny atom appears to skid.
It seems to approach the masthead shore.
See, the fowler prepares his piece,
For what was naught but a speck hereto
Is a flock of flying geese.
On past the bird's lonely light,
And following the deep channel's bed,
In single file, with waving flight,
Toward the blind at last they head.

Great Nature! dost thou not control
The flight of birds aquatic?
Is there a loadstone at the Pole
To guide the bird's course erratic?
Beh! Agla's mountain stands and there still,
Whose dense attraction draws them nigh?
Has each a magnet in its bill,
That northward they seem bound to fly?
Oh! Geese, thou vile, ill-omened bird,
Whose shrill, unearthly howl
Withon the sleeping Romans heard,
Thou dark, historic fowl,
Though bitter gall to Gaul thy cry,
Avenge France now cries thee, bah
Thy screw pretudes her famous pie,
Delicious *pale de foie gras*.

But now each silver-crowned breast
Slaks down upon the tide;
While the bolder ganders leave the rest
Regulated to the streamlet's side.
"Hark! who?" they call each their charge in trust;
"The *law* is free; come one and all!
No excuse law you need distrust."
They go to sup at the gander's call.

The fowler exultant with gleaming eye
Takes his sure, unerring aim.
Ye gods! what a roar and what a sky!
What a belching mass of flame!
The blind disappears like the one-horse shay;
The geese in flight beat the smoky air;
The water reels back from the shores of the bay—
But naught can be seen of the marksman there.

From the house old Joe is heard to bawl,
"Boys, get out the cart and boat,
I loaded that gun; he has killed them all.
You'll have a smart lot to tote."
They now each blind or fowler there,
But under the shade of the ypress trees
They discovered a gory look of hair
And a piece of one of his shattered knees,
And now old Joe wanders round the shore
With a wild and vacant stare,
And he looks where the blind had stood before,
And he pines above in the air.
He mutters aloud in a woe and way,
"To think that a quart of double B's
Should have sprinkled the poor lad over the bay
And all we could find was one of his knees."

A SPECIAL meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association will be held Friday evening in the Royal Aramum Rooms, Music Hall, Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, for the purpose of distributing the association badges and completing the arrangements for the convention.

Hotbird Shooting Suits. Diphogrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 370.

Sec. 11. Section twenty-three of said act, as amended by section one of chapter 531 of the laws of 1880, is hereby further amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 23. No person shall kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch, or have in possession after the same has been killed or caught, any fish, except minnows, in the waters of Lake Ontario, the American side thereof, for the distance of three miles from the mouth of Niagara River, or in Onondaga, Oneida, Seneca, Cayuga or Cross lakes, or in any of their outlets or tributaries, or in the American waters of the Niagara River above Niagara Falls, or in the Mohawk River or any of its tributaries in the counties of Oneida and Herkimer, in any way or manner, or by any device whatever, except with that of hook and line [and any person catching or killing any fish, except minnows in any of the above-named waters shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each and every offense]. No person shall kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch, any fish except minnows, bullheads, eels, suckers and catfish, in any other of the fresh waters, or in any of the canals of this State, or in the American waters of the St. Lawrence River, in any way or manner, or by any device whatever, except that of angling by hook or line, or only in the following waters, to-wit: in the waters of Lake Ontario below the dam at Troy, Black Lake in the county of St. Lawrence, St. Regis River, Grass River and Rackett River below the line of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, and in Lake Ontario, except Great Sodus Bay, Port Bay, East Bay in the county of Wayne, Henderson Harbor or Henderson Bay in the county of Jefferson; and also except in Lake Champlain, during the month of October and the first fifteen days in November; and also except in the waters of the Walkill River within the county of Ulster, wherein it shall be lawful for any person or persons of one and the same family or household to possess and fish for suckers and eels in the waters of said river during the months of March and April and October and November, with a single fyke, the meshes of which shall not be less than one inch; and also except all that part of the waters of Lake Ontario, together with its bays or inlets lying and being in the county of Jefferson, and in that part of Oswego County lying between its Jefferson County line and the westerly line of the town of Mexico, and within one-half mile of the outlet or mouth of Salmon River, saving and excepting the shoals adjacent to Henderson Bay on the lake side from the main shore to and including Snake Island, except during the months of November and December, which waters are hereby released from the operation of the provisions of sections twenty-three and twenty-six of this act, hereby amended. No person shall [knowingly] sell or purchase, or have in [his or her] possession, any fish killed, caught or taken from any such waters contrary to the provisions of this section. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each and every such offense, and for each fish so caught, killed, or sold in possession. And all nets, seines, traps, air or other devices forbidden by this section are hereby declared contraband, and any person finding the same in any place where they are forbidden is hereby authorized to destroy such contraband articles, and no action for damages shall lie against him for such destruction.

Sec. 12. Section twenty-five of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 25. No person, association, company or corporation shall throw or deposit, or permit to be thrown and deposited, any dye-stuff, coal-tar, refuse from gas houses [saw dust] lime, or other deleterious substance, or cause the same to run or flow into or upon any of the rivers, lakes, ponds, streams [or any of the bays or inlets adjoining the Atlantic ocean], within the limits of this State. Any person who shall violate this section, or any member of such company, association or corporation, who shall authorize and direct any such violation, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, in addition thereto, shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense. But this section shall not apply to streams of flowing or tide-water which constitute the motive power of the machinery of manufacturing establishments, where is absolutely necessary for the manufacturing purposes carried on in such establishments to run the refuse matter and material thereof into such stream.

Sec. 13. Section thirty-one of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 31. A State bounty of thirty dollars for a grown wolf, fifteen dollars for a pup wolf [and] twenty dollars for a panther, and fifty cents for any hawk except a night-hawk, shall be paid to any person or persons who shall kill any of said animals or birds within the boundaries of this State. The person or persons obtaining said bounty shall prove the death of the animal or bird so killed by him or them, by producing satisfactory affidavits, and the skull and skin of said animal, or the head and claws of said bird before the supervisor and one of the justices of the peace of the town within the boundaries of which the said animal or bird was killed. Whereupon said supervisor and justice of the peace, in the presence of each other, shall burn and destroy the said skull and brand the said skin of said animal, so that it may be hereafter identified, and shall burn and destroy the said head and claws of said bird, and issue to the person or persons claiming and entitled to the same, an order on the treasurer of the county to which said town belongs, stating the kind of animal or bird killed, the date of killing the same, and the amount of the bounty to be paid in virtue of the within section of this act, and the county treasurers of this State are hereby authorized and directed to pay all orders issued as aforesaid; and all orders issued in the manner aforesaid and paid by the treasurer of any county in this State shall be a charge of said county against the State, the amount of which charge on delivery of proper vouchers, the comptroller is hereby authorized and directed to allow in the settlement of taxes due from said county to the State.

Sec. 14. Section thirty-three of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 33. All penalties imposed by this act may be recovered, with costs of suit, by any person in his own name, or by any society in its name, upon such society giving security for costs, before any justice of the peace in the county where the offence was committed, or in an adjoining county, when the amount does not exceed the jurisdiction of such justice, or when such suit shall be brought in the city of New York, before any justice of the district court, or of the marine court of said city; and such penalties may be recovered in the like manner in any court of record in this State; but on recovery by the plaintiff in such case for a less

sum than fifty dollars, the plaintiff shall only be entitled to costs to an amount equal to the amount of such recovery; and it shall be the duty of any district attorney in this State, and he is hereby required to prosecute, or to commence action in the name of the people of this State, for the recovery of the penalties allowed hereby, upon receiving proper information; and in all actions brought by such district attorney, one-half of the penalty recovered shall belong to the persons giving information on which the action is brought, and the other half shall be paid to the treasurer of the county in which such action is brought. All judgments recovered in pursuance of the provisions of this act, with the interest thereon, may be collected, and the payment thereof enforced by execution and sale, or by imprisonment, or by imprisonment on execution under this act shall be held or admitted to the liberties of the jail; and any person imprisoned upon any such execution shall be so imprisoned for a period of not less than five days, and at the rate of one day for every dollar or fractional part thereof of such judgment, and interest when the same exceeds five dollars; and such imprisonment shall not be satisfaction of such judgment; but no person shall be more than once imprisoned upon any such judgment or execution, and two or more penalties may be included in the same action.

Sec. 15. Section thirty-five of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 35. Courts of special sessions in towns and villages and the several courts in cities, situated in the county in which the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county having jurisdiction to try other misdemeanors in their own county, shall have jurisdiction to try offenders in all cases occurring under this act, in the same manner as in other cases where they now have jurisdiction, and to render and enforce judgment accordingly. All fines recovered by the provisions of this act shall be paid over by the court receiving the same, and the satisfaction of the county wherein the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county in the county of New York, and in the county of New York to the chamberlain in the city of New York, within ten days after their receipt by such court, and such moneys shall be kept by such treasurer or chamberlain as a separate fund to be applied to the enforcement of the provisions of this act in the same manner as the board of supervisors of the several counties, except in the city and county of New York, and in the city and county the board of aldermen may direct, either for the employment of special detectives or the payment of rewards for the detection and arrest of offenders, and each of the boards of supervisors of this State shall have power to raise by tax, in the same manner as other taxes are raised for county purposes, such sum not exceeding one thousand dollars in any year, as they shall deem proper to further the enforcement of the provisions of this act, and to require the duty of every sheriff, under-sheriff, deputy-sheriff, officer of police or policeman, and of every constable, and every game constable, and every bay constable, and every game and fish protector, to arrest, wherever found within this State, without warrant or process, any person whom they shall find violating any of the provisions of this act, and immediately bring such offender before the court in any adjoining county lying in the county in which the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county having jurisdiction of the offence, for examination and for trial. Any justice of the peace, police justice or recorder, residing in the county in which the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county, shall have jurisdiction to organize and hold a court of special sessions for the examination and trial of offenders under this act in the same manner as the courts of special sessions, and to render judgment accordingly. Any officer or magistrate who shall neglect or refuse diligently to enforce the provisions of this act, upon proper information and complaint, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by fine or imprisonment, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 36. Sections thirty-four and thirty-six of said act are hereby repealed. Sec. 17. This act shall take effect immediately.

“SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.”

IN his “Lonesome Lake Papers,” written for the *Journal of Commerce*, William C. Prime discourses at length on the subject of killing animals for food, sport and other purposes. His general views may be obtained from the following extracts:

There is a mass of accumulated correspondence on the cabin table. Among the letters are two or three, of a class not at all uncommon, from very good and very gentle persons who share the opinions of the majority of the hunters and fishing are cruel sports, and tend to the cultivation of brutal dispositions. One letter incloses a newspaper article of considerable length in which the writer uses very strong language about the evil natures and evil hearts of those who go about shooting deer and birds, and other beautiful living objects in nature.

What extent of such over-brutes may reach, how far they may subject them to slavery, compel their labor, kill them for food, clothing and other uses, it is unnecessary to consider here. The question fairly arises on those words “other uses.” For food and clothing we agree that brutes are properly killed. So, too, I have never heard the killing of whales and other fish for oil condemned by any one. The newspaper writer referred to above, strongly and judiciously writes in a beautiful and elegant manner, of the uses of the innocent birds have been slaughtered. But the love of beautiful things is one of the purest and noblest characteristics of the human soul, and it may well be asked whether brute life is not rightly subjected to the cultivation and enjoyment of this high characteristic in man. It is not a question of the feathers in ladies' hats, but of innumerable uses in the arts in which animal life is destroyed to produce useful objects. The refined and cultured man, who is a hunter, is the killing of animals for oil wherewith to light up God's darkness any more justifiable than killing them for aesthetic purposes? In short, the infinite difference between the life which is of man and that life which is of the beast or the bush, makes its exceeding difficulty to show why the picking of a rose or a violet is any less offence than the killing of a bird for a brilliant wing.

The materialist who holds that the inorganic plant on the same plane. From his point of view he should extend his sympathies to the flowers.

But we will leave the question of subjection of brute life to our love of the beautiful and confine our attention to killing food animals to be used as food. This is the employment of the mass of hunters and anglers, and the fact that they do

this for pleasure, that they find enjoyment in it, leads to the condemnation of some sensitive people.

By the law of common sense, the law of the natural world, the law of our physical structure, and the revealed law of God, each bird, animal and fish that is created are properly used for food. They must be killed. Killing is a part of the process of making them food. Killing them is, therefore, not cruel. It is duty—one's duty. Now it is absurd to say that such a duty ought to be painful, and one which is to be shunned. On the contrary it is plain that if it be duty to provide animal food for one's self and one's family, then it may equally be pleasure to gather and reap and get and kill animals for that purpose. A possible argument can show that one ought to regard providing animal food as a sad and solemn necessity, a terrible affliction, which should be delegated to a special class of men, separate from their fellows, men of blood, working out a curse. For if the provision of animal food is a painful duty, in which the provider sins if he works joyously as his work; if the killer of beasts for food ought to be a mournful man and regard his duty as a constant pain, then the making of men to eat animal food is a curse instead of a blessing from God. Nay, the eating it should be with sorrowful contrition, for the killing is our own agent, and we should all share the curse and the sadness with the purveyor of our tables. All dinners should be funeral feasts, and all salads made of bitter herbs.

But it is plain enough that the hunter has right to be as happy as the plowman and the apple farmer. Both work in God's appointed way for the good of mankind. It is equally plain that every man may rightly be happy in killing animals for the food of himself and his family or others. If the point were the cruelty and wrong of the wanton killing of animals, not to be used for man's proper purposes, killing for the mere enjoyment of the killing, there would be no discussion. I would not limit this kind, however, in the writings now under discussion.

All sportsmen condemn killing game or fish which cannot be used for food, except in those cases where we kill fish which prey on others. I never knew a true sportsman who did not regard the final destination of his game for food as an absolute essential to his enjoyment of the sport. We will not stop to discuss the killing of vegetables which are the food of birds and fish, which are enemies of the food animals. One writer describes all hunting as “slaughter of the innocents,” and says it cannot be countenanced as “an element of culture.” Its object cannot be to sharpen the finer feelings and deaden the brutal ones. There is no poetry in destroying the animated poetry of Nature. These are somewhat rash sentences; and it will perhaps surprise him to hear me say that I do not think the recreation of the sportsman literature of all ages and countries, churchmen and laymen, have held directly contrary views as to the effects of these sports on the moral character. They are accounted by us so elevating and refining in their influences that we think every father who can do so will do well to encourage his sons in the love of hunting and fishing. Eliminate the sentimental idea that the killing of a creature for food is wicked, and you at once see why hunting has been esteemed a healthy, manly man-making occupation in all ages since Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord. No idle, dreamy stroller through “Nature's poetry” derives from the sight of beasts and birds and trees and streams such permanent lessons as the hunter or angler who is at home with nature, pursuing his objects in it. This part of the subject is much too long for me to discuss, and I may be distinguished with a long list of great teachers of truth in pulpits and books, who have recorded their obligations to field sports for the most valuable lessons of their lives. And it is proper to add that this notion—that brutality and cruelty of disposition are characteristics of anglers and hunters and increase with their practice of these employments—is of course absurd. The testimony of all ages is to the direct reverse and angling is proverbially known as the gentlest of sports. The quite prevalent idea that the life and labor of a butcher brutalized him, but that fancy has long since been abandoned. There are butchers and butchers, as there are lawyers and lawyers. The cruel and brutal are found in all stations and employments, as are the gentle and refined.

The sentimentalism to which allusion has been made previous to this consists in the idea that the will of God has established and which are parts of His wonderful beneficence in providing this world for man. The question often asked, “Why was this insect or that plant created?” would be answered easily if we saw through the vast system which He has ordained for man's good. We can see part of it. The life of one being is sustained by the death of another. This is the grand law of natural succession of life. How can you live for the bird, unless you are to think of these insects, or for birds, or for fish, which in turn are food for man. Man cannot live on grass or green food alone, and deer, rabbits, cows, sheep, cat, snake, fish and man eat the flesh. The decaying vegetable, the oozing sap of the tree is the food of the insect, the insect is the food of the small fish, the small fish is the food of the pike or the trout, or the bass, and finally man is fed. The great truth, that the view of sentimentalism. You admire the superb oriole, singing in the sunshine, and do not know that he loves the brains of smaller birds and feeds on them when he can. The thrush, miscalled a robin, wakes you with his morning song, and you forget to think that he has already destroyed hundreds of animals in feeding himself and his young. It is not to lower you to the level of the bird, but to make you think of these facts, but that you may bear in mind that they too are to serve a purpose in the way of nature, and kill their food so that they become food to sustain other animal life, whether of plant or bird, or reptile, beast or man. Always at the summit of this grand system of life from death stands man, and God has placed him at the summit because he alone has a soul, and the soul is immortal. Everybody, whether of bird or beast, or insect, or man, is to form food in its death, and nourish trees and plants or birds and winged insects, to serve the purposes of successive generations of mankind. Only the soul is free from this law, coming from God and going hence to Him. Only the dead dust of humanity is to be gathered again, wherewith ever scattered, by the Giver of Life, and revived in immortal being.

BURSTING SHELLS.—Sault Centre, Minn.—What is the cause of shells (paper) bursting in a No. 12 gun in very cold weather? I am stumped, and don't know what is the cause. The same shells, best quality Winchester make, do not burst in warm weather, as I have repeatedly shot five and six loads out of them before they gave out. They were loaded with #3 dry powder, 1 1/2 grains of lead and every time they “rippled” open at the top to the edge of the flange.

Please answer in correspondents' column and oblige.—AMATEUR.

If our correspondent really were an amateur—as he is not—we should suggest that his shells did not fit the gun. The cold weather has nothing to do with it. There must have been some irregularity in the loading, or in the size of the shells.

MR. BERGH ON PIGEONS AND SNAKES.

From the *New York World*, June 12.

“I have indeed heard of the intended insult to our civilization of the nineteenth century,” said Mr. Henry Bergh when he was asked what he intended to do with regard to the association tournament of the New York Sportsmen's Association, which is to be held on Coney Island next month. “I hear the association is making great preparations, and is to have 25,000 pigeons ready for the slaughter. Just think of it. These poor creatures, which are emblems of our holy religion—for the pigeon and the dove are identical—are to be flung into the sea, and while dazed by the change from a cramped trap are to be fired by unscrupulous marksmen. But I can do nothing for my constituents—the dumb animals. I tried in 1874 to introduce a bill, a clause in which would have given our society the power to stop a pigeon-shoot. But it was told that the bill could not become a law. Senator Wegstaff was particularly active as the champion of the slaughterers. I have tried again and again to introduce similar bills, but the pigeon-masters got up and put me off, and passed an act legalizing this sport. This act said that if I incorporated a society, they may conduct such an inhuman exhibition, provided that such birds as are mutilated shall be killed as soon as possible. In other words, brutes who are useless to put in a trap because they have no wings may bang away at pigeons, and when the birds have been so torn and mangled as to be of no further use their necks may be wrung. I am told that young ladies attend these exhibitions, and I am sure that they will be very glad to see for my life see how they can do such a thing. I rejoiced when we were able to turn back those Spanish bull-fighters, but I blush to see that the pigeon, which has as much right to humane treatment as the bull, is denied its rights. I'll tell you the secret of the whole thing. All these club-men vote, and the men at Albany know this, and the blood of countless pigeons is to stain the halls of our State capitol. I am a gun-maker and powder-maker and lead man and other persons who profit by paudring to this low form of so-called recreation. Yes,” said Mr. Bergh, sadly, “I cannot do anything but to go to Coney Island next month to see that pigeons half-killed are put out of their misery. I suppose those fellows will offer me a front seat and one of their horrid cigars. They will be in the hall, and I will be in the hall, and I will be in a pen-pictures that will make New York shudder to its very marrow. I only wish that I could induce every man and every woman in New York city to see that show. Then such a grand chorus of protest would go up to Albany that the Empire State would follow the example of little Rhode, as Connecticut and New Hampshire have done, and make a law to stay the hands of the sportsmen. Think of the millions of pigeons with lanterns to make them fly straight or bring off a piece of their flesh and rubbing cayenne pepper on the raw part to make them fly quickly. One thing more. You know I am not a politician, or at best only a sort of a satellite in the Republican party, but I cannot help recalling that everything this society has secured in the way of legislation we owe to the Democrats. I am sure that if I had a paper from his desk, it is a unique sample of a blot on the civilization of our age. Allow me to read it: ‘The men engaged in the hat factory of Sparrow, Venino & Co., Coney Valley, have caught three snakes, which they intend to fight on the Fourth of July. One of the reptiles is a copperhead, another a flat-headed adder and the third a black snake. They are to be kept in a pen and the public invited to watch them admitting air. In order to make them savage from hunger their captors give them nothing to eat. The men in the shop are making up pools on the fight, and to keep informed of the condition of their favorites they inspect them every week. The plan is to allow the snakes on the morning of the Fourth to escape from the hat box into a large iron tank which is used for soaking hats.’”

“Did you ever hear the like?” said Mr. Bergh, saying down the slip. “Hew, Mr. Secretary, write at once to the officers of the Essex County Society in New Jersey and put them on their guard that they may stop the perpetration of this great sin. I blush for these workmen. I will ask the New Jersey Society to see that these snakes are fed, and if there is a fight to be made, I will be present at the persons present at it. We do not stop such brutal exhibitions because they debase the men, but because they injure the animals. I have just received a letter from Copenhagen saying that on the 15th of last month the King of Denmark in person, assisted by the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is a brother of the Princess of Wales, presented the medal to those selected by the Danish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The medals were given to men who had saved animals from hunting buildings; and this fact shows that persons of quality in Europe are alive to the importance of encouraging love for dumb animals.”

MR. CROOK ON MR. BERGH.

From the *Brooklyn Eagle*, June 13.

Mr. Abel Crook, in the presence of several of the members of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, yesterday authorized an *Eagle* reporter to say; in regard to the above, that if Mr. Henry Bergh came to Coney Island and attempted to interfere with the pigeon shooting of the State tournament, he would be arrested by the officers who would be there under control of the State Association, and would be taken before one of the three justices of the peace on Coney Island, and, if necessary, would be locked up.

MR. BERGH ON MR. CROOK.

From the *Brooklyn Eagle*, June 14.

Mr. Bergh replies that if Mr. Crook thinks of opposing or violating the laws of the State in relation to cruelty to animals, and by preventing the society he represents from performing its duties, he labors under a mistake. Mr. Bergh will attend the pigeon-shoot, but if the law is violated in the least he will arrest the offenders, and to do this he can call upon the local police if necessary.

ASIATIC BIRDS FOR CALIFORNIA.—Portland, Or., May 24.—The ship *Oakworth*, from Shanghai, arrived at this port about two weeks ago with seventy-five mongolian pheasants consigned to Eastman & Co. of San Francisco. The birds were from California. They came in good condition and were forwarded by steamer. The pheasants and grouse that were

turned out in Gen. Green's place are doing well. Some of them have been seen ten miles from where they were turned out. I have not heard from the sand grouse shot to the coast.—FRANSEL.

We shall watch this experiment with much interest, and trust that our correspondent will keep us informed.

The 'possum will be served cold.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

- 1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
- 2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
- 4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
- 5th. What class of men kill the most deer? market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
- 7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing of deer until the animal has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
- 8th. What is the open season for deer?
- 9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

PERRIN, Ontario.

I had determined to keep out of this controversy, but I cannot do so. In brief, I would say that there is no doubt whatever that the number of deer killed by still-hunters is largely in excess of those killed by hounding, and that the outcry raised in some localities against using hounds is the necessary clamor of the poacher and the dog-in-the-manger settler; in a word, of that class who hunt deer not for sport but for profit.

In the northern section of this county, Lanark, the deer are plentiful, and the settlers, through their local member, have managed to get an act passed restricting the use of hounds to six weeks in the season, which provision the habitants most manfully assist in carrying out by shooting every hound they can slay pick off. Yet these people have about as much regard for the season as their ill-bred curs which, when running at large, are continually watering deer, in season and out of season.

This class like to be able at all times and seasons to step to the neighboring wood and pot a deer for the next day's dinner, but object to the hound, probably on the ground that the deer are more on the alert when accustomed to be chased by dogs, and so they cannot pick them off as they would a cow, large in a pasture field.

As far as driving them away permanently from their haunts, my experience coincides with that of others, that this is not the case. I am in the habit of hunting in a small section of woods not far from here where there are very few deer, and although the laugh may go against me, I may say that I have found at the end of the season more deer in that particular woods than there were at the beginning. And I have recognized many more than once as one of those driven out by dogs. In fact, when I have driven a deer across the lake one day he has been seen to return the next; and again, other deer, when hunted on the far side of the lake, have at once returned to their former haunts.

The facts are on the side of using hounds for sport, and rare sport it is. I have seen nothing controverting the facts as appearing in your column; why, then, should people who can occasionally find time to enjoy a few weeks' hunt be debared because others, forsooth, desire to monopolize the game and line their pockets? I notice that one writer has the coolness to assert that it is quite right for a settler to shoot a deer out of season simply because he is a settler and wishes to obtain an easily-earned dinner.

To conclude, though I regret exceedingly that I cannot say all that I would like to say on this subject, since it is an undoubted fact that less deer are killed by hounding than by other methods, why should not the former method of hunting be sustained? From my experience I have noticed that those who are opposed to hounding are those who, not being able to kill enough with dogs to pay, resort to the more readily method of still-hunting. RIFLE.

BIRMINGHAM CLUB RULES.

April, 1881.

- 1. The Referee's decision shall be final.
- 2. The gun must not be held to the shoulder until the shooter has called "Pull."
- 3. A mis-fire is no shot, provided the shooter has a cap or tube on the gun, and it is cocked and loaded, or, in the case of a breech-loader, that the cartridge does not explode.
- 4. If the shooter's gun miss fire with the first barrel and he use the second and miss, the bird is to be scored lost.
- 5. If the mis-fire occurs with the second barrel, the shooter having failed to call with his first, he may claim another bird; but he must call off the first bird, and a full charge of powder, or in case of a breech-loader, with a blank cartridge, before firing the second. And he must not pull both triggers at the same time.
- 6. The shooter in a match or sweepstakes shall be at his shooting mark at the expiration of two minutes from the last shot, unless in the case of an accident, when the Referee shall decide what time shall be allowed to remedy the accident.
- 7. The shooter shall not be allowed to change shooting mark until after his gun is discharged. If, in the opinion of the Referee, the shooter is balked by any antagonist or looker-on, or by the trapper, whether by accident or otherwise, he may be allowed another bird.
- 8. The shooter, when he is at his mark ready to shoot, shall give the caution "Are you ready?" to the puller, and then call "Pull." Should the trap be pulled without the word being given, the shooter may take the bird or not; but if he fires, the bird must be scored as taken.
- 9. If, on the trap being pulled, the bird does not rise, it is at the option of the shooter to take it or not; if not, he must declare it by saying "No bird," but should he fire after declaring, it is not to be scored.
- 10. Each bird must be recovered within the boundary, if required by any party interested, or it must be scored lost.
- 11. If a bird that has been shot at perches or settles on the top of a fence, or on any part of the buildings higher than the fence, it is to be scored a lost bird.
- 12. If a bird once out of the ground should return and fall dead within the boundary, it must be scored a lost bird.
- 13. If the shooter advances to the mark and orders the trap to be pulled, and does not shoot at the bird, or his gun is not prop-

erly loaded, or does not go off, owing to his own negligence, that bird is to be scored lost.

14. Should a bird that has been shot at lie flying away, and a bystander fires and brings the bird down within the boundary, the Referee may, if satisfied the bird would not have fallen by the gun of the shooter, order it to be scored a lost bird; or, if satisfied that the bird would have fallen, may order it to be scored a dead bird; or, if in doubt on the subject, he may order the shooter to shoot at another bird.

15. A bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is "No bird," but it may be shot on the ground with the second barrel, if it has been fired at with the first barrel while on the wing; but if the shooter misses with the first and discharges his second barrel, it is to be accounted a lost bird, in case of a breech-loader, and a full charge of powder, or in case of a breech-loader, with a blank cartridge, before firing the second. And he must not pull both triggers at the same time.

16. A bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is "No bird," but it may be shot on the ground with the second barrel, if it has been fired at with the first barrel while on the wing; but if the shooter misses with the first and discharges his second barrel, it is to be accounted a lost bird, in case of a breech-loader, and a full charge of powder, or in case of a breech-loader, with a blank cartridge, before firing the second. And he must not pull both triggers at the same time.

17. In Single Shooting, if more than one bird is liberated, the shooter may call "No bird," and claim another shot; but if he shoots he must abide by the consequences.

18. The shooter must not leave the shooting mark under any pretence to follow up any bird that will not rise, nor may he return to his mark after he has once quitted it to fire his second barrel.

19. In matches or in sweepstakes, when shot is limited, any shooter found to have in his gun more shot than is allowed is to be at once disqualified.

20. Any shooter is compelled to unload his gun on being challenged; but if the charge is found not to exceed the allowance, the challenger shall pay forthwith £1 to the shooter.

21. None but members can shoot except on the occasion of private matches.

22. No wire cartridges or concentrators allowed, or other substance to be mixed with the shot.

23. In all handicaps, sweepstakes or matches, the standard bore of the gun is No. 12. Members shooting with less to go in at the rate of half a yard for every bore less than 12 down to 16-bore. Eleven-bore guns to stand back half a yard from the handicaps.

24. The value of the members' shot is the value of ten sovereigns, including his own stake, goes back two yards; under that, sun one yard, provided there be over two shooters. Members saving or dividing in an advertised event will be handicapped accordingly.

25. Should any member shoot at a distance greater than that at which he is handicapped, it shall be scored no bird.

26. That for the future the charge of powder is limited to four drams. Chilled shot and "sawdust" powder may be used. The weight of guns not to exceed 7 lb. 8 oz. Size of shot restricted to Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9, and not limited to 1 1/2 oz.

27. All muzzle-loaders shall be loaded with shot from the chnb bowls.

28. If any bird escapes through any opening in the paling, it shall be a "No bird," but if it is shot in the paling, it could not have down over the paling, but in no instance shall it be scored a dead bird.

29. From the 1st of May the advertised events shall begin at three o'clock, unless otherwise notified, and no shooter will be admitted after the end of the second round in any advertised event.

30. No scouting allowed on the Club premises, and no pigeon to be shot at in the shooting ground, except by the shooter standing at his mark. Any contravention of this rule will be fined £1.

31. In double shooting, when more than two traps are pulled, the shooter may call "No birds," and claim two more; but if he shoots he must abide by the consequences.

32. If, on the trap being pulled, the bird does not rise, it is at the option of the shooter to take it or not; if not, he must declare by saying "No birds."

33. If, on the trap being pulled, one bird does not rise, he cannot demand another; but if he may wait and take the bird when he flies.

34. A bird shot on the ground, if the other bird is missed, is a lost bird; but if the other bird is killed, the shooter may demand another two birds.

35. If the shooter's gun misses fire with the first barrel, he may demand another two birds; but if he fires his second barrel, he must abide by the consequences. If the mis-fire occurs with the second barrel, the shooter having failed to call with the first, he may demand another bird, but may only use one barrel; if he missed with his first barrel, rule 5 in single shooting will apply.

A bird falling dead on the scoring box is to be counted for the shooter.

THE (LONDON) GUN CLUB RULES.

April, 1881.

- 1. The gun must not be carried to the shoulder until the shooter has called "Pull."
- 2. A mis-fire is no shot under any circumstances.
- 3. If the gun be fired with the first barrel and miss, the second and miss, the bird is to be scored lost.
- 4. If the shooter miss fire with the first barrel and use the second and miss, the bird is to be scored lost.
- 5. If a person pull the trap without notice from the shooter, he has the option to take the bird or not.
- 6. If, on the trap being pulled, the bird does not rise, it is at the option of the shooter to take it or not; but if not, he must declare it by saying "No bird." If the bird rises at once, he must shoot at it.
- 7. SINGLE SHOOTING.—If more than one bird is liberated, the shooter may say "No bird," and claim another shot; but if he shoots he must abide by the result.
- 8. DOUBLE SHOOTING.—If more than two traps be pulled, the shooter may say "No birds," and claim two more; but if he shoots he must abide by the result.
- 9. A bird to be scored good must be gathered by the dog or man without the aid of a ladder or any other instrument.
- 10. A bird not gathered in the ground to be scored lost.
- 11. If a bird shot on the ground, perches or settles on the top of the fence, or on any of the buildings higher than the fence, it is to be scored a lost bird.
- 12. If a bird perches or settles on the top of the fence, or on anything on the ground higher than the fence, and then falls dead on the ground, it is a lost bird.
- 13. If a bird once out of the ground should return and fall dead within the boundary, it must be scored a lost bird.
- 14. Should a bird that has been shot at lie flying away, and a bystander fire and brings the bird down within the boundary, the Referee may, if satisfied the bird would not have fallen by the gun of the shooter, order it to be a lost bird; or, if satisfied that the bird would have fallen, may order it to be scored a dead bird; or, if in doubt on the subject, he may order the shooter to shoot at another bird.
- 15. A bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is "No bird," but it may be shot on the ground with the second barrel, if it has been fired at with the first barrel while on the wing; and a full charge of powder, or in case of a breech-loader, with a blank cartridge, before firing the second. And he must not pull both triggers at the same time.
- 16. A bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is no bird; if a bird be shot at on the ground with the first barrel and it escape, it is a lost bird.
- 17. The shooter must not be bound at any time to gather his bird, or deputize some person so to do when called upon by his opponent; but in so doing he must not be assisted by any other person, or use any description of implement. Should the shooter be in any way assisted by his opponent, or by any of the party shooting, or dog, he cannot claim another bird with the result of the Referee.
- 18. The shooter cannot leave the shooting mark under any pretence to follow up any bird that will not rise, but is walking away from the trap after it is pulled; and having once left the mark after shooting at the bird, cannot return to shoot at it again under any circumstances.
- 19. In matches or in sweepstakes, any shooter found to have in his gun any more shot than is allowed, to be at once disqualified.
- 20. Any shooter is compelled to unload his gun on being chal-

lenged; but if the charge is found not to exceed the allowance, the challenger shall pay £1 to the shooter, which must be paid before he shoots again.

21. A shooter may at any time object to the use of a spring trap, either in a match or sweepstakes.

22. None but members can shoot, except on the occasion of the open handicaps.

23. That breech-loaders be not loaded until the shooter is at the mark; and on leaving his mark, should a cartridge not have been discharged, it is to be removed.

24. No wire cartridges allowed, nor is any bone dust or other substance to be mixed with the shot.

25. Should any shooter shoot at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped, the bird if killed is "No bird," if missed a "lost bird."

26. That 1 1/2 oz. of shot be the maximum charge for all occasions, except private matches.

27. That all muzzle-loaders be loaded with shot from the club bowls, and that 1s. per day will be charged each shooter for shot.

28. In handicap sweepstakes, winners of under £10 go back one yard; £10 and up to £20, two yards; £20 and over, three yards.

29. In shooting in a sweepstakes of three birds, five birds or six, shooters can only enter and commence to shoot up to end of first round, after that number of birds up to the end of the second round.

30. Distance of new members, 27 yards.

31. Thirty-one yards being the maximum distance, should any one win at that distance all remain as they were in such sweep.

32. In large sweepstakes, if the money does not amount to £100, it shall be divided into two prizes.

33. After the first three sweepstakes of the value of £5 and upwards have been shot on any day, members joining in the sweepstakes to go back one yard beyond their regular handicap distance.

34. Winners dividing £9 or less in a handicap do not incur any distance penalty.

35. In even-distance shooting, should a winner win at or above his handicap distance, he is to be penalized for such win in the handicap.

36. During shooting hours, or whilst any sweep or match shall be in progress, or be desired by any member, no shooting at birds thrown in, or other irregular practice with guns, shall be permitted on the ground.

37. Should two members agree to save stakes, and one of these divide with a third person, the member so dividing shall pay the full stake to the member who does not win or divide.

38. In case of any division of stakes in advertised events, the amount of division to be declared to the Referee, and the members dividing shall be penalized to the amount they receive. This rule not to apply to the saving of stakes.

39. The size of chilled or ordinary shot is restricted to Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8.

40. No member allowed to shoot in any sweepstakes or handicap until he shall have paid the amount of his entry to the scorer.

41. No round shall commence in any sweepstakes previous to the advertised event of the day after the "clock."

42. The handicap distances shall range between 21 and 31 yards.

43. The weight of guns is limited to eight pounds, and the charge of powder to four drams.

44. No guns above 11-bore allowed.

The following rules will be strictly enforced: Posing a gun at any one, £1. Firing a loaded gun without permission, except at the mark, £1.

VIKSBURG, Miss., June 6.—Weather delightfully cool and breezy for the season. Squirrels more numerous here than for many years. Three gentlemen from this place killed 45 in about a half day. I was out one day last week and killed only 4 and a woodchuck. The wind was too high. The average number killed in a day after the "clock" is 10. Two much rain and very successful fishing. The Grange outlook is fair, and the prospects for a good crop of grains is excellent, as many old birds were left over last season.—GUYTON.

ALLEGHENY SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Pittsburg, June 10.—At the annual meeting of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association last night the following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices for the year: S. H. Thompson, President; D. M. Martin, Vice-President; Wm. A. McCloskey, Treasurer; C. R. Henricks, Secretary. Board of Directors—C. G. Donnell, I. R. Staylor, Edward Gregg, C. B. Lovatt, C. H. Voigt, M. D.—Jesp'y, I. R. STAYTON, Reporter.

Holabird shooting suits. Uphreove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind. That 'possum is now being frosted.

NOTES FROM PHILADELPHIA.

SEVERAL pairs of woodcock on their arrival in this section this spring looks up their quarters along Cobbs Creek, the driveway of the Delaware and Chesapeake R.R., which runs directly through Mt. Moriah Cemetery. The eastern portion of this burial ground is occupied by graves, while the western portion is woodland, through which, at its lower end, runs the creek I have mentioned. The spot is an admirable breeding place for woodcock.

I have learned from residents of that neighborhood that young birds, already quite large, have been seen. One would suppose that the sanctity of the breeding grounds chosen by these woodcock would protect them from dog and gun; but it is not so; last year it was not, and it will not be this; and it will be found that notwithstanding the Cemetery Association forbids trespass of this kind, the birds will all be killed off before the season is open. Why do we have summerspotted at all? A pair of birds have bred in Eastwick's woods, Philadelphia, but ere this doubtless, both young and old have been shot by Philadelphia sportsmen.

It is not generally known, certainly not exceeding perhaps by the residents of Chambersburg and surrounding country, that Conococheague Creek, running through the above mentioned town, is literally alive with bass. The creek is not a wide one, but varies its depth in its course—now a deep pool, then a stretch of still water, and then a rapid swift—to the Potomac River. Parties who have just returned from the stretch of water before the heavy rains took place, which has made it very muddy, bass were freely taking the minnow, notwithstanding the season was chilly and unpleasant. There is a deal of roanancing in reference to the bass with us, be it *Salmoides* or *Nipricans*, taking it fly. I'll wager seven out of eight are taken with either minnow or crawfish. I am well aware the bass of the northeastern lakes will rise, trouble, and fly to the fly, but it is a different fish. Our bass I take it do not pretend to be anything but identical with the bass of the Potomac River and Western lakes, and has a larger mouth. Won't Mr. Mather rise to explain? The one thing I do want to say is our bass do not take the fly as those of St. Lawrence and Lake George do, and to me are different. There is a difference between a fish coming lazily to the surface and sucking in a fly, and that bold rush for his prey the genuine fly taker makes. Our fish, red fus and minnows,

will do the first, the black bass of our rivers will not do the latter.—Hoxo.

[We think that your bass are all small mouth, *M. saxatilis*, while it is probable that both species inhabit the Potomac. In some waters black bass do not take the fly well, but why not seem to be known at present.]

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

Table with columns for FRESH WATER and SALT WATER, listing various fish species like Brook Trout, Rainbow Trout, Dolly Varden, etc.

Table with columns for FRESH WATER and SALT WATER, listing various fish species like Striped Bass, Rock Bass, etc.

Few fish bite more eagerly than gudgeons, and this, perhaps, is the reason why so many persons may be seen patiently sitting in punts from morning to night on the river Thames employed in catching these fresh water smelts. There appears indeed to be a fascination in gudgeon fishing which it is not easy to account for, and the wonder is increased when we see three or four persons in a punt lightly jorking a rod every instant, and watching a float as it glides down the stream before them, the sun sometimes scorching them, and at others the rain wetting them through.

WORMS IN FISHES.

BY FREDERICK W. TRUE.

WHEN the philosopher first affirmed that man is a microcosm it did not perhaps occur to his mind that he is a "little world" in a literal as well as in a metaphysical sense, and that he shares this peculiarity with the lower animals. It is indeed a strange fact that every creature which creeps the earth, flies through the air, or swims the sea, is a living, moving world in which animals are born, mature, grow old and die—and plants unfold their leaves and shed their ripened fruits.

All animals which are infested by parasites perhaps no group is more seriously afflicted than the fishes. From time to time the ichthyophagian portion of our community is thrown into a panic because in some locality a favorite fish is found teeming with worms which look exceedingly like the dreaded trichinae, and seem to threaten with dire consequences the persons who should be rash enough to partake of the delicate viand. The matter is at once reported to the papers as something quite new, and specimens are sent to the doctor of science for his opinion. Now, if the doctor is wise he answers that all fishes are afflicted by such worms to a greater or less extent. The species of one large group, the *Nematodes*, or round worms, he will say do resemble the trichinae, but only as the garter-snake resembles the copperhead. They are small, round worms, some of which creep the earth, others are transparent. Another group, which he will continue, are known as *Cestodes*, or tape-worms, and resemble the ordinary tape-worms, which at times are so annoying to man. They are very numerous and varied in kind and in details of form and proportion. He will also allude to two other groups of parasitic worms, which, however, are of less interest to the sportsman because they are commonly too small to be noticed with any one kind, these are the *Zygodonts*, or flukes, and the *Acanthocephalis*, or thorn-heads. In conclusion, the doctor will assure his anxious readers that they need have no alarm in regard to the worms they have discovered; that they will do no harm, and that in fact in Italy there are certain kinds taken from sea-fishes which the epicures call "macaroni worms," and which they consider a great delicacy.

It may be food for meditation to some angler as he sits watching his trembling float, that he is about to bring the world to an end for a whole race of creatures when he draws out of its native waters the gleaming fish which is nibbling so cautiously. The salmon, in addition to a host of inferior animals, harbors at various times no less than sixteen different kinds of parasitic worms, or at least so many sorts have been discovered, and undoubtedly many others remain unknown. Four species are tape worms, and four round worms; the rest belong to the other groups mentioned. The yellow perch has been a favorite hunting ground for the helminthologist, and he has already brought to light twenty-three species. The pike (*Esox lucius*) carries about with him at least twenty kinds. The parasites of our trout have escaped attention to a great degree, and it is credited with only one kind, but these are four other worms. But one species is known to infest our shad, namely, the round worm, *Agononema capsularia*. Dying, although the German minnow (*Alosa vulgaris*), a close relative, carries at least seven. It must not begethared from these facts that our fishes are more favored than those of other parts of the globe, but only that the parasites have been less carefully studied.

It was the shad worm (*Agononema capsularia*) which caused some excitement among the fishermen in a certain part of New Jersey a few years ago, where it was found in great numbers. All anxiety was removed, however, by Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, the only American helminthologist whose observations have been at all extensive, who pointed out the harmless character of the animal, and recommended European sailing for a host of five tape worms and three or four other worms. But one species is known to infest our shad, namely, the round worm, *Agononema capsularia*. Dying, although the German minnow (*Alosa vulgaris*), a close relative, carries at least seven. It must not begethared from these facts that our fishes are more favored than those of other parts of the globe, but only that the parasites have been less carefully studied.

I have in my possession, but yet undescribed, a tape worm which infests the herring of the great lakes. It is not content to live in the intestines of the fish, but at certain seasons in its development must needs bore into the flesh, producing ugly marks and quite injuring the fish for sale, much to the disgust of the fishermen. It would appear from this that these worms are interesting not only zoologically but economically. In this and some other cases it is a matter of dollars and cents.

It seems that all our game fishes are more or less thickly settled, if I may use such an expression, but the census has been not yet carefully taken. Anglers and sportsmen generally would greatly aid in advancing the study of American helminthology if they would preserve in spirits and send to the Smithsonian Institution any specimens of parasitic worms which they find in the game fishes and other animals which their skill for rod or gun brings into their hands. The writer would be pleased to receive and to give information regarding any specimens sent.

Smithsonian Institution, June 8, 1881.

RECORDS OF FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENTS.

THE following records have been furnished us by Mr. Abel Crook, president of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, from the official records of their yearly tournaments.

We give it as it stands, although it is far from being complete in detail. The omission of the distance cast in many cases, the absence of statements regarding the cast whether it was actually cast or made up in an allowance for shortness of rod, and the absence of all data regarding the force and direction of the wind. In some cases the length of the rod is given, and in the record for 1871 it will be noticed that the second prize went to a shorter cast than the third one. Here is the record, it being for single handed casting in all cases except where "salmon fly-casting" is stated.

Table of fly-casting records for 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881.

Charles H. Wells, New York. 2d prize. Rod, 12 feet 6 in. James Meyer, Jr., New York. 2d " 11 " 3 in. John B. McElharg, Rome. 3d " 65 " 12 " 7 in. John D. O'Brien, Oswego. 4th " 60 " 12 " 6 in. Charles Northrup, Rochester. 5th " 11 " 9 in.

Salmon Fly Casting. James Meyer, Jr., New York. Special prize, 80 ft. Rod, 17 ft. 8 in. SENECA FALLS, MAY 20, 1872. Seth Green, Rochester. 1st prize, 65 feet. R. W. Wood, Syracuse. 2d " 60 " No score report. W. A. Wyburn, Oswego. 3d " " " " " "

BATAVIA, JUNE 9, 1873. R. Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize. W. A. Whitely, Oswego. 2d " " " " " " James Annin, Jr., Le Roy. 3d " " " " " " H. H. Morse, Rochester. 4th " " " " " " "

OSWEGO, JUNE 22, 1874. Reuben W. Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize, 68 feet 6 inches. S. M. Allen, Oswego. 2d " 65 " 6 " C. Northrup, Pulaski. 3d " 63 " 6 " J. F. Miller, Oswego. 4th " 62 " 6 " N. A. Wright, Oswego. 5th " 56 " 8 " "

WATERBURY, MAY 31, 1875. R. W. Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize, 75 feet. C. Northrup, Rome. 2d " 74 " M. K. Keyser, Watertown. 3d " 70 " W. P. Oaterson, Pulaski. 4th " 69 " S. M. Allen, Oswego. 5th " 67 " H. H. King, Adams. 6th " 69 " H. H. Morse, Rochester. 7th " 74 " J. B. McElharg, Rome. 8th " 60 " P. W. Soule, Watertown. 9th " 55 " "

GENESEO, MAY 22, 1876. R. Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize, 69 feet. James Annin, Jr., Le Roy. 2d " 63 " H. H. Morse, Rochester. 3d " 58 " SYRACUSE, JUNE 8, 1877. Fly Casting.—Open to all. Ira Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize, 72 feet. A. M. Kenyon, Watertown. 2d " 70 " J. J. Meldrum, Syracuse. 3d " 65 1/2 " A. H. Fowler, Ithaca. 4th " 61 " George B. Wood, Syracuse. 5th " 56 " "

Amateur Fly Casting. A. H. Fowler, Ithaca. 1st prize 75 feet. Ira Wood, Syracuse. 2d " 69 " J. J. Meldrum, Syracuse. 3d " 69 " George Wood, Syracuse. 4th " 64 " George Sisson, Fayetteville. 5th " 64 " "

DUFFALO, MAY 20, 1878. Seth Green, Rochester. 1st prize, 70 feet. Reuben W. Wood, Syracuse. 2d " 69 " Ira Wood, Syracuse. 3d " 65 " "

Salmon Fly Casting. Reuben W. Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize, 88 feet. Ira Wood, Syracuse. 2d " 78 " ROCHESTER, JULY 7, 1879. J. J. Meldrum, Syracuse. 1st prize, 66 feet. D. B. Lambertson, Rochester. 2d " 60 1/2 " A. A. Pratt, Rochester. 3d " 60 " "

Salmon Fly Casting. J. J. Meldrum, Syracuse. 1st prize, 72 feet. A. Lambertson, Rochester. 2d " 66 " J. H. Chamberlain, Rochester. 3d " 62 " "

SENECA FALLS, MAY 24, 1880. Ira Wood, Syracuse. 1st prize, 70 feet. O. W. Saults, Syracuse. 2d " 70 " H. C. Robinson, Rochester. 3d " 60 " "

PRAGMATIC FLY-TYING.—A new edition of a useful work ("The Practical Fly-fisher, more particularly for grayling or trout. With ten plates, colored by hand, representing 120 flies, natural and artificial. By the late John Jackson, of Tansfield Mill, Bradford shire, London. John Clark, 19 Husky place, Camden road, N. W. 1850) has just reached us. It is a thoroughly practical work and wastes no space in theorizing. The plates are elegant. The fact of its having been republished long after the author's death proves it of value. Collectors have paid as high as 21 shillings for a copy of the second edition. The present one is published at 7s. 6d. It gives plain directions how to fly in general,

and then states the materials for imitating natural flies, while the opposite page is a colored picture of both the natural fly and the imitation, so it should appear. It is not a complete angling treatise, but accomplishes what it claims to do, i. e., to give directions how to make and use many flies, especially those designed for grayling fishing.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

THE following are the rules of the N. Y. Sportsman's Association:

FLY-CASTING. No rod shall be allowed over eleven feet six inches nor less than nine feet six inches in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

A practicable line and reel shall be attached to the rod. Three flies—one stretcher and two droppers—must be used and a casting-line, or leader, of single gut, of not less than eight feet in length.

No attached weight of any kind on the line or fly shall be permitted. Allowance of distance shall be made according to the length of each rod of five feet for every foot of length and at that rate for each part of a foot.

Each contestant shall be allowed five minutes for style, delicacy and accuracy, and five more for length of reach; and in case of accident, such as parting or fouling of the fly or line, the referee may allow additional time, in his discretion. No cast shall be valid unless the line be retrieved.

The contest shall be for distance, accuracy, delicacy and general style combined, and the distance, if practicable, shall be measured along the water. The casting shall be done with one hand across, against and with the wind.

The distance of the casting shall be measured from the stretcher fly to the tip of the rod. SALMON FLY-CASTING. The foregoing rules shall govern, except that the contest is to be with double-handed rods, which shall not be over twenty feet in length; the casting line or leader shall not be less than ten feet in length. Allowance for distance shall be made for length, but not for weight, and no more than one fly shall be above.

BASS CASTING. Above rule (salmon fly-casting) shall apply, except that weight, as nearly equal as possible to the ordinary bait, shall be attached to the line, which shall be used by all the contestants. Lines and their arrangement are unrestricted.

NEW YORK, June 10.

To whom it may concern: The Long Island Sportsman's Association, under whose auspices the State tournaments are to be held at Stony Island in the week beginning June 20, having placed the entire matter of fly-casting in my hands, I will say: There will be three judges and a referee. The fly-casting will take place in the grounds selected, on Thursday, the 23rd inst., and entries can be made on that day at the office or a few minutes before the casting, at the pond. The programme in full can be found in FOREST AND STREAM of May 26, as well as in the publication of the association.

I have made application to have certain rules changed, as follows: Believing that if a man cannot cast as far with a nine-foot rod as he can with a longer one he had better provide one that he can do the best with, I have recommended that allowance for distance be abolished and only the actual cast considered. That, as heretofore all prizes have been awarded for distance alone, and some for style, delicacy and length, I will set apart certain prizes to go to the ones whom the judges shall decide are best in these qualities and have a special casting for competition for them. Also, that the distance be measured from the advanced toe of the caster and not from the tip of his rod.

Also to abolish the allowance in salmon casting. In bass casting the adopted rules are not explicit. A limit in the preparation of the fly is allowed a rod of twenty feet in length. This does not seem to be in accord with the practice of bass fishers either at Cattyhook or elsewhere. I have recommended that rods shall not exceed nine feet nor be less than seven feet in length, and that the attached weight shall be one ounce. On the latter subject there has been a difference of opinion which does not seem to be easily compromised. Cattyhook and Putnam Island both have been mistaken in which take about one-quarter of an eight-ounce fish, also the tails of lobsters of different sizes. Those who have advocated a four-ounce weight claim that lobster tails, shell and all, are mainly used and that the 103-inch lobster law prohibits small-ones. The majority of bass casters with whom I have consulted claim that one ounce of lead, with its smaller surface for landing, is more difficult to land to an ordinary bait, and so that weight has been fixed upon.

These things have not been definitely decided upon, but are now under consideration by the committee; and in conclusion I will say that I have no interest in any change suggested except for the general good of fly-casting and to elevate it from a mere side-show at the State tournaments to a place beside the other sports as one of the best, most graceful and beautiful of arts.

FRED MATTHEW.

ANGLING NOTES AND QUERIES.

IS there any record of bluefish (*Pomatomus saltatrix*) which is caught in the Gulf of Mexico? When in Florida last year with Dr. Ferber, of New York, he told me that he caught one on the west coast of that State in January, 1880, north of Charlotte Harbor.

I think many of your contributors could give to your paper much useful and interesting information if they would enumerate the names of the food fishes of their respective localities. In that manner a knowledge of their respective distribution may be obtained by those interested in the subject. I have in mind a fish that I have caught in Canada and in Florida, and I would like to know where it occurs in other portions of our country. This fish, of the family of percidae, is called by Prof. Cope *Pomoxys annularis*. It is probably closely related to the bream and the sunfish, both of which it much resembles, though it is in the wood of all over the body. I have seen a large fish that I have seen of this species weigh one and three-quarter pounds. In Canada they call it shiner. Along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River they call it moonfish. In Florida they call it speckled perch. I saw some in the New York Aquarium, which were labeled "Strawberry bass, Virginia." In the Canada lakes they are usually caught in the wood of all water from twelve to sixteen feet deep, a favorite place for them is also under rafts of logs. They bite best on

cloudy days or after sundown in the evening. They are frequently caught in winter through holes in the ice. There is a chain of lakes connected by drowned lands and canals with locks, making navigation practicable between Ottawa City and Kingston, the route being about forty miles north of the St. Lawrence River. The whole is called the Rideau Canal, and the largest body of water Rideau Lake, twenty miles long and from one to five miles wide, with an altitude of 175 feet above Lake Ontario. This work was constructed about forty years ago, prior to which time the shiners were not found in the lakes, though now they are very abundant in them.

In Florida I have caught these fish in the lake called Payne's Prairie, near Gainesville, and in Lake Mulholland, in Orange County, but I have not seen them in the streams on the gulf coast of that State.

My much esteemed friend, the late Prof. Milner, once told me that he did not think the small mouth black bass existed in any of the waters on the Atlantic coast south of the James River in Virginia. Cannot some of your readers give information on that question?

I believe sheepshead fish are not found in fresh water in the Northern States, on the west coast of Florida they appear to be equally abundant in fresh and salt water. In the small rivers there these fish are so plentiful that they do not find a sufficient quantity of their natural food, such as mollusks and crustaceans, so they accommodate themselves to their circumstances and eat grass, which grows in great profusion there, covering nearly all the bottom in some streams, except in the swiftly running channels. What they eat is thorough moss-like species of confers, which grows upon the broad leaves of the grass. I have examined many stomachs of these fish without finding anything in them except this grass. I sent some of this grass to Dr. Leidy, who examined it with his microscope. He told me that it was covered with myriads of diatoms.

About the middle of March these fish are heavy with spawn, after which time I could not find any in the freshwater rivers, except small fish too young to spawn.

JOSEPH WILCOX.

ANGLING AT MONSON, MAINE.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the sporting and angling fraternity to some of the many attractions which this place offers as a centre for trout and land-locked salmon fishing, game, etc. Monson is situated five miles from the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, and fourteen miles from Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and eight miles from the head of Sebec Lake.

Hebron Lake is the first object that attracts the sportsman's attention - it is only a few yards from the hotel (Chapin House) in Monson village - a picturesque little village which nestles at the foot of this lake, and which is famous for its roofing slate industry. It is about three and a half miles in length and one mile in width, surrounded by beautiful hills and fine scenery, with Russell Mountain in the distance. Spotted and lake trout are very abundant. Anglers here this spring caught hundreds of them from this lake. They average 2 lbs. in weight, many from 2 1/2 lbs. to 5 lbs.

The next most important resort in this vicinity is Lake Onaway sometimes called by the settlers Ship Pond and Greenwood Lake. The latter is eight miles long, the former five miles from here. Lake Onaway is its original Indian name, and there is a pretty legend about the capture of an Indian maiden connected with it. From the Chapin House the tourist rides in a carriage to a Mr. Holt's, in Ellitonsville township a distance of eight miles. The scenery is charming and delightful all along this drive. When arriving at Mr. Holt's he is but a few rods from Greenwood Lake, a beautiful sheet of water several miles in area. It crosses this in row boats, walks three quarters of a mile, and then reaches Lake Onaway which is about five miles long and two miles wide. The lofty peaks of Bore Stone Barren and Benson Mountains rear their heads above, and it is surrounded by rugged hills, mountains and dense forests. Here the sportsman can with fly or bait secure an abundance of handsome, spotted and lake trout of different varieties, land-locked salmon, smelts, yellow perch, etc. If he is willing to walk a distance of one or two-four miles to the fishing parties. Those who will be well rewarded by a visit to the two Benson ponds where spotted trout fishing is unequalled.

Besides these are also some thirty other ponds ranging from ten to two hundred acres in area within a radius of ten miles of this village. The accommodations are ample, as the Chapin House, kept by A. D. Sherman, is one of the best country hotels in Maine. Boats, guides and teams are furnished at the Benson Hotel, and for all fishing parties. Those desiring to visit this place will do well to correspond with E. R. Haynes, A. D. Sherman, J. F. Sprague, Frank Holt or W. S. Knight, Monson, Me., who will furnish all necessary information.

Among the prominent sportsmen who are visiting here at the present (June 9) are L. Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass., author of "Hubbard's Guide to Moosehead Lake"; J. C. Whiting, of the Boston Journal; E. P. Rowell, one of the editors of the Lowell, Mass., Courier; H. A. Hildreth, and G. S. Cushing, of Lowell, and G. A. Mathews, of Andover. The latter is arranging to supply several of the smaller ponds here with German carp. Messrs. John F. Sprague, Edwin R. Haynes, G. A. Mathews, E. T. Rowell and others obtained a charter from the Legislature of Maine last winter for the Piscataquis Fish and Game Protective Society. The object of this association is to assist in the propagation of fish in the many lakes and ponds in this region, and also to aid in the enforcement of the fish and game laws now in force in Maine.

The forests here also abound with grouse and the ponds with duck. Other game of almost every kind is to be found in these woods. PISCATAQUIS.

BLACK BASSETT - Newark, N. J., is a pleasant place to live in, and is convenient for people who do business in New York. One of its newspapers, the Sunday Call, says: "The common domestic cockroach is good bait for many kinds of fresh water fish, black bass especially, and no bait can be more easily procured. They will collect under a damp rag in quantities in almost any house in the city."

We give the item for the benefit of bass fishers, who no doubt can arrange with some friend in Newark for a supply. If they have no friend there write to the editor of the Call, who will doubtless be most careful and conscientious and alacrity. By the way, what are cockroaches?

Do you eat a possum hot or cold?

SOUTH FORK FISHING ASSOCIATION.

THE subjoined account of a Pittsburg, Pa., enterprise is taken from the *Post* of that city. Mr. W. A. McIntosh, vice-president of the association, is also a member of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association, and of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association, and is enthusiastic and accomplished in all matters pertaining to the sports of the field:

About two years ago the South Fork Fishing Association, which was made up of forty or fifty Pittsburg gentlemen, came into life. The association purchased from the Pennsylvania railroad the old reservoir of the canal, nine miles above Johnstown on the South Fork of the Conemaugh. This reservoir was built some thirty or thirty six years ago, and cost between \$300,000 and \$500,000. With the reservoir the association bought about fifteen hundred acres of land. The reservoir was then converted into a lake. The reservoir originally supplied all the water for the portion of the canal between it and Pittsburg, and of course it was of larger dimensions. The lake is four miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, which is no inconsiderable sheet of water. The lake is formed by the South Fork of the Conemaugh and four other streams which are smaller. The dam is a magnificent piece of work and is three hundred feet thick at the base. After the reservoir had been bought from the State by the railroad company it was abandoned, and persons in the neighborhood destroyed about two hundred feet of the dam in order to get the stone for building purposes. This breach was repaired by the association at a cost of \$15,000.

The dam has been finished for some time, and the water is sixty feet deep at the breast of it. The object of the association was to have the lake as a fishing resort and in connection with it a club house. Last week the association did some fishing on a grand scale. An arrangement was entered into some time ago with parties at Sandusky, by which they were to supply the association with live black bass. Accordingly about one thousand bass were caught in the lake panned out, and were kept in special reservoirs. The fish in weight were from a pound and a half to three pounds. On Tuesday last a car was sent to bring the fish to the lake. This car was arranged by Mr. W. A. McIntosh, who is Vice-President of the association. The car was fitted out with tanks to hold the fish, and the water was aerated by a very ingenious air-pump, invented for the purpose by Mr. McIntosh. Messrs. McIntosh and W. C. Taylor accompanied the car and supervised the transfer.

On Wednesday night seven hundred fish were placed in the car. The water in the lake from which they were taken was at 73 deg., and by a plentiful use of ice the temperature was reduced to 45 deg. and kept at that point. The car was hurried through to South Fork station on the P. R. R., and reached there on Thursday morning. The station is two miles from the lake, and the fish had to be placed in casks, which were covered with an ingenious head, placed by Mr. McIntosh, and which prevented the water from splashing out, and at the same time admitted air. The casks were carried on wagons to the lake and the fish were liberated. Only thirty-five fish died in transit. This is the largest transfer of grown live fish ever made in this country. It is probable that the ride on the wagons killed the greater part of the fish which were lost.

The association is now building a fine club-house, which will soon be completed, and the place will then be one of the most delightful in the mountains. The lake is now in charge of a watchman, whose duty it is prevent depreations, and thus far he has been quite successful.

THE SARANAC REGION.—Adirondacks, June 1.—Well, I am here again as usual, and find many old friends to greet me. This time came in via Keeseville. The road to Miller, formerly Martin's, is very good. A great change at the old-time hostility on the Lower Saranac, many improvements being made, which will make it the Saranoga of the Saranacs, if not of the Adirondacks. I find registered here the Masons of New York; Bentley, of Rochester; Shaw, of Hartford; Dr. Gammon, of New York. Proceeding through the lake to Bartlett's Sportsmen's House, and Dr. Romeyn and family, of Keeseville, N. Y.; Messrs. Weston, of Boston; Winters, of New York; Col. T. Hoyt, of New York; St. Louis, and Mr. Soms, of New York; Vice-President Wheeler and party, and others. There is only one Bartlett's in the Adirondacks. The house looks uninviting, but its comforts are appreciated by all who are its guests. At Coville's the VanWoerts, of New York, are stopping, and at the Prospect House on the Upper Lake, and Dr. Trudo and family; Mr. Penfold and sister, Mr. Meyer and daughter, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Malone, also Mr. Alford and party, of New York. Troutling in this section is not what it was in former days, owing to the inattention paid to the game laws; and to secure good troutling and continuance of the sporting community the waters must be stocked. During the past winter, however, owing to the vigilance of Mr. Liberty, the game detective, the amount of trout taken through the ice was much less than in former years, but the decrease of trout is very marked and demands stringent laws to protect what is left, or we bid an everlasting farewell to the sport of trolling and fly fishing throughout this region. And is it not a burning shame that it should be thus? From parties visiting the Hitching pond region, I can catch excellent troutling still exists there, and also at Robbins on Little Tupper. The houses here are all well kept. Durby, at the Prospect, knows well how to please his many guests. Many are expected at all points throughout this region. You will hear again from me while I wander around. L. MCN.

THE MEGANTIC DISTRICT.—June 7.—I am having fine sport among the trout here on the waters in the vicinity of Megantic Mountain. A few days ago I paddled up quite near to a large bull moose that was in the water, feeding on lily pads. After gazing at me for some minutes he suddenly walked out of the water back into the woods. I met on the trail to-day your Maine correspondent "Penobscot," who has increased greatly the pleasure of my trip here. "Penobscot" is a genial gentleman, and alive to all legitimate sport with the rod and gun except hounding deer. "None of that for him." Still hunting is his delight. Weather the past two nights very cold. Yesterday at 1 P. M. I enjoyed the luxury of a June snow-squall on the highest peak of Megantic Mountain. So far I can learn I am the first white man who has set foot on the highest peak of this mountain. The magnificent view of mountain, lake and forest that I had there amply repaid me for my trouble in making the ascent. In descending we took the advantage of a long slide that starts within half a mile of the top and extends to the base and had a smooth though steep pathway down.—SPANSTRAD.

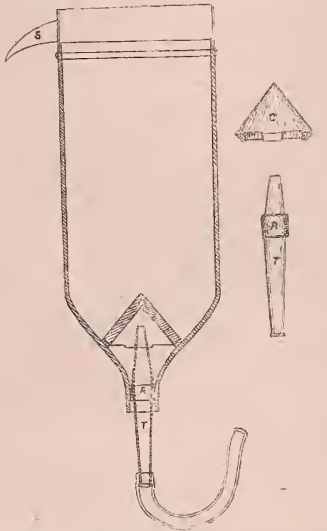
Holtford Shooting Suits. Upholstere & McEellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Fish Culture.

AN IMPROVED SHAD HATCHER.

WE have received the following drawing and description from Mr. Frank N. Clark, of the U. S. Fish Commission. It is in practical use now in the shad work at Havre de Grace, Md. This is the second improvement which Mr. Clark has put upon the conical hatchers, one of which, the gate, received the diploma at the Berlin Exhibition.

The cut represents the hatching jar in vertical section, with the feed tube (T) of glass, which is encircled at R by a ring of rubber, so as to make a water tight joint when forced down into the funnel shaped opening at the lower end of the jar. The water is fed into the jar through the tube by means of a rubber hose;



the force of the current is arrested and broken by a heavy, non-corrosible hollow metal cup or cone (C), which rests on the inside of the jar on three short feet of equal height. The current from the tube impinges on the under side of the hollow cone, and is deflected downwards, to escape upward into the space above. At three points between the feet upon which the cone rests the force of the current is regulated by the supply cock, and as the water escapes from under the edge of the hollow cone the entire mass of eggs is kept in the gentlest possible condition of motion, being thrown gently outward and upward all round, except at the points where the feet of the cone break the current. The only detachable portions of the apparatus are the cone and the tube, shown separately at the right. The cone, of Britannia or black tin, is sufficiently heavy to remain in position by its own weight. The water which is to escape passes out of the jar through the spout (S), which is closed with a wire-cloth gate or slide when desirable, at the top, which is part of a japanned tin rim that is cemented to the top of the jar, and runs on the rim or flange of glass just below it. The jar is ten inches in diameter and two feet high from the point where the cone rests, and will hold 500,000 eggs of the shad.

THE GOURAMI.

IN view of the proposed introduction of the gourami into our more southern waters, the following article by Col. Nicolas Pike, which he has kindly permitted us to publish in advance of his book on the fauna of India and the fishes of the Indian Ocean, will be read with interest. The cut to which Col. Pike refers is not yet finished, and we substitute two cuts of the fish, drawn by Prof. Gill.

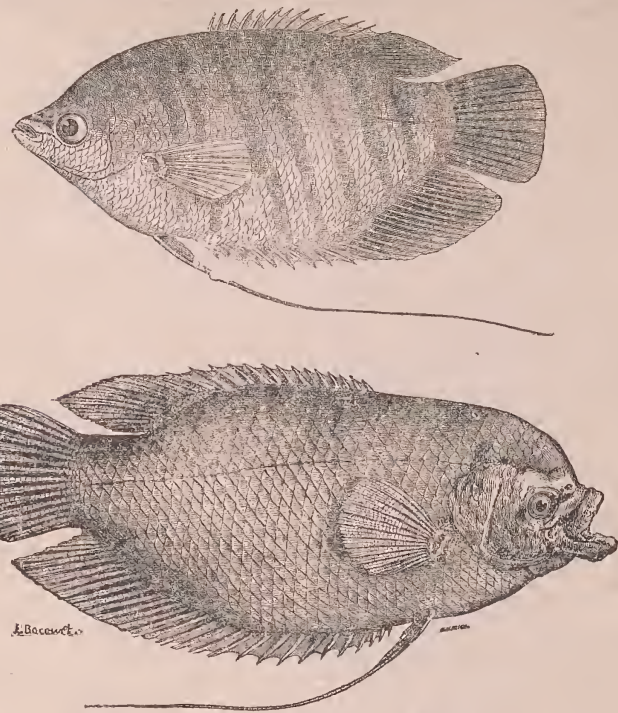
The gourami, a native of China, was introduced into Mauritius in 1761 by Messrs. de Surville, Youanne and Magay, of the French Navy. They most probably brought it from Java, where it was seen and much admired by Comersson, who found it kept in large earthen vessels by the Dutch colonists, and was much pleased to find it in the fauna of France on his arrival in 1776. From the Isle of France some couples were taken to Bourbon, where they existed and thrived for many years in some ponds at St. Suzanne, but, to the great disappointment of those who possessed them, it was found they did not breed.

The cause of this was not discovered till about twenty years after their introduction. It was then ascertained that the lowness of the temperature in the high localities in which they had been placed was the cause of their sterility, and on removing them to spots on the level of the sea they began to breed freely.

The gourami is a remarkable looking fish, and the young differ widely from the adults. In the former state the muzzle is attenuated and produced, with a concave forehead, and the sides show eight vertical bands, and in its second year the gourami begins to assume its distinctive garb. The stripes gradually disappear. The white, tinged with lilac, which formed the ground color of its body, changes to a bronze tint, with golden reflections on the sides and brow on the back and the head is tinged with pink. The colors of the male are lighter and brighter than those of the female, and he is also distinguished by a hump on the forehead as well as on the symphysis of the jaw. The shape of the grommets and set high and forward, the nostrils crescent shaped. The proportions of the gourami in length and breadth are as five to two.

It is a thick, solid fish, and possessed of great strength, and unless a net be held a foot or two above the water, it will leap over it to a distance of several feet outside. When caught and laid on the ground it will leap to a height of three or four feet, and unless promptly secured it will better itself to pieces, as it is most tenacious of life.

Few fishes are more accommodating as to food than the gourami; frogs, shrimp, insects, leaves, fruit, grain, roots or bread, all are acceptable, and even the leaves of the sord *Arum colocaeta* (large leaved plant) are eaten with avidity. Nor is it more difficult with respect to habitation. The rapid stream or stagnant pool appears to please equally well, provided food be abundant.



YOUNG GOURAMI AND OLD GOURAMI.

The thing most harmful to the gourami is cold, of which they show their abhorrence by burying themselves in the mud or fishing shelter amongst weeds during the cold season. An intrepid captain, who had on board a quantity of these fish destined for Australia, found that when the thermometer reached 66 degrees Fahrenheit they all died. This must have been caused by some sudden transition of temperature, for they thrive and breed freely in the Mauritius where the mercury often descends to 50 deg.

They love to bask in the sun, and always choose a spot for their nests to which its beams have full access. These nests are formed by the joint labor of the male and female, and consist of a mass of aquatic plants or any fibrous substance they find in the water, matted together so as to form a tissue of considerable tenacity, further strengthened by the web to which the ova are attached. These are deposited in the nest, which is fastened to any suitable body, and always close to the surface of the water. They are formed by a pair of large fish as big as a man's hand, or somewhat oval form, and employs the fish about a week to make it. As soon as the spawn is deposited, both male and female mount guard over the nest, and will attack any fish that approaches, and such is the violence of their onset that even large eels are fain to fly from them.

The spawning time is in March and October, and the eggs are hatched about a fortnight after deposition. The fry are of a violet tint when they emerge from the eggs, and the first day of the larva is then much longer than their bodies. This does not grow with the fish, so that the larger the fish the shorter in proportion is the filament. The fry remain about the nest for eight or ten days, during which time they appear to be under the protection of the parents, after this they swim off in schools.

Two fish are particularly injurious to the propagation of the gourami—the golden carp and a little fish called in Bourton, *Prisophilus*, and in Mauritius, *Maria Jones*. They are very fond of the spawn, and I suppose from their small size escape the notice of the guardians of the nest.

Notwithstanding the variety of tastes, the flesh of the gourami is universally esteemed. It is of a light straw color, firm, and easy of digestion. The fish of a rocky river is much better tasted than that of a muddy pond, but they nowhere attain so fine a flavor as at the embouchures of rivers where there is a mixture of salt water with the fresh.

The sketch is from an old gourami weighing about eight or ten pounds, caught at Riche Mair, where I had a fine day's sport with my friend, M. Ange Renard. Even at this size the scorpions are almost effaced at the border of the prooperculum, which are very sharp in individuals about half the growth.

This fish appears to be blessed with longevity, as many fresh water fish are. I have been told of one big fellow known to have lived in one basin for thirty years, that was perfectly tame and would come to a hand, and would let out of the hand. He was evidently lord of the place, for although there were a number of others of all sizes they dared not approach to take the bread thrown in till he was too busy eating to notice them. The next scorpion that presumed to take the first piece was summarily chastised.

A small barrel, with the ends knocked out, was fixed in the basin, and the water was clear enough to watch the operations of the fish. When the eggs had hatched, the young began to busy himself with the female, catching the dead leaves as they fell in, straws, or anything else that suited his purpose, and carry them into the barrel till there was quite an accumulation of debris. When the female entered to lay her eggs he jealously guarded his absence, and they had a hard time all round whenever there was an incense to the family, pending, the female helping also to chase intruders till the young were hatched. The old fellow was very ugly, and covered with bosses and excrescences. He came to a bad end, for during the inundation of February, 1859, he, with all his mates, was washed out of the basin by the waves of mud that poured into it, and all were found dead next day.

Knowing that the public gardens at Pamplonnes were stocked with gourami, carp, eels, etc., I made application to Sir Henry Bockly, the governor, for permission to sweep my nets there at a proper season for procuring specimens. In 1873, when about leaving the island, I conceived the idea of introducing the valuable gourami to the United States. I procured a number of young gourami—I handled the fish myself, as I had had many years experience in transporting fish—and I took them in safety to Port Louis, about nine miles. It was then a temperature of about 60 deg. Fahrenheit. I did not lose a fish, all placed them in my tanks prepared for them, and they soon became accustomed

to their new quarters. I was careful in noticing the temperature of the water two or three times a day, as when it is too low they become sluggish and will not feed. It had been my intention to arrive in New York in summer, but business connected with the consulate detained me till autumn, and, after going on board, the temperature lowered so rapidly it was impossible to keep them alive, and one by one they died off.

The introduction of the gourami into the waters of the United States would be a great addition to our ichthyological treasures. They may, with great care, be brought to the southern shores of California from China. Perhaps when well acclimated they might be degreed to be introduced into higher latitudes than those now assigned to it.

I made some experiments with hatching the eggs, but though they were taken apparently alive and in good condition from the nest, I failed in every instance save with the greatest care. I did this at the request of the late honored Prof. Agassiz, to whom everything connected with fish in Mauritius was of such deep interest, and to whom I am indebted for most valuable letters appreciating the services I was able to render him in ichthyology in that island.

Weakness and sickness changed to health and strength with Hop Bitters, always.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of Ontario Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. K. Stagton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 14, at New York City. Close of cities Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. J. G. O'Connell, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

November 29, at Louisiana State Field Trials, Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. J. M. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

SNIPES SHOOTING WITH JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE first day of the merry month of May was pleasant, the air bracing and the reports of good snipe-shooting stimulated our hunting propensities to try the cunning of our hand upon the multitude of birds that were said to be feeding in the marshes of Monroe. We left our home on a bright and beautiful afternoon, and taking the Detroit train, were soon at our destination. On every side, beneath the little hills and nestling along the edges of the Iron River we saw peering forth from their long winter hiding places the wild fowls showing the grounds here and there with their variegated tints and filling the atmosphere with their grateful and beauty. The violet tints, the cowslip and the daisy bluish out in all their sparkling gariture and fragrance. On the prairies, through the oak openings and in the deep woods the early green grasses in every direction and tells us that genial spring, with its smiles and flowers, is fairly before us.

Alighting from the car, we are suddenly gripped by the hand, and are made thrice welcome by the smile of good will and kindly feeling that animates the face of our wiliam friend and host, Davidson. Getting all our traps stowed away in the comfortable and roomy hunting-wagon, our seats occupied and the ponies rested and anxious for a start, John and I indulge in a mutual and hearty hand-shake, and we are off for his farm home, about two miles from the city. The road is level, the ponies spirited, the minutes speed rapidly, and in a jiffy we are welcomed by his kind and hospitable wife and daughters.

In the morning we arose early and landed the glorious car as it slowly rose in the east, scattering its mellow light over hill and house top, till the whole earth seemed filled with his genial glow and the kindling azure and the mountain's brow, illumined with fluid gold, belated gladness at his near approach.

Mr. Davidson has recently purchased a beautiful farm of forty acres, and has created a home whose architectural design is in quiet harmony with the features of the surrounding scenery. His kennels, unlike the solitary ones of his previous place, scattered here and there over a wide expanse of territory, are now built neatly and tastily in the rear of the house, and are divided into compartments having especial reference to the scientific and proper culture of man's noblest companion and friend. Every-thing around the kennels, the care and attention that is given to the branch of business; and no one can feel greater pride and take

more interest in all that pertains to the kennel than Mr. Davidson. We pass from kennel to kennel and see all his magnificent specimens of the English field setter, and our eyes light upon four beautiful white and black ticked female scions of the famous Roy Roy strain. Adjoining these are some handsome deer-hounds, prize winner Afton. His four kennels contain more fine specimens of the genus dog than I ever saw gathered together under one owner before. I suggested that I would like to see them put out into the field, and two Roy hitches, less than two years old, were first sent off, and they showed sprightly and fine work, keen noses and perfect scent, obedience to the hand and whistle and general grand work as ever was seen. Two others were then dispatched, and their work was so beautiful that I almost adopted the one, but a tri-riango so gracefully shown that I hardly knew to which pair I would award the prize if a competitive trial was intended. Thus we went through his kennel, despatching the noble animals and watching their movements, till I almost adopted the conviction that the education of dogs for field work was really a grand and beautiful art, and few men hold a higher rank in such kind of instruction than Mr. Davidson.

Breakfast over, our attention was given to preparations for the day's sport, and taking our seats behind that same pair of ponies we were soon carried to the place where our day's shooting was to commence. Putting the two dogs, "Johnnie Paa" and "Type" down, off they started at a snishing gait, ranging and clearing into the field, and two Roy hitches, less than two years old, were first sent off, and they showed sprightly and fine work, keen noses and perfect scent, obedience to the hand and whistle and general grand work as ever was seen. Two others were then dispatched, and their work was so beautiful that I almost adopted the one, but a tri-riango so gracefully shown that I hardly knew to which pair I would award the prize if a competitive trial was intended. Thus we went through his kennel, despatching the noble animals and watching their movements, till I almost adopted the conviction that the education of dogs for field work was really a grand and beautiful art, and few men hold a higher rank in such kind of instruction than Mr. Davidson.

Our attention was given to preparations for the day's sport, and taking our seats behind that same pair of ponies we were soon carried to the place where our day's shooting was to commence. Putting the two dogs, "Johnnie Paa" and "Type" down, off they started at a snishing gait, ranging and clearing into the field, and two Roy hitches, less than two years old, were first sent off, and they showed sprightly and fine work, keen noses and perfect scent, obedience to the hand and whistle and general grand work as ever was seen. Two others were then dispatched, and their work was so beautiful that I almost adopted the one, but a tri-riango so gracefully shown that I hardly knew to which pair I would award the prize if a competitive trial was intended. Thus we went through his kennel, despatching the noble animals and watching their movements, till I almost adopted the conviction that the education of dogs for field work was really a grand and beautiful art, and few men hold a higher rank in such kind of instruction than Mr. Davidson.

We reached home about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, bagging fifteen as pretty snipe as ever passed human palate. After a little rest John called me again to see his dogs exercise, and the first shot was made by Afton and Pannin, followed by Roy Roy and Doll. This was the team first started in the morning, and I think they are his favorites; surely they were mine. Off they scampered, and in less than a minute they were "lost to small snipe gave us a long bag, for this season. The dogs were both scarce and wild, and considerable difficulty was experienced in getting near enough to make our shooting sure. We next concluded, after taking a little rest for refreshments, to make our way homeward by a circuitous route, and for one hour back along the margin of a small stream that afforded good feeding-ground for a peripatetic fowls. The journey was long to me, and I was getting somewhat tired after the fatiguing walk of the forenoon, up to my knees at times in mud and water. Still I jogged on, and succeeded in getting about three o'clock when I was again peripatetic fowls. The journey was long to me, and I was getting somewhat tired after the fatiguing walk of the forenoon, up to my knees at times in mud and water. Still I jogged on, and succeeded in getting about three o'clock when I was again peripatetic fowls.

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We spent the evening together, talking over the prospects of State field trials, where the sportsmen of different States could now meet together annually, and discuss the merits of each State. This would create a new interest and bring in many who now know no more of field trials than what they read in the sporting journals. I am sure if this was advocated by some of our leading sportsmen, it would be taken up there, and it would be a grand trial in our own State which would be the initiative of a more satisfactory and pleasing trial for our dogs than the great National Derby from which so many of our younger sportsmen are shut out. Now let us hear what you have to say on this subject. I have a field in all, where we can all attend and enjoy the pleasures and profitable relaxation that follow these really captivating field sports. We have an abundance of birds, any number of sportsmen, and the land is open to all who wish to try their hand. I have been the initiative? Let us have a committee appointed, but one which will represent all classes of our citizens, and let the good work go on.

PET DOGS AND HOW TO TEACH THEM.

I HAVE often wondered, when seeing what trouble and care ladies take over their pet dogs, and the admiration they always express for a dog which is clever at tricks, that they do not sometimes try to teach their favorites to acquire the accomplishments they admire, and go beyond the "begging" and walking on two legs, which men have been accustomed to regard as tricks, which have been trained by professionals, but yet very few think of undertaking their education themselves. Surely it must afford much more pleasure to any one to watch the intelligent actions of his animal, who has been taught to do things which he would not do at a high price after his *natura*, intelligence has been so cultivated.

One of the chief reasons for this, I have no doubt, is that people are too indolent to undertake what they suppose would be wearying to do. I think there are also those who have quite a different opinion, but who labor under the common mistake that it is a very difficult thing to do, and that it requires a special master mind to teach them to do dogs. This I hold to be an entirely erroneous idea, and an decided opinion that it would be to teach the right way to work, and perseveres, will succeed. As to its being a wearisome task, I have always found it the very opposite, and highly interesting and amusing, as I am sure it would be to any lover and admirer of his canine race. In the belief, then, that there are so many who would like to amuse themselves by training their own dogs to perform, but who do not know exactly how to set about it, I shall now do my best to instruct them by my own experience.

There are, undoubtedly, some kinds of dogs which are more ready to learn and of quicker intelligence than others, such as poodles and Dandie Dinmonts; but I have seen performing dogs of almost every kind, and it is possible to teach any dog of ordinary intelligence, if he be taken in time. That is one of the great essentials in all kinds of education, from the grounding of the young classical scholar or the initiation of the juvenile sportsman, to the training of the man who is to be taught to be a linguist; in all cases of the latter he should be taken in hand when between six months and a year old if possible. There is still one greater essential which is of more importance than all others, and which is of the least to be neglected, and that is the temper and temper comparatively nothing can be done with a young dog, and

I always made it a strict rule, when I began, that if I lost my temper over trying to teach any one trick, that particular one was to be given up as a punishment for myself.

Hardly ever strike your dog during his lessons, and, especially, never with the hand, which ought to be looked upon as containing rewards, and not covered away from him.

I will now point out some of the easiest and yet most amusing tricks which may be taught, and a few hints on the method of doing so, and commence with the easiest tricks of all, which may be of use to some, though many people get as far as the first two or three.

SITTING UP OR BEGGING.

Sitting or begging is soon taught. Take the dog up, and sit him down in a corner of the room, so that he has his back supported by the angles of the walls, supporting him in front with the hand, saying, constantly, "Beg, beg."

WALKING ON THE HIND LEGS.

Walking on the hind legs of a dog is accomplished by walking him round the room with his fore-paws resting upon your hand, a piece of biscuit being held above him with the other hand, saying, at the same time, "Walk, walk."

Shutting the door is taught by placing the fore-paws of the dog, who must be standing on his hind legs, against it. Then, by pushing him forward, cause him to shut the door, saying, "Shut, shut."

SHOOTING DEAD.

Shooting dead.—Make him sit up, push him gently over on his side, stretch him out on the floor, and hold him down, saying, "Dead, dead."

GOING INTO THE CORNER.

Going into the corner.—Place the dog in a corner of the room on his hind legs, with his nose in the angle of the walls, repeating "Corner," and make him stay there until released by word. After a little practice he will be disposed to go, or he will require assistance to do the same.

SCHEMES FOR A DOG'S RESCUE.

INTEREST in the east-ward dog, now living on Taylor's Island, in front view of the railway Suspension Bridge, manifests itself in numbers.

After the animal has been left without food for two or three days, and much of the time spring is attached to it, and containing a piece of meat, it will be disposed to go, or he will require assistance to do the same.

Some person at Halditch, South Carolina, wants the following scheme:

"Take a small line, make a slipy loop on it, cast it so as to lay the loop flat on the rocks, watch closely the movements of the dog, and put a foot in the loop, draw quickly so as to fasten the foot or leg in the loop."

"A friend of the dog" writes from the Shaker Settlement, N. Y., the following:

"Take a large, deep basket, in the bottom of which put a piece of meat, lower the basket by a rope fastened to the rim of the basket, to the neck of the dog. The dog will naturally get in the basket for the meat. Then commence hoisting the basket, and in all probability the dog will then remain quiet and not attempt to jump out, and be rescued."

"A disciple of Walton," who is believed to be Ishmael Waldron, suggests the following novel scheme:

"It is a mistake to suppose that fish only can be caught with a hook. Take a large bass hook, bait it with fresh beef, let it down with a strong line, and when the dog grabs the beef let two men with the shore end run for the railroad track, and they will land the dog on the track."

A humane person suggests the following:

"Take a five pound can of dynamite, insert an electrical wire, put over the can a tube just large enough for the dog to crawl in; in addition of live pieces meat, when the dog crawls into the tube pull the wire to the tail of the dog, and he will be blown up."

A sporting man is the author of the following:

"The dog, I understand, is a bull dog which is always a fighting dog, and his late solitary life has undoubtedly rendered his nerve. Attach a rope to the tail of another fighting dog and let him down to Taylor's Island, when they are clenching in deadly strife pull up on the rope. A bull dog never lets go so long as he is face to face with his adversary, as he would be in this case, so the reacting dog will be pulled up by the tail of the other dog."

The following simple plan published in the Daily Gazette:

"Take a bar and bore some holes in the top and put a rope in; place some straw in the bar and carefully let it over the cliff down to the island. Let it stay there for a few days, and you will find the dog will be drawn up for you to use for food."

The above is taken from the Suspension Bridge Journal. An account of the dog was published in the Forest and Stream of May 15.

THE NORFOLK SPANIEL.

[Reprinted from Vere Shaw's "Book of the Dog," finished by the Forest and Stream by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Peto, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 159 Broadway, New York.]

THE last variety of the Springer family which we shall treat of is the Norfolk spaniel, which is a breed highly prized if met with pure, though there are, comparatively speaking, very few dogs of the variety which come under this category, as it has been very much crossed with other breeds of spaniels.

The Norfolk spaniel does not hunt much; on the contrary, he is disposed to throw his tongue when quailing; but unite hunters have occasionally been known, though their appearance is very uncommon.

Yonatt in his work gives his opinion regarding the origin of the Norfolk spaniel, which may be taken for what it is worth by admirers of the breed, as he appears to have devoted not a very small portion of his time to the consideration of the spaniel family.

From a cross with the carrier hare and the carrier was produced, which was cultivated by the late Duke of Norfolk, and these he called the Norfolk spaniel. It is larger than the common Springer, and stouter. It often forms a strong individual attachment, and is unsuspicious and pines away when separated from its master.

The above is the only theory which we can discover of the origin of the Norfolk spaniel, which may be taken for what it is worth by admirers of the breed, as he appears to have devoted not a very small portion of his time to the consideration of the spaniel family.

The Norfolk spaniel is a breed of spaniel which has been used to discriminate since the blacks began to appear in numbers. However, in the present day black and tan is by no means recognized as the correct color for a Norfolk spaniel.

The Norfolk spaniel would be of no mean assistance to the sportsman in pursuit of water-fowl, for he will take water readily, and retrieves well—throughout the year, and is also a very handy dog, and will face the thickest covers punctually, and may therefore be taken as a valuable dog, whose breeding should be encouraged by sportsmen of all denominations.

In appearance the Norfolk spaniel is inclined to be lighter on the legs than other spaniels, and is more lightly constructed than the latter's, and he is, in short, finer all over. Although longer in his leg than these breeds he is much lighter in bone, and has been rather aptly described as a thick-skinned English setter.

The height of a Norfolk spaniel is about thirty inches, and he is a frequent crosser which have been made between this breed and the Cumber and the Sussex, a great difference of height is perceptible in so-called perfectly pure-bred Norfolk.

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STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING NORFOLK SPANIELS.

Table with 2 columns: Part and Points. Head 5, Ears and eyes 5, Body and feet 10, Legs and chest 5, Loins 5, Color and markings 5, General appearance 10.

PHILADELPHIA BENCH SHOW.—Mr. G. W. Smith, Secretary of the Mount Airy Kennel Club and Game Protection Association of Philadelphia, informs us that a meeting of the organization held at their club-room on June 6th a committee was appointed for the purpose of arranging for a bench show in the city of Brotherly Love during October next.

THE NEW YORK CITY DOG ORDINANCE.—The city ordinance regulating the ways and wanderings of the canine family of this metropolis was introduced by Alderman Morris, and adopted by the Common Council, in the latter part of the spring of 1877, and went into force in the summer following.

The subjoined table shows the number of dog licenses issued, the amount paid to the city and the number of dogs drowned from 1877 to 1880:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Permits granted, Amount received, Dogs drowned. Totals: 25,865 permits, \$42,641 received, 38,864 dogs.

From May 1 of this year to July 1, 3,175 permits for keeping dogs have been granted. For every dog captured and impounded the dogcatcher gets thirty cents from the city.

From the above figures it will be seen that but few dogs of the variety are ever captured, and that the dogcatchers are very busy when many are captured, the dog catchers know a trick worth two of that.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

156 C. G. Pittsburgh, Pa.—My coon dog, eight years old, had a bad cough all winter; runs occasionally at the nose. It seems to come from his throat; it also makes him hard of hearing. Aus. The warm weather will probably cure him, if you take good care of him and feed him properly.

157 W. B. New York City.—Low diet with no meat; an occasional purge and plenty of exercise will soon reduce your bitch's fat and improve her health. Probably you were mistaken about her having been with pup.

NEW MARKET, Md., June 8, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: In a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM you give us of the benches Ratter, Major and Dyle, and of Dyle you say "his weight is 20 lbs. and his spread of ears 16 1/2 inches. Have you not made a mistake in these measurements? I have several times seen this dog belonging to Messrs. Bond and Halditch, and I feel sure that his weight is nearer 30 lbs. than 20, and his spread of ears does not exceed 14 1/2 inches.

I have several times seen this dog belonging to Messrs. Bond and Halditch, and I feel sure that his weight is nearer 30 lbs. than 20, and his spread of ears does not exceed 14 1/2 inches. I hardly think these gentlemen could have given these measurements, as they know they are not correct, and I have a typographic error in the copy of the article. [The measurements and weight of Dyle were sent us by Gen. Frank A. Bond, and we presume they are correct.—Ed.]

KENNEL NOTES.

"Breeder and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names, breeds, colors, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. For the publication of such notices, no charge will be made, in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written plainly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated."

NAVES CLAIMED.

Gypsy Queen.—Mr. Schuyler Waldron, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Gypsy Queen for red Irish setter bitch whelped May 14, 1880, by Dan out of Mand, the property of Mr. Horace Sibby, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Princess Lou.—Mr. E. Langdon Wilks, Gal, Ontario, claims the name of Princess Lou for blue black, white and black setter dog whelped October 19, 1880, by Imported Prince of Orange out of Mr. Davidson's dog.

Princess.—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, Ill., claims the name of Princess for red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped April 5, 1881, by Echo II. out of Nell.

Princess.—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, Ill., claims the name of Princess for Irish setter bitch puppy whelped April 5, 1881, by Echo II. out of Nell.

Princess.—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, Ill., claims the name of Princess for Irish setter dog puppy whelped November 13, 1880, by Cato out of Nell.

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rance; any rifle and position within the rules. Two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Winners to be determined by aggregate of best two scores of two out of the three competitors. Twenty-four cash prizes; as follows:

	100 yards.	200 yards.	300 yards.	Total.
D H Wicks	34	29	29	92
A E Lewis	31	25	27	83
F J Wigham	31	27	25	83
F J Meagher	28	24	17	69
F J Hancock	28	21	18	65

WATERGOLF.—Mass., June 10.—The Middlesex Club, of Cambridge, which has been one of the best clubs of the State, met to-day at the grounds at Waterford for its regular shoot. A rotary trap was sprung for ten balls, and, notwithstanding the wind played with the little blue spunkies like toys, Mr. C. Cove broke ten straight, Mr. W. F. Wheeler for twenty, Mr. J. S. Sawyer for nine also, and Messrs. Taylor and Good for eight each. Mr. W. C. Stork broke six and W. B. Taylor four. The shooting was capital for the day, and shows what the club can do in good weather conditions.

BOSTON, Mass., June 11.—The conditions to-day at Walnut Hill were adverse to good scores in the early part of the day. A heavy fog which nearly obscured the targets and a rain which washed the targets, spoiling the bulleye, was poor encouragement for gentlemen to purchase tickets in the several matches with the prospect of making even a fair score. The wind was northeast, uneven and capricious, and the light breeze after 1 o'clock the fog dispersed, the light became elegant and the wind toned down to that degree that it could be controlled by the marksmen at 300 yards. The first trials were on a quoit number of riflemen and spectators, among whom was Mr. C. H. Brown, an American resident in Peru, who took great interest in the shooting, and faced the bullets for three consecutive bulleyes from the shoulder with a Maynard rifle. The conditions at this time had become perfect for large scores, and when James Jewell and J. C. Bradford stepped to the firing point all looked for large results, which were achieved and recorded. Each of the gentlemen opened with bulleyes, the two former inside the four-inch ring. Adams kept in the bull for seven shots, and closed for a total on the target for 123, beating his big score of a week ago by one point, and tying the best scores of Jackson and Jewell. In the handicap match Mr. J. B. Fallow carried off the honors of the day on the Creedmoor target with a brilliant score. After 1 o'clock the fog dispersed, Mr. Baird followed for 46 and Fry for 45.

Sharpshooters' Match (Massachusetts Target).

A C Adams	12	19	12	12	11	12	10	11	13	10	11	13
O M Jewell	12	12	12	12	10	12	10	11	11	11	11	11
G W Jackson	11	11	11	12	12	10	11	11	9	10	10	10
J Anson	10	11	11	12	10	11	11	12	10	10	10	10
M A Arthur	10	10	11	10	12	11	10	12	10	10	10	10
C Holman	10	11	10	10	12	11	10	11	10	11	10	10
W J Harris	10	10	10	10	12	11	10	11	10	11	10	10
G D Curtis	10	9	10	10	11	10	10	11	10	10	10	10
C F Bradford	10	9	10	10	11	10	10	11	10	10	10	10

Handicap Match (Creedmoor Target).

J B Fallow	45	44	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45
M E Baird	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44
F J Fry	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44
C F Bradford	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44
A C Adams	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44	44

BOSTON MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The rifle matches at this gallery for the month of June are proving very popular and some fine scores have been made in the

Amateur Rifle Match.

G H Brown	44	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45
N S James	41	42	43	44	45	45	45	45	45
J Auggell	38	40	43	45	45	45	45	45	45

Edwards' Amateur Pistol Match.

C Edwards	32	34	42	42	42	42	42	42	42
J R Scott	32	34	42	42	42	42	42	42	42

Rifle Range, 100 feet; pistol range, 60 feet.

GARDNER, N. J., June 11.—The Stockton Rifle Range Association had two matches to-day. The first was a short-range military match, which was non-commensated officers and privates of the National Guard of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, 100 yards, 25 calibre; 100 yards, 100 calibre; 45 rd. No. 50 calibre; 2 points allowance for 50 calibre; 10 points without cleaning.

A J Middleton	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41
B W Cloud	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
T F Hise	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
H C Beck	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40

G W Couston won the competition for the champion marksmanship badge of 1881, making 19 at 300 yards and 17 at 500 yards; total, 36 out of possible 50.

NEW ORLEANS, June 5.—The contest for the J. M. G. Parker prize concluded after several months' struggle. It was won by D. G. Gardner. Below are the scores made at the range of the Louisiana Rifle Club:

	300 yards.	500 yards.
Gardner	44	44
Adams	42	42
Sambolin	42	42
Moss	42	42
Wheeler	42	42

And another contest may soon be looked for, as a prominent friend of the Orleans artillery proposes to put up another valuable prize.

There were two matches shot to-day on the grounds of the New Orleans Gun Club. The first was a hat match, double base, 22 yard rifle, with 9 entries. Levee won the first prize, making 17 out of 20; De Buys took the second prize by a score of 15; the third prize went to Chaudet on a score of 14, and B straight on a tie shoot-off. The next event was a pigeon match, 7 birds, 25 yard rifle, with 9 entries. Levee won the first prize, which killed all his birds; Chasin and DaPorte divided second money, each killing six birds; Chaudet took third money on a shoot-off.

GARDNER, Mass., June 10, 1881.—The following scores were made at the last shoot at Hackmatack range by members of the Gardner Rifle Club, 200 yards, off hand, using single ring and Creedmoor target combined:

I. N. Dodge	55	45	90	46	101
C. R. Pratt	44	50	43	50	187
F. E. Elsworth	45	45	45	45	180
E. J. Newton	45	45	45	45	180
H. M. Austin	44	44	44	44	176
H. T. Fildes	44	44	44	44	176
A. Matthews	43	43	43	43	172
C. Merritt	43	43	43	43	172
R. E. Knowlton	42	42	42	42	168
C. G. Goodale	41	41	41	41	164
S. S. Willard	41	41	41	41	164
H. Mason	40	40	40	40	160
C. Shway	40	40	40	40	160

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 8.—The Washington Gun Club opened its second season at Ridgewood Park on this afternoon in a regular contest for a double barrel gun, valued at \$100, which the members have the honor to present to the club. The contest was for the best average during the year. There are three other prizes of lesser value to be shot for monthly. The weather looked rather dubious for the sport, but notwithstanding there was a fair attendance of spectators to the club turned out strong. Each of the competitors shot at seven birds, New York State rifle, handicap rise, one barrel. The shooting was as usual, and the club has done since its organization, and should they keep it up there is a fair chance of the club presenting to some of the principal prizes in the Coney Island tournament. The following is the score:

Yards.	25.	31.	37.	43.	49.	55.	61.	67.	73.	79.	85.	91.	97.	103.	109.	115.	121.	127.	133.	139.	145.	151.	157.	163.	169.	175.	181.	187.	193.	199.	205.	211.	217.	223.	229.	235.	241.	247.	253.	259.	265.	271.	277.	283.	289.	295.	301.	307.	313.	319.	325.	331.	337.	343.	349.	355.	361.	367.	373.	379.	385.	391.	397.	403.	409.	415.	421.	427.	433.	439.	445.	451.	457.	463.	469.	475.	481.	487.	493.	499.	505.	511.	517.	523.	529.	535.	541.	547.	553.	559.	565.	571.	577.	583.	589.	595.	601.	607.	613.	619.	625.	631.	637.	643.	649.	655.	661.	667.	673.	679.	685.	691.	697.	703.	709.	715.	721.	727.	733.	739.	745.	751.	757.	763.	769.	775.	781.	787.	793.	799.	805.	811.	817.	823.	829.	835.	841.	847.	853.	859.	865.	871.	877.	883.	889.	895.	901.	907.	913.	919.	925.	931.	937.	943.	949.	955.	961.	967.	973.	979.	985.	991.	997.	1003.	1009.	1015.	1021.	1027.	1033.	1039.	1045.	1051.	1057.	1063.	1069.	1075.	1081.	1087.	1093.	1099.	1105.	1111.	1117.	1123.	1129.	1135.	1141.	1147.	1153.	1159.	1165.	1171.	1177.	1183.	1189.	1195.	1201.	1207.	1213.	1219.	1225.	1231.	1237.	1243.	1249.	1255.	1261.	1267.	1273.	1279.	1285.	1291.	1297.	1303.	1309.	1315.	1321.	1327.	1333.	1339.	1345.	1351.	1357.	1363.	1369.	1375.	1381.	1387.	1393.	1399.	1405.	1411.	1417.	1423.	1429.	1435.	1441.	1447.	1453.	1459.	1465.	1471.	1477.	1483.	1489.	1495.	1501.	1507.	1513.	1519.	1525.	1531.	1537.	1543.	1549.	1555.	1561.	1567.	1573.	1579.	1585.	1591.	1597.	1603.	1609.	1615.	1621.	1627.	1633.	1639.	1645.	1651.	1657.	1663.	1669.	1675.	1681.	1687.	1693.	1699.	1705.	1711.	1717.	1723.	1729.	1735.	1741.	1747.	1753.	1759.	1765.	1771.	1777.	1783.	1789.	1795.	1801.	1807.	1813.	1819.	1825.	1831.	1837.	1843.	1849.	1855.	1861.	1867.	1873.	1879.	1885.	1891.	1897.	1903.	1909.	1915.	1921.	1927.	1933.	1939.	1945.	1951.	1957.	1963.	1969.	1975.	1981.	1987.	1993.	1999.	2005.	2011.	2017.	2023.	2029.	2035.	2041.	2047.	2053.	2059.	2065.	2071.	2077.	2083.	2089.	2095.	2101.	2107.	2113.	2119.	2125.	2131.	2137.	2143.	2149.	2155.	2161.	2167.	2173.	2179.	2185.	2191.	2197.	2203.	2209.	2215.	2221.	2227.	2233.	2239.	2245.	2251.	2257.	2263.	2269.	2275.	2281.	2287.	2293.	2299.	2305.	2311.	2317.	2323.	2329.	2335.	2341.	2347.	2353.	2359.	2365.	2371.	2377.	2383.	2389.	2395.	2401.	2407.	2413.	2419.	2425.	2431.	2437.	2443.	2449.	2455.	2461.	2467.	2473.	2479.	2485.	2491.	2497.	2503.	2509.	2515.	2521.	2527.	2533.	2539.	2545.	2551.	2557.	2563.	2569.	2575.	2581.	2587.	2593.	2599.	2605.	2611.	2617.	2623.	2629.	2635.	2641.	2647.	2653.	2659.	2665.	2671.	2677.	2683.	2689.	2695.	2701.	2707.	2713.	2719.	2725.	2731.	2737.	2743.	2749.	2755.	2761.	2767.	2773.	2779.	2785.	2791.	2797.	2803.	2809.	2815.	2821.	2827.	2833.	2839.	2845.	2851.	2857.	2863.	2869.	2875.	2881.	2887.	2893.	2899.	2905.	2911.	2917.	2923.	2929.	2935.	2941.	2947.	2953.	2959.	2965.	2971.	2977.	2983.	2989.	2995.	3001.	3007.	3013.	3019.	3025.	3031.	3037.	3043.	3049.	3055.	3061.	3067.	3073.	3079.	3085.	3091.	3097.	3103.	3109.	3115.	3121.	3127.	3133.	3139.	3145.	3151.	3157.	3163.	3169.	3175.	3181.	3187.	3193.	3199.	3205.	3211.	3217.	3223.	3229.	3235.	3241.	3247.	3253.	3259.	3265.	3271.	3277.	3283.	3289.	3295.	3301.	3307.	3313.	3319.	3325.	3331.	3337.	3343.	3349.	3355.	3361.	3367.	3373.	3379.	3385.	3391.	3397.	3403.	3409.	3415.	3421.	3427.	3433.	3439.	3445.	3451.	3457.	3463.	3469.	3475.	3481.	3487.	3493.	3499.	3505.	3511.	3517.	3523.	3529.	3535.	3541.	3547.	3553.	3559.	3565.	3571.	3577.	3583.	3589.	3595.	3601.	3607.	3613.	3619.	3625.	3631.	3637.	3643.	3649.	3655.	3661.	3667.	3673.	3679.	3685.	3691.	3697.	3703.	3709.	3715.	3721.	3727.	3733.	3739.	3745.	3751.	3757.	3763.	3769.	3775.	3781.	3787.	3793.	3799.	3805.	3811.	3817.	3823.	3829.	3835.	3841.	3847.	3853.	3859.	3865.	3871.	3877.	3883.	3889.	3895.	3901.	3907.	3913.	3919.	3925.	3931.	3937.	3943.	3949.	3955.	3961.	3967.	3973.	3979.	3985.	3991.	3997.	4003.	4009.	4015.	4021.	4027.	4033.	4039.	4045.	4051.	4057.	4063.	4069.	4075.	4081.	4087.	4093.	4099.	4105.	4111.	4117.	4123.	4129.	4135.	4141.
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80, and the subsequent match for July 2. The Silence is 27 ft. 11 in. long, was built in 1850 by Lenox, South Brooklyn. She is, therefore, comparatively a new boat, without a long record. In model she is much like the Susie S., though a few inches deeper. In model she is smart boat, but owes much of her reputation to the manner in which she has been sailed by Capt. Smith. The race with the Southern she has been sailed by Capt. Smith. The race with the Southern she has been sailed by Capt. Smith. The race with the Southern she has been sailed by Capt. Smith.

BIG CUTTERS—Boston is to have an 80 ft. cutter, and a correspondent thinks the honor of owning the first big one of the kind will likely belong to the East unless the contemplated hundred tonners in New York are put in hand soon. It is no longer a mystery why there should be a "cutter craze" as the old school puts it. Yachtsmen are becoming sailors, and sailors are becoming more than oven-tanned, unmanageable, over-rigged, expastible toys. It is moderate form, keels and outside ballast, double-head sail, low leg and hunched top-masts, flush decks and non-of-war smartness they want, and they find this all in the cutter of fair beam; hence the "craze" introduced by FOREST AND STREAM is bearing fruit in able, safe and honest ships all over the coast, and contingencies will in due time swing around in tow. They are up in the wind even now.

LAKE GEORGE MEET.—It will be a big fleet of canoes at the meet on Lake George in August. Already the freight agent at Glen's Falls has received more of thirty canoes on their way by rail to the Lake. If canoeists will continue to "pool their issues" in the same generous manner they did last year, the August meeting will give such promise as to be the best of the kind ever held in the State. The number of paddlers will be the result. Canoeing ought to be the most popular sport in America, for we have creeks, rivers, lakes, ponds and canals all over the country for boat work, and improved systems of communication by water offering thousands of miles of the picturesque, civilized and wild, to those on cruising bent.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual regatta open to all yachts of the chain of lakes will be sailed Monday, July 4. In the first class there will be two prizes and a flag; in second class, three prizes and a flag; in third, three prizes and a flag. The first class yachts will sail for the Gardner Challenge Cup, now held by the Cygnet, of Buffalo. In the second class, a cup will be offered, which shall become the private property of the yacht winning it in three regattas. Entries should be sent to the club rooms, 345 Superior street, Cleveland.—KIAKSA.

GOOD.—Chalk a big, very big mark, for the Dorchester Y. C. In their recent matches, June 18, the start will be simultaneous. No tally will count from the gun, and it will be the business of the yachts to get across the line as smartly as they know how, all their "thuses" being counted from gun fire. Abolishing the ten minute

period of grace is something we have all along insisted upon, and so to the purchaser Y. C. belongs the credit of inaugurating this new reform.

THE CHIEF FLEET.—Of the three new cutters added to the Boston fleet, the South Boston *Impulse* says: "Mr. Cabot's new cutter, sister boat to Mr. Burgess' cutter *Moya*, is out of the house at Lawley's, and rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Forde's cutter *Mavis* is in the dock receiving her spars and rigging; she is not much smaller than the other cutters, and if the *Moya* is to be taken as a criterion, although odd looking, they will prove fast and able sea boats, and reflect credit on the builders and designer."

PORTLAND YACHT CLUB.—Of the eleven schooners in the club, every one is a keel. Of the fifteen sloops, nine are keels. The club has besides one cutter, two cats and one catamaran. Keels are evidently carrying the day everywhere outside of New York harbor and about Long Island Sound. Wherever yachts have the chance to develop, unhindered by purely local topography, the keel is driving out the board, facts which correspond with the teachings of these columns.

BRENDA.—This schooner, E. Y. C., has had a 15 in keel added, through which the centerboard will drop. The work was done by Harrington, of Bath, Me.

Nothing purifies and enriches the blood and destroys all poisons in the system like Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

J. W. B., Plutson, Pa.—You can probably get the birds of Miles Johnson.

M. L. A., Yonkers.—Your rifle will be improved by the reduction of the pull and by substitution of the combination sight.

H. M., Hennepeu Co., Minn.—Your rifle can be altered. For cost write to the manufacturers. See their address in our advertising columns.

CRACKERS.—This paper ceased to publish records of the game or cricket last autumn. Address Mr. C. A. Kiple, editor *American Cricketer*, Phila., and he will send you a sample copy of his paper.

W. H. H.—There was no bench show for dogs held in this city in 1879. The first show was held in 1877 under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club. No imported English setter dogs named Ben and Daisy won at that show.

W. F., Wells-Ville, N. Y.—See extract from Greener's new book in our issue of June 2 for oil for your rifle. Do you want the skins tanned with hair on or not? For game law see last issue of this paper and the current number.

H. W. M., Cincinnati.—It is safe to shoot buckshot in your gun chamber them carefully. If your gun is a choke-bore you must chamber them in the choke, which you can do by driving a wad down from the muzzle and chambering on that to determine the correct number.

A. B. A., Orono, Maine.—Will you kindly inform me what provision the New York dog law makes for the sporting dogstog gentlemen who wish to stop a few days in the city when passing through it? Also, what provision is made in the Boston dog law? Ans. The laws of New York and Boston make no provision to cover your case; only the dogs that are found running at large are seized. If you carefully keep your dogs housed and have them on chain while passing through the cities named you will have no trouble whatever.

P. F., Rossmont, Dundrum, Dublin, Ireland.—Following are some of the references which you request. *Ptilinopus porphyrio* is reported as having been captured in North America by Nuttall in Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada, Vol. II, p. 121; by Cassin, in Bull. Cassin and Lawrence, Birds of N. A. (Ninth Volume), Plate II, B. Exploration and Survey, p. 73; by Lawrence in Annals of the Entomological Society, Vol. I, p. 229; by Brewster in American Naturalist, Vol. I, p. 230; and by Brewster in Bulletin Nutt. Orn. Club, Vol. I, p. 19, April, 1876; by Wheaton in *Dallas* Naturalist Ornithological Club, Vol. II, p. 83, July, 1877.

H. F. S., Brooklyn.—The English *Lice Stock Journal*, the English *Stock Keeper* and the *Poultry World*, published by Stoddard in Hartford, Conn., will be the best papers for your uncle in Germany. For cost write to the publishers. If you would like to have a page to answer your dog questions exhaustively, 4. Go into one of the pistol galleries and examine the weapons there. Then select the pedigree of the dog, but have seen some very high testimonials as to the dogs sold by the dealer.

E. E. M., Charenton, Va.—1. My fox terrier bitch, three years old, and her pupper, one year old, every four or five days refuse food, but eat a good deal of grass and then pass blood and thick white-looking mucus. They are both in good order and are otherwise healthy. Their food is corn bread and table scraps. Lately I have mixed sulphur with their bread, but it did not seem to do them much good. Some weeks back I treated them for worms, so I do not put it down to that. I can young mucking birds be reared by hand. What is the best food for them? Ans. 1. The grass is good for them and they should have free access to it. Do not press food upon them; wait until they are hungry for it. Give a couple of small doses of castor oil and they will probably come out all right. 2. Yes; feed them on feathers prepared mucking bird food, which is for sale by dealers.

No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.



No one should travel without a bottle of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient. Changes of temperature, irregularity of rest and eating, and exposure to drafts, are great and active agents in deranging the secretions of the body. A dose of this aperient will prevent the evils resulting from such causes, and save many inconveniences and dangers.

BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP.



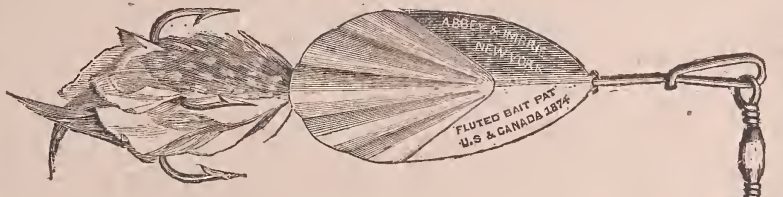
For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or camping Trip. Not affected by Wind, Rain or boiling. Burns kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARTRIGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dock or on any vessel.

Dash Lamp.....\$5 00
Jack and Dash Lamp..... 2 25
Fishing Lamp..... 1 00
C. O. D., with privilege of examination.
WHITE MFG COMPANY,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.
Write for circular to
UPPERMORRE & MOELLER,
VALPARAISO, IND.

CAMP LIFE IN FLORIDA.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
Price \$1.50.

Exact Size of No. 7.



Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBAY & IMBRIE,
48 Maiden Lane, New York.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURETY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR.	THREE KINGS.	NEW VANITY FAIR.
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Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peppers Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents indigestion and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by druggists or mail \$1. F. CROSSBY, 661 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY, Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$50, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$250; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

For full particulars, Secretary, P. O. Box 874, New York City. J. OTTO DONNEL, President. Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail. 89 WALKER ST., NEW YORK.

"NEPICON RIVER."
We are now prepared to furnish Angling Parties with Causers, Camp Outfits, Guides and all the necessary GROCERIES and PROVISIONS necessary for a trip up this far-famed river. A selection of the best Camped Meats and Fruits kept in stock and supplied at reasonable prices. LIQUORS NOT KEPT. Parties will do well to engage their men on the spot, thereby saving the stevedores' fees and extra wages coming and going. Best of men to be had for 11 per diem. HULL'S BAY COMPANY. Red Rock, Nepigon Co., Ont., Can.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS, 66 Pine St., New York.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. For Sale Everywhere.

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard Number of Pellets to the ea. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled. NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10. No. of pellets to ea.—533 478 658 3056 Soft. 245 404 716 1150 Chilled.

TATHAM & BROS., 83 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily made. KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, \$1 per pair. KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best. KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the strongest. KEEP'S NECKWEAR, rolled gold plate. KEEP'S JEWELRY, latest novelties. KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9. KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50. KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union. KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST. Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address. **Keep Manufacturing Co.,** 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

The Kennel,



M. P. MCKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I keep only Cocker's of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms! Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs of any other animals, or money returned.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS. A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.

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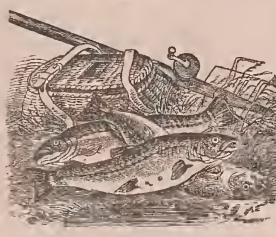
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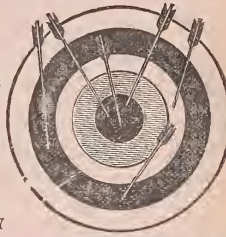
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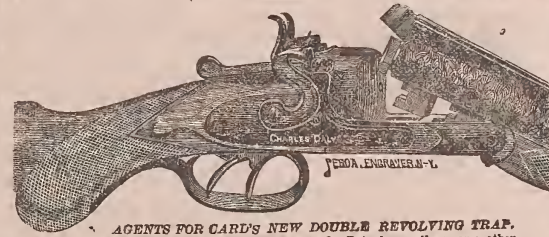


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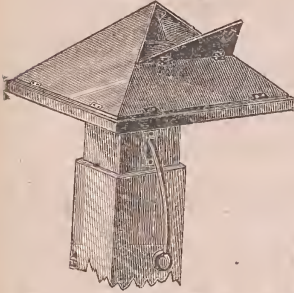
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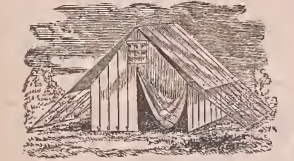
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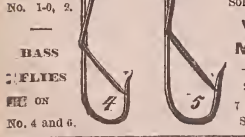
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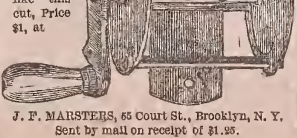
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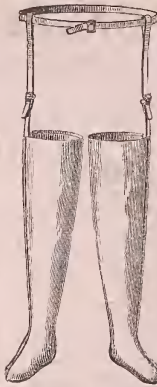
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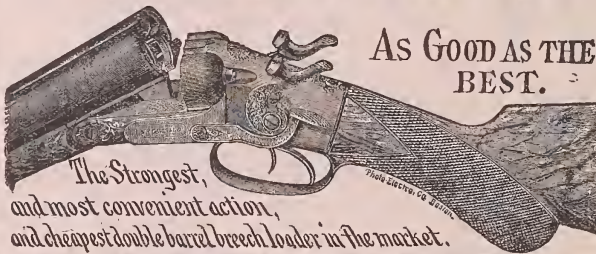
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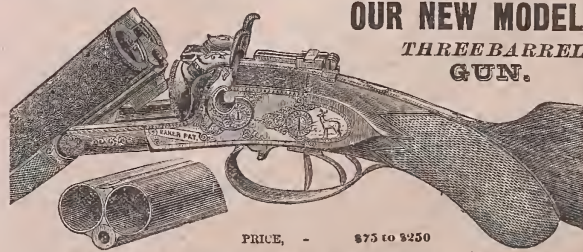


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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 23.

OUR FISHES.

(Read by Fred Mather before the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.)

AFTER all that has been said on the necessity of increasing and preserving our fishes, in the past ten years, it would seem as though there was little left to say upon these subjects. There would be no need of saying more now if all that has been written had been acted upon, but the facts are that the people at large have very indefinite ideas upon the subject beyond the increasing scarcity of fish which, rightly or wrongly, they usually attribute to the sewage of cities or the increase of steamboats, which they think sears them away from their haunts. The latter cause I do not believe in. The Hudson River, at New York City, is continually pounded by steamboat paddles night and day in every direction, and one of the most timid of fish, the shad, pass up in great numbers. Ordinary house sewage is not bad for fish, neither is decaying animal matter, and where sewage contains no coal-tar, or other product of petroleum, lime, dye-stuff or chemical refuse, it is not injurious to aquatic life.

The causes of decrease must be looked for in our increasing population which demands more food, and the consequent increase of the number and efficiency of means of capture; the destruction of the food on which fishes live, by various means; the pollution of their spawning grounds and other causes consequent on the interference of man in the domain of nature. Our trout streams are made impassable by dams, their gravelly spawning beds are covered with sawdust, and our salt water bays are over-fished. The remedy for these things is propagation and protection, which should go hand in hand. The New York Fish Commission propagates but does not, and perhaps can not, protect, and the people at

large do not see the necessity of protection. A few sportsmen's clubs protect, as far as it is in their power to do, but the public look with indifference on it as mere selfishness on their part, when in reality it is a measure of public good; as much so as if the wheat crop could be increased, and on this ground the sportsmen must present the case to the people and to the Legislature if they would arouse a sentiment in behalf of protection. Appeal to them for fish protection as a measure of political economy, which it really is, and when there are plenty of fishes for food we can enjoy the wetting of our lines. Some rivers in Great Britain are good salmon streams in the midst of a swarming population, and this is maintained by protection alone, for their attempts at fish culture are on the most limited scale. Some may say that the laws which accomplish this are oppressive and that they deny to the poor man his rights of free fishing. To this I would answer, that in our centres of population, free fishing means no fishing. There is such a thing as too much freedom. We see this when we find boys of twelve to sixteen years of age roaming the fields with guns killing every robin, yellow bird and other thing that lives. We see it when we find bands of poachers armed to resist the officers of the law, who are protecting the fish in their spawning season. The splendid work of the New York Fish Commission should be supplemented by protection of the fish during spawning time, and by facilities to enable them to surmount dams which interfere with their ascent to the upper waters where the insect life furnishes food for their young. We are suffering from the inheritance of ideas which were formed when our country was new, and the forests and streams contained what was thought an inexhaustible supply of food. Then no restrictions were necessary upon the rifle and the net. Nature provided an abundance. Now the demand for food has nearly exhausted the supply from our forests, and sadly diminished the products of our streams. Art has stepped in to supply the latter, and amid the doubts and jeers of the fishermen the Connecticut River was stocked with salmon, after being barren of that fish for nearly fifty years. The planting was kept up for several seasons, and last year many salmon were taken. Connecticut River salmon were quoted regularly in New York market and sold at the high price of one dollar per pound. The fish culturists rejoiced. This year one salmon was caught, only one; the last of his race—the Uncas of the *salmons*. The greed of gain had captured the tribe and left but one fish to tell the tale. They were taken while obeying the instinct to perpetuate their species and died in attempting to reach their spawning beds. The fish-culturists have ceased in their labors of re-establishing the salmon in the Connecticut, but their labors have not been in vain. They have proved that steamboats and sewage have not destroyed the salmon-bearing qualities of the river and that is a triumph. The people did not protect the first crop and the seed was lost.

The Hudson has never been a salmon river. It is not too far South for salmon for they have lived in the Delaware. Its faults are mechanical entirely. Given a practical fishway at Caboes, Glen's Falls and at other obstructions, protect the fish, and the Fish Commission can make the Hudson a salmon stream. The few "stray" salmon taken in the river since a few straggling lots have been deposited in the upper waters prove that the temperature is not too high nor the sewers too foul for them. But the Fish Commission see the hopelessness of stocking the Hudson with salmon at present. In the future when our people are educated up to the standard of united action on all points, of common interest this may be done.

I have only hinted at the poacher. He is thoroughly imbued with the principles of freedom. He believes that all fur, fin and feather should be free as the air we breathe, and he lives up to his belief. The rights of the community he does not consider, but loudly declaims of his individual rights and of the "monopoly" of certain waters set apart for private uses. This man needs educating. He needs to learn that the one who forestalls the opening of the trout season by a single day is a thief, who is stealing from the common fund of the people of the State as much as one who puts his hand into the State treasury. Those not directly interested in this question look too leniently on the misdoings of the poacher who is in fact a felon, and should be so severely dealt with that he would learn to recognize the fact that a theft from

the public is as great as a theft from an individual. One obstacle in the way of his education to this point is that many honorable and respectable men in every community look upon poaching as a venial sin. I claim that it is theft, and that the man who takes trout or venison out of season, except to supply his necessities when beyond civilization, is a thief.

Lately, while gathering the statistics of the fisheries of Long Island for the fishery census under direction of Profs. Baird and Goode, I have had opportunities to get the views of men on Long Island which has the unenviable name of the "home of the poacher," on this question. Said a very respectable oysterman to me in reply to a question, "No sir; we do not consider the stealing of oysters from a private bed as criminal an act as taking potatoes from a field. It is true as you say, both are planted, and to rob one is taking the results of a man's time, capital and labor, but somehow our people don't seem to look at it so. They don't consider that a man has the same right to property covered by water that he has to land, and while a man would be forever disgraced if convicted of stealing potatoes he would be regarded as sufficiently punished if fined ten dollars for taking oysters from a private bed. He would not be looked on exactly as a thief." This answer in my opinion needs no comment.

Gentlemen of the New York Sportsmen's Association! You have a broad field before you for good work which will not only elevate the people among whom it is accomplished, but will elevate and ennoble yourselves. You can help to educate the people that sportsmanship is not to merely to shoot a gun or throw a fly well, but that it includes the first principles of gentility, the regard for the rights of others, without which no man can be either a gentleman or a sportsman.

AN IMPOTANT TEST CASE.

THE RIGHT TO FISH IN MAINE WATERS.

A LAW-SUIT, important to the sportsmen's fraternity, is now pending in the Supreme Judicial Court in Piscataquis County, Me. It was to have been argued before the full bench at the low term of the Eastern District for Maine, the third Tuesday of the present month. Of the result we are not yet informed.

The history of the case is this: Among the most attractive little ponds within six miles of Monson village is one known as "Grindstone Pond," which for many years has abounded with very fine spotted trout, weighing from one to two pounds. Some two years ago a Mr. Wm. E. Barrows, a gentleman of wealth and affluence, residing in the distant State of Connecticut, purchased all the land around and inclosing this sheet of water. The pond contains more than ten acres, and it is a natural pond. The land was a part of the public domain of the commonwealth of Massachusetts prior to A. D., 1647, and all of the land around this pond is in common, with no fences or inclosure of any kind.

Mr. Barrows about one year ago posted notices forbidding any persons fishing on "Grindstone." Several parties persisted in so doing, and among them was a young man named John M. McDermott, who fished there after the forbidding of Barrows during the summer of 1880. Barrows commenced an action of trespass, and the case of *Barrows vs. McDermott* is the one referred to above, and is very interesting to lawyers as well as important to the public generally for if this pond can be closed up and monopolized then there are thousands of others in northern and eastern Maine which may be shut up in the same manner.

The Supreme Court of Mass. have decided in several instances that a natural pond of more than ten acres is free to the public for fishing and fowling, by virtue of the Colony ordinance of 1641 and the amendment to said ordinance of 1647. The Supreme Court of Maine has held that the ordinance of 1641 is the common law of Maine, and the counsel for McDermott claim that if this is so it follows that the amendment is also the common law of this State. By the amendment of 1647, large and important rights were conferred upon the people, for by it was granted the right of passage over all lands lying in common adjacent to natural ponds of more than ten acres, providing they did not pass over any man's corn-field or meadow.

These are the questions involved in the case:

1. Are natural ponds of more than ten acres free to the public for fishing and fowling?

2. If so, are the public allowed free passage on foot over adjoining lands where no annual crops are growing?

As this is the first time that these identical questions have arisen in the Courts of Maine, the decision of the Court will be watched with much interest.

The counsel for plaintiff are Hon. A. G. Lebrock, Esq., and W. E. Parsons, Esq., of Foxcroft. The counsel for defendant are J. F. Sprague, Esq., of Monson, and H. Hudson, Esq., of Gullford.

We submit the agreed statement of the case:

STATE OF MAINE, Piscataquis, Ss. Supreme Judicial Court,)
February Term, A. D. 1881.)
WILLIAM C. BARROWS vs. JOHN McDERMOTT.

Agreed statement of which the above action is to be marked Law. Action, Trespass *quare clausum*. The writ dated August 27th, A. D. 1880, and entered Sept. Term, 1880, contains sufficient counts, alleging the trespass to have been committed in the summer of 1880. Pies, not gully. Writ need not be copied. Either party may use one copy of declaration. The plaintiff had in his enclosure, described in the writ, in Township No. 5, Range 8, in said County of Piscataquis, called "Howard," a natural pond of about twenty acres in area, known as Girandstone Pond. All of said pond was within the close of plaintiff; and the land around said pond was wild and unacquainted with the exception of about two acres upon the shore and adjacent to said pond, which had been cleared and cultivated. No crops were raised, or hay cut, upon said cleared and cultivated portion of said close during the year 1880. The plaintiff, in order to protect and forward the propagation of fish in said pond, had forbidden the public from entering said close, or fishing in the waters of said pond, by posting in said cleared portion of said close and elsewhere around and on the shore of said pond conspicuous notices in clear letters painted upon boards, forbidding all persons from entering said close or fishing in the waters of said pond; and said notices were so posted when defendant entered said close, as alleged in the writ. Defendant, in committing the acts constituting the alleged trespass, passed over and through the cleared portion of said close, to wit, two acre lot, and caught and carried away fishes from said pond without permission or license from the plaintiff, as alleged in the writ. The public had for many years, to wit, thirty-five years, prior to the forbidding of fish, and the posting of said notices as aforesaid, had access to said pond for the purpose of fishing. None of said land was enclosed by fences of any kind.

It is agreed that the damages, if this action is maintainable, are the sum of one dollar. The Law Court are to render such judgment, by nonsuit or default, as the rights of the parties shall demand. The locus in usi of the alleged trespass was a part of the public domain of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, prior to A. D. 1647.

A. G. LEBROCK & W. E. PARSONS FOR PLAINTIFF,
J. F. SPRAGUE & H. HUDSON FOR DEF.

See notices elsewhere of New York game law.

THE LITTLE HELLBENDER'S APPEAL

IN common with the press of New York, the FOREST AND STREAM has received from Mr. Henry Bergh an illustrated circular setting forth the cruelty of pigeon shooting, and calling upon American citizens to rise up in their seats and abolish the practice.

The only trouble with Mr. Bergh is that he does not go far enough. Why does he put in a plea for the pigeon and remain silent upon the late unholy holocaust of hellbenders by the greedy lethtophagist? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and what is good from a Bergh point of view for the pigeon must be good also for the hellbender. The language of Mr. Bergh's ultra-humanitarian plea for the birds will apply equally well and with as much reason to the unholy object of the lethtophagist's perverted appetite. We quote:

"Now, let us imagine for a moment that this unoffending little being (the hellbender) is suddenly endowed with speech. Might not its language (to the lethtophagist) be somewhat like the following:

"I am wholly in your power; you will not pretend that I have ever harmed you, or that there exists any natural or legitimate reason for my destruction. The sphere in which I moved was assigned to me by the same Allwise Being who made you, and so bountifully endowed you with wealth, reason and all the material possessions of this world. I was betrayed into captivity while seeking to provide nourishment for my little family of hell-benders now dead of starvation.

"You are about to involuntarily upon the blood-stained altar of inglorious, gluttonous rivalry, and what will you gain by the crumpling of my delicate limbs and ruptured arteries, that a senseless turnip would not afford you? If, however, this little body, so cunningly and so mysteriously contrived by its Creator, be necessary to your reasonable benefit—if the brief existence which it inherits be required for any purpose which religion and human policy condemn not—take it, it is yours; but of fead not its Author, nor insult the cultivated spirit of your generation, by a deed which your own consciences, on reflection, will characterize, but which I refrain from doing."

"Thus might the unoffending little hellbender address the lethtophagist, and what answer could he make? None, absolutely none; nor could the combined intellect and learning of the world overturn the argument of the tiny pleader awaiting his irresistible fate."

If this appeal does not have the hoped-for effect upon the cruel lethtophagist Mr. Bergh might interfere with the annual dinners of that society on the ground that they are in direct violation of the gambling laws, or the divorce law, for that matter. To tell the honest truth, we confess that this point seems to us a little weak, but doubtless Mr. Bergh can make the District Attorney see it.

If Mr. Bergh is still unsuccessful in his humane endeavor to preserve the unoffending hellbender, we advise him to write to all the daily papers, and call all the members of the lethtophagous Club dog-fighters, cock-fighters, Spanish bull-fighters, prize-fighters, burglars, highway robbers and sawdust swindlers. If in the same letter he can say something about policy playing and piracy on the high seas he will

have an argument fully as logical as that which he has caused to be printed in reference to the pigeon shooting tournament now in progress at Coney Island. And we venture to say it would have as much effect.

KILLING THE SPARROWS.—Some of the towns of Georgia which are coping with the English sparrow plague are seriously contemplating the possible good results of a wholesale slaughter with powder and shot and poison. The birds have increased so rapidly in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden Grounds that they are now trapped to the number of twenty or thirty per day and fed to the snakes. This snaring has not diminished their numbers perceptibly, but by perseverance and an increase of snakes we see no reason why our Philadelphia friends cannot solve the sparrow problem. A note in our natural history columns on this subject gives evidence that the birds are in some European cities as great a nuisance as they are here. By the way, are any of our readers familiar with the poem written by Bryant upon the introduction of the birds to this city?

CARP CULTURE.—In all parts of the country people are making carp ponds, some of them on a large scale. No doubt this fish will be plentiful in our markets in a few years, and prove a great blessing in those places where good fish are now not to be had. In the markets of our seaboard, where a wealth of sea fish are to be had, they will never take a high rank, nor perhaps on the great lakes, but in the interior they are destined to rival the pork barrel as a source of food supply. Mr. Harris, in Tennessee, and Mr. A. O. Wright, in Georgia, have both constructed ponds on a liberal scale for the culture of this fish.

THE GROWING taste for sports in America is shown by a glance through our columns this spring and a comparison with former years. In all directions the desire is manifest to give the body its due and to cease the daily grind and toil for a period of rest, change and diversion. The "Fixtures" appertaining to the various departments, of which we make a specialty, are year by year stretching into long lists, the best index to the future. America is destined in time to take the lead in all sports, as it has done in so many things already.

FRESH AIR FOR THE CHILDREN.—The Children's Aid Society, of this city, are doing a most commendable work in securing for the poor children an opportunity to enjoy sea-bathing, fresh air and a bit of free out-door life. The society depends for support upon the voluntary contributions of its friends, among whom should be numbered many of our readers. The particulars of the society's work may be obtained from Mr. C. L. Bruce, the Secretary, No. 19 Last Fourth street.

AMONG the passengers who sailed from this port to Europe last Saturday was Prof. H. B. Roney, of East Saginaw, Michigan, who will spend several months abroad. The present Secretary of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association is Mr. Wm. B. Merdion, East Saginaw, Mich., to whom all communications regarding the Society should be addressed.

HOME AGAIN.—Mr. Thos. Manning has recently returned from Colorado for a short respite from his hard labors in connection with his mining enterprises, which he has carried through to success. He will remain in the city for a month or so to recruit, his headquarters being at the well-known yacht agency, 53 Beaver street.

Governor CORNELL'S VETO.—Just as we go to press we learn by telegram that Gov. Cornell has vetoed the game bill published by us a fortnight ago. This will be a disappointment to those who were counting on July shooting.

COONEY ISLAND.—The weather has been perfect at Coney Island, and the tournament, as we go to press, is progressing smoothly. The scores of the shooting will be given in our next issue.

DEFERRED.—We are obliged to defer a number of communications until next week. We beg the indulgence of correspondents whose communications should have appeared with this issue.

A SUMMER TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND has many attractions, which are admirably set forth in the sketch sent by a St. John's correspondent, and published in our sportsman tourist columns.

Southern Illinois is to have a sportsmen's association. A meeting to organize such a society will be held at the office of Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, July 4.

The rabbits are out early in the morning in Central Park; and the rats are out at all times of the day stealing the food of the swans in the lake.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 will contain a supplement of four pages giving the full scores of the pigeon shooting at Coney Island.

That "Possum will be served July 7th. It will be put on the table hot; and enough will be left over for any one who prefers it cold.

The Sportsman's Tourist.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY D. W. FROWE.

I PROPOSE in this paper to say a few words about fly-fishing, caribou hunting and grouse shooting in Newfoundland, but first let me endeavor to dislodge the minds of those who think that the island is only remarkable for dogs and fogs and fish, that its climate is damp and disagreeable, and that it is a hopeless, barren and uninteresting country. These ideas about the colony are wholly incorrect; the fogs on the banks do not prevail on the land, the winters are milder than those of Canada and, although the spring is sometimes late and cold, owing to the prevalence of polar ice, the climate from June until October is one of the finest in the world. As seen from the deck of an Atlantic steamer the Newfoundland coast certainly does present a most bleak and forbidding aspect. The country, however, must not be judged from its rude exterior.

Within its stern and rock-bound shores, lie noble bays, deep land-locked fjords, clothed to the water's edge with greenery; the deeply indented coast line affords every variety of magnificent vistas, grand ocean-washed headlands, beetling cliffs and deep gorges with precipitous sides, leading into long, plaiced reaches surrounded by the forest primeval. Everywhere there is an abundance of water, lake scenery in every variety of clear, polished streams, foaming waterfalls; in short every form of wild, natural beauty that the combination of wood and fell and water can produce.

The island has an infinite variety of fruit and berry bearing shrubs, beautiful mosses, ferns and wild flowers. There is not so great a diversity of forest trees as on the continent. Neither walnut, elm nor oak are found within the colony. Their places, however, are well supplied by the several kinds of birch, pine, juniper, poplar, alder, willow and maple, which are exceedingly abundant. Besides her inexhaustible fisheries, that vast harvest of the seas, which English, French and Americans help to gather in every year, Newfoundland promises to be one of the greatest copper-producing countries in the world.

But without further enlarging on the wealth of timber, or the resources of the island, let us turn to the sportsman, for Halifax lies a perfect refuge from the sweltering clime of the heated term in New York, a paradise for the sportsman, a sanatorium for the used-up, and an almost virgin field of exploration for the artist, the naturalist and the geologist. For the dweller in pent-up cities it is worth while making the voyage, if it were only to see the fair, fresh complexioned fisher folk and the stalwart sealers brimful of misty health and redolent of seal-fat.

No where is an American made more welcome than in St. John's. We have had most pleasant and intimate relations with the States from the old colonial days. We do not forget how much we owe to the enterprising capitalists of the great Republic. A New York company has just paid a million dollars for some of the United States' copper mines, and a syndicate is going to build its own railway, which will run through the interior (a vast, natural deer-park), and terminate in the copper region at the northeast of the colony. Cyrus W. Field gave us telegraphic communication with the world, and when the railway is built we shall owe the two great civilizers of our times to Americans. We have no insular prejudices against any of the United States, and we have never seen a Yankee ever against American dollars. The sportsman with his rod and gun will be heartily welcomed, and the capitalist with his enterprise and his cash will be received with open arms.

A visit to the colony may now be made with much more convenience than formerly. The Allan steamers from Baltimore and Halifax touch at St. John's every fortnight, both going and returning to Liverpool. There is also direct communication in the summer between New York and Newfoundland by the Crownley line; the sea passage from Halifax to St. John's takes about forty hours. The best time for fishing is from the middle of June to about the middle of August; the best sea-trout fishing is between the end of July and the early part of August, ranging sometimes as late as the 15th or 20th of the month. The shooting season legally commences on the 1st of August, and continues for the most part until the 1st of September and October, sometimes November. Caribou shooting extends from September to the first of March. The fresh water game fish are salmon, brook trout and salt water trout, the latter being very abundant, and affording the finest sport. The principal game birds are willow grouse, ptarmigan, snipe, plover, curlew, ducks and geese. The sportsman who cares for killing and not merely for the sport, will find abundance on the coast. Of large game there is only one kind of deer, the caribou or reindeer; two bears, Arctic and American hare; of fur-bearing animals the principal are black bears, wolves, foxes, martens, beaver, otters, etc.

Although Newfoundland is larger than Ireland, its population is only 180,000. The great peninsula called Avalon contains more than half the whole population. The remainder are scattered in small settlements over the entire extent of the indented coast line. On the southwestern coast and in the interior are many large plains called by the natives "barrens." These barrens are so many great unreserved grouse moors. Into nearly every inlet on the coast flows either a river or a brook. All these water courses and the innumerable lakes abound with fish. The paucity of population naturally produces an abundance of fish and game, even on the indented coast line. On the southwestern coast and in the interior are many large plains called by the natives "barrens." These barrens are so many great unreserved grouse moors. Into nearly every inlet on the coast flows either a river or a brook. All these water courses and the innumerable lakes abound with fish. 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arrest a man for debt; Neither will the leane stinging or sucking out the blood of such singularly wild like a flea or by trying him to hit. Most of us should labour, in which time of loitering, those flies will so brand such idle persons in their faces that they may be known from others as Turkes do their slaus."

I regret to say that good old Master Whitbourne lied like an epiaph; these insects bite alike the idle and the diligent, and spare neither Monarchists nor Republican in their voracity. Various more or less abominable preparations will modify their attack, but not that I know will wholly do away with the annoyance. For the angler who minds the bite of a tiny insect, while his sporting soul is set on fire by the whirl of his reel and the dash of a magnificent fish, these lines were not penned; my prongs are for the hearts of those who, like the prince of anglers, have a deep and fervent love for the gentle craft who think with Walton "that God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling, a life so pleasant and so happy as the life of a well-ordered angler."

Both salmon and sea trout are very abundant in Newfoundland and on the Labrador coasts. They are caught principally by means of nets set along the shore or at the mouths of the estuaries. So great is the quantity taken, even in the vicinity of St. John's, that in June plenty of magnificent salmon may be bought for five cents a pound. The first catch of fish are splendid specimens, ranging from one to twenty and sometimes thirty pounds. After the first run is over the fish are small, not more than three or four pounds. Strangely enough the large fish rarely take the fly. Small salmon or grise from three to five pounds are often killed with the rod, but rarely a ten-pounder. I believe the same thing occurs both in Oregon and in British Columbia. Many reasons are given for this unaccountable freak of nature, but none, I think, that are wholly satisfactory. It has been attributed to the abundance of frequent use of the rivers by nets, while others consider our fish water has been polluted to take the fly. Whatever be the cause, there can be no doubt that the splendid salmon rivers of Newfoundland and Labrador have been shamefully neglected, and that if proper care and attention were bestowed upon them they would become the finest streams for sport in the world. This is the opinion of all experienced English sportsmen who have visited the colony.

Sea trout are caught with an excellence the best angling in Newfoundland. The finest sport is obtained from about the middle of July to the 15th or 20th of August. The trout come down the rivers in the spring, and remain about the mouths of the estuaries until July, when they commence to ascend the streams. Their time for this annual migration is uncertain and depends upon the movements of their favorite food, a small fish called capelin (*Mallotus villosus*). When fresh run from the sea the salt-water trout are in grand condition and afford splendid sport. After August they are invariably to be found in the deep pools on the rivers. I can well remember one special day's fishing on the southwest coast. The party who were with me toiled along the banks of the river until they reached a large deep pool, with a shelving granite rock on one side and a steep bank with overhanging woods on the opposite shore. Believing in my own experience, I had whipped every likely place as I went along; and when the coast was far behind I had reached the pool. As soon, however, as I came in sight of the pool to which my friends had gone direct, I saw a sight to be long remembered—four rods bent double and four individuals in a frantic state of excitement; three had hooked large sea-trout, whilst the fourth was fast to a splendid salmon. Presently there was a gleam as from a molten bar of silver as the noble fish, a twelve-pounder, made a frantic leap; and as he came back he was followed by a smaller trout, the angler, deep in the water, nuddy trying to follow his prey; a report like a pistol-shot, and then the disgusted fisherman holding on to a broken rod and the fragment of a snapped line. My companions' idea of fishing seemed to be that the trout were to be hauled ashore by main strength, but after two more tips were broken and two more lines carried away they began to display a little more skill and patience. The coast was each of us fishing the trout, and aware that they could have held an ordinary fish, and that the trout or salmon that had caused all this wreckage were veritable whales. Naturally I was excited by the scene I have described, and hurried up to mingle in the fray. Just as my flies touched the water two splendid fish rose, and I struck both. My rod had seen good service, and my gear was good; so, after about ten minutes' play and some fifty rods, I managed to land both fish, (three-pounders) and to haul them over the rock. After fitting out my companions with fresh flies and repairing damages, we set to work and had grand sport. In less than two hours we had landed upward of one hundred fine sea-trout, some weighing four pounds, two five pounds, and none under one pound and a half. Thirty-three fish out of my own catch scaled one hundred weight. A day's sport like this is a red-letter day in a fisherman's calendar, and a remembrance of it "a joy forever." There are hundreds of rivers in the colony where just as good fishing can be obtained. Within one or two days' journey by land from St. John's, both in St. Mary's and Placentia bays, capital sea-trout fishing can be had, and whether the angler hits the right time. Every Newfoundland is a fisherman, but as a rule the codfishers despise fly-fishing; they prefer catching these big sea-trout with a pole bit for the most of us (fall anglers), a strong line, a big hook, and a cork float. It is a best to hit, with a herculean jerk the fish is sent flopping on the bank. It is a rough and ready method, but I have often seen these huge polers kill big fish when the scientific fly-fisherman could catch nothing.

Three of Her Majesty's ships of war annually visit Newfoundland for the purpose of protecting the fishery and looking after the many vexed questions arising out of the French and American fisheries in the bay. The presence of the ships and officers has been sportsmen, and profane people say that amongst the important state documents which the senior officer annually brings with him from the Admiralty are to be found lists of all the best places for fly-fishing in the colony, but however that may be, the officers, who are Justices of the Peace for the colony, undoubtedly do a good deal of fishing. One of them, a capital sportsman, writing under the signature of "the Angler" in the London *Field*, gives an amusing account of his naval worship trying a case whilst fishing, plaintiff and defendant shouting their grievances to the sporting Justice from opposite banks. "Mariner's" views on the subject of fly-fishing in Newfoundland will be found to correspond pretty much with my own.

Space will not permit me to say more than a few words to those meeker souls to whom lake-fishing is an unmitigated delight. Fresh water trout are simply innumerable, countless

dozens may easily be caught every where in the colony, varying in size from a few ounces to some pounds. In the sportsman who delights in sea fishing there is cod galore. The more adventurous spirits may indulge in a small Arctic expedition and go to the seal fishery in one of the many fine sealing steamers that leave St. John's and other ports on the 10th of March. Several of these vessels this year killed in less than a month over 20,000 seals.

Sometimes very curious fish are caught around the Newfoundland coast. Of late, some very large devil-fish have been killed, but nothing in modern times comes up to the "queer fish" described by Whitbourne. In the year 1610 in the morning early, as I was standing by the water side in the harbour of St. John's, I saw a strange creature which I espied very swiftly to come swimming towards me, looking cheerfully as it had been a woman by the face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears, neck and forehead; it seemed to be so beautiful and in those parts so well proportioned, having round about the neck all kinds of remarkable things, down to the neck, but certainly it was not a fish, for it was coming swiftly towards me I stepped back, which when this strange creature saw it presently thereupon dived a little under water and did swim towards the place where before I landed, whereby I beheld the shoulders and back down to the middle to be as square, white and smooth as the back of a man, and from the middle to the hinder part poynting in proportion like a broad hooked arrow. When it was proportioned in the fore part of the neck and shoulders I know not. This I suppose was a mare made—now because divers have written much of mare maides I have presumed to relate what is most certain of such a strange creature that was seen at New-found-land; whether it were a mare maide or no I know not, I leave for others to judge." The ingenuity with which this ancient mariner constrains a Newfoundland syren out of a common seal is worthy of Barnum.

I have stated that the deer is the most natural deer park. One solitary settler alone inhabits this vast wilderness—the telegrapher at Sandy Pond. This is the main cause of the great abundance of deer in Newfoundland. In the spring they migrate from the southern and southwestern parts of the coast to the northeast, and return again to their old quarters in the fall. Good shooting is to be had in September by going into the interior. A party of hunters with good Muc-Mac firearms, and a good walker, should be sure of fine sport wherever they came in the right season, and were not too much pressed for time. September is the best month for deer-stalking in the North; by November the deer have returned to their winter quarters in the Southwest. For the September deer shooting take canoe up one of the many rivers that lead into the inland lakes, fix your camp in some convenient spot and hunt around it. It is very rough, hard work, and no one but a keen sportsman and a good walker should attempt it. At least three weeks would be required on an expedition of this kind. Good coastal steamers now ply north and south, and the hunting-grounds may be reached either from the northeast by Hall's Bay, or from the southwest by the Humber River; the latter is the easier route into the interior, but it involves a somewhat longer sea voyage. The naval officer who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Mariner" in the *London Field*, has had good sport for the past two years on the Grand Pond grounds, getting there by way of the Humber.

Whilst it is an indubitable fact that there are thousands of deer in the interior, the vast wild country over which these countless herds roam, and their shy nature will always make stalking a somewhat precarious sport. This very difficulty is probably an added charm in the eyes of many sportsmen. Winter shooting (tracking the deer on the snow) is a far more methodical and less hazardous mode of shooting. I fancy I hear some well got up and gairred son of Albion pronounce it, "Ah, beastly lutechery," quite American, "doocid peat-hunting, ah!" Now, why following a wild animal by his footmarks on the snow should be viewed in this way, whilst stalking the same animal by his tracks on the marshes or the barrens is considered noble sport, is quite a puzzle to me. A thing, I am sure, that no colonial fellow can understand. For the winter shooting the sportsman may visit St. John's at any time that suits his convenience. From Christmas up to the beginning of February let him take the coastal steamer to some point on the southwest coast, where he will obtain either native or Indian guides. On the 17th of March sail a friend of mine in company with some Indians killed eleven deer in one day near Bay de Nord or Leming Bay, as they say our herds in which an informant considers there must have been one thousand deer. In nearly all the great winter hunting grounds the settlers have rude huts for shelter called in Newfoundland "hills." In Bay du Nord one sportsman uses dogs and sledges, but even without these luxurious appliances the walking is much better in the interior than it is in the autumn; the cold is never very intense, and there is a dead certainty of getting a shot at a caribou. To the lovers of big game grouse shooting will be considered very tame and humble sport, but to my own mind good grouse or snipe shooting over well-trained dogs is the finest amusement in the world.

Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to hunt the noble fields,
Quite a boyish wish.

This sang Somerville two hundred years ago of partridge shooting in England. Pretty shooting certainly if you know a Duke who has good manners, but tame and unexciting sport when compared to grouse shooting over the wild, windswept barrens of Newfoundland. Here as far as the eye can reach are level plains alternating with undulating hills. There may be no "bonny, blooming heather," but there is a wealth of profusion of ferns and wild plants fit concomitant for this truly indigenous wild sport of the West. With good dogs and straight shooting powder bags of ten and fifteen brace may be made in a day, and in killing that number of birds the sportsman will have enjoyed genuine, good, manly sport.

All I ask of my readers is to come and judge for themselves about the sporting capabilities of this unknown island of Newfoundland. The trip is short and inexpensive, the country is the origin field of exhilaration for sportsman, artist and naturalist, and for all there is health and lusty vigor in this new playground of North America.

GEORGE IS WELL—Gouverneur, N. Y., June 15.—In FOREST AND STREAM, of May 26, "X" (CAUTION, N. Y.), reporting some of the exploits of the favorite guide George Muir, stated that "George" was out of health this season, in which he was in error. "George" was sick a short time early in the spring, but is fully recovered, and saw the woods; he had just returned from a successful trip in the woods.

Natural History.

THE ANTLERS OF DEER.

THE theory that the spike buck is a new species developed on account of the greater utility of the spike as a weapon of offence has been pretty thoroughly disposed of, and is not likely to be resuscitated at once. A valued correspondent has brought to our notice a letter written by him some years ago to the *Ceruus* town *Opus* which contains much valuable information in regard to the horns of a deer that he reproduces here. After stating the novel theory that the spike horned deer is a new species the writer says:

Now, to any one who knows anything at all about the nature and habits of deer, this new fangled species will be only laughable. The transmission business would sound plausible enough, if it were not for the fact that the horn is not a permanent peculiarity, either in time or form. The deer's horns are not completed until he runs the velvet off in September, and he loses them again in January; while as to form there is no rule and any amount of variety. The spike buck is an eighteen months old deer; born in the spring, his horns begin to grow the next spring and are hard spikes in the fall. If he is not strong enough and active enough, he will not whip off the old veteran bucks and the next year he adds a prong on his new horns and becomes a "forker." The popular idea of suitable food, the conditions as to undisturbed solitude and plenty of food, the true idea is that the deer adds a prong to the main beam each year, and that the deer with four prongs on a beam is five years old—in his fifth year.

I have said "the true rule," but true under certain conditions, and my experience running through the last twenty years puts it about this: The normal growth of a deer's horns, where the deer lived undisturbed by either man or wild animals, and had plenty of suitable food, would be represented by a spike at a year old, that is in the second year; a forked horn at two years, and a prong added each year—the deer being called three-year old, four-year old, etc., or three-pronged buck, etc. After the deer had passed the meridian of his life, however, his horns would be irregular as to size and the number of prongs, so that his horns would no more determine his age. In reality we find this rule working, but with considerable exceptions. The causes of these disturbances to the deer are subject from both man and deer, and frequent changes in location of haunts and character of food and water, and the horn when young being very soft, and brush and trees plenty in the deer country, very few deer manage to carry their horns from spring to fall without more or less harm coming to them. So that out of a hundred pair of deer-horns from deer killed in the same season and locality, not more than twenty per cent. would be tolerably even, and not more than half those could be called perfectly so. I killed this fall a buck whose saddle weighed fifty-five pounds, and took from his head as perfectly even a pair of horns as I ever saw, weighing four and a half pounds, with five points on a beam; but this deer was killed in a country where the chances were a hundred to one against his having been disturbed during the season by anything unless a panther. There are no wolves there. I killed the same region a year or two ago, a buck whose horns cut above the joint and with no saddle weighed forty pounds, while his horns were two spikes, one of which made a feeble attempt to fork. A deer killed a day or two after, not, he, had four points on a beam on its horns, while the saddle, with the legs cut below the joint, only weighed forty-two pounds. I killed a deer in 1874, whose horns had fewer prongs and were not even half the size of the first one I mentioned as killed this year, and yet he was a "forker." I have seen thousands of pairs of deer horns from deer killed in all parts of the country, and yet have rarely seen two pair exactly alike. I have seen one born straight, the other curved: one with no prong, the other with several; a head of horns with a third horn growing between the two regular ones. I have a pair hanging on my wall at home, with twenty-six points on the two beams together.

I have also a pair of horns which, if I did not think too highly of the natural sagacity of the deer to suppose that he would so far fly in the face of Providence and the experience of the world for the last few thousand years as to walk in the Darwin runways seeking pasture, I might judge the buck who were then to have adopted on the natural selection principle. The buck lived in a dense windfall, surrounded by a desperate country of thick spruce, laurel and cedar. His horns were large and well shaped, set of horns being troublesome there, this deer crossed his horns in front, an inch, so that they would part the bush instead of catching in it. This deer, by reason of his living in the windfall, the natives knew as "Hurricane buck."

The most curious head of horns I have ever seen came from the head of a deer killed by a friend of mine two years ago. These horns are very thick in diameter of beam, but the beams, instead of curving, stand straight up like candlesticks a foot or more high, and then the top spread out with a number of points starting from the same base, something like a man resting his elbows on a table and holding his forearms erect with his hands and fingers half spread out. The argument against the transmission and survival of the fittest business, it that there are always in any one year more deer over the spike buck age than under it, so that if each deer transmitted his own peculiarities to his descendants there would be more deer with large heads than small ones.

But what the spike buck transmits is not the peculiarity of having straight horns, but the faculty, among others, of shedding his horns every year and growing a new pair, of which the size and shape depends on a variety of circumstances. If the spike horn is making its appearance as a new variety in the Adirondacks, it is simply because the deer are not so much so recklessly in the country in summer and market hunters in winter that the average life of the deer has been reduced to such a low point that no buck, as a rule, has a chance to get beyond the spike age.

BAINBRIDGE, Ga., June 7.

ENTIRE FOREST AND STREAM:

In your issue of the 2d inst., the question is asked: "What is a spiked buck?" Well, Mr. E. A. Bonnett to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a young *Ceruus virginianus*, not a new species as he claims. Both naturalists and old hunters know when this species abound, by actual observation, that spiked buck is but the young of the *Ceruus virginianus*. Catch one and raise it, as many of us have done when this variety exists, and all doubts will be at once dis-

pelled on this question. The first year the spike appears, the second year two, the third three, and then a full head of horns follow.

O. G. GRILEY.

THE SWIMMING POWERS OF SERPENTS.

RATTLESNAKES in Florida often cross extensive waters. In May last while fishing in the Halifax River, Eastern Florida, which is a sound or bay of salt water from one to two miles wide I saw a rattlesnake swimming from the mainland to the peninsula. My companion, who had lost many dogs by snake bites, and was their enemy in consequence, pulled up the anchor to go and kill the snake. It swam strongly and swiftly, but as it saw that we should intercept it, it turned at bay, came toward us, and as we approached it threw itself into a coil to strike. It was, however, easily killed by a blow of our oar, and it measured about five feet in length with a diameter of four inches—small for the Florida species—which often grow to be seven or eight feet long.

A few days after, fishing in the same river, we saw a racer, or whip snake, crossing the river. It was pursued and it turned to fight although without poisonous fangs. It was about eight or nine feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. It swam boldly and well, with the head raised a foot above the surface. Being a harmless or rather useful serpent which kills many rattlesnakes and moccasins we allowed it to go unmolested on its way.

The rattlesnake is often found on this peninsula between the river and the ocean as well as on the mangrove islands in the river. Their food seems to be small animals, such as squirrels, rabbits and rats, the latter of which are abundant, also such birds as they can capture. S. C. C.

THE LOON.

GRANT NORTHERN DIVER.

WINGED creature of moose, bear, caribou, Creatures of sylvan nature's fangs induce, With primitive and uncouth forms induced, And cries and voices heard to soil the wood. Such screams and wails as articulate nature knew, When man in caves still harkens to the mew. Lone lakes revere the loon, and he is heard, In their deeps the hunter's eye, Then loonish him from afar with clamorous cry, As of derisive hum, and of the breeze, Where falls the shadow of the desert pine On covers of wild-water meres, from oar to way With swan-like strokes and in his dwelling, Startling with screams unearthly twilight grey.

Deepening the wilderness of the forest old, Which, hushed and sad, seems brood on the days, When batmanths, crusting, tooned its brachy naeze, And beaus and men were of a larger mold, In immemorial years of that far past, Oh, rapturous bird, thy kindred screamed and dived, And with the loonoo and reindeer have survived, Where primitive woods their mystic shadows cast, In a still vigorous progeny, which soon The hunter's rifle will exterminate, Soe live buldges and the plover's stave, Still sitting in the light of sun and moon, As fast as vanishes the forest green, Will creatures of its shade must meet their doom. —B. W. BALL, in Boston Herald.

SHARON HILL, Delaware County, Pa., June 9, 1881. Editor Forest and Stream:

While the loon subject is receiving attention in your columns, I would like to mention of my own observations in reference to this bird. I have frequently noticed them in the lakes in the interior of Canada, but I never saw more than two young loons accompanying the same parents, and I naturally conclude that they lay only two eggs. The young loons frequently sit upon the back of the parent while swimming. I have often pursued the young loons in a boat with the view of capturing one, but never succeeded, as they are expert divers, even when quite small. On such occasions sometimes the old loon would rush toward me, elevating its body out of the water and flapping its wings frantically, apparently endeavoring to inspire terror by its actions. I have never seen a loon on shore, and I do not think they go on land, except to their nest, which is said to be only a few inches from the water. It is not uncommon to see several loons (old and young) swimming together. When approached they all dive and separate from each other. Loons are quite abundant in the Gulf of Mexico in winter on the west coast of Florida, but I have never seen them in fresh water in that State. They are sometimes found napping on the water in the same. A friend of mine lately sailed close to one while asleep and shot it. I shot two loons on the west coast of Florida lately. They each weighed six pounds. JOSEPH W. WILCOX.

THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

LAST week the Philadelphia Zoological Society purchased from a captain of a sailing vessel flying between that port and South America eight especially fine specimens of the boa constrictor, those formerly at the Garden having succumbed to the rigor of the past winter. The new boas average about eight feet in length, are in good condition, and immediately began feeding on being put into their new quarters.

The pair of large Florida alligators which were lately sent to the society died very soon after their arrival. At first it was thought the change of climate caused their death, but dissection showed that one of them had a number of hook-stones in his head, and in the other a large bullet was found.

"Henry," the large hahoon which is chained a short distance from the monkey house, has had given him a female companion of his race, and the two appear to be on the best of terms. "Henry" is ever ready to throw back the sticks and stones with which the small boys pelt him. So expert is he in retaliating with these missiles and with so much power does he cast a stone that his keeper has dug up all the stones that were in the ground within Henry's reach, to prevent him from doing injury to the visitors.

English sparrows have increased so rapidly in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden that they are being caught and utilized as food for the snakes. Twenty or thirty are daily snared, and yet the flock seems to be as large as ever.

The wild fowl in the Garden wintered well and are in possession of their old quarters in the lake.

The upper Delaware and Schuylkill rivers are still muddy, so clouded as to render it impossible to fish for bass with any

success. We hear of but few lakon. Some of our anglers have done well with the perch in Timber, Raccoon and Oldmans creeks. I am still hearing of more woodcock having bred within the city and just beyond the city limits. Homo.

THE VIENNESE SPARROWS.—In a Paris exchange, the American Register, we find this bird which might probably be noted upon in some of our American cities: "It would seem as though the Viennese sparrows were more numerous and more noisy than their kindred in other cities, nay, in any other city in the civilized world. At all events the Viennese City Council has appointed a regular appointed hunter, who, by virtue of his office, is to see to it that the sparrows in the city park stop their incessant noise, no longer shall the few trees therein, and leave the singing-birds in peace, which are too modest to cope with their troublesome neighbors, and in order to best and practically accomplish this mission, to reduce their number by powder and shot. Lest the sparrows practice deceit at sight of the official executioner, or of singing-birds take flight at the unprovoked detonations of the numerous instrument the functionary in question has been provided with an argument not less brings down from forty to fifty marauders per diem, which, tastefully strung, he sends to the competent municipal father as a token of his properly attending to his duty. If the sparrows do not quickly perceive that they are anything but welcome guests in the Austrian capital they must be thick-headed indeed."

SOUTH KENNE, N. H., June 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of June 2, Mergus, of Pocomasset, Mass., speaks of loons laying white eggs. I think Mergus is mistaken, for I know the nesting places of both species, and have in my possession an egg taken from the nest of the larger one, and it is light brown or gray with dark spots. I have taken their eggs for several years and have never found but two.—MART.

Our correspondent, Mergus, only reported what was told him, and not his own observations. The egg of *Colymbus torquatus* is brownish drab in color, with dark spots. Its color in fact is something like that of the woodcock's eggs, but the shade is darker throughout. The egg of the sandhill crane also resembles in color that of the loon.

WHAT IS IT?—Pine River, Wis.—A gentleman friend has caught what he calls a "Samson fox," a red fox with short wool like a lamb. Is it a separate species or a "freak of nature?"—MALLARD.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., June 11.

THE prospect of July woodcock shooting in this vicinity is fair. Numbers of birds are reported as having been seen, and the recent wet spell will undoubtedly keep them with us longer than as might be expected. But few quail are heard whistling in this vicinity while rabbits are plenty. A fair number of grouse are reported as being seen on the sides of the adjacent hills.

It is the intention of members of the game societies in this section to rigidly enforce the game laws regarding woodcock shooting as they do other existing game and fish laws, also the non-resident law of this State, which provides that no person or persons non-residents of this State shall kill, destroy, hunt or trap any game whatever, at any time, in this State without first complying with the by-laws of the game societies organized or to be organized under the laws of this State, under a penalty of \$50 for each offense. Members of societies for protection of game and fish are empowered to make arrests of persons violating the same. The New Jersey Game and Fish Protection Society, whose headquarters are at Plainfield, N. J., W. L. Force, secretary, are banking many members of "non-residents" from New York and Philadelphia who see the wisdom and justice of such a law. By the payment of their annual dues of \$2, which money goes toward stocking sections with game and prosecution of violators of the game laws, they find when the time set by law arrives for shooting and fishing that their money has been well invested. Since the organization of this society in 1879, "pothunting" has rapidly decreased in this section, and I trust the time is not far distant when I can say it is entirely eradicated, and every miserable "pothunter" brought to grief.

The above society have established an agency at No. 2 Cortlandt street, with Mr. Fred Volkman an honorable Vice President of the same, who is authorized to receive names of new "non-resident" members, and grant them a certificate of membership. Also an agency with Mr. J. F. A. Lexteur, at Philadelphia, cor. Seventh and Pine streets. Fox.

THE STATE SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION.

THE twenty-third annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was convened on Monday, June 20. During the morning large parties of delegates arrived from the northern and central parts of the State, and at two o'clock the convention opened and lasted to those present. From ten until eight o'clock in the evening the time was passed by the delegates in sight seeing. At eight o'clock the delegates and their friends all assembled in the spacious east dining-room of the Hotel Brighton, the members being welcomed to the hospitalities of Long Island by Mr. George A. Chappell, the President of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association. After this came an excellent instrumental music by Coker's Quartette, and then followed the

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ABEL GROOK GENTLEMEN, Members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game: On behalf of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, and in the name of all our fellow sportsmen and citizens of this section of the State, I congratulate you upon your re-assembling, and heartily bid you welcome.

Two years ago thirteen representatives of the clubs of Long Island participated, for the first time, in your Convention at Rochester. The consideration shown them is green in their memory. Strangers in a strange land, they found friends, and returned to relate to willing listeners the story

of their adventures, and to advocate the propriety of an attempt to induce you to visit their home by the sea.

Encouraged by the sympathy of our local clubs, the Long Island Sportsmen's Association was organized, and in harmony and an honest wish to entertain the members of the State Association, 55 delegates from this locality in Convention assembled at Seneca Falls last year, extended to you a cordial invitation to hold the Convention of 1891 at this place. The unanimity with which you responded was alike pleasing to them and gratifying to their club associates.

Appropriately they were permitted, at the muzzle of the gun, if not at the point of the bayonet, to bring with them for safe keeping the three State prizes. Prized indeed were they, but overshadowed by the greater prize of your goodwill and confidence, as evidenced by the manner in which you met them.

They have faithfully endeavored to make your advent among them pleasant to you and notable in the annals of your meetings. Energetic committees have labored day and night. Many varied and valuable prizes have been provided to reward your skill in the proposed friendly competitions with the rod and gun. Thousands of dollars have been expended in the many detail arrangements for your comfort and pleasure, and the result is within your control. You have congregated from the various cities, villages and hamlets of our great "Empire State," and present an imposing spectacle to those who are watching your deliberations.

After an existence of twenty-three years, the purposes and accomplishments of this Association are scarcely known outside of the western and central portions of the State. Why should these beautiful trophies be presented? What has this organization accomplished? In what work is it engaged? What achievements await its future? Is it beneficial or injurious to its members and to the public? Is its existence a subject of congratulation or regret? These are pertinent questions which are repeated upon every side, and should ever be borne in mind until a conclusion is reached by the members of the Association.

In 1859, at Geneva, under the style of "The Sportsmen's Club of the State of New York," it sprang into existence, and through its fostering care the first reasonably consistent Game Law of the year 1860, was enacted and enforced. In 1865, at Niagara Falls, its ranks having been increased by the addition of other organizations, it adopted a Constitution and By-Laws of the general government of the aggregation of clubs under the new name of "The New York State Sportsmen's Association." Still later, in 1873, at Batavia, it adopted its present style of "The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game." The original title of "Club" was suggestive of the social character of its deliberations. The present name indicates its purposes without robbing it of those elements which bind man to man in the strongest ties of friendship and brotherly love. To cultivate the latter, contests are arranged, and friendly emulation encouraged, and skill with the rod and gun rewarded.

The pastimes naturally attract more attention than the business portion of the meetings, and tend to excite unwarrantable criticisms.

To this Association belongs the credit of initiating bench shows of dogs in this country. They were held at Oswego in 1874, and at Watertown, in 1875.

By the assiduous efforts of Seth Green and his co-workers and members, fishculture has been proved to be practicable and profitable, and many of our waters which had become depleted of their finny denizens have been re-stocked and furnish sport and livelihood to many.

The reckless and lawless destruction of forests of the North and of Adirondacks, with the concurrent effect upon the canals and rivers, has been stayed, and the territory, with its variety of game animals, birds and fish, largely guarded and protected through the efforts of influential members of this organization.

In number of clubs and of members: in wealth, in influence, the Association stands without a peer and can and should afford to be proud.

The protection and preservation of fish and game involves two methods of procedure. In the first place, suitable game laws are required, to restrict and regulate the destruction in order that the game may be afforded an opportunity for natural reproduction.

In the second place, artificial propagation, or re-stocking shows of dogs in this country. They were held at Oswego in 1874, and at Watertown, in 1875.

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brand, was then sung by the glee club of that gun club assisted by the Fountain Glee Club, and received with marked favor by the assembled sportsmen, who indeed from the first had manifested a generous tendency to applaud everything that was offered for their entertainment. Encores were the order of the evening.

Mr. Wm. E. MacMasters, of the Albany *Argosy* and the Philadelphia Press read the following poem which he had written for the occasion:

FIELD SPORTS.

A Poem of Creating,
BY WILLIAM E. MAC MASTERS.

I.
Hail, brother sportsmen, of the Empire State,
I give you greeting in my humble lay;
More noble in art, or sterner more truly great,
Never saw I the heroes of our painless day.

II.
From Erie's shore to Coney's Island's strand,
From the old "North Woods" to the "Southern Tier,"
Here where the Atlantic waves our native land,
Again our contests signalize the year.

III.
In battle war matched sports in hand,
With eye undimmed, nor spirit as staunch as steel;
You'll find your honors from a comrade's hand,
In emulation which only sportsmen feel.

IV.
Like the bold champion of Admetus's pride,
Where every plain sheds lustre on the scene;
Here all her thousand our contests decide,
New York gives welcome to all clubs I weed.

V.
Here then on wings potent we will try,
Nor hope our Muse to amuse you with her lay;
Yet clip not our pinions ere the birds do fly,
Since ammunition is not scarce in this day.
Then pass the rubber cup with joyful cheer,
And cry a sportsman heroes of the year;
For birds poise, and the wind whistles and sings,
Do flutter kiss in their loveliest on the wing.

VI.
From scenes like these of gay and mimic strife,
We turn exultant to the sterner life:—
Where they sing to the sun, and the moon,
And merry and sad, with resounding horn,
And rouse the drooping dogs to eager ear,
And the well-trained pack with cautious pace,
Point well the course with an unerring trace,
While field and forest resound with flying war,
Till vale and forest repeat the loud refrain
While the warm sunset draws on the deep mouthed train.

VII.
Hurrah for the parties
And sports of the field,
Where grouse in full cover
Lie closely on the hill,
Where mountains and forest
So deep tangled give,
Interfere with our dogs,
Or warty the deer,
Where the tall odden acres
Like oases are spread,
And the birds are still waiting
Our deluge of lead!
"He'll" "What a game!"
That sound to the ears
Of full-blooded pointers,
Whose inland it chases:—
They dash on like darters,
Till the warm scent,
Uprising leads to the woods,
Where now more lie at—
Staunch as old veterans
To lead "points" they stand,
Each "backing" the other
And waiting command!
Now swif on the wings they rise,
From stable they rise,
The quick blood is mounting,
How cheerfully they strike,
Escape? It is hopeless,
Our scattering lead,
Is thundering for them!
And the dogs "mark" them, dead!

VIII.
When summer's o'er and autumn mild succeeds,
And quail and partridge on the heather feeds;
Before his lordly master the hunt begins,
And beat the cover carefully and slow.

IX.
When the days shorten and the nights grow chill,
And softer light doth rest on vale and hill,
The sportsman then with his hunting ground
For lakes and streams where water-fowl abound,
Where heavy geese scream up against the sky,
And swift-winged teal, and snipe, and widgeon fly,
Where skies are darkened by mallard in their flight,
And the rice fields are garrisoned at night.

X.
Now comes the sport which gives such mainly zest,
Wild fowl shoot on the wing, and test
To measure speed and distance, and to bring
A teal at sixty yards upon the wing—
Or lead a winged teal to the net,
On some safe log, convenient to your will;
Requires a master in the sportsman's art,
Whose every nerve obeys his head and heart.

XI.
Hunting in all phases, the field or flood,
Makes men more hardy, more humane and good;
Gives health and pleasure, sets the spirit free,
Teaches love of law, and respect to the deer;
And more than this, it teaches love of law,
Which will not kill to feed a greedy man,
How the looks brighten of the sportsman's arch,
For quail or partridge messenger in march,
With what contempt true sportsmen shun the spot,
Whereon they throw their spears and arrows,
Poor worthless d—, his head beneath a price,
Else Counts might ask if "Pott"-'ers hunted twice.

XII.
Gladly would I sing when our hunt is o'er,
The pleasure which still in the field or store;
The smoking victory of our simple fare,
Appetites keen as is the morning air;
A hospitable cheer, and merry name,
Each guest a brother where'er he came.

XIII.
A corollary greeting, then, brothers of a race
Whose deeds are sung in many a loving chase—
Heroes whose lives by their hands are made mine,
Are wreathed with chaplets—human, yet divine,
May scenes like these their annual pleasures bring,
And birds more proud of their merits sing,
While here with new fields and contests at bay,
I give you welcome in my humble lay.

The roll called showed that the clubs, represented by accredited delegates, were: Phoenix Sportsmen's Club, Seneca Falls; Phoenix Gun Club, Brooklyu; Spencer Sportsmen's Club, Lyons; Adirondack Sportsmen's Club, Adams; Long Island Shooting Club, Brooklyu; Fountain Gun Club, Brooklyu; Jefferson Sportsmen's Club, Watertown; Audubon Club, Rochester; Brooklyu Gun Club, Brooklyu; Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, Rochester; Genesee

Sportsmen's Club, Irondequoit; Niagara Falls Shooting Club, Niagara Falls; Corning Sportsmen's Club, Corning; Wayne County Sportsmen's Club, Lyde; Rochester Gun Club, Rochester; Danville Sportsmen's Association, Danville; Seneca Falls Gun Club, Seneca Falls; Long Island Shooting Club, Brooklyu; Le Roy Sportsmen's Club, Le Roy; Deer Richmond Club, Batavia; South Green Rod and Gun Club, Danville; Forrester Club, Buffalo; Queen City Club, Buffalo; Washington Gun Club, Buffalo; Central City Sportsmen's Club, Syracuse; Central Gun Club, Troy; Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, Syracuse; Onondaga County Fishing Club, Syracuse; Seneca Gun Club, Seneca Falls; Nonparrel Sportsmen's Club, Rochester; Lewis County Sportsmen's Club, Lowville; Garden City Gun Club, Henipstead; Livingston Sportsmen's Association, Genesee; Anduhon Club, Buffalo; Falcon Gun Club, New York; East Buffalo Shooting Club, East Buffalo.

After a tenor solo, "The Standard Watch," by Mr. Fred. Harvey, of the Fountain Glee Club, and the rendering of a song, "Toasi," by that club, the follow ng new clubs were admitted to membership in the State Association: Ganu and Fish Protective Association, of Richmond County, Staten Island; Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, Brooklyu; Prospect Gun Club, Brooklyu; Eastchester Gun Club, of Westchester; First German Gun Club, New York City.

The essay prepared by Gaston Pay was then read by Mr. F. K. Castner, of the Nonparrel Sporting Club. It is printed in another column. At the conclusion of this reading and after the singing of "The Loyal 8," by the Washington Glee Club and a tenor solo, "Dixie's Thou But Know," by Mr. Fred. Harvey, it was voted, because of the lateness of the hour, to suspend all the remainder of the programme except the necessary business. For the next convention the three places named were Niagara Falls, Danville and Lyons. Horace Salsby, of Seneca Falls, and Dr. E. L. Sargent, of Watertown, were appointed tellers of the election and, on informal ballot, the following result was obtained: Niagara Falls, eighty-four; Danville, seventy-nine, and Lyons nineteen, which were withdrawn. On the formal ballot the vote was announced: Niagara Falls, eighty-eight and Danville eighty-seven. The convention will therefore assemble at Niagara Falls the coming year. The meeting then adjourned to a sumptuous collation, when the scintillations of wit, brilliant repartee and jovial merrymaking were prolonged to a late hour, even for Conny Island.

The adjourned meeting of the association was held at the Hotel Brighton, Tuesday evening, Mr. John B. Sage, in the chair. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Babcock, was read and showed a balance of \$215 86 in the treasury. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Mr. Sheldon T. Murray, of the Niagara Falls Shooting Club; First Vice-President, Mr. Robert Robinson, of the Long Island Shooting Club; Second Vice-President, Captain W. L. B. Steers, of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club; Recording Secretary, Mr. John B. Sage, of the Forrester Club, Buffalo; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. William Pool, of the Niagara Falls Shooting Club, and Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Babcock, of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Association, of Rochester. The Southern Ulster County Club was admitted to membership of the association.

The retiring President, Mr. Abel Crook, and the various committees of the present convention were tendered a vote of thanks for the able manner in which they had conducted their duties. A motion was made that the number of birds to be shot at in the coming matches should be reduced to seven, but it was decided to leave it to the judgment of the officers of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

Mr. M. A. Stearns, of Rochester, gave notice that at the proper time he would lay a resolution before the Standing Committee to the effect that any man who should challenge a man for unfair loading, without proper evidence, should be well punished for the offense.

A resolution was offered to the effect that as Mr. Bergh was endeavoring to get a bill passed to prohibit trap shooting in this State, the members of the different clubs request their members of the Legislature to oppose any such bill, but before any action was taken the meeting adjourned to meet Thursday evening to discuss the game laws. The Driving Park is easy of access from Hotel Brighton, and handsomely decorated for the occasion. Prominent among the well equipped tents are the Long Island Sportsmen's Association large three-pole tent, fully eighty feet long; Phoenix Gun Club of Seneca Falls; the Monroe County Club and Rochester Gun Club, both of Rochester; the Audubon Club of Buffalo, the Spencer Club of Lyons, the Dean Richmond Club of Batavia, the Onondaga County Club of Syracuse, Seneca Gun Club of Seneca Falls, East Buffalo Shooting Club and the Forrester Club of Buffalo.

Unfortunately a sad scene occurred on Tuesday evening in the destruction by fire of the tent of the Monroe County and Rochester Gun Clubs, containing several valuable guns with their equipments as well as the stores and supplies belonging to the members. This is the first accident of the kind that has ever occurred in the history of the organization. The official list of scores will be published in the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.

AS soon as it was announced that the Governor had signed amendments to the game law we telegraphed and wrote to Albany a copy of the same. In response we received from a prominent member of the Assembly the bill already published. A telegram just at hand now informs us that the bill signed by Governor Cornell was one referring to fish only, and that he refuses to sign the one which we published upon the strength of the representations made to us by the members of the Assembly referred to.

The law respecting game will therefore remain the same that was in force last year.

We regret exceedingly that we and our readers should have been mis-informed.

A BARGAIN IN RIFLES.—We call special attention to the card of Messrs. William Read & Sons, of Boston, Mass. They offer a real bargain in rifles, and purchasers should avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a good arm at a low figure. The firm are thoroughly reliable and their representations are to be accepted as square.

See adv. of large sale of Archery Goods at Auction on Friday, June 24.

THE GAME BIRDS OF LONG ISLAND.

(Delivered before the New York State Association of Sportsmen at their Twenty-third Annual Convention, Coney Island, N. Y., June 20, 1891.)

THE occasion that has called us together, is one of momentous interest not only to us individually, but to the people at large. Our main object and primary aim is to examine into, and recommend the best measure for the preservation of the game of our island, that of late years has been so ruthlessly destroyed; and if some adequate check is not put upon this wanton and reckless destruction, the time is not far distant when many species of game will be exterminated. Our efforts to protect our game birds from extermination by securing the enactment of proper, concise and stringent laws to that end, will ensue more than one purpose; not only will it protect our game from needless destruction, and allow their decimated ranks to recuperate by natural causes, so that the true sportsman may in the near future be enabled to find in plenty what he now so often seeks in vain, but it will do far more practical good in its benefits to the agriculturist, and the protector of his crops, than it will do against the heartless and wanton destruction of the smaller birds, so many of which, living more or less upon insect life, keep in check the ravages of these silent and voracious pests.

All tribes of animal life were created to subsist upon some other, thus to keep in check their otherwise too rapid increase; this is seen even from the highest form of animal to the lowest form of insect life. No insect so minute but some other tribe of insects are their foes, and subsist upon them, another tribe on them, and on so forth. Were it not for this wise provision of nature, the earth would be over-run with insect life. It is here that the usefulness and necessity of birds are most apparent. It is well known to all who have made the subject a study, how much the agriculturist is indebted to the feathered tribe for the good they subserv by keeping in check the ravages of insects. Why, a single pair of insectivorous birds no larger than a common sparrow, will destroy more obnoxious insects in a day than any man. Have you ever stood and watched our little nuthatch, titmouse or creeper, hopping from twig to twig, prying into every crevice, with its sharp and pointed bill picking out even the minutest egg of insect life, examining every leaf and twig and seizing its insect prey with amazing dexterity; restless, ever on the move, doing a better day's work for the farmer than any of the most ablest man he hires; and yet these little benefactors to man are nearly all shot down by any ignorant lad who is enabled to gain the use of a rusty gun. I would not so deprecate the name as to call him a sportsman, this merciless destroyer, who kills at random everything that is clothed with feathers, killing perhaps in one day's shooting the authors of more substantial good to the country at large; more good in many places, than he himself ever confers upon his country, society or himself.

As an illustration of the inestimable value of birds in destroying insect life, a better perhaps could not be offered than that of the introduced European sparrow. Most of you will doubtless remember, before the introduction of these birds, that the maple trees in our streets were infested by a measure worm, the larvæ of a delicate white moth—the *Ennomus subsignaria*; these worms were so exceedingly numerous and annoying that no one could pass under any trees on which they were wont to hang, without being stung in the flesh, or attaching themselves to some part of the clothing, besides this they stripped these beautiful trees of every vestige of verdure, in many cases destroying them; yet as soon as the noisy and pigeonicous house sparrow was introduced, so rapidly were they exterminated that now not a single one can be found on any of our shade trees.

It is true that many birds are very destructive to the agricultural interests, these are chiefly confined to the gregarious or sedentary birds, though a few omnivorous ones do their share of destruction. Foremost of those most destructive is the well-known boblink—*Dolichopus virginicus*; the rice or reed bird of the Southern States. In the North they commit considerable havoc in the cornfields, and in the South the spring wheat and barley, and later the rice fields suffer immeasurably by this depredator.

Another great enemy to our cornfields is the red-winged blackbird—*Agelaius phoeniceus*. So well known is his character that in many districts he is called the corn or maize thief. But whilst a few species are enemies to the farmer, by far the larger portion are his friends.

It is chiefly to the insectivorous birds that we must look for protection from the depredations of insects, and by reason of the incalculable blessing they are to the agriculturist, and the rich and varied melody nature has endowed so many of these species with, they well deserve the most careful care. A number of the species belonging to the following families or genera should ever be wautonly destroyed:

None of the Sialia or bluebirds, none of the Sylviidae or warblers, a large family of strictly insectivorous birds; none of the Paridae or Titmice, or the Certhiidae or creepers; none of the Vireos or greenlets, or the Sittidae or nuthatch; none of the Tyrannidae or fly-catchers, or the Progotyidae, wrens; none of the Picidae or woodpeckers; none of the Caprimulgidae night hawks, and none of the Hirundinidae or swallows.

All the species belonging to these groups are highly beneficial to man, and include the main body of our strictly insectivorous birds.

Quite a number of families of omnivorous birds are equally worthy of our protection, in recompense for the good they conserve in keeping in check insects, and without their aid into consideration their melody. The chief are to be found in families: Merulidae—Thrushes; Icterine—Hairy-nests and Tanagers.

Now, by well-defined protective laws such, as your Association desire to have enacted, you would not only restore the decimated game, but also be the means of protecting our useful birds from wanton destruction. From a long residence in your fair, and intimate acquaintance with the western section of our island, I am fully aware how not only our game has been thinned out, but also our small birds. The time was, when it was the boast of the Long Islander that his favored Island was frequented by a larger number of species of the feathered tribe than any locality in our wide domain; for, independent of the large number of species, either resident here or always to be found during some part of the year, its position being so favorable, and its climate visited by many species whose southern home was the Gulf of States or the Atlantic sea-board; besides this, species belonging to the inhospitable regions of the far North often found their way to our more congenial shores; these circumstances always rendered the Fauna of Long Island, particularly favored as to birds. But how is it now? Large tracts

hitherto melodious with the song of birds are now comparatively silent. Every half-grown boy who can either buy, beg, borrow or steal a gun, new or old, bright or rusty, musket or fowling-piece, rushes out to the fields, woods or shore, and pops away at the consequence, driving away what he fails to kill. Such marauders should be summarily dealt with, through the agency of stringent laws, and no one individual, or body of men, are and should be more interested in the faithful carrying out of those protective laws than the real sportsmen of the country.

Nor is all the wanton destruction of birds to be hid at the door of the youth of our cities; for it is a well-known fact that there are many persons of the consequence, driving a practice during the breeding season of robbing the nests of our Grallatorial or Wading Birds, for the pittance they receive from the sale of the eggs thus gathered. By this wanton destruction the Clapper Rail or Mud-Hen—*Rallus crepitans*, has particularly suffered; cases are known where a single egg hunter has taken 100 doz. eggs of this bird in a single day; this, though true, is an unusual number, and occurred where the birds were very numerous.

The robbing of birds' nests prevails to a great extent right in our midst, in our own beautiful Park, within whose precincts we would think the feathered tribe would be secure; the practice of robbing the birds of their eggs is alarmingly on the increase, despite the printed rules and regulations posted on every hand. Were a few examples made of these depredators, no doubt it would exert a salutary influence in deterring others from committing like offense.

But a few years ago how different were our woods and fields to what they are now. How well do I remember when the western end of our Island, during the vernal season, was musical with countless songsters, and our coast in the proper season prolific with Snipe, Fern, Ducks and other water-fowl.

When the shrill cry of the beautiful Blue Jay—*Cyanus cristatus*, could be heard in every wood. When our well known friend the Quail—*Ortyx virginianus*, was everywhere abundant, and his familiar "bob-white" could be heard on every head. When the spotted breasted Wood Thrush—*Turdus muscivorus*, uttered his brief but sweetly melancholy note in every deep wood. When the ventricose, the Yellow-breasted Chat—*Icteria virens*, was one of our commonest, and the gay and the Scarlet Tanager—*Picromisoma rubra*, in his bright plumage, flitted through the green trees, and the sprightly and red-plumaged Seto-plungia ruticilla, with his orange and black plumage, darted from twig to twig in search of his favorite food. When not even a catbird or alder bush, even in our suburban districts, was the refuge and hiding place of such tiny choristers as the Yellow Throat and Summer Yellow Warblers—*Sylvania flavicollis* and *estiva*. We could no longer find where the Black-bellied Plover—*Charadrius arcticus*, was not seen, or their loud whistling note not heard. Now, I would ask how many fields of this character might be gone over in vain for them? During the season now passed, I have walked miles through woods and fields, sometimes without seeing or hearing even the commonest Finch.

Of the Rarioral Birds, comprising the true Game Birds, our Island has but a scanty number, one of the first family, that of *P. vonida*, but two species are natives of the United States, the Melegris galloway or Wild Turkey, and the Melegris Mexicanus or Mexican Wild Turkey, neither of which are found on the Island.

Of family Tetraonidae—Partridges and Grouse, but two species are known on the Island; these are the Pinnated Grouse—*Tetrao capillo*, commonly known as the South Sea, and *Ortyx virginianus*—the Quail, our old friend Bob White.

The Pinnated Grouse or Heath-hen has from time immemorial been peculiarly associated with the vast barren plains of Long Island, extending a length of over 40 miles, and a width of 6 or 7; in other words, embracing the section of the Island from Hempstead to Shinnecock Bay; and although laws have been in existence from an early date with the object of protection to this bird in particular, still such laws have been so openly violated or evaded, that their complete extinction from our fauna, must soon surely be realized, if more energetic measures are not instituted and carried out to protect them. The first law passed by the State Legislature to protect these birds, was that introduced by Mr. Cornelius J. Bogert, a Member of Assembly from the City of New York, in 1841.

That statute declares among other things, that "the person who shall kill any Heath-hen within the counties of Suffolk and Queens, between the 1st day of April and the 5th day of October, shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of two dollars and a half, to be recovered, with costs of suit, by any person who shall prosecute for the same, before any Justice of the Peace, in either of the counties aforesaid, or half to be paid to the plaintiff, and the other half to the owners of the poor; and if any Heath-hen, so killed, shall be found in the possession of any person, he shall be deemed guilty of the offence, and suffer the penalty. But it is provided, that no defendant shall be convicted, unless the action shall be brought within three months after the violation of the law."

The Quail or Partridge—*Ortyx virginianus*, was at one period quite common throughout the Island; its well known and familiar call of Bob White is universally known, but the persecution they have suffered has so thinned them out, that in many districts its cheery voice is but seldom heard, but not content with striving to exterminate them by the gun, it has become a common practice to take them alive in traps, made of sticks or laths and a common figure-four trigger; to show how they have been destroyed, and how their present range has been restricted, I can well remember the time when I have repeatedly found their nests where the site of the present Prospect Park is, and it is needless to say how many fields or woods you would necessarily have to pass over now, in order to find one.

In Family Columbidae—Pigeons, we have two species found on the Island, and both well known, the European Rock Dove, or Passenger Pigeon, and the Ecotopis—carolinensis, the Carolina Pigeon or Turtle Dove. Of the Passenger Pigeon we may say, but a few stragglers comparatively are seen on our island, when we take into consideration the vast numbers that every year congregate in our Western States. So, too, with the Turtle Dove, their singular mournful note seldom falls upon our ear, and except at the period of migration are seldom seen in larger numbers than three or four together.

One of the main causes of the death of game on the Island is the wholesale slaughter carried out by those people on the shore, who make a living by acting as guides to our sportsmen, and let out batteries and decoys through whose use large quantities of water-fowl are annually destroyed. No shore in the whole Union is naturally richer in (in-

terioral and Natorial Birds than the bays and inlets of our favored Island, and on account of its proximity to our large cities, no locality has suffered greater from the abuses we complain of than this.

With a view to more fully illustrate our subject, it will not be out of place to briefly review the Water Birds that are to be found upon the shores of our island, some of which are, however, now but occasionally seen.

It is in the Order Gallatorial, or Waders, that the sportsman finds a large part of his favorite Game, for in these are included the Herons, Egrets, Bitterns, Rails, Snipe, Woodcock, Sandpipers, Gadwall, Curlews and Plovers.

In the first Family, Ardeidae—Herons, we find our well known Green Heron or Green Bittern—*Ardea virescens*, known by every gunner by an unutterable name.

The *Ardea Herodias*—Great Heron and Egret—Great White Heron, are rare on our coast. The *Nycticorax nycticorax*—the Night Heron, or Quail Bird—is occasionally found.

The last in this Family is the *Botaurus Inianus*—the American Bittern, called by some the Indian Hen and by others the Kuckadoo.

The next Family is the Rallidae—Ralls. In genus *Rallus* we have the *Rallus virginianus*, or Virginia Rail; the *Rallus crepitans*, or clapper rail, and the *Crex carolinus*, or Sora Rail. The flesh of the latter is peculiarly delicious and furnishes the gunner excellent sport in attempting to follow this noble-footed bird.

The family Scolopacidae embraces the Sandpipers and Snipe. In this family is the best known and most sought after of all the Game Birds of our Island, the American Woodcock—*Scolopax minor*.

The most numerous, perhaps, of all the family is the *Scolopax Orison*, or Red-breasted Snipe; its flesh is held in high esteem, is a favorite with the sportsman and great numbers are annually killed. The *Scolopax Wilsonii*, commonly called the English Snipe, is also much sought after. The Great Marbled Godwit—*Limosa fedos*—known to the many sportsmen as the straight-billed Curlew and the Red Curlew, is not as numerous as the Short-billed Curlew, its favorite associate.

Of the Sandpipers the following are found on our shores: The *Tringa sandipes*—the Semipalmated Sandpiper or Willet; the *Tringa littoralis*—*Tringa minutilla*, the Red-backed Sandpiper—*Tringa alpina*; and the Ash-colored Sandpiper—*Tringa canutus*. Of the Plovers, the Ringed or Piping Plover—*Charadrius melodus*—and the Killdeer—*Charadrius vociferans*—are perhaps the best known. The other species are Golden Plover—*Charadrius virginianus*; Wilson's Plover—*Wilsonia*; and the Sandpiper—*Callidris arenaria*. Our review of the Long Island Gallatorial closes with the Long-billed Curlew—*Numenius longirostris*, and the Short-billed—*Numenius borealis*—both well known to our gunners. Space will not permit to mention all our Gallatorial, but the foregoing includes the greater portion.

The last Order, called Natorales, or Swimming Birds, we must confine our remarks to the most conspicuous family—that of the Anasidae, embracing the Geese and Ducks.

In the first sub-family, the Anserine, is the well known Canada or Wild Goose—*Anser canadensis*; the Snow Goose—*Anser hyperboreus*, is rare on the Island. The last is the Brant—*Bernida brenta*.

The next sub-family are the Anatine or River Ducks; we have species belonging to three genera, *Mareca*—*Widgeon*; *Dendrocygna*—*Trogon*, and *Anas*—*Typical River Ducks*. The *Anas boschas*—the American Widgeon, better known as the Baldpate, is one of our well-known Ducks whose flesh is highly esteemed.

The *Dendrocygna sponsa*—*Summer or Wood Duck*, the most beautiful of all our water birds, is now rare on our coast.

The *Shoveller*—*Anas platyrhynchos*, is held in high esteem for the table.

The *Dusky Duck*—*Boschas olivacea*, more commonly known as the Black Duck, is one of our common Ducks, but its flesh is much inferior to the Mallard, Canvas Back and others.

The *Blue-winged Teal*—*Boschas discors*, are highly esteemed as an article of food; these birds are easily taken in hollow traps with the common device, a figure four.

The *Green-winged Teal*—*Boschas palustris*, a common and well-known species, whose flesh is excellent.

The *Mallard*—*Boschas major*, ranks next to the Canvas-back and Red-head for the excellency of its flesh and food.

The *Pintail Duck*—*Dadila cana*, or as it is sometimes called the Sprig-tail, this bird is highly esteemed by epicures. The *Gadwall*—*Chaulioides strepera*, closes our river Ducks. We now come to the Fuliginifera, or Scaup Ducks, comprising five genera, as follows: *Oxyechus*, or Eider Duck; *Idemia*, or Scoter; *Fuligula*, or Pochard, Clangula or Golden Eyes and *Harelda* or Long Tails.

The *Eider Duck*—*Somateria mollissima*, is noted for the softness, elasticity and warmth of their down, in that respect excelling all other Ducks; their flesh however is inferior.

The *King Duck*—*Somateria spectabilis*, is now quite rare. The *Scoter Duck*—*Oxyechus*, little esteemed.

The *Yellow Duck*—*Oidemia fuscus*, of similar habits to the Scoter, and on account of associating with it often mistaken for it by some sportsmen.

The *Black or Surf Duck*—*Oidemia perspicillata*; the flesh of this species is coarse and strong.

The *Scamp Duck* or *Blue-bill*—*Fuligula marilla*, and the *Pied Duck*—*Fuligula laboradora*, are both considered poor as articles of food.

The *Red-winged Duck*—*Fuligula ferina*, is second only to the Canvas-back in its excellency as food.

The *Ruddy Duck*—*Fuligula rubra*, and *Tufted Duck*—*Fuligula ultramarina*, are both rare on the Island.

The *Butter-bellied Duck*—*Clangula albe-lata*, better known as the *Butter-box* or *Butter-bill*, though often fat and plump, is not held in as high esteem as many other species.

The *Harlequin Duck*—*Clangula harlequinica*, commonly known as the *Lord*, is in plumage the most striking and remarkable of all; the grotesqueness and oddity of its markings suggested its name. Its flesh is considered excellent. It is one of our rarest species.

The *Harlequin Gull*—*Clangula vulgaris*, is inferior for the table.

The *Long-tailed Duck*—*Clangula longirostris*, better known as the *Old Duck* or *South Southerly*, is common, but little esteemed for the table.

The last of the Anatidae are the *Merganina*—*Mergansers*, all four species of which belong to the *Fama* of Long Island. The time was when the *Hooded Merganser*—*Mergus cucullatus*, with his beautiful black and white crest, forming when erected the segment of a circle, and its congener, the *Red-breasted Merganser*—*Mergus serrator*, with its long pen-

“WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?”

(Delivered before the New York State Association of Sportsmen at their Twenty-third Annual Convention, Coney Island, N. Y., June 20, 1881.)

THE following incident will serve to illustrate and introduce the subject matter of this paper.

A sportsman whom I will designate by the letter X, is the owner of a large tract of land which he uses as a preserve for Game. To this end he has stocked it with a quantity of quail, rabbits, etc. For the protection of the first he has constructed places of shelter, where in severe weather they seek refuge and are fed liberally with grain. A man of means, he has appeared no expense to attain successful results, and he is prepared to watch and protect his game, and in the season is rewarded with ample sport for himself and his friends. It is unnecessary to add that he is by no means a popular personage in the neighborhood. His trials and tribulations are many; but he is firm in his purpose to thoroughly test the possibility of enforcing on his own land, laws which he has formed, and are fed liberally with grain in the country at large. His property is posted with notices, forbidding trespassers, and while he is aware that his losses by poaching are enormous he is encouraged to continue the experiment.

His experience is a varied one, and he is constantly confronted with troublesome characters, who look with scorn upon his efforts to do as he wishes with his own.

A couple of years since, on a certain day in September he was startled by the rapid discharge of guns, at no great distance from his residence.

He sallied out, and, hurrying in the direction of the firing, he soon came up with an individual who assisted by two superbly broken pointers was flushing and killing the half-grown quail.

He discovered the gunner to be a stout, thick-set person, with heavy black mustaches, and his garments were of the latest sporting fashion, and he carried a gun of the most expensive and modern build.

“What do you mean,” says X—, “by killing birds out of season, and on my land?”

“All right, boss,” says the fellow, “there’s nothin’ mean about me.”

“How many birds have you killed?” says X—.

The gunner, no wise disconcerted, thrust his hands into his pockets, and one after another drew out twenty partly grown quail.

“You have killed just one hundred dollars worth,” says X—.

“All right, boss,” says the gunner, whereupon he produced a Russian leather wallet, and, abstracting five twenty dollar bills, he handed them to X—.

“I have no right to take your money,” says the talker, “you must settle this with the Court.”

“Now see here, boss,” says the fellow, “I’m a plumber by trade, I am, and when other gentlemen kin be out a shootin’, I’ve got to be at work a fixin’ their plumbin’;” and says he, “I like a day’s shootin’ as well as the next man, and I expect to pay.”

At the mention of the word plumbing, X—’s hair fairly stood on end. The owner of much city property, his life had been made utterly wretched by his encounters with the members of that profitable branch of trade. The confession of the gunner quite demoralized him, so he pondered for a moment and then said to the fellow, “Come with me.”

In company they returned to X—’s residence. He led the plumber to a room, and there produced some brandy, of which his prisoner swallowed a bumper.

“Now my friend,” says X—, pointing out of the window, “do you see that road? Well, it leads directly to the railroad station. You start as quickly as you can, and don’t you stop until you reach it. Do as I tell you, and I will not proceed against you. I have met men of your trade before.”

“All right, boss,” says the fellow, “you’ve treated me like a gentleman, and I kin do anything for you in my line, here’s my card. It bore the following legend.”

Y—Z— & CO.
PLUMBING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Owners of the Patent Reversible and Anti-corrosive Tr. p.
CHARGES MODERATE.

With us, where we have few men of leisure, those who are fond of sport must indulge their fancy when it shall not interfere with their business pursuits.

We see this exemplified in the case of the sporting plumber. The open season is to him one when the exigencies of trade demand that he shall prey upon his fellow men. As expense is no object compared to the pleasures of a day’s shooting, he does it at the risk of coming in conflict with the law. The chance of a good catch, and the possibility of a fine, if an encounter does not disturb his serenity. The combination of sport and business is not a happy one, and our necessity of combining the two goes very far toward increasing the difficulties of an exact enforcement of the game laws. Moreover, men whose moments of recreation are few, and whose shooting days must be limited in number, are the cause of the demoralization of the professional gunners when they employ. To secure the greatest number of birds in the shortest space of time, they urge those men to acts which they know to be utterly destructive and ruinous.

In other countries there is an *esprit du corps* among sportsmen, entirely wanting with us, and which it is possible can never be established.

Not long since a reporter of one of the morning papers, visited the little hamlet near which I reside, to inquire into

the causes of the rapid disappearance of wild fowl from the bay in our front. To assist him in his investigations I collected at my house the professional gunners of the neighborhood. These men, though daily violators of the game laws, had no hesitation in acknowledging the fact, and in giving their reasons for so doing.

All were agreed that if the laws for the protection of game could be enforced it would result in vast benefit to themselves but so long as one violated the game with impunity, the others should not refrain from so doing. Moreover, it was understood that one could not be induced to bear witness against the other. All asserted that their necessities forced them to yield to the solicitations of the sportsmen who employed them, in the use of devices and unfair advantages which were ruinous and fatal. Moreover, they were frank to confess that among those who urged them to violations of the game laws in the matter of wild fowl, were many who confessed themselves to be members of sportsmen's associations. Indeed, the latter must be exceptionally conscientious who can resist the allurements of ducking ducks and wild geese, and abstain from shooting at fowl from a boat while under-way.

The reporter, at the conclusion of his interview with these gunners, came to the conclusion that to enforce the game laws it would be necessary to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and put the country under martial law, and even under martial law the game laws are rigidly enforced and effectively sustained. Our minor judicial officers being objective, their sympathies are in harmony with the prevailing popular sentiments of their particular districts; with them it is merely a question of securing the greatest number of votes.

What shall be thought of a justice of the peace who encourages lads to snare quail which he is a purchaser for the market. He is certainly not the man to punish violators of the game laws. Yet just such functionaries hold sway in many localities. Other ineffectual ends of the office cannot distinguish one bird in another. I have in my possession a legal paper prepared by one of these officials, who speaks of a gun as "sle," that weapon having in his eyes no other attribute than as an expression of his opinion of the qualities of the gentler sex.

As to game constables, they are but another spoke in the wheel. So far as the protection of which they are created is concerned, they are utterly worthless. These professional gunners and habitual violators of the game laws. They certainly do not propose to complicate their domestic affairs for the sake of a form of animal life which in their opinion has nothing in common with their own sensitive and superior natures.

It is my fortune to be so situated as to have peculiar facilities for observing the effects of the non-enforcement of the laws enacted for the protection of wild fowl. From the windows of my residence I may, with a glass, sweep an extended line of seidge. By this means, and from a constant practical experience as a sportsman, I am enabled to watch the rapid decline of the shooting privileges in the bay in my front. This body of water, situated on the east end of Long Island, was once the haunt of scumey's inexhaustible supplies of wild fowl. In the winter of 1870-71, the number of birds returning in each recurring season. To-day it is not worth the necessary exertion to secure a few birds. Now and again from being constantly on the ground a comparatively good day's sport may be secured; but the visitor from the city whose time is limited has but small chance of enjoying the same.

Had an intelligent system been inaugurated to preserve and protect the fowl on this great body of water, for generations to come it might have afforded a source of enjoyment and pleasure. Instead of this the most destructive devices have been used. The geese and ducks are fire lighted and dusked, and no sooner do a few birds settle on the water than a boat pursues them. It is a popular fallacy that cat-pot stakes and fishing boats keep the birds from off their feeding grounds. This is a mistake, for they soon learn to disregard all which does not inflict injury upon them. The abundance of this locality may be entirely attributed to the night attacks made upon them. Ordinary shooting over days from meadow points would have had no appreciable effect in diminishing their numbers. In addition, the killing of migrating wild fowl in the spring of the year is a potent factor in their coming annihilation. Could they be allowed to remain undisturbed during the season of the year, they would return to us in the autumn in vastly augmented numbers, and with less fear of the decoy.

The question may be asked—Why not make an effort to enforce the game laws on these waters? It cannot be done except by the establishment of patrol boats manned by men strangers to the locality, well paid and earnest in their efforts. If such a system could be devised and put under the care of efficient persons it is possible that the warden and fatal destruction of wild fowl might be checked and they in turn return to us with their former profusion. Unless some thing of this nature be done, and that quickly, the once-thriving waters of Long Island will be entirely deserted by their feathered inhabitants.

To protect the upland birds a system of patrol by non-political officers would resore to the sportsmen of New York one of the finest shooting grounds of the world. There is land enough and to spare—no end of shelter and food. All that is required is an intelligent system of protection for the birds. Such a system may be done, and that quickly, the once-thriving waters of Long Island will be entirely deserted by their feathered inhabitants.

The question for sportsmen to consider is, "What are you going to do about it?"

GASTON FAX.

SOUTH AMINGTON, Mass., has a first class sportsman's club of forty members, and not counting. We have just joined the Massachusetts State Game Ball Association, and are going to work and do what we can to protect the game birds in our vicinity, as they need looking after badly.—C. F. C.

MOSQUITOES.—I am a veteran squirrel hunter, but as yet I have never been able to conquer the myriads of mosquitoes that infest the woods, and hunt you while you hunt the squir-

rel. Will someone be kind enough to give a good receipt in the FOREST AND STREAM that will cause the pests to keep their distance?—W. C.

MR. CROOK TO MR. BERGH.

The following letter has been published: New York, June 16, 1881.

Henry Bergh, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to certain squibs in some of the daily papers to the effect that, as the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, you had asserted your intention to break up the tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to be held at Coney Island, commencing next Tuesday, and that I, a President of the last named organization, had returned the compliment by threatening to cause your arrest. I desire explicitly to deny that any such action has ever been contemplated upon my part. Had we the advantage of personal acquaintance with each other, such an unfortunate rumor could not have found its way into print. The association which I represent is largely composed of the most influential citizens of this State, embracing many who have honorably held seats in the State and National Legislatures and in the executive chair, and who including the representative business men of the several cities, towns and hamlets in this State, and also those who have been foremost in concerted efforts not only to protect but to propagate and cultivate fish and game. That such gentlemen should be classed with the cock-fighter and dog-fighter is neither just nor creditable to the person invoking such charge.

Nothing will afford me or the association which I represent greater pleasure than to assist your society in preventing anything which shall bear the resemblance of cruelty. The suggestion accorded to you to the effect that birds were to be drugged or mutilated could only originate in ignorance of the character, customs and purposes of the State organization. I assure you that due courtesy will be shown you and all others who may attend the tournament, and that nothing shall occur in any wise warranting any unfavorable criticism of our proceedings, and that the members of the association will pay you the most ready assistance in the humane work in which you are engaged. Respectfully, etc.,

ABEL CROOK.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 14.

THE FOREST AND STREAM comes to us this week fresh with news and interest from the river and ocean. It seems as though your paper improves with every issue. The growth and late est in sporting matters in this city furnishes a good illustration of the value and influence of a good sportsman's paper. Only a few years ago, a group of half a dozen enthusiastic sportsmen met and organized the first sportsmen's association in Western Pennsylvania, selecting Robert Dalzell, Esq., as President. I refer to the "Sportsmen's Association of Western Pennsylvania." At the time the organization was formed the directors rented a small back room on Fourth avenue, second floor, and placed on file the FOREST AND STREAM. The meetings at first were not well attended except for the purpose of reading your paper. For several years it seemed as though the success of the enterprise was doubtful; but the interest awakened by news from all parts of the country so increased the interest that the number of members was doubled and trebled and quadrupled, till larger rooms were necessary, and the association removed to No. 39 Fifth avenue. Here the association still doubled and quadrupled in membership until still larger rooms were necessary, and the association secured a long lease on the building they now occupy, No. 75 Fifth avenue, where they have fitted up apartments at a cost of over \$11,000, and the membership now includes nearly 300 of the best names in this city.

A few years since the organization of this association, the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association was organized, and it now has a membership of over one hundred. The interest awakened by these two associations occasioned the organization of smaller associations in nearly all the counties throughout the western part of this State, and finally to the organization of the Pennsylvania "State Association," an association composed of representatives from all the regularly organized associations in the State. Through the influence of the State Association, such legislation has been secured as protects all game and song birds, as well as game and game fishes, and this protection has become so complete that it is now decidedly healthy for any one in the State to kill game or take fish out of season.

The high character of the gentlemen enrolled as members in this association have entirely changed the term "sporting man" into "sportsman," and has made shooting a recreation and pastime for professional men and over-worked business men. With this change came a demand for finer weapons than were previously used, and this demand became so great that, in May, 1878, the firm of J. Palmer O'Neil & Co. was organized, and became at once importers of fine guns and fine goods in every variety. This firm is now agent in the United States for the Westley Richards' hammerless guns.

The spring contest of the Allegheny Association was duly reported in your columns. The contest of the Western Pennsylvania Association was postponed on account of scarcity of birds. The contest will, however, take place on Thursday, June 21, at Bridgeville, about eleven miles from this city.

REPORTER.

INFORMATION WANTED.—I desire to learn of some point in the Adirondacks, within say thirty miles of rail connections, St. Regis region preferred, where good hotel or private family accommodations can be obtained for invalid ladies, not sick ones, at prices from \$7 to \$10 per week each. Three in party and length of stay from three months to a year. Address F. E. H., Oswego, N. Y.

DEFERRED.—We are obliged to defer a number of communications until next week. We beg the indulgence of correspondents whose communications should have appeared with this issue.

See notice elsewhere of New York game law.

Dolabed Shooting Suits. Uphregrave & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

Table with 2 columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species such as Brook Trout, Striped Bass, and Weakfish.

Fishermen never lose the love for the employment. And it is notably true that the men who fish for a living love their work quite as much as those who fish for pleasure love their sport. Find an old fisherman if you can, in any sea-shore town, who does not enjoy his fishing. There are days, without doubt, when he does not care to go out, when he would rather than spend his time with something of pay as he bats his book for another. Could you gather the words that he has in many years hung on the sea winds, you would have a history of his life and adventures, mingled with very much of his most thinking, for he tells much to the sea and to the fish that he would never whisper in human ears. Thus the habit of going a-fishing always modifies the character.—W. C. PRIME.

GAME FISHES IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE moment the Afrite in Arabian fable had revealed to the fisherman the lake of white, red, blue and yellow fishes, the secret was locked up in his selfish bosom until he had enriched himself. But times have changed, and men have grown more generous since then. Now, when a fisherman discovers a good place to fish and his cup of joy is brimful and bubbling over, a mysterious something woe him entirely away from self and compels him to share the knowledge with lovers of the sport all over the country.

A good geni reminds me that a word in season is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and then intimates that the fishing grounds of Greenbrier County, West Virginia, deserve more than the ordinary notice of the FOREST AND STREAM. I shall only speak of the southeastern or mountain district of our State, and leave the fishing grounds of other sections to the guardianship of other writers. Greenbrier County can boast of one of the most popular summer resorts in America, with plenty of game fish almost at its doors, and will be hailed as a well-spring of happiness by those who come to West Virginia for recreation.

Arway out here, in the very heart of the blue Alleghenies, the angler finds an abundance of black bass and mountain trout, and our waters afford as much amusement as any lake or river that ripples beneath the influence of these columns. Those of my readers, if I have any who love

To cast the line and draw the prey From the clear ripples where they play.

may spend the season at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs and devote as they choose to this most delightful of all the pastimes. One peep into this elysium of the angler and the tourist is fascinated forever, and a bird's-eye view of the United States will explain why this is so. The peaks of the Allegheny and Roeky Mountain ranges resemble the tents of two opposing armies pitched on either side of a mighty plain, and West Virginia lies in the very midst of the eastern encampment. Of course we have the peaks, but this is founded on a high and noble mountain, a feast of beauty and song, and a limitless display of infinite wisdom to satisfy the cravings of the mind and soul of any man.

Twenty-five miles west of the Springs the "Clear Creeks" sparkle and dance in the valleys of the Sewells like wavy threads of burnished silver, and the local fame of these two little streams is justly deserved. Their crystal depths are clink full of the finest silver-finned minnows and mad minnows, a feast of beauty and song, and a limitless display of infinite wisdom to satisfy the cravings of the mind and soul of any man.

About six years ago Major J. W. Harris, of our State Fish Commission, made a successful "plant" of black bass at different points in Greenbrier River, and the increase has been astonishingly rapid ever since. Not one out of a thousand has been captured with the ordinary hook and line. Hardly a dozen persons out here have taken even the introductory in the science of surface-fishing, and the art of throwing a fly down the throat of a wily bass the first clip and the fish thirty feet away at the bottom of the river is a little more of mystery than the masses can unravel and properly reel in.

The Greenbrier is only six miles from the Springs and, as the angler wades or floats around when the "delicious" fly has its trembling life of snow above the water, dreamily," his "leg is benumbed in by rugged hills and lofty mountains, forming in Nature's gallery a picture of the tenderest beauty and widest sublimity. No wonder the heart thumps hard and fast against the ribs! The river is found to have a rocky bottom and plenty of shoals, with a width of from twenty-five to 300 yards and a depth of from two inches to thirty feet. A more natural habitat for black bass does not exist in America, and any point along the river from its source in Pocahontas County to its mouth in Summers County, is a good place to fish. At present we enumerate the fish by scores of thousands, but in a little while millions will feel

right at home in the limpid waters of this little mountain stream.

I would like to give the reader a faint conception of one of our trips, for many of my happiest hours are spent in fishing for bass. The facts shall be given as a warp, but the woof of fancy must be interwoven by the reader.

A party of us take an early start for "Caldwell's Dam," five miles from Lewisburg, and enjoy all the pleasures incident to a day's recreation on the water. Hiding up the bank to the dam we often startle a whopper" as he noses around the edge for a brief moment, and then retreats, and a frothy froth tell of "sickness at home," as he pines for deep water like a miniature tug-boat under a full head of steam. Sometimes we stop on the way and whip the still water under the overhanging bushes and trees. The cast made, "flap!" echoes from the centre of a circle of wavelets, and we sink away from the tempting pool, minus a fly. The "rise" was too heavy for the single leader. At the same our bridles are willingly placed in the hands of a friendly oak that bends down and seems to plead for the privilege of holding the animals beneath its welcome shade. The day is well chosen. Not a ripple breaks the surface of the eddy, "the falling leaf forgoes to float" and the bubbles creep by as lazily as the boy in the corn-field that was overtaken and strangled to death by the tendrils of the pumpkin vines. Occasionally a water bug is seen on the sky about the water as they fly across the summer sky. Years ago "Ichabod" was written upon the utility of the dam, and today its ruins form a semi-circular causeway or stepping-stones across the stream. Up the river from the boat-landing, glittering like a snow-bank in the sunlight, a splendid rifle whirrs and dangles and dances at the foot of the mountain, just in front is a long, smooth stretch of deep water and a beautiful cascade for the eye and the ear. What angler could keep the thrills of joy from chasing each other up his back and creeping through his hair as he realizes that scores of living jewels are eagerly awaiting a place in his crown of piscatorial glory?

Having decided to troll while pulling for the rifle, the boat is untied and, with a spoon-hook or trolling minnow curving over the surface many yards behind, the boat slowly drifts up the glassy waters. I do not happen to fall within the orbit of Shakespeare's man who has no music in his soul, and drinking deeply at the fount of Nature, I catch the inspiration of the birds and bees and hum to the dip of the oars—

O what music, as we listen
To the hum of the broken waters glisten
As they dash against the shore!

Mossy boulders rising ponder
With a beard of snowy foam,
Where the maddest waters thunder
Over the river monarch's throne.

Where the silver eddy steeps,
Just beside the roaring drou,
Mark you jeweled bays leading
From the little in sp. drive now.

"Hold on!" The oars drop, and the light silk line slips off the rod like greased lightning. The ball has been opened by striking a five-pound bass, and the fun has commenced in earnest. He is well hooked, and takes to the bottom, but presently jumps three feet into the air and shakes himself all over. Round and round, up and down, and in and out he runs, and finally wearies of the sport and surrenders at discretion. My, O! but he does look pretty out there, presenting a broadside, and the bright spoon glistening in his mouth. A few more huzzes and he is reeled close up. Not having a landing net, I catch the live near his nose, lift him out of the water, and gently pillow his head in the boat at my feet. Yes, he does seem a little bit astonished. A fish that has been sleeping for weeks of ages in the heart of a geologic lead could exhibit more signs of animation than our funny friend displays for half a minute or more. The language of his silence seems to be, "Well, here we are! but I little dreamed that snapping up that thing would place me in such a pickle as I catch the live near his nose. If a word of comment is lavished upon the poor little fellow by my companions. Before reaching our destination, however, several more of the "beauties" cease to wriggle about in their palaces of running water, and are placed beside the first trophy in the canoe.

The rifle is ginned at last, and I prepare to whip it from head to foot. These acquainted with fly-fishing know how easily experienced anglers in the waters of a good rifle boat, settle and waltz around over the rocky bottom, and how, too, that right in the middle of each of the whirls a beautiful little foam-flower gathers. The pulse quickens and the arm tingles as the red heckles buzz by the ear, and one of them drops exactly in the centre of the foam-sport. Days of Aladdin! The flower disappears in a twinkling, for the magic touch of the fly has metamorphosed it into a lusty six-pounder, and he "minks way for liberty" with all the patriotism of his nature. And so the sport goes on, until we weary of it and start for home. The catch is a trifle heavier than "the burden of a dream," and is equal to a band of music in drawing the people of Lewisburg to the doors and windows. And how their mouths do water! Yet we don't wonder at that, for those who have enjoyed the catch of the big black bass properly secured, will indeed "dream of delight."

But ere the pen must be laid aside, a fisherman never knows when to stop talking on his favorite hobby, but I shall place the final period at the end of the next sentence. Reader, whatever else may be forgotten, remember the fishing-tackle when starting for the mountains of West Virginia this summer.

Lewisburg, June 6, 1891.

TROUT IN THE RANGELY'S—Phillips, Me.—The trout fishing at the Rangely lakes exceeds any previous year. Horse loads of boxes of trout, packed in ice, come out daily en route for Portland, Boston, New York and other places. Hanson Davis, 24 Canal street, Boston, has just returned and left for Boston, this 5th day of June, with a nice box of trout. His party numbered in all thirteen gentlemen from Boston and vicinity, except Wm. H. Cole, Esq., who came from Baltimore, Md. The most of the party were at the lakes less than one week, though Mr. Davis was there from May 18 till June 4. The party took in all nearly 1,000 trout, two of which weighed, when caught, 6 lbs each, two 5 lbs each, and out of one lot of eighty, ten weighed 40 lbs, or 4 lbs each on the average. The whole catch of the party was estimated to weigh upward of 800 lbs, salmon and brook trout. Axel Dearborn, president of the Broadway National Bank, Boston, went home this morning with upward of 100 lbs of trout. The Major was a party by himself, and only spent one week at

the lakes, but caught a goodly number of large trout. The above are only a small portion of what have been taken this spring. Capt. William Lewis and two sons from New Bedford, Mass., last week caught one hundred trout from the lake weighing 100 lbs, the largest of which tipped the scale at over 63 lbs. They were there only thirty-six hours. Mr. A. J. Hevey, at Bench Hill on the stage road to the lakes, caught a year old bear last week. They are so plenty that Mr. Hevey is obliged to fold his sheep every night.—S. F.

WANTED—SOME ANGLE WORMS.

WE are permitted to publish the following letter to the Fish Commissioner of Iowa. We suggest the importation of angle worms, or, better yet, of teachers to teach the boys to use artificial flies, and that to snare a trout is murder in the first degree:

Hon. B. F. SHAW—MANCHESTER, IOWA, March 21, 1891.
I have been fishing the Spring Branch trout stream. Before the thaw commenced the water was as clear as crystal, and the boys were snaring them. Isn't it astonishing that trout can be snared. One boy snared one of five lying on their spawning bed, above the bridge at the milk factory. It was the smallest one and weighed three pounds and four ounces. It could not turn in a wash boiler. About four of the 1879 trout have been snared. There are no worms. Consequently we who cannot snare don't get any. A boy living on the stream sent me one of the '79 fish snared by him, weighing one and one-half pounds and thirteen inches long.

I am satisfied that the "close season" must be extended. All of the fish caught were full of spawn. They said the '77 fish contained a cupful of ripe eggs. These trout don't spawn in the spring. The law makes November, December and January the "close season." As they spawn up to April—most of them in the month of March—it must be changed to November, December, January, February and March. This will save them. It is too bad to have them killed on their spawning beds.

Trout of '77 and '79 are all on the riffles, and from the "bluffs" to the upper spring. I believe there are about 100 of the '79 and 600 of the '77 trout. Of course I did not see all these trout, but I saw the wake of thousands when they were leaving their beds and going for cover. The boy that I have employed to watch them says that on a clear morning he would see from twenty to thirty on one riffle of the trout of '80. They hatched about April, 1880. This hatching will be about the first of May, which will make the stream full of fish. The water rises in the spring and minnows. The water rises is a great protection to them and the stream is full of moss. If I get any of the trout of '77 I will preserve one for you. Have you tried Prof. Wickesheimer's preserving fluid? It leaves the fish with all its colors.

I am perfectly satisfied that 10,000 of the fish of March last that were put in a spring stream at the headwaters of the river are growing. The stream is just as fine as Spring Branch. I will try and ascertain by the first day of May, and if we find that there are trout we will endeavor to put in ten thousand more. The spawning trout at Spring Branch from all appearances will not be disturbed for a month, as the water will be muddy. Truly yours, S. G. VANANDA.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

THE fly-casting at the New York State Sportsmen's Convention will be called as this paper goes into the mail. At a meeting held at Hotel Brighton, Coney Island, on the 20th inst., at which Mr. Fred Matler, the Director of the Fly-Casting Tournament, Mr. James Geddes, the referee, and Mr. Edwin Moses, one of the judges, were present. The following points were decided upon: The rule allowing distance for short rods will be adhered to. The bass casting will be done with a one-ounce weight instead of bait, all to cast with the same weight. The judges will consider style of delivery of the flies on the water, and accuracy, as well as distance, and for this purpose the following scale of 100 points has been adopted:

Distance across the wind.....30
Distance with the wind.....30
Style of delivery of flies.....25
Accuracy.....15

In single-handed fly-casting class C will be called first in order to give amateurs winning in this class a chance to enter in the other classes. The extra prize of a salmon rod, given for extreme distance with a single-handed rod, will be cast for last of all. Those who have cast in the other classes can enter for this contest free of charge. Other members wishing to cast for it will pay the usual entrance fee. The rule for this contest will be that any rod of twelve feet or under may be used, but there shall be no allowance for distance given for short rods.

STONE LUGGERS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
DURING a recent visit to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, I observed what I had never seen before, and something unfamiliar to most anglers. On the south shore of beautiful Round Island two mounds were discovered by a friend of mine situated ten feet from the water line and in about three feet depth of water. They were built of pebbles to the form of a pyramid. One must have comprised a bushel or more of stones, the other was not so large. By patient watching the fact was discovered that these mounds were made by chubs, which could be seen carrying the pebbles in their mouths from near the water-line to the hillocks. They worked incessantly and perseveringly, seemingly unconscious of the presence of spectators. If driven away by dropping a stone upon them they would quickly return and resume operations, always in exactly the same place, going over the same line to the same place to find the small stone.

I have heard it said that bass build such mounds, but for what purpose there seems to be a diversity of opinion. I have never seen anything of the kind before, nor have I found an angler who ever heard of chub becoming mound builders; so the discovery was naturally very interesting to me, and I felt I was feeling confident that if you will add to the letter some remarks of your own, a great many of your readers will thank you for them. Why and for what purpose was so much labor expended by the fish, and what fish are prone to such occupation?
D. H. B.
The name "chub" is so extensively applied in America that

it is not at all descriptive. We restrict it entirely to the "fall fish," *Scmotillus corporalis* and *S. bullari*, while in Virginia the name is even applied to the black bass. As the English chub is a cyprinoid fish, and we have fifty species which are more or less like it, it gives great latitude to the use of the name. Some of these fishes carry stones in their mouths probably to cover their eggs. One, the *Ecoglossum masillina*, of Rafinesque, is given the common name of "a stone toter" by Jordan, but it is impossible to say to which genus your fish belongs. We wish we had a specimen.

TROUTING AT TIM POND, MEISTIS, MAINE.—Mr. Jared Goodrich, of Plainville, Conn., with his friend Seymour, two weeks since, started on "round trip tickets" for the above and other trout localities. They went via Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Farmington and Kingfield. Mr. Goodrich's hotel was burned May 10th, also the stables, with Dan Clark and Son's new stage coach. A large new hotel has been opened, of which Mr. G. speaks very highly. Dan Clark & Son, with usual enterprise, have on still another new coach with excellent horses, sure to make time. At Kennedy Smith's cabins they found a party from Lewiston, one from Boston and another from Wakefield. There the cabins and boats were all in fine order, trout were in great abundance—in the creek—and a new cook placed them with various viands on the table in a style to tempt more fastidious appetites than those sharpened by exhilarating sport and pure bracing air. Mr. Goodrich reports there has not been a large amount of rain there this season, and that the mountain streams are not full, nor enough water in the Carrehasset River to "run the logs" with ease. The nights were good, and white frost three mornings silvered the shores of the forest-draped lakelet. Some of the guests took trips down Tim Pond Stream to feast on the beauties of its foaming cascades and lure the nimble trout from their dark pool homes. Another company went to Beaver Pond, and from there on into greater depths of the dark and vast wilderness of lakes ago inhabited by the speckled charmer, than we who are sportsmen, and here they were dwelt unknown, save by a few lumbermen visiting these secluded regions in winter in pursuit of their vocation. And now Smith prepares the way for the chosen ones to cast their silken lines upon those virgin waters. I envy them their great privilege. But more of this anon. Mr. G. and friend turned their faces homeward and arrived at Providence, R. I., on the 21st inst. They are ten years younger than when they started, having had the best trouting trip yet in their lives, though somewhat venerable in years. They were allowed on their tickets to return via Flagstaff, Lexington, North New Portland and North Anson, when they came to the Somerset R. R. They speak of the scenery by both routes as grand beyond description, from Kingfield to Eustis, and from Eustis to the farms to North New Portland, at which place they found good hotel. They speak of hearing partridges drumming all about the cabins, and think they wintered unusually well. Mr. Editor, may you and I be there to see. In my list, when speaking of flies, I should have named the "Moosehead" as made from a description I gave to Wm. Mills & Sons. It is one of the best for Tim Pond and the Dead River region.—J. W. T.

PROF. CREVY—SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I am in favor of fair play. I am in favor of giving credit to the party to whom it properly and rightly belongs. I have just read the letter of "Walton" in this week's FOREST AND STREAM (June 2), and he therein makes a great mistake of a very glaring misstatement. He is correct in saying that the fishing in Onondaga Lake and Seneca Lake has been paid for by anglers to know that there are more glass-eyed pikie, yellow pikie and black bass now in the lake than for any year during the last fifteen years. But he gives the credit of all this to the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club. It does not belong to them. They have done very little if anything toward keeping the nets and seines out of the lake and river. I do not know that they have ever had a man to patrol and watch the lake waters, contributed toward the expense, or spent a dollar for that purpose.

The credit all belongs to the Onondaga County Fishing Club, which every spring and fall for the last four years has had four or five men in its employ for the purpose of protecting the fish in the lake and river from poaching by seines or other nets. These men have been paid by the anglers. All of the dues received from anglers to the hundred members have been devoted to that purpose. During the last four years they have captured and destroyed a great many nets of various kinds, have successfully prosecuted nearly one hundred poachers, and have struck terror among the law breakers. And they propose to go right on with the good work, but do not want their thunder stolen now by a big-shooting club.

I have read and now possess a nearly complete file of FOREST AND STREAM, and know that you favor the right—"I GO A FISHING."
TROUT IN THE ADIRONDAKS—Moira, Franklin Co., N. Y., June 8.—Parties who have returned from the 16-mile level say they never saw the trout fishing better than it has been in the lake during the past two weeks. They state that all who came there had no trouble in catching all they wanted. They caught many large trout, several weighing a pound and a pound and one-half. Two of them caught 26 good sized ones at the landing at the foot of the level one evening in less than an hour's time. The trout fishing this spring is uncommonly good in many of the parts of the lake. And the men saw many deer about the lake, often two and three together, feeding along the banks of the stream in the daytime. One man, who was in a boat alone fishing in River Pond, a small pond formed by an outlet from the river, saw a large buck near the centre feeding on lily pads. Although he hid no gun, and nothing but a paddle and fishing rod, the man gave chase. The water in the pond is very shallow, and the man saw the buck's head and neck above the water, but would sink into the mud nearly all over, and could not get along very fast, so that he came very near overtaking him. But when both were near the shore, and the man gaining fast, the water suddenly became so shallow that he could not propel his boat any farther, and the buck, by hard scrambling, managed to work his way out of the mud to the shore. When he struck back the man saw the head of the man's boat and saw him backing out of the mud with his boat. At that same time the man went to the outlet of the pond and caught two trout that weighed by the scales 3 lb. 2 oz, and many smaller from 1 to 1 lb. in weight. This happened last week.—A. C.

SHAD IN THE DELAWARE.—The shad-fishing at Gloucester, N. J., a few miles below Philadelphia, on the Delaware

scruity after sundown as will prevent the judges from distinguishing the boats as they go round the stakes, otherwise they will be declared off and be run again next day, or at such time as the judges may determine.

11. All regattas of this club shall be triangular, distance fifteen (15) miles. Judges shall not start yachts in a regatta unless there is at least a steady breeze blowing. In case a race is postponed for want of wind, or if the "gale" it shall be deferred from that time, as the judges may determine.

12. In the case of a regatta shall allow one another six seconds per measurement for every mile sailed in a straight line. The distance to be completed by the judges. Boats of the second class shall allow one another five minutes per mile. Boats of the third class shall allow one another six seconds per mile. Boats of the fourth class shall allow one another five minutes per mile. Boats of the fifth class shall allow one another six seconds per mile. Boats desiring to enter a regatta must first obtain the consent of the judges, who shall give an allowance of five minutes to those who belong shall only receive time for the distance actually sailed.

13. Boats shall be measured as follows: Take the extreme length from the stem to the outside of stern-post, at the water-line. This note of measurement applies to regular hulls only.

14. No catamaran or double hull boat shall be allowed to enter a regatta, any round bottom boat belonging to this club in any regatta given by or under the auspices of this club.

15. In all Corinthian races boats must be sailed by members of the club, and amateur crews.

16. No side or dagger shall be used by any yacht sailing under the rules of this club.

17. There shall be an annual regatta for the club challenge cup, to be sailed by Corinthians, to take place on the last Tuesday in June between all yachts belonging to this club.

18. In the absence of the cup shall hold it until within two weeks of the next annual regatta, after which it shall revert to the secretary of the club.

19. The holder of the cup shall have the privilege of substituting any boat other than the one that won the cup originally, provided said boat be bona fide his own property.

20. Any member winning the cup for three successive years shall retain the cup until the next regatta, after which it shall revert to the secretary of the club.

21. In the challenge cup race time allowance will be 1 1/2 minutes per mile.

22. On the fourth Tuesday of May in each year and the Thursday succeeding there shall be given races, to be sailed under the rules and regulations of this club, for such prizes or prizes as the club may provide, open to all yachts.

23. On the fourth Tuesday in May, 1881, and 1882 classes. Thursday succeeding and all classes.

24. On the Thursday succeeding the dates hereinbefore mentioned the second class shall be sailed by Corinthians, for such prizes as the club may provide.

25. There shall be a regatta on the second Thursday in August, for a purse of \$250 to the first boat and \$100 to the second, and \$50 to the third, and a purse of \$50 to the first boat and \$25 to the second, and \$12 1/2 to the third, and a purse of \$10 to the first boat and \$5 to the second, and \$2 1/2 to the third, and a purse of \$5 to the first boat and \$2 1/2 to the second, and \$1 1/2 to the third, and a purse of \$2 1/2 to the first boat and \$1 1/2 to the second, and \$3/4 to the third, and a purse of \$1 1/2 to the first boat and \$3/4 to the second, and \$3/8 to the third, and a purse of \$3/4 to the first boat and \$3/8 to the second, and \$3/16 to the third, and a purse of \$3/8 to the first boat and \$3/16 to the second, and \$3/32 to the third, and a purse of \$3/16 to the first boat and \$3/32 to the second, and \$3/64 to the third, and a purse of \$3/32 to the first boat and \$3/64 to the second, and \$3/128 to the third, and a purse of \$3/64 to the first boat and 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will sail the third race for the cup, and compete for the sailing prize above offered at the same time. As a team, an entrance fee of \$1 will be charged to each canoe competing for this cup. This race is open to all canoists. Entrance fees payable to C. Boyer Van Wyck, 27 West Twenty-third street, Secretary of the Club. By order of the Regatta Committee: C. Boyer Van Wyck, C. K. Munroe, W. P. Stephens, C. P. Oudin and L. F. Doremieux.

FOR FRANCE.—Mr. Caplan has his yard so full of work that he has been obliged to refuse the challenge to race from abroad. He has now in hand a Nonpareil racing boat for a gentleman in Boulogne, France. She is 19 1/2 ft. long, 4 ft. beam. Deeked fore and aft and supplied with four launch. The deck is laid of 3/4 in. strips fancy woods; coamings, trimmings, plank-sheer, rail, etc., in black walnut. Copper fastening and riveted work throughout. He is also building another 23 ft. launch, or launching in Yacht and waters. She is to be a very rigged—a very sensible idea. A third boat is in hand 4 ft. long, 12 ft. beam, with accommodations for six and to be schooner rigged. The energy and success of Mr. Caplan in building up a flourishing business in one or two short years against much opposition and making his name known all over civilization will be acknowledged, even by those who do not as yet look with favor upon the style of boat he has brought out as a specialty.

YACHTING IN BUFFALO.—Editor Forest and Stream: The famous cup regatta, now holding the Gardner Cup won at Cleveland last year, has just received challenge to sail again for some time July 4 under the conditions the cup is held. She leaves here last of June and is likely to meet the pick of the lake fleet at Cleveland. Our Common Council has already and will set you an example on the Atlantic seaboard in appropriating \$200 for the club races July 4 at this port. How is that for a Common Council? We are proud of our City Fathers now. Trunk, Crow, Alvin, Curlew, Kilde, Mermad, Petrel, Ficting and Clara may be looked for at the line of and we will give our ordinary coasting and townspeople such a sight like will start a fresh boom in the noble sport.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—A steam yacht has been put on the route between the club house on an island and the shore. The cost of the privilege and success of Mr. Chapman in building up a passage by the steamer and \$3 for annual rates. The house is a handsome structure, facing Toronto, and was designed by Messrs. Frank Darling and Curry. It contains a dining room 20x30 ft., and a reception room 20x20 ft. on the ground floor, and on the second story a billiard room, smoking room and committee room. The building is surrounded by a balcony, and has a tower on the southeast corner. Baths, lockers, dressing rooms, besides a lawn tennis and croquet ground is being laid out, and trees planted.

YACHTING IN FRANCE.—According to a return which has been prepared by a committee of French yachtsmen, it appears that there are now 105 steam yachts, 1,073 sailing schooners, and 8,192 picasore boats, with a total burden of 24,108 tons and an approximate value of \$7,000,000 on the registers. The number of persons employed in them, exclusive of the owners, is 18,821, while the number of members belonging to the different sailing clubs is 11,476. These clubs give nearly \$100,000 in prizes, and spend about \$700,000 in repairs.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—The club book for 1891 has been issued and is an excellent index of the present strength of this enterprising organization. The fleet numbers 15 schooners, 32 sloops, 5 cutters and 6 canoes. Most of these are of moderate tonnage, ranging from 25 to 65 ft., forming an excellent school for amateurs. The list includes 80 regular and 3 honorary members. So fast has the fleet of cutters grown that special provisions have been made in the sailing rules for their classification.

BIG CUTLER.—Boston will after all not lead off with the first large cutter, as work is to be commenced at once on a ship 60 ft. waterline and 70 ft. over all for Com. W. A. N. Stewart, S. Y. C. She will be built by Piegrass, of Greenpoint, and if successful will be the fore-runner of a class of the same sort, for we know of several gentlemen awaiting results before going and doing likewise. The good cause is gaining strength.

YAWLS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The yawl Emerald astonished everybody on the Napa trip. She was known to be fast as a sloop, but was supposed to be slow as a yawl. She got to Napa close to 110 miles, and within a few yards of the Clara, beating all the others. On the sail home from Mare Island she sailed up to the foot with the Anissa and Nellie, beating all the sloops and schooners. The other Emerald is a fast one yet.

SAGITTA.—This handsome sloop is for sale; inquiry of Mr. Alonzo Smith, yacht builder, at Esplanade, will elicit details. We thought the Sagitta will sell "like hot cakes" now that Hildegarde's brilliant victory has brought out Mr. Smith's name so prominently as a builder. We should like to see Sagitta fall into the hands of a racing owner. She is the best looking of the many good ships launched at Islip.

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB.—Annual regatta has been postponed on account of the unfavorable weather for classification, measurement, etc. First "yoon" regatta will be sailed July 12 as announced in our fixtures. Mr. C. A. Winter has been elected Vice-Commodore in place of G. K. Hunt, resigned. A marine railway for yachts under 50 ft. is to be built upon the club grounds.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Has issued a neat club book for the current year, containing their constitution, by-laws, and the new sailing rules, also the list of yachts. Next issue, we hope, will also contain a list of yachts, with dimensions, builders, etc., thereby making the publication more valuable as a book of reference. A chart of local racing courses would also be a useful supplement.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—The club book for this year shows a gratifying exhibit and a marked increase in yachts and members. There are now in the fleet 14 schooners, 6 steamers, 26 cabin sloops, 3 cutters, and 15 "open boats," a total of 74 yachts and 177 members. With the new club house thrown open this spring, large additions may soon be expected.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The club book for 1891 is a very neat publication, containing the names and burges of no less than 43 schooners, 30 sloops, 4 cutters and 27 steamers; total, 106 vessels, all over 15 tons. The membership has increased very fast, there being 41 names on the list, of which 32 are those of honorary members and 24 those of life members.

MARIQUITA.—This keel sloop has been bought from Boston by Mr. P. W. Dunham, who will by the Atlantic Y. C. burgee. She is 37 ft. on deck, 41 ft. on water line, 15 ft. beam, 4 1/2 ft. deep, and draws 5 1/2 ft.; was built in 1866 by Jackson & Mathews, of Greenport, but since then thoroughly overhauled.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.—Will take steam July 2 to Esopus Island, 85 miles up the Hudson, there launch and cruise home by canoe. All canoists are invited. A meeting to arrange details is called for June 26, 8 p. m., at the club-house, foot of Eighty-sixth street, North River.

MURIEL AND REGINA.—We hear that the 12-ton cutter Muriel has been bought by Mr. E. D. Morgan, Jr., and the Regina by Mr. Chas. Stillman, pending the construction of a new cutter of some eight tons.

SYLVIE.—This schooner, well known as one of Steer's handsome models, has been sold by Mr. Thos. Nye, Jr., of New Bedford, to Mr. N. W. Whitten, of Boston. If the sybil were again rigged she would make capital racing with the biggest sloops in spite of her age.

DEFEIRED.—A vast amount of material and correspondence must be delayed until the racing season stacks up. Also reviews and notices of books, pamphlets, etc. The "yoon" has taxed our space beyond its stretching capacity.

PROMISE.—This fast steam yacht has been sold by Allen Thorneycroft to Mrs. J. H. Johnson, of New York City, for sailing.

CLEVELAND CANOE CLUB.—Will sail a race July 4 and be present at the Jake George meet in August.

We know that there is nothing on earth equal to Top Ritters as a family medicine.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

W. J. N., Tiffin, O.—For metallic cartridges see our advertising columns.

CONSTANT READER.—When you send your name your queries will be answered.

J. S. C., Hbch Bridge.—No special license is required to shoot game on Long Island.

J. H., Peru, Ill.—When you sign your name to your communication it will be answered, not before.

J. B. H., Philadelphia.—See articles on gun-shy birds published in FOREST AND STREAM, February 5, 1890, and April 8, 1891.

C. P. C., South Abington.—We have not yet examined the powder, and so cannot say whether or not it has the dangerous properties of the other.

M. N., Hoboken.—You will find much of the information about California in Mr. Van Dyke's "Blue, Red and Gun in California." We can send it to you. Price \$1.50.

J. C., New Orleans.—The cat of the fish called "mad jumper," which you send, is an African fish known as *Pterophtibus boerhaavei*, which seldom grows over six inches in length. Little or nothing is known of its breeding habits.

J. P. G., Kansas City, Mo.—Our club wishes to get for the club room a work on game birds, a stewards, and something nice, strongly bound and with good illustrations. Can you recommend one to us? As there is no such work as you ask for. A copy of Audubon's Birds of America comes nearest to it, but would be very expensive.

F. H. W., Kimira, N. Y.—What is the proper dog to train for retrieving ducks? Water or cocker spaniel? I wish a dog that I can train for retrieving from the river and lakes near this place. Where can I get a water spaniel for above purpose? Ans. The dog you want is an Irish water spaniel. There are several breeders of this valuable strain in this country. Watch our kennel advertising columns, and "Kennel Notes" column for the information you want.

J. M., Boston.—The undersigned is one of a party of four that annually visit the trout streams and lakes in Maine and New Hampshire. It has been suggested to us that Labrador would afford us better opportunity for our sport. Can you put us on the way of locating ourselves about the country; the route and probable expenses, etc., and where to go for August and September fishing? Ans. No such name is known of Labrador. Prof. Henry Wood, of Winslow, N. S., has written a book on Labrador, but we have not seen it. Write to Mr. W. F. Whitchee, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, P. C. From Quebec you can probably take steamer of the Quebec and Chit Ports Line to some point about Falmouise, and from there will have to go in a *chaloupe* or fishing smack. We will be glad to hear the results of your trip, and would advise you to go before September as the season sets in early there.

Cop. Easton, Md.—A sweepstakes match was shot. It and I killed all their birds. R. came next, and G. B. S. and others next. It and T. claimed first and second money and R. third. A dispute then arose by H. claiming that H. and T. were only entitled to first, T. to second and G. B. S. and others to third; but H. was overruled, and H. and T. shot off for first money, T. winning. It then took second money and H. third, R. still protesting. Was B. right or wrong? Ans. In "class" shooting, the highest score takes first, or ties on highest score shoot off for first; second highest score takes second, or ties on second highest score shoot off for second; third takes third, etc. If you were shooting "class" shooting, then H. and T. should divide or shoot off for first. R. should take second, and the others shoot off for third. If you were shooting for the highest individual score with the division was correct. This point should have been agreed upon before shooting the match.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application.

BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP.



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEAKING and other purposes, for use on Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip. Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns Kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead AS A DASH LAMP FOR CARIBAGES it has no equal. Price on any shape dash or on any vehicle.

PRICES: Dash Lamp.....\$5 00 Jack and Dash.....\$3 25 Fishing Lamp.....\$7 00 C. O. D., with privilege of examination. WHITE MFG. CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

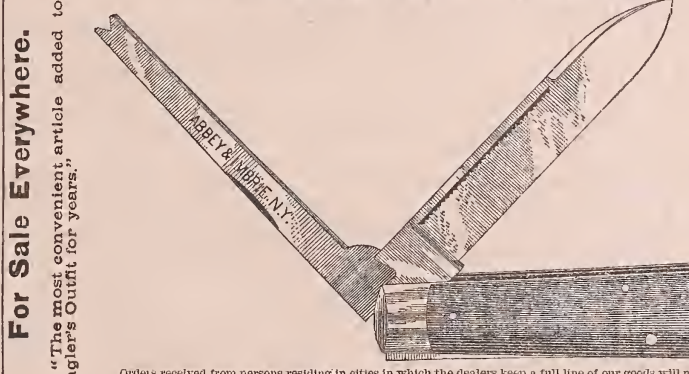
Write for circular to UPHEGROVE & MOLLERAN, VALPARAISO, IND.

CAMP LIFE IN FLORIDA.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. Price \$1.50.

Kimsey Bros. Celebrated Cigarettes.

DISGORGE KNIVES.



Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price. MADE OF THE BEST SHEFFIELD STEEL.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the oat brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and counteracts the weaknesses the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by druggists or mail fee. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.



The safest medicine to have about the house at all times is Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It will harm no one. It will benefit any who may have occasional attacks of headache, vertigo, low spirits, or other ailments resulting from irregular action of the bowels. Keep a bottle always in the house and there is a family physician ready that will save many dollars and much suffering. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

70 YOUR NAME IN NEW TYPE ON 70 CARDS

A complete 194 page Illustrated Catalogue sent on request for three cent stamps.

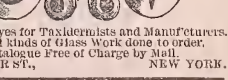
SPORTS KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND, POULTRY AND GAME, GARDEN AND FARM SEEDS.

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE. Vanderbilt Bros., 25 Fulton St., N. Y.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE. KEEP MANUFACTURING CO., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



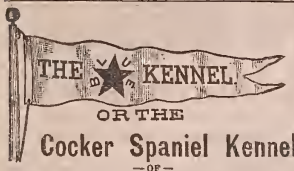
Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. CHARGE FREE OF CHARGE BY NEW YORK. 69 WALKER ST.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Hangley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 24 pages. 25 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS. 65 Pine St., New York.

Regional buyers: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Jose, Sacramento, San Bernardino, Santa Ana, Orange, Riverside, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Santa Monica, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Ana, Orange, Riverside, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Santa Monica, Ventura.

The Kennel.



M. P. MCKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y. I keep only Cocker of the finest strain...

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS—A HOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs...

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS

A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

Dr. Gordon Stables, B. N TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,

Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."

POINTER STUD DOGS.

RUSH, \$50; ROCKET, 25; SNAESHOT, Jr., 25. Address, E. ORGILL, 1098 Dean Street, Brooklyn.

Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE. A private remedy for all SKIN DISEASES, may be had of druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited.

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly...

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion R. Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States.

IN THE STUD.—DORR, from imported pure Gordon Don-Lady Dorr, was a winner in Nebraska field trials (1880) and a large amount of game of all kinds shot over him and is the getter of first-class field dogs.

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangleley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue.

H. L. LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods. SOLE AGENT, WILLIAM MILLS & SON, 7 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

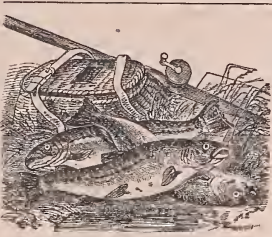
Our Hand-Made Fly Rods, Lancewood Middle, 2 Lancewood Tips.

MIST-COLORED LEADERS.

Trout, with loops for droppers, 3 ft., 15c.; 6 ft., 30c.; 9 ft., 40c. each. Bass, extra heavy, 6 ft., 50c.; 9 ft., 75c. each. BEST REVERSED WING TROUT FLIES, ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN STOCK, \$1.25 PER DOZEN. BASS CASTING FLIES, 1.75

OUR NEW INVISIBLE LEADERS, made of very finest gut, 6ft. 35c.; 9ft with loops, 50c.

VERY SMALL FLIES, SUITABLE FOR INVISIBLE LEADS, \$1.25 PER DOZEN. ABOVE SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.



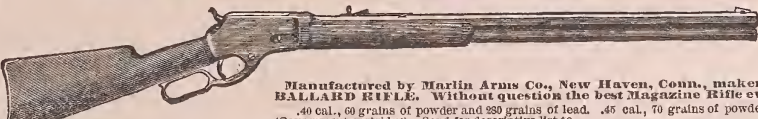
J. B. CROOK & CO., MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS, AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS, 50 FULTON STREET, N. Y. SPECIALTIES FOR 1881.



ALDRED'S NEW BOWS: Gents, \$13 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP SCREW, \$1.50 set; Plain, \$1; Quivers, \$2; Bow Strings, 75c. each. FRANCIS DARK'S Cricket Bats, \$3.50 up; balls, \$1.50 to \$3.50. AYER'S London Lawn Tennis, \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50 per set. LONDON TENNIS Bats, \$3.50; Cork Handle, \$4 and \$5. J. B. CROOK'S Greenheart Black Bass Rod, \$12 and \$16. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, \$15; Patent Rubber Multiplying Reel, \$30.

SEND \$35. FOR THE MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE PUBLISHED. N. B.—Nothing but first-class goods sold at this Establishment.

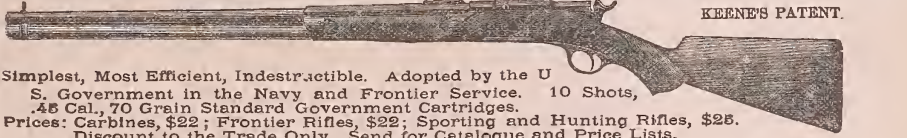
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Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated BALLARD RIFLE. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, P. O. BOX 3,170. 84 and 86 CHAMBERS STREET NEW YORK.

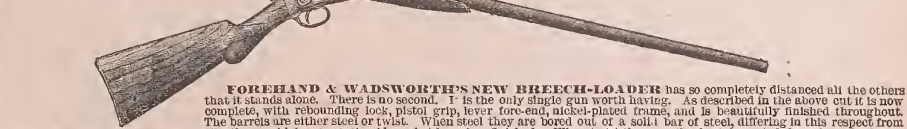
Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Cartridges, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N.Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

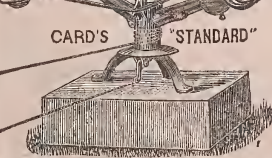
THE GREAT SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.



FOREHAND & WADSWORTH'S NEW BREECH-LOADER has so completely distanced all the others that it stands alone. There is no second. It is the only single gun worth having. As described in the above cut it is now complete, with rebounding lock, pistol grip, lever fore-end, nickel-plated frame, and is beautifully finished throughout.

H. & D. FOLSOM, 30 Warren St., New York.

GARD'S STANDARD TRAP, FOR WING PRACTICE.



Double, Single, Rotating, Stationary. EVERY WAY (EXCEPT AT SHOOTER). ANY DESIRED DIRECTION. ALL IN ONE TRAP AND ONLY ONE SPRING USED.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Rifles, Pistols, and all kinds of Sporting Goods. GREENE'S AND BONEHILL'S GUNS A SPECIALTY. WILL. H. CRUTTENDEN, Cazenovia, Madison County, N. Y.

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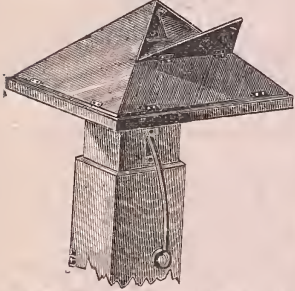
Birds' Skins, Taxidermists' and Naturalists' Supplies.

Send for New Price List. Reduced Rates. W. J. KNOWLTON'S Natural History Store, 168 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Birds and animals preserved by superior French and American workmen. MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them.

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PATENT SELF-CLOSING PLUNGE TRAPS.

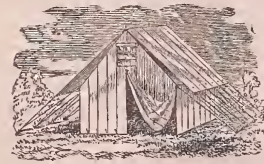


PATENT SELF-CLOSING TRAPS, WITH EXTRA DOOR TO SHOW WHEN BIRD IS NOT IN TRAP. Price per pair, \$25.

This trap is used by all the principal associations in the U. S., and is considered the best trap made for rapid shooting. Manufactured by PARKER BROS., Meriden, Ct., MAKERS OF THE WORLD-RENOUNDED PARKER BREECH-LOADER. Send for Catalogue of Gun Implements, etc.

Now is the Time to Order

TENTS, AWNINGS & FLAGS.



Tents of all kinds for Sportsmen, Naturalists and Photographers, also for Camp Meetings, Fancy Tents for families made to order. Awning of all kinds for Druggings, Loads, etc.; also Yacht and Boat Sails. Flags and Banners of all kinds made to order. All work done in best manner and at very low figures. Send for illustrated circular. Address S. HEMMWAY, over Wall street ferry-house, South street, New York.

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LYMAN'S PATENT COMBINATION GUN SIGHT. Makes a Sporting Rifle perfect. Send for circular containing full description. Address WILLIAM LYMAN, MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

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TROUT PATENTED. Ask your Dealers for the name, or send to us for circular. Sole Agents. Wm. MILLS AND SON, 7 Warren St., N. Y.

Advertisement for BROWN'S PATENT GUN CLEANER, including an illustration of the product and descriptive text.

Sportsmen's Goods.



5 Consecutive Shots, 50 feet, off-hand.

WILD HARRY, the Indian 'cout, says that with a Stevens Rifle or Pistol, at 50 feet, off-hand, he can knock the spots out of a playing card in this way all day long. He is obliged to use these arms to do the great feat performed daily in Harrow's Circus and elsewhere. Ringing a bell every time through a quarter-inch hole, cutting the ashes from a cigar held in another person's mouth, piercing a dime held between another's fingers, and numerous other difficult and wonderful shots. The only objection to these arms is that they shoot so well, are so handy to take apart and carry about in a trunk or bag, that everybody wants them, and the makers have had to enlarge the factory, and work nights to supply the demand, and even in the dull season cannot get much stock away. Send for illustrated price list to

CHAS. FOLSOM, 106 Chambers St., N. Y. Dealer in Fire-Arms, Ammunition, and all Articles connected with the same, and sole agent for J. STEVENS & CO'S

Breech Loading ARMS. SINGLE GUNS: Plato, \$12.50; Twist, \$15.00; Laminated, \$17. RIFLES: .37 cal., \$21.00; .20 lb., \$22; .25 in., \$24. .32, .35 or .44 21. HUNTERS' PET RIFLES: .32, .38, .45 or .44 cal., \$3 1/2. In. \$18; 2 1/2 lb. \$19; 3 1/2 lb. \$21. POCKET RIFLES: .22 or .25 cal., 10 lb., \$12.25; 12 lb., \$13.25; 15 lb., \$15; 16 lb., \$16.50. GALLERY PISTOLS: Light, \$20; heavy, \$22.

New York, May 19, 1880. I avail of this occasion to inform you that the little pocket rifle that I bought from you six months ago is a perfect gem. On my last trip I had occasion to use it in the woods, and out of 100 shots I killed 87 birds, the largest size being a wild pigeon at a distance ranging from 100 to 300 feet. For accuracy and perfection I consider Stevens rifle unrivalled. Hoping this statement will give you pleasure, I remain, dear sir, Yours, very respectfully, J. A. P. BONALDE.

Thurber's Reliable CANNED GOODS

Hunter and the Angler, TRAVELER BY LAND OR SEA. Thurber's Reliable Canned Goods will be found just the articles required. They are packed in handy and convenient packages, and are ready for use at a moment's notice. Can be served hot or cold. The following will be found specially adapted to the requirements of the sportsman: THURBER'S BOND TURKEY, ROAST BONED CHICKEN, ROAST LITTLER HAM, WHOLE BONELESS COOKED HAMS, LUNCH TONGUE, BAKED OX TONGUE, POCKET MEATS, Ham, Tongue, Beef, Turkey, Chicken, Duck & Game. Also a full assortment of Canned Vegetables and Fruits packed where grown and while fresh and delicious. Sold by all first-class grocers and dealers in Reliable Food Products.

- THURBER'S BOND TURKEY, ROAST BONED CHICKEN, ROAST LITTLER HAM, WHOLE BONELESS COOKED HAMS, LUNCH TONGUE, BAKED OX TONGUE, POCKET MEATS, Ham, Tongue, Beef, Turkey, Chicken, Duck & Game.

Archery, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Croquet

SPORTING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Virginia Midland R. R.

The Shortest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South. Pulman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 8:40 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M.; MERCE LAUGHTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

Hotels and Boutes for Sportsmen

Black Bass and Maskalonge

THE CELEBRATED FISHING GROUNDS OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

St. Lawrence Hotel and the Rathbun House, CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

[Terminus of R. W. & O. R. R.]

Both under one management. The Rathbun House has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and both houses rebuilt and returned throughout. They are located in the immediate vicinity of the very BEST FISHING GROUNDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Competent oarsmen with first-class boats at reasonable prices are always available. Malaria, mosquitoes and hay fever are unknown at this point. The terms for board at either of the hotels are from \$7 to \$14 per week, according to location of room.

See FOREST AND STREAM of July 1, 1880, a Bass and Maskalonge fishing ground. A list of the attractions, and send for circular containing full particulars.

H. L. FOX, CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

"THE FISHING LINE."

TAKE THE Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries, AND THE FAMOUS SUMMER RESORTS AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the Grand Traverse Region, and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained therein.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.

THE TROUT season begins May 1st and ends Sept. 1st. THE GRAYLING Season opens June 1st and ends Nov. 1st.

BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many streams and lakes of this territory. The sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish is available at nearly all points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods is grand and very beautiful. The air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with

Hay Fever and Asthma Affections. The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will be largely improved in the fall season of 1881 by new buildings and additions.

During the season ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT LOW RATES, and attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk. It is our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists and Fishermen, we have 120 boats of 160 pages sent free. Time Cards, Folders and further information, address

A. B. LEET, Gen'l Pass'g Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fishing Season at Rangeley Lakes Again Open.

EXCURSION TICKETS VIA BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

Table listing excursion routes and prices: Boston to Andover and return \$9.00, South Arm (Richardson Lakes) and return 12.00, Middle Dam and return 12.00, Upper Dam 14.00, Upton 11.00, Mountain View House or Rangley Outer and return (Indian River, via Farrington) 18.75, Indian Hook and return via Andover 16.25, Rangley Lake and return 12.50, Phillips 4.00, Indian Rock and return (via Andover, return via Farrington) 16.25, Moosehead Lake and return (via Bangor) 15.00, Forks of the Kennebec and return 15.00, Dead River and return 14.00, Grand Falls, N. B., and return 15.00, St. Andrews, N. B., and return 16.00. Also Tourists' tickets to all Sporting and Pleasure Resorts in Maine and New Brunswick.

Tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices and at 89 WASHINGTON STREET, DEPOT, HAYMARKET SQ., BOSTON. Send for list of excursions.

J. FLANDERS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

SARANAC LAKE HOUSE, (Formerly "Martins") ADIRONDACKS.

I beg leave to inform the traveling public and old patrons of this well known and popular resort that I have purchased it, and will open it to visitors on or about May 15. The house is being thoroughly renovated with new furniture throughout, and every comfort and convenience to make it equal or superior to any other Hotel in the country. An experienced best of attendance, superior and experienced guides. Neither expense nor pains will be spared to give my guests satisfaction.

Address Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y. \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and full outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Hotels and Boutes for Sportsmen.

TO SPORTSMEN.

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,

Respectfully invite attention to the SUPERIOR FACILITIES

afforded by their lines for reaching most of the TROUTING PARKS and RACE COURSES in the Middle States. These lines being CONTINUOUS FROM PHOENIX, PA., TO ST. LOUIS, MO., avoid difficulties and dangers of shipment, while the excellent cars which run over the smooth steel tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

THE LINES OF Pennsylvania Railroad Company also reach the best localities for

GUNNING AND FISHING

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in all the principal cities to KANE, PENNOVA, BEDFORD, GIBSON, ALSTON, MINNEOLA, and other well-known centers for

Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and SHOT Hunting. \$150, '79

TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY, SOQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST REACH N. Y. by the NEW YORK ASTOR AFTER FIN AND FEATHER.

L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Pass. Agent. FRANK THOMSON, Gen'l Manager. feb-12

Chesapeake & Ohio R'y.

THE ROUTE OF THE SPORTSMAN AND ANGLER TO THE BEST HUNTING AND FISHING GROUNDS OF VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA,

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Allegheny Mountain, Greenbrier and New Rivers, Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild duck, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc.

Guns, fishing tackle and one dog for each sportsman carried free.

The Route of the Tourist, through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Virginia Mountains to the White Sulphur Springs and other famous summer resorts.

The R. O. R. Y. is reached by rail at Huntington, W. Va., from the West, Northwest and Southwest; at Charlottesville, Va., from the North and East, and at Richmond, Va., from the South.

The completion of the Pennsylvania Extension in the summer of 1881 affords

THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE TO THE "YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL," and establishes a continuous rail line, via Richmond, Va., and Huntington, W. Va., between the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific Ocean.

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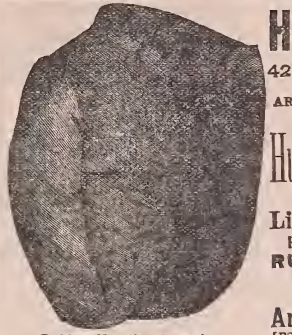
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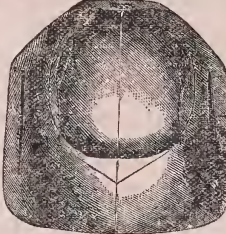
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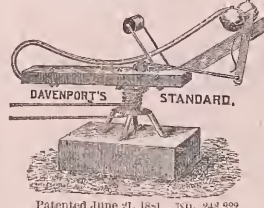
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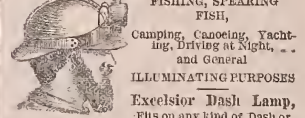
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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 30.

THAT POSSUM will be served in every style July 7, 1881.

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

FLY-CASTERS say that the late tournament was the largest and most successful of any ever held. Why it is that this beautiful art has no votaries outside the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game we do not know, but if a tournament was ever under other patronage, either in this country or any other, we never heard of it. It is to be hoped that other associations may introduce it, and also that the New York Society will carry out the new features introduced at this last one. One of the most important of these was the perfect record of the wind kept by Mr. A. B. Crane, of the United States Signal Corps. The day was cloudy and the wind so light that the judges did not consider it necessary for the contestants to cast both with and against it. The tournament was honored by the presence of many ladies, and the following gentlemen were noticed among the spectators, many of whom remained all day: Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Mr. Chas. H. Raymond, Mr. H. C. Washburne, Mr. H. L. Leonard, Mr. Wm. Mitchell and a host of others. The pond was 54 feet long by 63 feet wide, and in making long casts the contestants were placed back from ten to twenty feet in the salmon and sixty feet in the bass casting from the edge of the pond. Platforms six feet square were laid on the ground for them to stand upon, so that all should stand in the same place, and a line with numbered buoys at every five feet was stretched across the

water. This line had been soaked the night before in order that it should not shrink after measurement, and the floats were correctly placed before casting. All was in order, and the only thing which conspired against it was the wind, which was too weak to bring out a contestant's points in casting with and against it.

Mr. Harry Pritchard was the "dark horse," a man whose friends claimed much for him, but who had no public record. It was feared that Mr. Pritchard would enter the amateur class and walk through to the champion's. He disdained to do this, and although the amateur prizes were as good, if not better, than in the Champion classes, and he could not be barred from it, he showed no disposition to enter there. His first entry was in the salmon casting, where he showed that he was an adept; and when we consider the fact that he not only never cast in such a contest, nor ever saw one, and hardly knew what was expected of him, he did well. He was drawn to cast first, and cast as in ordinary fishing, and afterward said that he never saw as much muscle put upon a rod as Mr. Wood did, and that he would have hesitated to put such a strain upon a rod. Of the casting of the Wood brothers little is to be said. Reuben, the elder, is the heavier man of the two, but the wiry build of Ira caused several to think that he might give his brother a close contest if—he wanted to. Mr. Pritchard was very nervous and ill at ease. He cast in his trial casts in a manner new to all present, and termed an "underhand" cast by some and a "water cast" by others. In this the line was not retrieved, but by drawing it in a few feet and then sending it out again without leaving the water, it rolled over and over with a snake-like motion, and the fly was sent further and further. According to the rules this style could not be allowed, as the regulations expressly say that a cast shall not be valid unless the line be retrieved, and in retrieving he lost many flies. Mr. Reuben Wood won much applause by his skill and grace, and did not lose a fly.

The bass casting was in "Cuttyhunk style," with a one-ounce sinker. The casters of heavy baits at Cuttyhunk and Pasque Island were not represented. The score given in another column gives the result. This style of casting is new to the Association, as it is only practiced in salt water. It is quite an art and should be continued. The heavy-weight men say that if they had been represented there would have been some extraordinary long distances scored. Mr. Endicott, who took the third prize, was commended for his accurate casting.

When the amateurs in Class C were called to the score no one seemed able to predict the winner. The casting as a whole was good, and those who expected to find half or more of the new men to be duifers were disappointed. Mr. Hier, the winner of the first prize, was challenged several times for lost flies. He had little advantage by being coached by Reuben Wood, for "Uncle Rub" seemed impartial in this matter and gave many of the amateurs advice. Mr. Hier's cast of 67 ft. 6 in. was beyond that of any of the others with their allowance added. Once he cast 73 ft., but having no fly the cast was lost. The next in length was H. Iberton and Plumb who cast 64, the former with a longer rod, and yet, when style and accuracy were taken into account, one of these men fell to the fifth and the other to the seventh place. Mr. Endicott was, in our opinion, the neatest caster in this class, and on his style and accuracy took second prize over three men who cast greater distances. Mr. Hier had worked hard to prepare himself for this contest by continual practice, as shown by the condition of his hands, which were skinned and calloused by the rod, and his labor was well rewarded.

In the next contest, Class B, where only 1st-prize winners to previous contests were barred, Mr. Pritchard entered and took the first. He was still nervous and continually forgot to retrieve his line and had to be cautioned. Mr. Arrow-smith, who took second, had a record. He took second prize at Le Roy in 1867 in a free-for-all, when there were only two entries and no score report was given. He has not cast in public since, but he evidently knows how to do it. Mr. Endicott again showed his graceful style and let Mr. H. Iberton, who beat him on distance but was behind in delicacy.

The Champion class was looked for anxiously as Mr. Pritchard would again meet the veterans. He was still nervous, and it was also noticed that Ira Wood was getting shaky. The latter gentleman had eaten nothing since early morning

and it was now six p. m. He had assisted every one who had a tangled line, coached the amateurs indiscriminately to encourage them all, lifted the platforms and made himself useful at every opportunity. This and his continual smoking caused him to shake. Reuben Wood took the first, Mr. Pritchard second, Ira Wood third and Mr. Dennison fourth. Mr. Pritchard's casting, for delicacy, was admired by many. He cast fully sixty feet and his flies fell before the line touched the water. The others, in all the classes, when casting for delicacy cast a side cast, so that the line fell lightly but before the flies. We incline toward Mr. Pritchard's style in delicate casting, and hope that future judges will decide on this question. Mr. Pritchard's style was a new one and the judges followed precedent. He wanted to instruct them, but of course it is not admissible for a contestant to instruct judges in any point. They could not at this late stage take a new view of any points.

In the sweepstakes Reuben Wood led off and actually cast seventy-five feet with a ten-foot rod. This brought an explanation from the veteran, Mr. Roosevelt, who pronounced it the most wonderful casting he had ever seen. He took the first and only prize. Mr. Pritchard cast as far once, with a longer rod, but did not or could not retrieve his line. Ira Wood essayed to cast, but a trial convinced him that he "had gone to pieces." Thus ended the largest and most successful fly-casting tournament ever held in any land. The arrangements and the judging gave general satisfaction, and the judges agreed so well on comparing their notes that the referee was not called on to decide a single point. The latter gentleman was prompt to investigate a challenge of loss of fly or other cause, and won approval by his promptitude.

THE NIHILIST MARKSMEN.

WE depart from our rule of not noticing anonymous communications to give space in this number for a remarkable letter, setting forth what seems to be a use of our American rifle ranges certainly not intended when they were projected. The plan seems to be to do some king-killing at long range; and, with the weapons which may be procured in this market, an experienced shot would find but little difficulty in picking off an individual at a distance of fully 500 yards. At present, on the ranges, it is no novelty to have marksmen at the mid-range lodge do dozen consecutive bullets within the carton circle of 11 inches diameter. This, too, with light rifles and with the comparatively heavy 3 lb. pull. Lighter trigger pull, heavier rifle, and a rest to shoot from would all increase the chances of hitting nearer the mark.

Bombs thrown by hand and the use of a pistol from the midst of a crowd are very crude and unreliable plans, while by selecting a site commanding a view of a point where the victim is to pass it would be comparatively easy for the conspirators to carry out their murderous plan with sure deliberation, while the distance from which the shot would come would enable the assassins to readily escape.

Five hundred yards mean a distance of over six of our ordinary street blocks, and if one of these sharpshooters, who our mysterious correspondent hints are practicing on our American ranges, could secure a position overlooking a point where the Czar or other victim was to hold a review, then the "taking off" would be comparatively easy with the telescopic sights and other aids in fire shooting. There is no better school of marksmanship in the world than all corners match on one of our ranges. All sorts of notions in shooting are there tried, and either accepted or condemned as the results warrant. No suspicion is aroused by practice of any sort, and by scattering their force of marksmen, as seems to be the case with these conspirators, a vast amount of information on windage, elevations, the sorts and effects of various charges and the operations of the several makes of arms may be gathered.

What is to be done to checkmate their devilish designs we cannot say. It may be that it is after all merely a mare's nest story started by our correspondent without proper authentication or upon partially heard remarks. That our correspondent preserves a strict personal seclusion is not surprising, since the fate of an eaves-dropping informer is not apt to be a very pleasant one. We can only aid in thwarting the designs of these rascals, premising that they have the plan

laid down, by giving such facts as have fallen in our way full publicity, leaving it to others to take the preventive or precautionary step.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FISH-CULTURE.

CONCERNING the claims of Dr. Garlick and Prof. Ackley vs. the Rev. Dr. Bachman, upon which so much has been said in our columns, we can now say that we have received a copy of "Proceedings of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Science, 1845 to 1859; Published by a Gentleman of Cleveland, 1874." In this (pages 86 to 91) we find a paper "On the Artificial Reproduction of Fishes, by Dr. Theodorus Garlick, M. D." Read before the Academy Feb. 14, 1854. In this paper he relates the determination of Prof. Ackley and himself to make the experiment of breeding fishes after reading the work of Remy and Gehin, in France, and of their selection of the brook trout for their first experiment. On the 21st of November, 1853, he captured a pair from those in the pond where they had been placed and took the eggs by hand and artificially impregnated and hatched them. Further on (pages 118 to 123) we find as follows: "At a meeting held at Cleveland, O., Nov. 28, 1856, Dr. Garlick in the chair, the Doctor exhibited eggs of brook trout under the microscope. At a meeting held Dec. 5, 1856, he showed views of the anatomical structure of *Salmo fontinalis* from fish spawned Nov. 4 Again, Dec. 12, 1856, he resumed the examination of the young of the trout and specimens only twelve hours old were placed under the microscope and the circulation of the blood shown, together with the peculiar cellular structure of the yolk sac, etc.

This bulletin fully establishes Dr. Garlick's claim to have hatched trout in 1853, and it has been sent to Prof. Goode. Personally we never doubted the Doctor's assertion that he did artificially impregnate and hatch trout in this year, but we were glad to get the published proceedings of the Academy which contains the record and fully substantiates all his statements in this matter.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT is still in progress, as we go to press. The meeting has been one of the largest of the kind ever held in this country. As it is not yet concluded we reserve our comments upon it until next week. The tournament has attracted much attention from the daily press of this city, and the tone of criticism upon the meeting has been of a character which we venture to say was not anticipated by the attending clubs. The details of each day's work, including the whole of the State Shoot proper, are given elsewhere. The scores of the other matches will follow in our next edition.

THROUGH the courtesy of the editors of the *Christian Union* we are permitted to reproduce from the columns of that journal the plans of the camp cottages which have been built this year at Lake George Park. These cottages are comfortable and inexpensive, and in many ways much more adapted for out-of-town summer life than are the more primitive tent or the more pretentious hotel. We should like to see this plan tried elsewhere, as Dr. Eggleston suggests. There are numerous fine sites for such a summer cottage "camp" or village near this city. Is it not practicable to form such a select joint stock company among those whose employment keeps them in New York during the summer, but who would gladly repair daily to a summer settlement somewhere near the city on the Hudson? Now that the *Christian Union* has taken the initiative, we hope it may carry out some such project.

By the addition of four extra pages this week we are enabled to give the full scores of the Coney Island tournament without encroaching at all upon the other departments.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A MODEL CAMP.

LOVELIEST of the lakes that break the expanse of that forest known to Adirondack sportsmen as the South Woods, is Massawepic. At least so think the two fishermen, who, on this morning of early August, are floating lazily upon its surface. The sky is clear, the sun bright, and the lake-trout are lurking in the cooling depths below, far from the temptation of worm or fly. The sportsmen are reclining in the boat and looking at the wild scenery around them. They follow the varying outline of the lake, here sweeping far inland in a beautiful bay, there making out in a bold promontory, with here a sandy beach and there a rocky point. They see the densely-wooded ridges rising abruptly from the shore. They see the hills beyond, Blue Mountain towering high above the rest, and the outline of more distant peaks in the background of the picture. And as they look they see something which leads them to take their paddles and send the canoe swiftly toward the shore. It is not a deer or bear—no denizen of the forest has hastened their departure; but if you have ever lived in the backwoods many weeks you, too, have reeled up your eye when you have seen about noon the smoke of the camp fire curling above the trees. The canoe is directed toward a spot where the underbrush is cleared away and there is a path leading from the landing up to a high bank which overlooks the lake. Seen from a distance, there is only a little opening where a few of the tall spruces and hemlocks have been cut away; but a near view discloses a white tent among the tree-trunks, a sheltered table of bark already spread, or rather loaded, for the drying, blankets arising, wet boots smoking, camp-kits strewn in all directions, huge logs piled near the fire—in fact, a model

camp. Not one of those aristocratic camps that the sportsman sometimes finds near the Saranac or St. Regis, glorifying in a log hut, adorned with innumerable split bamboo rods and whole batteries of guns, where the chief occupation is target-shooting and the ground is strewn with cartridges; not that, indeed, but a genuine camp *rusticus*, boasting of nothing but plenty of venison and trout. The old relic of a guide with a full white beard and sunburnt face is "Wren."

That other person with a leathery complexion who is doing nothing in particular was a white man once, and might be still if the long accumulated mass of dirt and tar oil was removed from his face. But there are mosquitoes in the woods. Yes, such is the fact, and the Professor is bound to tell you that the dirty man is the Professor—the Professor, I say, when he made the discovery declared that he wouldn't be bothered by such pesky little unworthy-to-be-noticed insects, and he has kept his word, for the mosquito doesn't exist in the whole Adirondack region that has got a bill long enough to reach through the coat of tar-oil on the Professor's face, and that's saying a good deal, for the insects grow pretty large there. But a few words more about the Professor. He is the originator, pusher and go-ahead of the party which I am now introducing. His chief occupation while in the woods is putting on tar-oil. When he isn't doing that, he stuffs—stuffs in all senses of the word. In fact, he is a success as a stuffer. He stuffs at meal times, but if he never stuffs anything but himself, I should not mention it. His hobby, however, is stuffing birds and animals, and not only those, but fishes too, and snakes, frogs, worms, any living thing that is visible to the naked eye. If Wren kills a bull-frog for bait he wants to stuff that. There is a rumor, and Wren says it is so, that last summer when the Professor lived at the house of a farmer down in a clearing at the Barquette, he indulged himself in stuffing everything he could shoot, and he stuffed the turkeys, the cranes, hedgehogs, etc., when one day a new baby was added to the farmer's large family, and little five-year-old Bobbie, after watching the baby brother for some time, looked up in his mother's face and said, "Muzzer, don't let Professor stuff baby."

But to return to our campers. Wren hears the voice of the hungry stuffer in the woods, and carries the pun of smoking venison from the fire to the Professor. The Professor proceeds to wot an immense dirk which he carries in his belt. In a few moments the four are smiling around the little bark table, savory with venison, trout, and griddle cakes. A morning's exercise in bracing mountain air gives one a relish for the plainest food, but with what an appetite the sportsman sits down to his repast of game, he only knows who has himself shot, and he has hunted in the woods, and remote fastnesses of the wilderness. Wren is naturally very talkative, but seldom says a word during the more important occupation of eating. The meal over, however, his face broadens, his eyes twinkle, and he suddenly bursts into a spasm of laughter.

"That's only to help digestion a little," he said, when questioned as to the cause of the merriment. "But when I looked at yer Lignourney I kinder thought ye'd like to sleep in the tent to-night."

At this all explode except the boy addressed, who essays a snub, but with poor success, for his face is so diversified by mosquitoes bites that it resembles an elevated map of the Alps. While the others are recovering themselves I will introduce him. He is tall, thin fellow of eighteen, in corduroy pants and white tanned shirt, who has a rifle. He would tell a backwoodsman at first sight that this was his first trip into the woods. The young guide at his side is Hank. But perhaps by this time you are asking the cause of the fun. I will tell you, or rather let the Professor; for it is one of his standard stories. Excuse him if he seems to talk a little like a guide. "I don't mean as guides talk in books, but as they talk in the woods. He said that he had been with a few backwoods phrases now and then. Many of them are men of some education—Adirondack guides I am speaking of—and they never deliver long discourses in broken English at critical moments. It is the height of the Professor's ambition when in the woods to look and act a guide, and whenever their party meets another Lignourney always asks the stranger to pretend to talk him for one, while he gets a word or two delighted. With this introduction to his story I will let him begin.

You see that boy Lig had determined before coming into the woods to have a hut, the rest of the party might sleep in a tent, but he wouldn't. He would live the life of a true hunter, roaming the woods by day, and resting at night upon fragrant boughs of balsam and hemlock with no better bed than the bark of a fallen tree. He had a few more of these things, and urged the comfort of a tent, and related our experiences. We were met with a copy of Murray and the settler. "Murray didn't sleep in a tent." Look here, he says, "Throwing some huge logs on the fire, and wrapping our blankets around us we—" Never mind young one, you shall have a hut if you would quote any more Murray, and so Wren and I cut a spud and peeled several noble spruces, while out of the broad sheets of bark Hank constructed one of those picturesque three-curved little lunting shanties open to the south. The ground within was covered with boughs, and in front we built our camp-fire.

Night came—our first night in the woods. The shades fell upon the hills around us and over the blue waters of the lake. The camp fire, dimly burning, alone broke the gloom. It was a hot, sultry July night, and the most of our work we lay down early, the guides in the tent, Lignourney and I in that never-to-be-forgotten slanty. Fainter and fainter burned the camp fire. Darkness deepened around us. Rest came. Rest for the creatures of the wilderness. Rest for the two guides slumbering heavily in the tent. But "tired unware's sweet resorer" never visited that slanty. The fire went out, the night grew darker, and the most of our camp of us collected. He charged like the Old Guard at Waterloo and the result was even more bloody. I owe my life to the tar-oil. I pulled my blanket tightly over my head, leaving only the tip of my nose exposed. I was then quite comfortable. But poor Lig: he was plunged and kicked convulsively, and ever and anon through his struggles there came a despairing moan, so mournful, but yet so comical, that I finally shook with laughter. "Ouz, shut up! It may be fun for you, but I'll be hanged if it is for me."

I was silent out of pity and he didn't speak again. Morning came at last and with it reinforcements for the enemy. But as soon as it was light we crawled out from the heaps of slain mosquitoes and kindled a fire. I felt a strange sensation in my nose as if it were enlarged somewhat. I put my hand to my face, and sure enough, there it was, a mass of swollen flesh. My nose came in contact with a mass of swollen flesh. Yes, it must be so. Here was the end of my nose—way out here.

I called Lig's attention to it and the unfeeling fellow went into hysterics. The more considerate Wren tied up the injured member in a rag; but, my friends, to this day my nose has never regained its original beauty! However, the hut became our storehouse, and ours was a full model camp, for the tent stood upon the high point above the lake-side and the cool breezes blew mosquito, black fly and midge far from the couches of our rest.

AN ELK HUNT BY MOONLIGHT.

WHILE hunting among the Rockies in the vicinity of Chief Mounain, several summers ago, I came upon a little glade one day which held in its centre a miniature pond. Around its shores the elk had trod the grass with their sharp hoofs until very little verdure remained. Two wet worn trails led off up the mountain, and all the signs indicated that this was an every-day—or night—watering-place for these animals. At the time I found it the sun was nearly set and I had to hurry in order to reach camp before dark. So taking a hasty survey of the place, with many a wistful glance at the track of some mouster elk, I hastily descended the canyon and reached camp none too soon, as the gathering darkness was accompanied by a violent thunder storm, which "turned loose" just as I entered the lodge.

I commenced with a low muttering of thunder and occasional vivid flashes of lightning, which illuminated the far-away precipices and lofty peaks with startling distinctness. For several years of a distant ledge and the fibrous roots of a stunted pine were revealed by an unusually bright flash. Shortly the thunder became louder and nearer and seemed to batter and crash up against the rocky cliffs in successive charges, as if Nature had brought out all her artillery to rend the very mountains. I became half-blind—great pearl-like balls of ice—much like the nucleus of a snowflake—were being hurled about with chilling effect, several lines subduing the few eucubers which fitfully flickered in the fire-place.

Perhaps nothing so lowers a man's estimate of his power and importance as a thunder-storm. Then, as crash after crash sounds over his head and the lightning seems to play about his very feet, he realizes his littleness—his utter insignificance. I felt much as a mighty commander of elements realizes that he is of no more consequence than a leaf blown about by the fitful winds.

The storm quickly passed over and finally died away in the distance. With a long-drawn breath of relief and a murmured "Thank God," I started to build up the fire. As I did so Pe-nuk-wi-up and his family emerged from under sundry heaps of bedding and robes, which were piled promiscuously about the feet of the lodge. They looked so ridiculous as they crawled forth that I couldn't help but smile and finally burst out in a loud ha, ha, ha!

"Do not laugh, my friend," said the chief, solemnly, "do not laugh. The thunder and lightning are great chiefs. Do not laugh—they might come back and kill us."

It is a wary party of Sioux that suddenly come upon us. I do not think I am much of a coward, but I was very much frightened. They sat huddled about the fire and in trembling tones recounted the disasters they had known to be caused by the dread elements.

To change the subject, I told the chief about the lakelet had discovered.

"Ah, I know the place well," he said. "When a young man kills many elk there. The same time he has only the night to drink, and when the night was day (moonlight) we used to go there to kill them. We would hide in the bushes by the trails. We would hide so good that even the hikers could not see us. We sat among the bushes and the leaves hid us from all animals. Far off we could hear the elk coming down the trail. They would often stop to bite off a mouthful of grass leaves; then they would come a little nearer and stop to rest with their elk." I used to talk to myself, "I see you, but you can't see me. Come closer, I want to see if your heart is good." Then they would come nearer and the chief elk would stop right in front of me. Then my arm was strong. I drew the arrow back, took a careful aim and shot right where the moon shone bright on his side. Buzz! the arrow went right into his heart and he fell. I saw the shot first and then saw my arrow lay on the ground before me and I kept shooting till the band ran away."

"It is moonlight now, Pe-nuk-wi-up," said I; "let's go up there to-morrow night?"

"Ah, I am not a young man any more," he replied. "The winters sit on my head and make a heavy load to carry. My legs are getting more and more feeble."

"But it isn't far," I said.

"Well," he answered, "I will go with you, but we will have to travel slowly; there are many rocks to go over, and I cannot jump them like the sheep."

The next afternoon, after two or three hours of slow walking and climbing, we arrived at the lit lakelet. I noticed with satisfaction that quite a number of elk had visited the place during the night. In several places where I had walked about in the mud the day before I found that they had obliterated nearly all traces of my footprints. It was yet an hour or more till dark, and to pass away the time we sat down on a fallen log to smoke and chat. From our elevated position we had a splendid view of the country to the East. About eighty miles distant the three lonely buttes of the snow-capped hills stood out clearly. Beyond a few miles still further eastward the blue outlines of the Bear's Paw mountains loomed up against the sky. Southeast, far beyond the Missouri, I recognized several of the Moccasin and Snowy mountains, over which I had clambered in pursuit of mountain sheep.

As the sun gradually sank in the West, we ate our lunch of hot bull-berries, bread and fat. The latter was a bull-berrie (called by the Blackfeet, *Mis-sin-ah-ah*) forms one of their principal articles of diet, and is gathered in huge quantities by the squaws, who cut off the bushes and beat them over blankets with sticks. In color and taste this berry resembles our red currant, and is, perhaps, a trifle more tart in flavor.

"Appe-un-ny," said Pe-nuk-wi-up, suddenly, "did you ever hear about the Old Man and the bull-berries?"

"No!"

"Then I will tell you the story. Once the Old Man was walking by the river, when he thought he saw some nice large berries in the water, and taking off his clothes jumped in after them. When he got in the water, however, he could not find the berries, and climbing out on the bank was about to put his clothes on, when he saw a bear by the side of the stream. He saw the berries, and once more jumped in after them. This operation he repeated a number of times, until he finally became enraged, and tearing up his robe bound some

stones to his feet with the strips, determined to jump far enough and deep enough to get the herries. But he was too strong, and jumped way out where the water was black and deep. Down, down he went, and nearly drowned. He finally succeeded though in breaking the strips which held the stones to his legs, and, tired and half-strangled, climbed out on the bank to rest. As he lay there he happened to look up at the overhead saw gait bunches of berries growing on the bushes, and immediately perceived how he had been fooled by the reflection of them in the water. Picking up a club he threw it at them, saying, "There, I will make thorns grow on you, and after this any one who wants to gather you will have to knock you off with clubs."

In my wandering about the mountains and prairies I miss one old friend of Eastern days—the boat. How many nights have I lain awake in the depths of some Eastern forest and listened to its wailing, low-drawn cry arise from the lake, and, echoing from hill to hill, finally die away in the distance. But, hark! No more dreaming. I heard something surely! Yes, I hear it again, the tread of some heavy animal coming down Pe-nuk-wi-un's trail. A bright flash from the elk's gun, a report, followed by a moment's silence. Then another flash, another report, and another yell overheard. I recognized it. Pe-nuk-wi-un had wounded a grizzly! Perhaps, there were more with it! Perhaps—but I wanted no longer. I heard something coming through the bushes toward me, and turning, fled with all speed down the mountain. As I crossed the glade I saw the chief emerge from his hiding-place, in spite of his weight and years running like a deer. He was soon beside me, and asked me what I saw on the mountain. Over rocks and logs, jumping deep holes, we kept on, never stopping till we reached the prairie. Exhausted and faint, we sank down upon the grass and tried to regain our breath.

"What was it?" I asked. "A bear," gasped the chief. "Did you kill it?" "I don't know," he replied. "I saw its eyes in the bushes and thought it was an elk. I fired, it yelled, and I ran away as quick as I could." No more hunting that night. So we quietly wended our way back to camp and to bed, but it was long before we fell asleep. Never in my life had I received such a scare. That terrifying yell still echoed in my ears and my heart beat faster every time I thought of it.

Well, of course by breakfast time the whole camp had heard of our exploit, and many were the questions asked and tales recounted about the bear. Accompanied by six or eight young men we went back to the lakelet. Arriving there we deployed and slowly advanced to the shore. Step by step we advanced to the thicket where Pe-nuk-wi-un had seen the bear. Not a sound was heard. "I guess it's dead," said one. "I don't believe he killed it," said another. "Look," said another, and running a little distance held up a dead lynx to view. "Hi-hi-hi—they all shouted. "Look at Pe-nuk-wi-un's and Ap-po-cun-ny's heads as they see the lynx which yelled. Step the big bear there has chased them down the mountain. There was no doubt about it. To Pe-nuk-wi-un's distorted vision the lynx had seemed an elk and a bear, and my ears had willingly deceived me as to the cry. Carefully strapped to a pole, the animal was triumphantly borne into camp and received with shouts of derision by the people.

Poor Pe-nuk-wi-un! He never heard the end of the elk hunt. Many a time since have I heard the Indians, speaking of the lynx, and the camp at Pe-nuk-wi-un. AP-PE-ON-NY. Fort Benton, M. T., April 25, 1881.

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTRIM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER.

DEAR D.—We went a fishin' up to Northern Michigan in July last, as agreed upon in May, with many regrets that you could not join us as expected; and I will say to you—and you can apply it to yourself as a scourge—that you missed two weeks of as glorious sport as ever fell to the lot of "ye honest angler." We concluded not to fill your place with an unknown quantity, so the party consisted only two of the old "Kingfishers," W. (he scribe) and the writer. An editor friend from Hamilton, Ohio, Mr. B., a half-fledged "angler," and a mighty good fellow, made up the party—no large, but two of us at least, chock full of love for the game fish. We started camp on the 15th of May, near to Manicoula, a station forty miles south of Potosi, Mo., on the G. R. and I. R. C., at which point we were to take wagon for Intermediate Lake, our objective point. By correspondence, everything was arranged and ready for us; wagon chartered, camp-boy hired, and two boats cugged of Postmaster Cutler, of Lake Shore P. O. (at lower end of lake), who was to meet us with the boats at Bellaire, the new town seat of Antrim County. We left Cincinnati at 7:15 This day morning, July 15th, and arrived at Manicoula next morning at 6:04, the other two having left the night before, in order to see the upper end of the road by daylight, and have things ready for an early start on my arrival. We left the station shortly after 7 A. M., the scribe and editor in the back, while the camp-boy and I went with the baggage on, or rather with another wagon. That back is a duds and a snare for the unwary. It was simply an old lumber wagon, without a cover, with two spring seats hung on to the bed, and was drawn by a pair of ponies a size and a half larger than Jack rabbits. It is a mail back, and if the mail pouch happens to contain two letters more than usual the passengers have to walk and help to push up the sand hills. It makes two trips a week to Bellaire and up the country as far as Central Lake P. O., at the head of Intermediate Lake. It leaves Manicoula on Tuesday and Friday.

The road to Bellaire, as a wagon road, is frightfully jolty,

full of roots, and highly unsatisfactory as a highway generally, but we found the walking to be fair to middlin' and several little cold streams on the way furnished us much comfort on that hot July day. After being on the R. R. a day and night, I was well nigh fagged out and needed rest; I loaded the wagon all the way down except about twelve miles. Bellaire is twelve and a half miles from Manicoula; no great effort to figure up the distance was made, and walking on an average July day is not strictly a pastime for a person whose waist-band measures in the near vicinity of fifty inches, "of which the writer is one." The new oaty seat is located on Intermediate Lake about midway between Grand Bay, and Intermediate lakes above. The river is a rather shallow, winding, narrow stream, in places scarcely five yards wide, is perhaps four miles long, and connects the two lakes. The site of the town—a huge square backed out of the heavy woods—was still covered with the fallen trees lying as felled by the choppers, while a fire that had recently swept through them mad—as cheerless and desolate-looking a place as could well be imagined. Six months before it was a first class howling wilderness, but at the time we crept wearily up its one imaginary street at the lower end of the city, we beheld Bellaire had fifteen neat wooden houses and a saw-mill, that insatiable creature that whose appetite will only be appeased—and at no distant day—when it has devoured the last vestige of the noble forests of Northern Michigan and dried up its streams it will not be water enough in them to swim a water b.c.e. We found the people clever and industrious, and full of hope and plans for the future. It is really a pretty location for a small town, and we believe Bellaire has a future ahead of it. We arrived about noon and found the lake had preceded us only a few minutes. Of course Cutler was not there to meet us as promised, and we spent nearly an hour looking around the place; looked at the river, a mere thread through the woods, bought some lumber at the mill to make a fish box, camp table, etc., made a good many ill-natured remarks about Cutler, and finally, when our patience was worn out waiting for him, concluded to go up the river as far as the lake at least, to hunt a camp for the night. The first landing we saw was a scarp in the morning. We were told "G. G. G. G. G. G." was only about eighty rods up the river, from which point our P. M. walked twice a week to swap nails, and for this we started, the wagon following with the traps. Luckily we met the subject of our remarks a short distance out of town with two of his sons, one of them carrying a well-flattened mail pouch. The introduction was brief—"I suppose this is Mr. Cutler?" The river was here, and here your fishing party is. Shake. Where are your boats?" "Up the river at the landing, about eighty rods." (We found eighty rods to be the only appreciable distance in this neck of woods.) Then we went for that landing again.

At the head of wagon navigation a trail led down to the water and that landing, which was a spot at the water's edge devoid enough of overhanging "brush," as the camp boy expressed it, to allow us a seat to get to the bank. At this point is the head of the rapids, eighty rods long, and the river, through the rapids, is shallow, in places barely deep enough to float a light skiff, and runs like a mill race, which feature no doubt had something to do with the P. M. preferring to walk from the landing down and back. The rapids were, flat-bottomed boats were to transport us and our luggage, the river and windings are numerous and "sarpentine," and its currents deceptive. My boat was loaded too much by the head, unavoidable on account of the size of the boxes containing our effects and the narrowness of the craft all of the rowlocks. It steered wild, and objected decidedly to keep the middle or any part of the stream, and about every ten yards it would take a notion to shove its nose into the bank on either side, or wander off under some overhanging bush or tree, and with the intention of brushing the operator at the oars off into the water. Rowing a boat up that river, loaded as mine was, is calculated to develop muscle and latent profanity, and it requires a fair amount of the former to overcome the current, and a judicious use of the latter, in at least five different dialects, to keep the boat in the stream. By a vigorous use of both I at last started a quiet kink in the river and beheld the lake only a few yards ahead. My boat was resting, but that contrary to the starboard oar buried her bows in an oozy bar, and I straightened up, mopped the sweat out of my eyes and made a few remarks about Cutler, his boat, Intermediate river and the country at large. As I gazed out on the beautiful sheet of water before me I thought of old man Columbus and his feelings on first sighting land on his memorable voyage, and concluding that I was not Columbus, I had a figurative and fraternal shake with the lamented mariner.

From the head of the rapids up the banks of the stream are a tangle of swamps. Spruce and cedars overhang and sweep the water in many places, and old dead trunks, bristling with countless jagged limbs and bayonet-like spikes, giving to some of them the appearance of enormous "devil's damning" bushes, reach out over and into and under the water from every corner of the bottom. Most of these are however, bent out away and run up to make a channel through which to run saw-logs to the lower lakes, and it is an easy matter to make a trip through the river in a small boat down stream. In sight, to the right of us, and in a line up and down the lake, were three islands, the second one of which, about a mile distant, the Cutler boys favored as a camping place, and we accordingly struck out for it against a strong breeze and a chopping sea. The pill to the island proved more satisfactory than the boat, than that up the river, as it had more room in which to spread itself and indulge its frolicsome and erratic disposition. It was a good sea boat, however, and behaved very properly after relieving it of its bow load. Passing the first island, we dropped in behind the middle one (which we afterward named Middle Bass) out of the wind and pulled a omd to the east side, where we had a comfortable landing. This island is probably six or seven hundred feet long and less than half as wide, is flat and low, not more than two feet above the surface of the lake at any point, ground rather spongy, well covered with a plentiful growth of trees, grass and underbrush, and contains two and one-eighth acres.

Last spring, during the prevalence of the long, heavy rains, it was two feet under water. It lies nearly in the

middle of the lake, which is here about a mile wide, and is owned by Mr. Frank Lewis, of the Lewis House, at the head of Torch Lake. As there was no spring nor firewood on it, we pulled across the lake to Cutler's Landing in search of a better camp. Here we found nothing in sight but an almost impassable swamp and a half drowned streak through it to the hard land a quarter of a mile back, so we returned to the island and concluded it was a very fine place for a camp, which it proved to be on a better acquaintance.

Unloading the boats, we went back after the rest of the party to find the boys out of patience at our long stay, and worrying lest some mishap had befallen us.

I loaded my boat this time on an even keel, the editor in the stern and some other freight in the bow, and the trip was made with less outlay of first class and fewer general remarks than was required by the first one.

The other two boats would only carry the remaining baggage, which moved the scribe, our Johnny and to her Cutler to make a circuit around the swamp and come out to the water nearly opposite the island, where they waited till we unloaded and brought them over. The sun was dipping into the tree tops in the west before we were ready to make camp, but there were so many willing hands it did not take long to unpack, put up two tents and start a fire and the snoring of our neighbors took the departure for home, leaving us to fight mosquitoes and arrange the camp for the night's much needed rest. With gun blankets, an extra tent, the kitchen fly, buffalo robe, quilts and blankets, we made a comfortable bed, over which we adjusted a mosquito har made and provided for this especial trip, and then we reared and smoked and laid out the morrow's work. The "sneakers" were numerous and annoying at first, but after we got better acquainted we did not mind them so much. They seemed to take a special liking to the editor. His feet and hands were usually covered with lumps the size of soap beans. On the water, while fishing, they did not trouble us.

Next morning early we started Johnny across to Cutler's for milk, butter, eggs, bread, potatoes, etc., which were all ready for us as per agreement. We had brought with us pilot bread, bacon, sugar, tea and coffee, canned meats, Pickering's "fish" and other delicacies, but we had fresh fish, but the camp was not in order first. The boy was kept busy most of the day getting over from the mainland a supply of dry cedar for firewood, and a lot of clean rye straw from Cutler's with which we made a luxurious bed in each tent. With the lumber we made a table, fixed up the kitchen, stretched a fly over it, and by the middle of the afternoon the camp was pronounced in running order.

The water went a-fishin' down the lake in the "pocket" near the outlet. We found we could get no minnows with a seine as there was not a spot along the shores or over the river clear enough of bull-rushes, lily pads or bushes to draw out of. We caught a few dozen small sunfish with hook and line which proved to be fair bait, but we went back to camp disappointed with four or five small bass and a couple of pickerel. Enough, however, to change smells in the frying pan.

Next morning we tried the sunfish again; cut off the dorsal fin as we used them, and had fair sport, but the results were far from what we had been led to expect. I took one large mouthed bass during the forenoon, of four and one-quarter pounds, which was a fair symptom of better things in store for us had we only good bait.

When I struck the old "dow" and he left the water three feet above his size a streak of electricity ran up the line, and down the rod into the remotest parts of the "old frame," and ball, backache and recollections of Intermediate River all vanished on the instant, and I was a boy again.

Back on the island for lunch, some one said "frogs." Why had we not thought of them before? We got the Cutler boys to catch us fifty for a starter, and from that time on we had rare sport.

Speckled frogs and green were plenty and of assorted sizes, and large or small, they were a toothsome morsel for both bass and pickerel.

Our Johnny was not much of a cook, but he could surround a frog with neatness and dispatch, and next to his voracity and staying qualities at the table, catching frogs proved ed to be his best "holt," so the question of bait was happily settled.

During the night commenced to rain—was raining when we got up, and it came down steadily all day except during an interval of an hour or more in the afternoon. This kept the scribe and editor in camp most of the day. They, however, ventured out when it stopped raining, and went down to the pocket where they took a few very fine bass and pickerel, and fished back to camp in time to escape the rain when it commenced to come down again. But the spirit moved me most powerfully that particular morning to go a-fishin', and as we were always before we had a fair chance to hold a lover of the spot back when the yearling was in the will thin him to go I slipped into a rubber coat, put a dozen frogs into a minnow bucket, took the smaller boat, and crossing over to the east shore, fished quietly up the lake a couple of miles to study the water, and learn, if possible, the feeding grounds of the fish.

The shores of the lake, and more notably the lower portion being as large as the head of bull-rushes growing from the bottom, and extending out into the water. This kept the scribe and editor in camp most of the day. They, however, ventured out when it stopped raining, and went down to the pocket where they took a few very fine bass and pickerel, and fished back to camp in time to escape the rain when it commenced to come down again. But the spirit moved me most powerfully that particular morning to go a-fishin', and as we were always before we had a fair chance to hold a lover of the spot back when the yearling was in the will thin him to go I slipped into a rubber coat, put a dozen frogs into a minnow bucket, took the smaller boat, and crossing over to the east shore, fished quietly up the lake a couple of miles to study the water, and learn, if possible, the feeding grounds of the fish.

Some of these minnows grow to great size. One I pulled up measured sixteen feet and four inches in length, the lower end being as large as the head of a trout. In many places state along the outside of this belt, pickerel weed and other kinds of aquatic plants and grasses reach up from the bottom at depths of from six to eighteen feet, some of them coming to the surface, and in this water forest ye honest angler will sometimes allow a bass of much strategy to entangle himself, which is liable to chafe his line and his temper, and open the way to his wrath. And I'd kick under this circumstance that you forget not your trout by working such a worm, and by an over-zealous "yawl" send your tackle a-sunder to the great hilarity of your my friend at the business end of the line, whose name is *M. palustris* or *M. sadumetiae* as the case may be.

Along this belt of rushes and lily-pads, from the very edge to fifty and seventy-five feet out into the lake, is found the best of the fishing.

We did not strike a half dozen fish a hundred feet away from the rushes, but later in the season they hunt the deeper water, and Frank Lewis says that in October hundreds of bass may be found packed in the deep pools of the little rivers connecting the lakes. Here, under the shadow of the broad leaf of the lily, old "longface," always hungry, poises

ESCAMBIA RIVER, WEST FLORIDA.

SO much has been written of East Florida, its scenery, its climate, its sporting facilities of all kinds and its manifold attractions, that it seems almost treason to assert that West Florida is far its superior in all things. Yet such is the honest opinion of this writer, after a tolerably fair exploration of East Florida, and a full and entire knowledge of the western half of the State.

Twenty years ago, the writer, then in the flush of early manhood, was accompanied by a dear friend, of the medical profession, first saw the Escambia River. A sable gentleman whom we had picked up in Montgomery, Ala., and who had, or professed to have, all the virtues and none of the vices of his race, was our man Friday for the trip.

Not even Dumas himself, most fertile of French liars, could have held the nocturnal lunnary to this accomplished raconteur of imaginary adventure. Born free in the West Indies, he spoke a language compounded of all the languages under the sun, at least all that I know. He would commence a sentence in pure French, interlard it with Spanish, and end with sailor English.

He had been a soldier under the grey-eyed man of destiny, Walker, and had charged among the immortal six hundred on that immortal day. Had he known history I doubt not that he would have fought and drunk with Saurwurm, dined with Napoleon east of Austerlitz, and supped with Wellington after Waterloo. My companion, Dr. W., named him "Black Hawk," on the spot, less from his resemblance to that bird of prey than an undepicted feeling in his mind that by some species of metempsychosis the spirit of that renowned warrior now dwelt in the body of the ex-West Indian.

He united the most undeviating honesty with a surprising capacity for all spirituous fluids, but, when most drunk, he never forgot his place, or presumed upon the familiarity of gentlemen. To sun up all, he knew how to broil fish, he could make *Café a la Française*, and to make a most exquisite omelette. I never saw a liar that was honest, but I do believe that he was an exception to the rule. Why should there not be exceptions? Every liar is a thief. Granted. Reverse the proposition and we have, "Every thief is a liar." Yet have I seen him in the garb of gentlemen. He deliberately, I am told, once presumed upon the familiarity of a gentleman of his wounded honor. Ah! my masters! *Vive la h-bogue!* *Vive le mechant!* The Escambia River rises in Alabama, and after pretending that it intends to empty itself into the Chattahoochee, makes a bold rush for the Gulf of Mexico, into which it empties after much winding and tribulations.

In the lower part of its course, every little creek which empties into it makes a lake, sometimes ten or fifteen miles long and of a half-mile wide. These lakes are the choicest home of trout (*M. salmoides*), bream, red perch, waimouth, sun perch and croppies.

They are hold bivouacs, and, being generally uneducated fish, the merest tyro can take them.

Well, behold if you then, on a bright summer morning in August, as we stand upon the porch of a low, rambling log-house, to be our host for the next six weeks, the inmates of this house are an old man, a very patriarch in looks, and, however, can beat us both with a rifle; his wife, two stalwart sons and the two pretty, blushing young girls to be found anywhere in West Florida. A long row of houses, very similar to the one in which we stand, stretches off toward the river. This is the negro quarter. There is a standing feud, I am sorry to say, between those who live nearest the river and those who live most remote. Dark-inked men pass between dark, old patriarchs about "dem set lines."

It is openly charged that there are vile darkeys, so lost to all sense of shame that they visit at the midnight gloaming the lines that are set for the toothsome blue cat by the dwellers on the hill. *Per contra*, there is a legend that a hill negro, visiting his line set by a bank negro, for the purpose of reprisal, ran his thumb into the mouth of a muskrat, can be found looking out of the hook, and the fish being the bait thereof, bit so hard and held so fast that he was fain to cry for help. And the bank negro took a base advantage of him, and did strap him from his head into his heels; all of which we learn at the proper time from one of the family.

Ghostly talk is whispered around, both among the bank and the hill dwellers, concerning a cat of huge size which is popularly supposed to be a witch. Whoever that may be, they tell of her death how Uncle Daniel, having baited his hook one night with a small bird, saw the line swaying to and fro in a most furious manner. Hauling it in, he saw the old fiend in *propria persona*, in the shape of an old cat, the veteran old cat of the Escambia, "Twenty-five foot long, sah!" "Wid asser eyes!" "Wid double de wideness!" "Wid de eyes all oder cat on de yid!" An' he say, "Dawn! I come ar-rer you!" An' I flew, I'did! Flew! I done more'n dat, I flew!"

As we sit around the breakfast table we hear this negro folklore and many other curious things. As we walk down to the river we notice that the morning has suddenly become gray and my determination to fish for bream is changed to a desire to throw the festive fly for trout and jack. The doctor sticks to the bald bream, for he loves the hold rush and the hard fight of the early-striped bream; while I, slave of the rod, feel that no angling is more than the name, unless the fish is killed at least thirty yards from the angler.

Leaving the doctor to his own devices, I put my rod to together and, with the "Black Hawk" as my boatman, I turn into an arm of the river, and with a nondescript fly, the like of which would alarm any Northern angler, I commence casting. I may here remark that the most killing fly is one made from the feathers of the red bird, with the shank of the black swan, with white in the channel and the head made of black cloth. I never saw a white fly with red wings and a black head, and fully three inches long, but trout and jack have, or they would not rise at it so freely, and all the time looking with scorn and ill-concealed contempt upon artistically made flies.

Round and round we go, and not a single rise to reward our labor. Do you see you can see that party hangs in the water, and under which he is many perch of many kinds? The fly is deftly thrown beyond the bush, and drawn, with skimming hops toward the angler. Ha! A monarch Jack! He flashes from under the bush, like a tiger of the waters, and with a head-on leap, not swirl, he seizes the huge fly, and is again under the bush before you can say the traditional "Jack Robinson." Everything is perfectly still, for the monster does not yet know that he is mine. A slight tap of the foot tells the angler, and with a lightning flash he leaves his lair, and for a straight fifty yards never stops.

You check him in his headlong career, and with wide open mouth, showing all his formidable array of teeth, he jumps his full length of thirty inches high in the air. Now he shoves along in regular lines, beautifully geometric, and now he spins himself in small circles, sawed and full of fire, and game to the last. The Black Hawk stands with wide open mouth, forgetful of his paddle, while he tries to pull him into the boat, which, after much objection and some threats, he succeeds in doing. It is he, less savage still, for he has bitten the Black Hawk to the bone, who, to have revenge, incontinently hits him over the head with his paddle, and so ends that Jack's caper.

About a hundred yards from this hattie ground, spreading far and wide, is a patch of "bonnets," now spreading their broad leaves to their fullest extent, and looking with their dark green invitingly cool and attractive. The fly falls lightly as a flake of snow near a large bonnet, and with a lazy swirl out comes the master of that domicile, and, taking the fly as if he had been waiting for it all day, he feels the sudden stab of the steel, and with race-horse speed he dashes for the centre of the patch of bonnets. Now you take a boatman! And this one proves himself equal to the occasion. For almost as swift as the fish himself he is in the open space, and while the angler holds the trout taut he dries him!

Step by step the sullen foe is driven out into the open water, and then you have a fair hand-to-hand fight with a ten-pound trout. With half the trouble that the monstrous Jack has given us he yields to fate, and lies in the bottom of the boat, while the "Black Hawk" eyes him with a lurking suspicion in his mind that he, too, can bite!

On we go, and by the time that we return to the good Doctor I have caught enough fish for all the family, both white and black.

Such is the record of one day's fishing the lakes of West Florida. Some after this one were perhaps better, others worse; but on the whole the angling was all that any one could ask.

I have not left myself room to tell many moving mishaps that befell the "Black Hawk," unluckiest of negroes. Nor shall I dwell upon the toothsome red turkeys that fell to my gun, and the two deer that were killed, one with No. 4 shot.

If any of your readers should wish to visit that region they can find a warm welcome and a paradise of small game. Go to Montgomery, Ala., and take the Pensacola R. R., and get off at the first station in Escambia County. They are welcome to use my name as an introduction. I am known to everybody, or I was "befoh de wah." The climate is the same as East Alabama. No flies and no mosquitoes. No ice and no snow.

ST. CLAIR.

THE SARANAC LAKE REGION.

THE FABLE OF THE FROGS.

THE season has fairly opened at the Saranac lakes, and, as yet, an Spartan flock to the forest like doves to their windows. Our woods yet abound with game, and our lakes and streams are alive with fish. This is the season they are waiting to be caught, and enthusiastic anglers wish naturally to find the best way to reach the Adirondacks.

Many, after one trip to the wilderness, especially if they have good sport and a pleasant time, write articles for the papers and periodicals, describing the route they have taken as the shortest, and the best, and the most comfortable, and the extent of the Adirondacks. There are many ways of entering this region, but the experience of thirty years in all parts of the Adirondack wilderness should give me some knowledge of its ways and byways, and to my mind the Lower Saranac combines more advantages than any other place as a starting point for sportsmen or tourists. And this is getting to be better understood, as many parties are proving this season by counting this way and being met here by their guides from St. Regis, Long Lake, Blue Mountain Lake and Saranac Lakes.

This place is easiest of access to both sportsman and guide. Each hotel-keeper thinks he keeps the hotel of the wilderness. They make me think of the East and West Ponds, each inhabited by frogs and separated from the other by a hill. One fine morning one frog from each pond started on a voyage of discovery, each to see how his neighbor's pond compared with his own. When they reached the summit they fell into conversation, and each accepted an invitation to look into their neighbor's pond. So each one rose on his hind legs and with his foot on the other's shoulder looked for the pond. But as we know a frog's eyes are on the top of his head, each one looked into his own pond when he thought he was looking into his neighbor's. So they were both satisfied and retired their way. When they reached home they were met by their friends and asked how their neighbor's pond compared with their own. They both gave the same answer: "I would not give an acre of this water for their whole pond."

Thus the landlords of the Adirondacks feel each of his own locality.

In leaving Lake Champlain at Westport, Port Kent or Plattsburg you reach Mr. B. Miller's at Lower Saranac Lake from one to two hours sooner than you can any of the other Saranac lakes. The thorough renovation of Mr. Miller's, the Saranac Lake House, is about complete from cellar to garret. Guests who have visited this house and been satisfied will now be delighted with the improvements.

I write this for the benefit and information of uninitiated tourists, not for any pecuniary consideration. Mr. Miller is not the man to run a summer's board bill for a literary puff. Parties are misled in many ways. Some *en route* for Saranac lakes have been carried to St. Regis by stage-drivers, who are supposed to be their influence for the man who pays them best. But Charlie Greene, the new proprietor of the stage route between this place and Ausable Forks, can be depended on to carry travelers to their chosen destination without fear or favor. He has the best set of stage horses that have ever been on the route, and having bought on Mr. Harper, of Keeseville, prepared to carry passengers with speed and comfort, and flatters himself he will give satisfaction to the public. SARANAC LAKE GUIDE.

It has come to be quite the fashion for railroads to prepare handsomely printed and profusely illustrated handbooks setting forth the attractions of the country through which they pass. We have from time to time noted such books as they came to our desk. Elsewhere will be found reference to some new ones.

Natural History.

THE UBIQUITOUS SKUNK.

HIS BITE.

SPEAKING of woodchucks reminds a Western correspondent of some of his observations of skunks. The connection we fail to see, but here is what he says:

Have been very much interested in reading notes from correspondents and read some very curious stories, do not think they could all "produce papers" for some of the tales. "Rio," in the last number (June 2), thinks a woodchuck up a tree a singular sight. I never saw one in such a position in York State, but ten years ago in Kansas I shot several, perhaps six or eight in all, out of various sized trees. I had the good fortune to see one do the climbing. I think he was used to it. He evidently understood his business. Two years ago I was out after rabbits one morning after a heavy fall of snow, and found a skunk lying dead at the end of a hollow log, and the tracks of a fox that had killed him. There could be no mistake as it had snowed until 2 o'clock A. M., and there was no other tracks about, and not a flake of snow on the skunk; besides, I could see where the fox had slid on his side in the snow, just as a dog will do after a similar experience. Is this a common occurrence? Once in Kansas I shot a skunk at least ten feet from the ground among some basswood sprouts that grew up from an old stump, but I think he was the only climbing skunk in that country so I guess that ended the race of climbers.

F. U. R.

Circleville, O., June 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: I inclose with this note a slip which I have had printed in several papers, and desire that you give it to the public through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. I desire to possess all the facts I can obtain upon the subject of skunk bites, with a view of refuting or sustaining a theory which has recently been brought into prominence in the profession, hoping you will oblige me by giving it space. Having recently had my attention called to a disease designated rabies mephitica, or hydrophobia, from the bite of the common skunk (*Mephitis mephitis*), I have thought through the kindness of this paper to put to the farmers, trappers and other interested parties four questions, in the hope that some information of value may be brought out which will throw light upon a subject surrounded at the present time with a paucity of fact. Before giving the questions it may be best to state, in a general but concise way, the end to which these interrogatories are made. A few years ago forty-one cases were reported in detail of persons bitten by skunks forty of whom died within ten days or a year with symptoms resembling closely hydrophobia from the bite of the wild dog. The bites were nearly all inflicted at night, upon the hand, nose or ear, while the persons were sleeping upon the ground in camp. Several cases were also reported of dogs being bitten, the bite proving fatal in each instance. The gentleman who collated the above-mentioned cases asserts as his belief, and endeavors to prove the same, that the bite of the skunk always produces a peculiar form of rabies, which is invariably fatal if left to run its course; that the disease is produced by the inoculation of a special hydrophobic virus generated by the skunk, and, finally, that the first cause of the dread malady (hydrophobia) originates with the skunk and the allied genera. If any one to whose notice this article comes can answer in the affirmative any of the following questions, that person will do me a favor by writing the facts on a postal card, and sending it to my address.

1. Have you ever known a person to be bitten by a skunk, and if so, what was the result of the bite?
2. Have you ever known a dog to be bitten by a skunk, and if so, what was the result of the bite?
3. Do skunks ordinarily show a disposition to bite?
4. Have you ever seen a skunk that had lost the power of seeing or expelling the odorous fluid which constitutes its battery?

HOWARD JOHNSON, M. D.

Our files contain much discussion of this question. An epitome will be given for Dr. Jones next week.

TREE-CLIMBING WOODCHUCKS.

ASHFIELD, MASS.

A "Rio" doubts the existence of more than one climbing woodchuck, I would state that twenty odd years ago, being troubled with constant raids on my crops, I bought a good "chuck" dog. He killed and scared away the most of them the first year; and three of his victims he breed. The first two were in low leaning trees, but the third one was about two-thirds grown, and "Spot" got between him and his hole and made a rush for him. "Chuckles" scrambled the best he knew, but "Spot" soon placed a fearfully short distance between his nose and the varmint's caudal appendage, when "chuck," evidently fearing an entrapment, made a dash at a small ash tree and clawed his way up, never ceasing to climb until he had placed a good twenty feet between himself and "Spot," when he crawled awkwardly into a small crotch. As he appeared painfully ill at ease in his elevated position, I drew my revolver and fired, which assisted him to a quiet position on mother earth. The despoilment of a nice bean field near by had rendered me somewhat in earnest on the "chuck" question.

By the way, your turtle story reminds me of a little yarn spun for the beguilement of a party of hunters (including the writer) by an old mossback out in Southern Indiana. The boys had been telling a few fish, turtle and snake stories, to which I listened very attentively. When they had all finished, old "mossy" gave a hitch or two and unlimbered. "Wall, boys, I never have doubted any sort of hunter's story since my leetle 'trickle' scrape down on the bottoms." "The boys all looked inquiringly and he proceeded. "I was a pokin' round down that one day last year, when I come across the durndest old-lookin' 'turkle' I ever seen. Why, the moss was an inch thick on his back, and the old cuss couldn't have showed his tail. I tented a side to measure the depth of the moss when I saw letters. So I scraped it all off and there in big letters was writ 'B. C.' followed by the figures '567.' Wall, I stud up kinder faint-like, and tuk my hand off on him to sorter rub my old head, when he fetched a flop to git away and slid down the bank a bit and turned clean over, when, 'I'll be 'dogoned,' that wadd'nt print in the biggest 'hand' I ever see in my life, and it was 'B. C. 567.' 'Adnan, and down a little furdur, nigh his right hind leg (in the same

with the same weight, which was one ounce. The following were the prizes:

1st Prize—One split bamboo striped bass rod with steel pivot, rubber and German silver reel, filled with twenty-one thread linen line; rod silver-mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. P. Marsters, 55 Court street, Brooklyn. Value, \$75.

2d Prize—Automatic reel, with hard rubber discs, gold metal and appropriately inscribed and decorated. Donated by John Williams, Syracuse. Value, \$50.

3d Prize—Five dollars gold (\$5).

4th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, by Fred Mather, \$4.

The entries were: Frank Endicott, Richmond Co. Game and Fish Protective Association. Rod, 7 ft. 2 in.

John Williamson, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Rod, 8 ft. 11 in.

W. L. B. Stears, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Rod 8 ft. 11 in.

After some discussion it was decided to allow distance for length of rod in this class as in the others. The score was:

Table with 4 columns: Actual cast, Allowance, Cast as it'd be, and points. Lists winners like John Williamson and Capt. Stears.

Mr. Endicott was awarded the fourth prize for the accuracy with which he cast, in addition to the third given him for distance.

TROUT OR BLACK TRASS FLY CASTING. In these three classes in this division it was decided to call class 2, in order to give the amateurs a chance to enter in the other contests from which winners of certain prizes were barred. Promptly at 3 p. m. entries were called for.

CLASS A—AMATEUR. Open to all who never won a prize at any contest at this or a previous convention of this association.

1st Prize—One Leonard split bamboo "Catskill" fly rod, 6d mounted, with Mills & Sons' best rubber click reel, filled with their "standard" enameled water proof fly line. Donated by William Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York. Value, \$40.

2d Prize—One trunk rod, with reel and line complete; rod silver-mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. Marsters, 55 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$25.

3d Prize—One "Henshall" black bass rod, with extra second joint and three tips. Donated by S. W. Goodridge, Grafton, Vt. Value, \$15.

4th Prize—One elegantly-bound copy of Dore's "Ancient Mariner." Donated by Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. Value, \$10.

5th Prize—One expensively-bound copy of "Pastoral Days" (W. H. Gibson). Donated by Harper Brothers. Value, 10.

6th Prize—One oil painting—"Quail Seeking Refuge from Stress of Weather." Donated by Henry W. Abbott, 11 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Mass. Value, —.

7th Prize—One hundred cigars. Donated by F. W. Mercton & Son, 175 South street, New York. Value, \$10.

8th Prize—Five dollars gold (\$5).

9th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, donated by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred Mather. Value, \$4.

The following were the entries and order of casting: W. Holberton, N. Y. City Association for Protection of Fish and Game. Rod, 11 ft. 7 in.

A. Bryson, Fomatin Gun Club, Brooklyn. Rod, 11 ft. 2 in.

M. E. Elmendorf, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Rod, 11 ft. 3 1/2 in.

Frank Endicott, Richmond County Association for Protection of Fish and Game. Rod, 10 ft. 11 in.

S. Hier, Onondaga Fishing Club, Syracuse. Rod, 10 ft. 10 in.

J. A. Nichols, Onondaga Fish Club. Rod, 10 ft. 6 in.

The score was:

Table with 5 columns: Cast, Allowance, Total, Wind, Miles Pressure. Lists winners like W. Holberton and C. A. Bryson.

The judge's took no note of the wind. The following is their scale of points.

1st Prize—G. S. Hier..... 60 25 15 100

2d Prize—E. Endicott..... 53 25 15 93

3d Prize—C. A. Bryson..... 39 25 15 79

4th Prize—M. E. Elmendorf..... 50 12 16 77

5th Prize—W. Holberton..... 55 6 15 76

6th Prize—J. A. Nichols..... 30 9 15 74

7th Prize—S. B. Plumb..... 55 12 6 73

CLASS B.

Open to all members except those who have won a first prize at this or a previous convention in a casting contest.

1st Prize—"Two rods (trout and bass), all lancewood and gold mountings; each rod consisting of one butt, two second joints, different weights, and three tips, with extra bamboo tip case. All in handsome black walnut case, lined with velvet and bound with bands of silver. Specially made for this occasion and donated by Fred D. Divine, 76 State street, Utica. Value, \$75.

2d Prize—One split bamboo fly rod with click-reel, and one Holberton's full length fly book with improved Hvide clips and Russia leather cover. Donated by Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, 65 Fulton street, New York. Value, \$40.

3d Prize—One pair Mackintosh wading pants and one Hallock hunting coat. Donated by Goodyear's Manufacturing Company, 483, 490 and 492 Broadway, New York. Value, \$40.

4th Prize—One dollar's gold (\$5).

5th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, donated by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company through Fred Mather, \$4.

The entries were: F. Arrowsmith, Monroe County Club, Rochester. Rod, 11 ft. 6 in.

H. P. Richard, Washington Gun Club, Brooklyn. Rod, 11 ft. 6 in.

E. Endicott, Richmond County Protective Association. Rod, 10 ft. 11 in.

W. Holberton, N. Y. City Protective Association. Rod, 11 ft. 6 in.

P. B. Dennison, Onondaga Sportsman's Club. Rod, 10 ft. 10 in.

The score stood:

Table with 5 columns: Cast, Allowance, Total, Miles, Wind Pressure. Lists winners like T. Arrowsmith and H. P. Richard.

The casting was with the wind, which was so light that the judges did not order them to cast against it. The points made were:

1st Prize—H. P. Richard..... 60 25 15 100

2d Prize—T. Arrowsmith..... 55 25 15 95

3d Prize—E. Endicott..... 52 25 15 92

4th Prize—W. Holberton..... 53 20 15 88

5th Prize—P. B. Dennison..... 54 15 15 84

CLASS A—CHAMPION. Open to all members of the Association. 1st Prize—Fishing tackle, to be selected by the winner, of the value of \$50. Donated by Charles F. Imbrie, of Ahley and Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, New York, \$50.

Second Prize—One green-head fly rod with click, reel and water-proof line. D. nated by J. B. Crook & Co., 50 Fulton street, New York. Value \$35.

3d Prize—One split bamboo fly rod, german silver-mounted, cane wound butt, two tips with bamboo tip case, rubber click reel and fly line. Donated by W. M. Cornwall, 18 Warren street, New York. Value, \$25.

4th Prize—Five dollars gold, \$5.

5th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, donated by the FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Company, through Fred Mather, \$4.

The entries were: H. Wood, Syracuse. Rod, 10 ft. 1 in.

R. Wood, Syracuse. Rod, 10 ft. 1 in.

H. Pritchard, Brooklyn. Rod, 11 ft. 3 in.

T. Arrowsmith, Rochester. Rod, 11 ft. 6 in.

The score was:

Table with 5 columns: Cast, Allowance, Total, Miles, Wind Pressure. Lists winners like Ira Wood and R. Wood.

As before, the wind was so light that the cast was made with it, the judges not taking it worth while to cast against it, hence the 30 points allowed for and against the wind were consolidated and the points scored were:

1st Prize, R. Wood..... 60 25 15 100

2d Prize, H. Pritchard..... 55 25 15 95

3d Prize, J. Arrowsmith..... 54 10 15 79

4th Prize, I. Wood..... 54 10 6 70

SWEEPSTAKES. Free to all who have cast in any of the foregoing contests without paying out of the money.

1st Prize—A large Onondaga split bamboo salmon rod, 16 feet long, weighing 27 ounces. Donated by W. H. Hopson, of New Haven, Conn.; value, \$75.

Messrs. H. Pritchard, Reuben and Ira Wood and Frank Endicott entered for this contest. Mr. Endicott withdrew, and after making a few casts Ira Wood gave it up. The contest then remained between Reuben Wood and Harry Pritchard.

The wind had died to almost a dead calm, and an anemometer registering only from two-fifths of a mile to one mile and two-tenths per hour. The rules were: Any practicable single-handed trout rod under twelve feet in length and no allowance for distance, style and accuracy not to count, but the prize to go to the longest cast. Reuben Wood won in 75 feet to Mr. Pritchard's 74. The latter gentleman got out 75 feet, but did not retrieve his line and hence the cast was not allowed.

We, the undersigned, acknowledge the above to be the official score. (Signed) LEWIS MOSS, EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, JUDGES. CHARLES F. MURPHY, JAMES GEDDES, REFEREE. FRED MATHER, DIRECTOR OF FLY-CASTING.

Of the rods used, it may be well to say that Mr. Pritchard used a green-head rod of his own make, as did Mr. Bryan. The others used split-bamboo, mainly from Nichols, Bos on.

Mr. Nichols was on hand with the stock and offered a special choice—an offer that some who came without rods valued themselves off. The local press reports must have read in some respect to have called out the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 25, 1881. Editor Forest and Stream: Through some misunderstanding the press has not reported the fact that my salmon rod (with which I took first prize at the tournament) was one of "Abbey & Imbrie's Best." It is the best rod I ever handled, and I think that my friend Imbrie should have the credit due him. R. Wood.

THE FLY-CASTING—NEW YORK, July 22.—As a witness of the late fly-casting tournament I wish to add a few notes with its judges not its manager, but with the New York Association. Mr. Mather promised to lift it out of the rut from a mere side-show to one of the principal features, and he succeeded as far as lay in his power. But look at the prizes! Nothing worth over \$75. Then look at the pigeon-shooters getting prizes worth thousands! Compare the two arts and see which is the more of an art. Which is the more scientific, the nearer and more gentlemanly? Now let the new manager, Nicholas, improve on this, and we will see an interest awakened that little prizes of fishing-rods can never awake.—FLY-CASTER.

OTGOSCOPE ANGLING ASSOCIATION.—The officers elected at the annual meeting, June 1, 1881, were: A. D. Lockwood, President, Providence, R. I.; James A. Williamson, Secretary and Treasurer, 119 Liberty street, New York City; Weston Lewis, Vice-President, 55 Sumner street, Boston. Trustees: A. D. Lockwood, George P. Rowell, Francis H. Leggett, Adon Smith, Frank H. Lovell, James Williamson, Charles W. Brierley, Weston Lewis, William P. Frye, I. N. Packard, Superintendent, P. O., Indian Rock, Maine. By the laws of Maine, the fishing season for

land-locked salmon and trout commences May 1, and closes September 30; excepting that the South Bog Stream, the Rangley Stream, from Howard's Dam at the outlet to the Kennebecago Stream, the Cuspsic Stream, above the lower falls, and the Bemis Stream, are closed after June 30, and the Kennebecago Stream is closed September 1.

THE CARP AS AN ANGLER'S FISH.

As nothing is known of carp angling in America, we take pleasure in quoting a chapter on this subject from "The Practical Fisherman," a book just published in England by Mr. J. Harrington Keene, a well-known angler, naturalist and dicalturist. He says:

It being an exceedingly wary fish, the capture of a large carp may be fitly ranked among the notabilia of fishing. Nevertheless, carp are sometimes curiously voracious when of small and medium size. Thus, in the heat of a dead still summer day, I have succeeded in taking nine dozen of these fish, varying from 1 lb. to 2 lb. Such takes are, however, I confess, exceptional, and it is curious to note that they only occur in the case of small or comparatively small carp, which, presumably, have not lived long enough to mature the wisdom of which they constitutionally possess the germs.

I have known in my experience some curious vagaries in the taking, etc., of lats by large carp, and still stranger behavior when hooked. Of the former I may mention a sudden fit of voracity which prompted a six-pounder to take no less than three potatoes and hooks belonging to three different anglers, myself included. We, of course, held the customary dispute as to whom the fish belonged, but I claimed it on the strength of my bait and hook being the deepest down in the gullet. I have read of a similar instance somewhere, and can quite believe it to be true. I have on several occasions taken small carp with the minnow when fishing for perch. When a large carp is hooked it has some very curious ideas as to behavior. On several occasions I have had the line severed by the sharp spine in the back fin, and once I landed a fish properly hooked, but who in I unsuccessful endeavors to get the gut across the aforesaid spine, had wound the line round and round its body so inextricably as to allow of its being landed at all first. Fortunately, the tackle was stronger than usual.

The tackle I use is of the finest description. The gut is usually a part of a fine fly-cast, in length about 4ft. or 5ft. The float—for it is ordinarily better to use a float—in a light quill. On the lower part of the gut, at about a foot or so from the hook, I attach a couple of large split shots. The float is so adjusted that while one of the shots lies on the bottom, the other just deflects it from its horizontal position on the surface. The bait is a well-sorted cockroach or red worm, and is impaled on a medium-sized hook. Of course the fish will lie on the bottom. The rod should now be sustained in position by means of the spike or a noched stick, and the angler, if possible, should retire beyond it and watch. As soon as he sees the float assume an upright position the rod should be taken cautiously, and as soon as the fish has taken it away, say a few inches in a decided manner. It is time to strike, say its firmness and direction. The first pull is necessary, and the fish must be controlled with great firmness and discretion, lest a "smash up" result. I have never known this kind of tackle to fail if used judiciously. The line and rod should be fine and light.

The baits, as might have been supposed by the variety of food in which *Cyprinus carpio* indulges, are many, and require discrimination in their general ordering, as, indeed, they do for all fishes. More especially, however, is it necessary to quote the worms from their variety, and to scour the gentles, if the latter be used. The first-named baits are much the best, in my opinion, for general carp fishing; and although it is certain that failure of sport must sometimes occur, yet I can safely say that when fishing in carp ponds I have never failed to get a fair day's sport by judicious baiting and careful fishing.

In order to give the reader some idea of the nature of carp and to be allowed to tell a narrative of my own experience in the capture of a 9 lb. fish. It is well known among anglers that some enormous carp are to be found in Virginia Water, Windsor great park, and I have seen them on calm, bright summer mornings basking at the surface with just the back fin above water, rather resembling logs of wood than fish. I had for a long time coveted one of these beauties, and for hours over a pipe had pondered the ways and means, till, to quote a motto, my "head was turned and I was rained in." I had got tackle, the twist lines, suitable rods galore, but a problem still eluded solution, and that problem was how to get the bait to them. It must be borne in mind that their basking water was usually quite two hundred yards either way from land. Of course the punt was at my service, but the difficulty was approaching within fishing distance. Immediately one got nearer than about thirty yards they were not seen. After much consideration, however, I decided to try once again with different tactics. Behold me, therefore, reader, on the morrow, just as the "eyelids of the morning" were opening, equipped with a Wells four-joint trout rod, a fine twist line, a spring reel and five three-yard gut cast, to which was attached a single No. 6 hook, wending my way toward the lake. This reached, I was soon within fifty yards of the levitations, slowly putting the water beneath my feet, and as I advanced, and as I was about to weigh in to thirty feet of water, I sat down quietly to arrange the tackle. A breeze was softly rippling the water, and my idea was to float the light tackle to the wily fish, and trust to my skill in hooking and playing one at that great distance. My bait was a fresh green pica, which I now extracted from its pod and impaled on the hook so as to almost completely hide the slank, but leaving the point just thrust.

Taking a large chestnut I had happened to take in the punt, I stepped the gut through its centre, so that it would form a sort of kite or sail for my bait. Raising, then, the rod aloft, and rapidly letting the line run from the reel, I had the satisfaction of watching the gradual approach of my bait to the as yet unresponsive carp. Slowly and gently it went through the air for twenty yards, and then softly dropped on the water, to lie borne on a stream precisely to where the huge fish lay. At last the show was worked and returned by my line, the bait and lead remained stationary—some few seconds fraught with terrible suspense. All on a sudden down went the lead, the line tightened, and a terrific rush told that a *Cyprinus carpio* had found his match. Now came the Greek-to-Greek combat. Right and left in turn, now down to the bottom, now quite at the surface, was the fight prolonged; but, as far as Master Carp was concerned, it was a mere waste of time. He was not to be taken by a bait, but once before experienced—he was landed, scaling 9 1/2 lbs. He was probably one of the smallest of those black

fish I had seen. I have simply given this episode as illustrative of the difficulties one has to overcome sometimes in carp fishing. Of course, when carp are near spawning, and shortly after, when they are close together and jostling each other with affectionate demonstration, it is a matter of little difficulty to catch them, but given the exigencies of the example I cite, and the carp indeed proves him self a "wit."

It has been the usual custom of writers on angling to connect the carp and tench under one category. Why, I know not. The same mistake is made in regard to roach and dace, but of this I shall have to speak in another chapter. There are certainly some points of similarity physiologically between carp and tench, such as power of endurance of heat and cold, but to the angler proper they are as different in habits as chalk is from cheese, to use a homely metaphor. Carp ever bite best during the early hours of morning, and tench are generally best "on" toward evening. Carp can be taken best during the early summer months. I have known good tench biting freely on a dull January day with the wind due east. I have, however, never caught carp under such circumstances.

In giving general directions to such anglers as are not experienced in carp fishing, let me impress one or two indisputable truths on them for their guidance. Fish with the light and tackle necessary in regard to roach and dace, long-shanked hook; cover the shank of the hook when baiting; let the bait rest on the bottom; let the fish have the bait while you count five; give plenty of time to kill the fish; your hook will never tear out of the gristly mouth; put no shots near the hook; and finally, when a fish is hooked, keep perfectly cool and deliberate.

The most usual bait for general fishing is the lob worm or the red worm; next to these I like a bluebottle fly. Of this bait Mr. Blakey says: "No matter how small your hook, it must be put across the body just under the wings." For large carp, as I have indicated, the green pea, cherry, green corn or new potatoes may be used with success. It is necessary to use a small tri-angle hook for the latter bait, putting it on by means of baiting the hook with the hook completely unhooked. Give the worm or pea time to pouch, and then to pass it beyond the teeth in the throat before referred to.

It is highly necessary sometimes to ground bait the spot you intend to fish. The following preparation has been recommended, but I imagine that most experienced anglers will readily perceive that it errs from extreme elaboration: Take a quantity of well cooked yeast, a handful of oatmeal, and a little honey, bruise them in a mortar, and mix with a thin paste of water with new milk and a few grains of assafoetida. Crush down in a mortar a quantity of worms, gentles, slugs and some lumps of the most tallowy cheese you can find, thicken the water better with this compound, and then roll it up into little balls; these balls must be thrown into a compost of tall greaves and grass steeped in bullock's blood, and the entire mess must be placed some hours before fishing. This is Blakey's preparation. There are no less than twelve ingredients, besides trouble of procuring and compounding, and after all has been faithfully done one may go out, as I did on one occasion, after mixing up this unspeakable mess—and tell it not in Gath—catch nothing.

The best and simplest ground bait I know of is pearl barley or even boiled rice, using boiled pearl barley or a red gum for the heavy mess, and using for the light mess, distinctly after a thunderstorm is a good time to fish; and let it not be forgotten that the early bird ever gets the pick of the worms, or, as in this case, fishes.

In conclusion of these remarks on carp I may be allowed to jot down a few recorded weights of these fish. I have myself seen them of 18 lb., but according to Donovan they attain a prodigious weight many times as many. One was taken in Dantz which weighed 85 lb. Prussia they frequently weigh 40 lb., and in the Volga they are 6 ft. long. One caught near Frankfort-on-the-Oder was 9 ft. long and 5 ft. in circumference, weighing 70 lb. Lake Zug, in Switzerland, produces carp of 90 lb.; and in the Dniester some had been taken of which knife handles are made with the scales. Carp do not arrive at this prodigious size until they are of a very advanced age." I should think so.

THE AUTOMATIC REEL ON GREENWOOD LAKE.

NEWARK, N. J.

I HAD all my traps packed for a trip into the North Woods, when my announcement to me of his inability to go. He had a case in court which he must win, as he could not get it postponed. Not liking to go alone, I decided to spend a week at Greenwood Lake, and make the Adirondack trip later in the season. I drove up with my old friend and angling companion, Grant J. Wheeler, of Montclair. It was a lovely drive, though we took a somewhat roundabout course. Stopping at De Gray's at the Lake Side House, we had time to select our rooms, get ourselves settled and still to have a few hours' fishing before supper. Mr. Wheeler had taken no tackle, but was to use mine, as I had two rods with me. The rod I was using was of split bamboo, weight just six ounces. The butt was nineteen years old, the middle joint and tip new, Charley Murphy made it, and no more need be said. I had just received the new automatic reel, which I tried on trout but not on bass. I think the reel is of grand success. All the great improvements are in its action. It was impossible for a fish to get slack line. In a measure it revolutionizes the mode of angling. But after a week's trial on heavy fish I think that it is just splendid.

A number of gentlemen anglers saw the reel at work, and all expressed approval. I am not interested in any manner in this reel, except that I had all the improvements in angling implements with pleasure. All the great improvements are the work of the last forty years. The split bamboo rod, the many excellent trolling spoons, the patent enameled waterproof silk line, the Mackintosh wading suits and many others so familiar to the fisherman, and so necessary to his comfort, are of recent invention.

Being unlawful to take black bass in New Jersey before July 1, we were compelled to do our bass fishing above the State line. But we could troll for pickered as much as we pleased. The week proved very stormy; two days I could not fish, as it blowed hard enough to blow a boat out of water. When we could stay on the water we found no trouble in taking plenty of fish. We were fortunate in secur-

ing the services of James M. Cofair, who was very attentive to our wants, and knows the fishing-ground thoroughly. Jimmy has a raft and shanty, with sleeping accommodations for four persons. Jimmy was a very strict and must engage them some time ahead, as he is in much demand. I only took a few bass with flies, but a gang of hooks with large, live minnow was too much for them to resist. I took fifty-two in one day to my rod alone, and all good fish, the largest three and a half pounds, the small at a pound and a half.

I know of no really good fishing so handy to New York and easy of access as Greenwood Lake. The bass run large as the Adirondack or Canada bass. Any good fisherman should get at least thirty bass a day. When the law has been in Jersey expires the catch will doubtless be much larger.

There are many hotels on the lake, some stylish and expensive, others plain and cheap. The Lake Side House is beautifully located, and convenient to the fishing grounds, just at the State line, and opposite to the last station of the train.

There is a movement on foot to commemorate Frank Forester by creating the Warwick Woodlands into a park. This will be a good move, and make the lake very popular. Should this be carried out, a host of Western sportsmen would make a pilgrimage to the park to see the spot made famous by Herbert's writings.

size of fish, they can surely find it at Tim Pond. They can find besides a good clean camp, good fare, and what, I think, is equally dear to the true sportsman, the most magnificent scenery of lake and mountain and the sense of communion with Nature in her wilds and forest woods. And if the experience is like mine, they will find the proprietor of the camp, Mr. Kennedy Smith, and his stalwart son, ready to do everything in their power to make their stay pleasant and successful.

SPLIT BASS BOO.

CURING FISH.

MANY anglers when on long trips in the woods wish to preserve their catch, or when at the seaside and have a lot of fish which are worth taking home with to cure them, but lacking experience often fail. We give the following from Mr. Edmund Ryan, Chief Inspector of Pickled Fish and Oil for the County of Halifax, N. S., to the *Olivianist*: In the first place, when dressing mackerel, dress them as fresh as possible, and in some cases, when you have to take a large quantity out of your seines, put on a large cover. They select a good splitter and see that the fish are split to the tail.

2d. You must have plenty of water in your wash-tubs, and always give your mackerel two waters, and, if time three; and in no case throw mackerel twice in the same water. Every time you dip the mackerel out of your wash-tub empty the water out of the tubs and half fill them again with clean water. Be careful not to throw your mackerel in the tubs until water is put in them. After washing and soaking them until they become clean and white, dip them out on your store floor and then salt them. Don't let them lie in bulk after being washed.

3d. When salting don't be sparing of the salt. Sometimes the fish remain longer in casks than we think from the time of salting, and the scarce salt the fish will sour in them. It is just as necessary for fishermen to dress their fish clean and good as it is for the butcher to have his meat properly cured.

4th. You must have your mackerel, if you expect a market for them, well split and clean. When you go to pack them for market be careful and have good barrels. It is too bad to empty the water out of the barrel, not looking to the quality. I regret to see some anglers who are so careless, as well as the fishermen, follow that custom also, and when remonstrated with they have told the fishermen to fill the barrels and send them and they will make them tight. But I can say that there are barrels, with fish put in them, that can't be made tight, and while such barrels are so old and thought we were bad fish, more especially fat herring and mackerel; when fat fish are put in such barrels they are sure to become misty. I trust the deputy under my department will see that mackerel will in all cases be packed in mackerel barrels; poor herring and alewives in herring barrels; fat split herring in medium size barrels; all poor fish to be packed with coarse salt, and all fat fish with fine salt; and lastly, every layer of fish in the barrel must be salted with good, clean salt, and be careful to put on a sufficient quantity.

ARE THEY YOUNG BLUEFISH?—Corpus Christi, Texas, June 17.—Last week I visited Corpus Pass on outlet from Corpus Christi Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and took part in hauls (scum) for pom-pom. We were not very successful with the fish sought for. The water being very clear they all jumped out on the net except one, but we caught large blue fish. I have known many of these young fish under the name of "green mackerel," although I was satisfied it was a misnomer. One of the party who claims to know says they are the young of the bluefish, and I would not be surprised if he were correct, for although I have opened many hundred of these fish from time to time I never found any roe or eggs in one. They are a slim, fork-tailed fish of from six to ten inches long, and are not much different from the young of the one inch thick, large mouth white flit with teeth, and bite anything within reach when caught. They eat shrimp and young mullet, and seem to go in large schools. They are dark green or blue on the top of the back shading to white underneath. They are covered with small scales, and die soon when taken from the water. They are found here only in spring and in summer, but not in the winter in this country, and I have never seen one less than six inches long, which is their size when they first appear, nor over ten inches, which size they have attained by the latter part of the warm season. They make an excellent fish to fry for pan fish. They rarely come into the inner bays where the water is more or less sweetened and muddied by the fresh water from the rivers. I have known of these "green mackerel" but I am satisfied with their name. I never saw a bluefish unless these are the young of that species, and as I have heard that this question of where bluefish breed has been a vexed one I thought it possible that I had found out a clew for the wise ones to work on.—BEXAL.

BLACK BASS LAKE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Wolfelet, Mass.—Four years ago one of our ponds—the Great pond in Wolfelet—was stocked with black bass. The fish were bought by one of the selectmen, he says in August, but others say in June, consequently it has led to argument on the subject. What is the duty of the selectmen of a town in connection with black bass? Can they give a permit to any inhabitant to fish, and if so, what are the conditions of such a permit, and in connection with them whether they give a permit or not? Can you refer me to the law on that subject, if there is any? The commissioners recommended the fishing of the pond in four years, and I think the matter is left with the selectmen.—G. W. H.

You had better consult your fish commissioners. We have not the laws on the subject of ponds in your State which are leased or controlled by the selectmen.

Mr. T. W. Bissett, of the well-known firm of Conroy, Bissett and Malleson, sailed last Saturday for England to complete arrangements for the sale of their hexagonal split bamboo trout and salmon rods, reels, lines, etc. This firm have met with great success on the other side, and their goods are much sought after by the leading anglers there and have given great satisfaction.

MISNOTES.—Pittsburg, Todd County, June 21.—Yesterday morning, in one hour and fifteen minutes, I caught fifteen large fish, principally bass and wall-eyed pike. As yet, owing, perhaps, to the frequent rains and consequent muddy water, bass do not rise well to the fly.—J. F. LOCKE.

HOY BITTERS is a preventive and cure for Anger; it is your own fault if you have it.

SALMON IN CANADA.

WE invite communications on the subject of the run of salmon in Canadian rivers. They will be valuable as showing the dates of arrival of the runs this year as compared to last, when they were not only scarce but late. The following letters, which we print by permission of Prof. Baird, are important and it will be noticed that the second one qualifies the first in regard to the numbers of the fish:

MATAPEDIA, June 13, 1881.—The run of fish has been the largest ever known, and began about the 10th of June; slacked off and has started again. All the fish in Movatt's freezer up to the 16th. average twenty-six and a half pounds, and a lot of 150 or thereabouts put in yesterday average twenty-seven pounds. We have taken twenty-five here, and they run larger than usual and are fresh and perfect, not like those last year. On the Great Campedaid a three rods killed fifty-two, all as good as ever, and about the 10th of June.

STANLEY, OFF GASPÉ BAY, Chateaux, June 22.—Mr. Movatt must have misunderstood me, for I find, though the run of fish is very large in size, it is small in numbers all along this bay, and the netmen tell me it is going to be a bad season and probably the most of the fish will run late, as they did last year, late in August after their nets are up. I am sorry I misunderstood Movatt.

RESTAURANT SALMON, just as we go to press we are shown a fine salmon, taken by Mr. Gilbert E. Jones of the Restigouche Salmon Club. It is three feet eight and a quarter inches in length and weighs 35 lbs. Mr. Jones reports the season as opening good, but the extra amount of logs running in the river interferes with fishing. We will give his score next week.

TIM POND TROUT FISHING.

LAST season as I unjotted my faithful bamboo at Middle Dam I said to the "Deacon," "There are too many people here; with what a steamboat profaning the once peaceful waters of the lake, guide-boats and excursion trolleys, they're getting too thick for comfort, and I quite agree with Steve Morse that this fishing 'needs a rest.' Next year we must, like David Boone, move on," and I guess we had better try Tim Pond that you have been talking so much about."

So this year I reopposeded with the "Deacon," a veteran, who has been casting his flies on Rangleys waters for thirty-five years, and found that he had made up a party for the headwaters of the Kennebec. But as I wanted to try Tim Pond, and being further moved and incited there by an article in *Forest and Stream*, I went on to the pond, and next morning at eight o'clock we were rolling along the banks of the beautiful Carybasset River for Entis.

And right here I will stop to eulcorate a bit that J. W. T. said as to the road, and the scenery which includes the Carybasset River—not Conyabasset as your types made it in the article referred.

We arrived at Smith's Farm at 3 P. M., as hungry as sharks after our ride through the mountains. Found Mr. Smith waiting to receive us, and after a dinner of country style (at which broiled chicken did not figure as I had wagged that it would) we started for the pond over the roughest "carry," with one exception, that I ever saw. That one is the twenty-six miles from Booneville, N. Y., into the camp on First Lake. We found good tight cabins with the fragrant burnt-bark-bough roof, and the owners an eloquent of our private mosquito nets slept the sleep of the just.

We stayed a week in camp, and fished every day but Sunday, and while I cannot go so far in my praise of the fishing as J. W. T., yet I will say that the fishing is good.

The size is disappointing to one who has spent several seasons in the Adirondacks and the Rangley region. Our largest was one and one-half pounds, and we caught several weighing from three-quarters to one pound. But I must say that I never caught trout that gave so much sport or fought so hard, for their size, in my life. Several times when a three-quarters of a pound fish was hooked the other three rods would suspend work to see the sport. Twice I was splashed from head to foot by trout that took my flies near the boat. And we had as much sport as we wanted several weighing from half a pound to one pound.

We noticed two distinct varieties in the pond. One was the regular Rangley trout, broad, square tail, dark belly and bronzed sides, and the other with the tall more forked, milk-white belly and more silvery sides, more like the Adirondack trout. Of the two I think the latter showed the most game, though they are smaller in size.

With a cold northeast blowing the day we came out, we were glad to put on heavy boots, and thought within ourselves, "How splendidly that chest of fish will keep this cold day." And it did.

Finally, if any of your readers want good fly fishing and plenty of it, and are not too extravagant in their ideas as to

Game Bag and Gun.

The Woodcock Season in New York State opens August 1.

GRAY PLOVER SHOOTING.

ABOUT the middle of April, along with the sheen of the poplar leaves reversed by the breeze, your Northern New Yorker is delighted with a scene of vastly greater importance to him—he sees the glint of the gray plover's wing as that wary game bird, returning from the far South, slants downward for a few days' rest in the marshes of our lakes and river bottoms. Soon as ever the welcome sign appears our watchful knight of the trigger steals gleefully into his armory, and with secret zest uncases his beloved breech or muzzle loader, and prepares for the carnage of the morrow. No word he speaks to man, woman or child, save one tried and trusty companion, without whom the coming sport would lose half its charm; and even him he conjures to assume a Sphinx-like stolidity of countenance for the hours that intervene between day and day, lest even in his sleep the precious secret should betray itself and a hungry crowd of fowlers anticipate them at the marsh.

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It is done—we have left the limits of the town behind and no suspicious eye has followed us in our howling flight. Thanks to the cloud of dust, our prayer seems answered by the goddess. As we approach and pass the residence of the last enthusiastic lover of the gun upon our route we ply the wily wren and the quail with the more appropriate and comfortable can of soda which have been tucked away under the seat. This done, we disinter our guns, distribute our stock of ammunition about our persons, and set forth in high expectation of sport. It is not yet too late for the birds to be feeding around the soft edges of the pools, and accordingly we direct our steps first to a well-known cove, about half a mile long, where the waters of the river ply transient and lose themselves among the rushes never to return to the mother stream. There is an infirm old dug-out drawn up among the reeds, and instructing C—to remain on this side of the cove while I cross over and beat the opposite shore, I launch upon my precarious passage, and, by dint of anxious and expert balancing, while I ply the slimy paddle, the voyage is made in safety.

Now we start abreast and move stealthily up the cove. The gray plover is wild and suspicious, but at least in this section, that the use of a dog, either to flush or stand upon them, is impracticable. The mere vicinity of the sportsman is almost sure to put them up, but if he should suspect that any are lying concealed within range, he has only to imitate their mournful whistle to bring them swooping in swift circles around him.

Mark! we have disturbed the more dreamy heron standing knee-deep among the reeds, and with a splash and a harsh, defiant cry, away he soars, his long legs trailing behind him. 'The temptation is too great, and my friend C— brings his little muzzle-loading Greener to his cheek, and in an instant the great mass of feathers collapse, and, all drooping and shapeliness, the heron drops among the rushes, stone dead.

At the sound of the report a flock of gray plover rose about a hundred yards away, and were gliding and winging the North Pole preparatory to hiding us good-bye forever, when some laggard launched out of the reeds, at the same time favoring us with a couple of notes from his pensive pipe. It was enough. My fume of irritation, somewhat rusty, instantly caught the familiar old strain and answered back with quivering quavers. Round whirled the laggard, and after him the wren, and, more gleefully, the wren, like a red-hot iron, basket in our faces. We held until they were within twenty yards of us, and in the very act of swooping away again, when bang! went C—'s remaining barrel, and bang, bang! both of mine. Quick as possible I slipped in two more shells and gave the bewildered birds a parting volley as they winged away in a huddle. Three of them fell, and marking them down as near as I could, I reloaded and went in search of my game. Meanwhile C— was spilling powder and shot down his sleeves, ramming away frantically, sweating, qualifying and agonizing generally.

"Pick up the first batch," I called to him, "before you forget where they lie." Some indistinct reply came back through a ramrod and two percussion-caps held in his teeth and lips, and a couple of minutes' fumbling of powder into nipples and a frantic grumbling attended me upon my way. I entered the most fortunate of the gray plover, and returning, congratulated my friend upon our good success.

He had just completed the operation of loading, and was returning his various flasks and boxes to their appropriate pockets. We searched for the other four birds, which we saw he had fallen to our first shot. But money in a wren, and need of reeds is precariously short, and we were fain to be content with fiding two of the four. "Now," said I, "C—, if you had had a breech-loader, you would not only have marked down and recovered your birds, as I did, but you would have shot twice as many as you did." But the sturdy advocate of the muzzle-loader was not thus to be overcome.

"Hold on!" he called. "You shot a wren, and a wren, did you not?" I asked. "Well," he continued, "supposing I hadn't shot at the heron, and had had two charges to begin with, as you did, I brought down two with the choke-bore as it was, and if I couldn't have dropped three with the cylinder, had it been loaded, I would have eaten my head." "Then what were you grumbling about?" I asked, somewhat mollified. "Because I shot the heron," he answered, "and so gave you a charge of lead. Wait till the next flock goes up." And I must confess that the superior skill of my friend carried his point. The plover were abundant,

and although our bags were very usefully equal, when we returned to our team for huelcon C was a brace or two ahead. Of course, I concluded that the difference lay in the menu and in the gun, but he got on all right, and he undoubtedly maintained the contrary. Finally, however, we agreed to refer the dispute to the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, and if he, out of his inextinguishable knowledge of sporting matters, unqualifiedly pronounced the breech-loader superior in general to the muzzle-loader, C signified his willingness to assent, in theory, but not in practice.

During the afternoon the birds grew more wary, and it was not until the evening that we were really good shooting. Then the birds returned to their feeding grounds, and for a short while we found our hands full. As our pockets increased in weight our desire for slaughter decreased correspondingly, and we left off firing promiscuously into flocks, and choosing single birds dropped them with far more genuine and truly sportsmanlike satisfaction than before. The pigeon flight of the plover seldom occurred, and although we were by no means scattered feathers in every shot, yet we were quite satisfied with bagging the majority of birds singled out. At last it grew dusk, and Dolly neighed impatiently through the gathering fog. It was time to close our long day of sport, and not unwillingly we turned our faces homeward, and sniffed, in anticipation, the savory respect which we had directed solely be ready against our remonstrance. Brightly gray plover lay huddled beneath the seat, and the fury of the gods was satisfied. PAUL PARSON.

DIFFERENT MODES OF SHOOTING.

HAVING often read in your columns articles concerning "floating batteries," "shot-boxes," "pot-hunters," etc. I would like to give some examples that have come under my observation showing how difficult it is to draw a line between the right and wrong in different localities.

Many of your correspondents condemn a sink box without saying why they do so. They condemn a pot-hunter, when very likely the do not hunt for demands all his energy to keep it hidden. To make of our shot-boxes, and the idea of a floating battery is associated with hunting the fowl on their feeding grounds. With us if this were done to any extent it would drive them away, but on the other hand if we decoy them to blinds or shoot them from points on the shore or beaches that they cross it does not cause them to leave. At the best our shooting season is short and uncertain. We may have an open water, and some fowl will stay through the winter; the water, if the wind is north of Bang, and, likely to the lake districts as well. Our brothers at the South are more fortunate, they have more and better fowl than we in the East. Then, too, their shooting season lasts longer, and as the birds are residents for a while and not liable to migrate unless for food, they can hunt there differently.

In the fall and winter of 1876 I spent some time at Chesapeake City, which is situated on a branch of Elk River at the head of Chesapeake Bay. While there I became acquainted with several gentlemen who were successful sportsmen. One of them showed me his sink box, decoys and all their belongings. Some of his decoys though home-made would do credit to a manufacturer. He described the mode of using them on the Susquehanna River, and I think the same system holds good for the other rivers. His sink box was a rough hold him lying at full length, and, as near as I can remember, was about six feet long, two and a half wide and about fourteen inches deep. It had wings at the sides and ends, these were made with a board frame and canvas covering, and when not in use could be folded over the box saving room. The inner edge of these wings formed a flat washboard around the box, and the wings, when folded, were an inch and a half wide; one edge of these could be raised up so as to keep out the swash that came over the wings. As everything was as flat as a floor I was quite surprised when told what seas they would stand. Decoys are set all around the box and on the wings; my friend had some cast iron ones for this purpose. When hunting in this way it is necessary to use a landing net, and sink boxes are laid out on the west side of Elk Neck, Md. These are noted feeding grounds for canvasback and redheads; and I don't know that any other method of hunting would be successful.

Once while hunting on the James River the writer had to build a battery in order to get near enough to shoot. We were hunting in the mouth of Gray's creek, opposite James-town island. The water was shallow, and the banks were high and steep, and as we had no sinkbox we could not get near them. We built a brush hedge around our boat and set decoys off from that, then waited for event, which soon came in the shape of teal, ducks, canvasbacks and pintails. When I tripped up a stray canvasback I felt no qualms of conscience because I shot him from a battery. Some time ago I read in one of our hunting magazines how some gentlemen sunk a lake in the edge of a slough in the open prairie, and with a few reeds made a blind that effectually concealed them where there was no natural shelter. Blinds of some kind must be used, and the style varies with the locality. It is ridiculous to think of hunting without anything to conceal the hunter. What hunt would there be if one was in plain sight of his game? What success would attend such a hunt? None, in any part of the world.

Batteries in the feeding grounds at the North tend to drive off the birds; at the South, where they are residents for a season, it is different. Our Southern brethren have men among them who kill more fowl by setting them in a "raft," and using one of those great guns that shoot twelve drams of powder and a quarter of a pound of shot, than any of the shooters our way who use a water gun, or a "wild gun." To give an idea of the size of a man once, and saw him fire one of these embryo cannon at a flock of geese; after the deafening report had ceased reverberating from the banks and hills, we asked him what was in the gun. "Twelve drams of powder and eighty buckshot," said he. "I may also add that none of his shot reached the geese. When in Washington, D. C., I saw a man who used a "wild gun," and he could only shoot at a bird in water, and as he used a pound of shot at a charge, he only fired at flocks. If he was not a "pot-hunter" there are none in this country. This, with night hunting, should be stopped. Night hunting is ruinous; the fowl leave forever if it is followed up long.

"Pot-hunter" is sometimes an unjust appellation. The FOREST AND STREAM for May 5 tells of a party of three who killed upward of a thousand canvasbacks, wrens, and blue jays, and so gave the name of "pot-hunter" to the whole party. Gave them to their friends, no doubt, and escaped the derisive title of pot-hunter. Poorer men would have

made friends with manum, perhaps, and would have been detected accordingly.

Any way that game can be taken may be hunting; fortunately all the game hunting are not legitimate. It would be better for the public if all trapping and snaring was stopped. Yet no one could wonder at the opposition it would meet from the rural districts.

In my native town, twenty years ago, quail were not much hunted; now, when the season opens, the fields swarm with hunters. The countryman with his old fashioned gun and squall, and with the time were set down to two weeks, gun and thoroughbred pointers and setters. The countryman scours the fields at daybreak in order to break up the covets first; from then till dusk a perfect fusillade is kept up. The birds grow poor from that day, and I have found them miles away in the woods, where they had been driven by the pointer and breech-loader. This is continued for two months; and if the time were set down to two weeks, I think they would be such a turnout as to exterminate them. City men often buy a tract of land and forbid all trespassing on it; they, however, do not scruple to tramp through the countryman's dooryard or garden. Oftimes they leave down bars and fences; finally he posts his land; then there is trouble till wreny smooths it over.

Perhaps no kind of hunting is so destructive as that pursued in the far North by the deer hunters. They go in boats to places where fowl breed in thousands, and reap a harvest of eggs that would produce a legion of wild fowl. The method told me by a man who had been on such expeditions was to go to some island where nests were plenty, and smash all the eggs that could be found, and next morning all would be fresh. Then began the harvest. Most of this is done out of the limits of the United States, but I think it exceeds in evil any mode of hunting I ever heard of.

THE GAME LAW VETO.

To the Assembly: Assembly Bill No. 601, entitled "An act to further amend chapter 634 of the Laws of 1879, entitled 'An act for the preservation of game and fish,' and to amend chapter 634, as amended by chapter 631 of the Laws of 1880," is herewith returned without approval. The Constitution provides that excessive bail shall not be required nor excessive fines imposed, nor shall cruel and unusual punishment be inflicted, nor shall witnesses be unreasonably detained. Manifestly, the object of this provision is to guard and protect the weak and unfortunate from oppression, and to prevent the Legislature in the exercise of its peculiar prerogative as upon the magistrature or subordination a officer who is charged with the duty of enforcing the statutes. In the progress of legislation with reference to the protection of game and fish there has been a constant tendency to antagonize this beneficent provision of the Constitution. From year to year petitions have been made more and more numerous, and the Legislature has on largely increased in variety and number. Each successive Legislature has amended the laws on the subject, so that it has become next to impossible for the people to understand what is permitted or forbidden. Instead of just and stable laws that would command respect and obedience, we have confusion and uncertainty, with risk of offending on the part of those who are so well intentioned, and the Legislature has on many occasions amended the laws, and in this regard must be deemed obnoxious to the constitutional restriction referred to. For in-tance, the penalty for shooting a wild fowl from any stean or sail vessel, as prescribed by the existing law, is \$10, while this bill increases it to \$50. This change cannot be justified as reasonable or in any degree consistent with the clause in the constitution which is amended, and in amendment of this third section, this bill provides that "no person imprisoned in extension under this act shall be hailed or admitted to the liberties of the jail." No sane person will attempt to deny that this provision is a harsh and extraordinary, nor will it be claimed that it is in any sense necessary for a proper and efficient execution of the law.

The amendment proposed to the thirty-fifth section provides that "Courts of Special Sessions in towns and villages, and the several courts in cities, situated in the county in which the offense was committed, or in any adjoining county having jurisdiction to try misdemeanors in their own county, shall have jurisdiction to try offenders in all cases occurring under this act. It shall be the duty of every Sheriff, Under Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, or constable, to receive and detain in custody any person who shall find violating any of the provisions of this Act and immediately to bring such offender before any magistrate residing in the county in which the offense is committed, or in any adjoining county, for examination and trial." Thus, the jurisdiction of the most inferior courts is extended over several counties, and officers are authorized to convey offenders wherever they please within the limits of any adjoining county. Comment is hardly necessary to illustrate the imprudence and inconsistency of such a proposition. When an offense is committed against the person or property, either in the nature of a misdemeanor or a felony, it is the duty of the officer making the arrest to take the offender before the nearest magistrate for examination and trial. Thus, he may have the crime committed, whether it be murder, burglary or robbery, the offender must be taken before the nearest magistrate, while if the offense be simply catching a fish or shooting a bird out of season, the offender may be taken before any magistrate in perhaps any one of a half dozen counties for examination or trial. The case in this respect is one of pleasure and prejudice on the part of the officer making the arrest. In these provisions is also antagonistic to the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to every person charged with crime "the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law." The only application of this guarantee that seems reasonably consistent with it, in these provisions is also antagonistic to the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to every person charged with crime "the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law." 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stocking all the streams of the State with the finest of fish. Dr. J. T. Irving has been appointed to take charge of the stocking of the Little Miami, Col. David B. Corwin, the Big Miami, and two sections whose names I cannot recall as present the Scioto. There have been a number of complaints by the defective game laws of Ohio which we hope to have remedied next winter when the Legislature meets. For instance, the Fish Commission sets aside \$1,000 for stocking the streams of Ohio with fish, and at the same time the Legislature passed an act giving permission to shoot and spear fish, and to some for mullets. Now what are mullets? They are a species of fish, not a trout, and not a horse. When seeing for mullets, a person is liable to seine a few black bass. Is he going to pick out the bass and throw them back into the stream and keep the mullets? Not much."

"When will your new club house be completed, Colonel?" "We expect to occupy it about the first of November, and a finer club house there will not be in the city. The success of our club is that no gambling or drinking is allowed, and we have the good wishes of the ladies, for they know that when their husbands are at the Cuyler Club they are in good company."

"Your club house will be built entirely by private subscription, won't it?"

"Yes, my members of the club, and I wish you would discontinue the fact, for when we issued our circulars asking for subscriptions from members of the club the impression got abroad that we were calling upon the public for subscriptions, which was not the case by any means."

SUMMER GUIDE BOOKS.

THE B AND O. SUMMER RESORT BOOK.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. publish a novel little handbook directing the public to the choice points for scenery, health and sport reached by their lines. There is an index at the end of the book, which is a guarantee that the rest of the book is complete. We always take to a book of this kind which has an index. Of Deer Park and Oakland, the book says:

The devotees of the rod and gun will find in the Alleghenies much food for both hook and shot, as, for the one, there is trout and like fish which most abound in mountain streams, and for the other wild turkey, deer, grouse, etc. The terms at Deer Park and Oakland are \$3 per day; \$15 to \$18 per week, and \$60 to \$75 per month. Address letters relative to accommodations to J. P. Dulsehart, Supt. B. & O. hotels, Deer Park, Md. Leaving New York in the evening Deer Park is reached the next morning, and Oakland ten minutes later. From the West, 1 arriving Chicago late in the afternoon, Oakland and Deer Park are reached the next day for dinner without change of cars. Leaving St. Louis on the famous Daisy express in the morning, and Cincinnati in the evening, Oakland and Deer Park are reached the next morning, or, leaving St. Louis in the evening and Cincinnati in the morning, Oakland and Deer Park are reached that evening. The train leaving New York for Philadelphia in the evening arrives at Deer Park and Oakland for breakfast next morning. The train leaving New York late at night arrives at these resorts next day for dinner.

For the guide book send your name to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD NOTES.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad publishes a large handbook detailing almost one thousand excursion routes. The book is handsomely embellished with numerous pictures of famous places, and is accompanied with an useful map. Now, here is a bit of advice. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers to send this book free upon application; we advise you, gentle reader, to put your name down for one, whether you propose to go anywhere or not. For tourists the book is invaluable; for stay-at-homes it will be entertaining.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

SENATOR Thomas W. Palmer is practicing his Detroit Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, although nominally he is only President of that organization. Michigan has no game laws, and Senator Palmer and his associates are having an interesting life. The latter announces his intention to prevent the shooting of pigeons; and the shooters say, in effect, "prevent us, if you can." A gentleman who is neither a sportsman nor an advocate of the Prevention etc. business, was heard dilating on the subject the other day. His idea is that, "it is strange that a society of Mr. Palmer's well-known benevolence should extend energy in such a cause. It is, of course, to be regretted that pigeons should be killed. Indeed one could desire that the economy of nature be so reversed that life should never be destroyed; but unfortunately that isn't the way things are arranged. The universal law of nature, which is more cruel in her methods than any art man has invented, is to kill and be killed. The pigeon is no exception in this respect, and I believe Mr. Palmer's endeavors may save from the marksman's shot-gun many of the very means he is bent on to die a more miserable death by starvation or overcrossing in the northern woods, where millions of them perish from such causes annually. If they are to be killed at all, now could the work be done more mercifully than when it is by death from rife or by a useful art as marksmanship?" Such is in brief, the ingenious and apparently serious argument of the person whose ideas are enclosed within quotation marks.

Now, Senator Palmer says it isn't so much the actual shooting of pigeons that he objects to as it is the manner in which they are shot. He has often seen them, he declares, crippled and fluttering off to die in helpless misery. This may possibly be interpreted as a "wiper" at our noble Michigan sportsman. I should not be surprised if Mr. Palmer's endeavors will all the time quietly bring about a comforting chuckle at the fellows who have persuaded themselves that pigeons enjoy the distinction of being shot at by them. One other point—and I think it a good one—made by Mr. Palmer is that the manner in which pigeons are transported for sale and use is barbarous. With his extravagant notion that the shooting them is demoralizing to the young I have no sympathy. Whether or not the shooting of the here shall be compelled to resort to glass balls is just now the question which is agitating their members. They try to look serene and unconcerned about it, but there must be some significance in the repeated postponements of the match for the State Championship next year.

ARE THERE Nihilists? ON OUR RANGES?

NEW YORK, June 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since with the intention that I may possibly be doing a service, I wish to give you a conversation which I heard the other day in coming to the city on a train down the Hudson River road. The parties were two men, both of them apparently foreigners. At first glance I took them to be Germans, but now think that one of them at least was a Russian born. They were conversing of rifle shooting, and as I have myself been a frequenter of the ranges about New York I put some attention to what they said. They talked of a law-willing learner. They spoke of different makes of rifles, and their powers of carrying with accuracy for various distances. They discussed bolt bullets and spherical ones, and one of them detailed some experiments he had been making with explosive and reversing bullets from long-range weapons, and the destructive power he had found them to possess when fired from a long range. He spoke of wood powder and its peculiarity of giving out little snocks of unburned powder for a certain charge. Then one of the two told of the progress which a number of individuals were making as marksmen. The names were mentioned, but these seemed to be short nick-names. They were apparently in various parts of the country, and my travelling companion was speaking of correcting the list he had with him.

All the talk I have heard about so tempted me to turn and open a conversation with the strangers on a topic where I was thoroughly at home. I did not do so, however, and the two men went on talking, and dropping in the German tongue one narrated to the other a lot which gave point to their former talk in small bores and charges. So far as I could judge they had in view the assassination of the present Emperor of Russia. They had heard about a German snore fired from a long distance up to 200 to 500 yards or more. The advantages of the plan seemed to be its surety, since from a known distance and with the most approved outfit, including strong glasses or lenses, which he spoke of, and firing from a rest, he declared that it would be possible to hit a single button on the coat at that distance, and he expressed the hope that some of the men would be able to gain that proficiency. They also heard about a rifle with a plan which have escaped me now; but with a telescope rifle one fitted somewhat similarly, they hoped to be able to plant one of their explosive bullets in the body of a man at a distance which would screen them from observation, and so enable them to carry out their scheme to a sure fatality. The whole plot was talked about in a low tone of voice and with great freedom, and I was expected to be fatigued and rest when talking in German by the fact that there were no German-looking persons in the car. He spoke in terms of great admiration of American arms and said he had glad they had come here, and said that thus far they had no trouble in getting whatever they wished, and he said also that they had arranged for having their guns sent home. I was, as you may well have guessed, very much amused at the murdering talk I had heard and while I was wondering what I might do to meet the train at Spuyten Duyvil, and seemed to wait for a train later to the west side of the city.

I do not wish to become involved in any way. I can give no more definite information than the above, and can only repeat my conclusion reached that the men had made a thorough study of rifle-practice here with the plan of applying it to this regional assassination on our ranges. I. V.

WISCONSIN NOTES.—At its last session the Legislature of Wisconsin passed a law providing for the payment of a bounty of six dollars on each wolf killed, three dollars on each fox, cat or lynx killed, and two dollars on each fox killed. The law has now been in operation about two months, and during that time the secretary has audited claims to the amount of \$5,517. Most of the money has been obtained by persons in the southern part of the State, and when the wolf-killers in the northern part (where wolves are plenty) commence to get their work in the fall, on the treasury will certainly be very encouraging to sheep-raisers. As the seasonal days wear away, and the 15th of August draws near, bearing with it prospects of a splendid shooting season, our lovers of the dog and gun seem to grow feverish. The gun rests uneasily in its case, and needs renewal and inspection, and turning over; the pointers and setters receive more attention and are fed in the draft, on these excuses for a rest, which for the open season promises to be the finest that has ever been known for years, and we never have very bad ones. Plenty of chickens wintered over, and the weather during the hatching season was perfect.

Last Friday Mr. W. H. Skinner was in town and some of our rifle-shooters—amateurs—met and they and Mr. Skinner shot, resulting in the defeat of Mr. Skinner, much to the credit of Mr. E. A. Benjamin, the winner. Sixty-five balls each were thrown from a Bogardus trap and, with a rifle, E. A. Benjamin broke 46; W. H. Skinner, 45. Then five balls each were thrown, of which E. A. Benjamin broke 5 and W. H. Skinner 4. Also 35 balls were thrown by hand, of which number W. H. Skinner broke 31 and E. A. Benjamin 30. Mo.

ORIO GAME PROSPECTS.—Wauson, O., June 25.—A bounty is paid in this State for hawks. A person presenting a dead hawk to the township clerk when killed, is entitled to a certificate from said officer to the fact. On presentation of this certificate to the County Commissioners they are compelled to order the payment to said person the sum of 50 cents for each hawk killed, named in the certificate, out of the dog-tax fund. Sportsmen are endeavoring to earn an extra dollar while out and thus help preserve the game, and at the same time kill two birds with one stone. The quail prospects are better with us than I have known them for years. We will have excellent shooting this fall. Squirrels are very plenty, and we expect splendid woodcock shooting. I hear of large numbers.—H.

WHITESTONE GUN CLUB.—WHITESTONE, L. I., June 24.—On Monday, June 24, we organized the "Whitestone Gun Club," commencing with a membership of twenty. An association is much needed here to see that the game laws are respected, and we propose to have them rigidly enforced, thereby doing away with all poaching and pot-hunting. We hold our inaugural match on July 4, prox. The following officers were elected: President, H. W. Watson; Vice-President, James Watson; Secretary, A. C. Witherding; Treasurer, H. Simonds.—A. C. WILBERING, Sec.

Booneville, June 18.—I have opened a sportsman's resort on Third Lake, Fulton Chain, and expect "Nessmucks" to

be there about July 1, on a visit of several weeks, to paddle his tiny canoe on his favorite Third Lake. Trout-fishing witfully is now good; they are in fine condition and very gaudy. The prospect for deer-hunting is good when the time comes. I have seen several in my ramble lately, and William Dart, one of our reliable guides, when out with a sportsman last week, fishing on North Branch, Moose River, saw five deer in one day's trip. They have been unmolested, so far, in that region, and are very tame—can row right close to them.—Yours truly, ROBT. PARRIE.

NEW JERSEY WOODCOCK SEASON.—The first open season for woodcock shooting in New Jersey opens July 1 and extends to August 1. The months of August and September are a close season. The second open season extends from Sept. 30 to Dec. 15.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Uphergrove & McEllan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Fish Culture.

POACHERS.

BY JAMES ANNIN, JR.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

I SHALL endeavor to give a list of some of the most destructive frequenters of the trout pond and stream which have come under my observation, and also some of the remedies used.

First, I have the kingfisher. His notes are heard from early spring until cold weather in late fall, and sometimes he will appear during the winter, like some sportsmen I have seen who stand it until the season opened in the spring, but they must just go and take a look at the stream where, during the summer past, they have spent their sport.

This bird is never satisfied, from daylight until dusk he is on the look-out, and ever ready to plunge in after any fish which may be exposed.

I honestly think that a kingfisher, unmolested during his stay on or near the stream, will take up many trout as the average sportsman. Some say, "Why don't you shoot them?" Well, cold lead is very good when you get the time and chance to send it after them, but you can't be on the look-out all the time, and I think the best way to get the full amount of harm's way is to trap him. For that purpose I have used small, round steel traps, the kind without the shank or tail piece, fastening them on the end of a pole, say ten or fifteen feet long, and then putting them up along the stream near enough to good fishing, so that when the bird may trap it a splendid point to make observations from. When the trap is set and in position the little plate or drop is a little the highest part of the trap, and as he slips up and drops on it, he is almost always caught by both ends of the trap. It is always ready, it costs nothing to keep it running besides the first cost of the trap. Occasionally you will have a visit from some of our other birds. I have taken large fish hawks, owls, etc., and never but one robin.

Next come the ducks, wild and domestic. The latter are very destructive not only to the fish but to the fish food of the stream. They are almost always at work feeding during the day, and are not easily driven away.

The best plan is to have no ducks yourself, and if your neighbors have them and they come on your premises, offer to buy them, or to have them sold if they have more and they will only fly to the place where I have seen a tame catch duck and swallow a trout six inches long.

But few species of wild duck trouble fish men, but during the winter I was annoyed with a flock of what I called saw-bills or sheldracks. Most of the streams throughout the State were frozen, and they came to our Caledonia Spring Creek, as that never freezes. I had a hard time with them for about two weeks trying to keep them off. It occasionally I could get a shot they would only fly to the other end of the stream, and would soon be back. (The stream is only about one mile long.) They would go over the large spawning beds where you could see from one hundred to a thousand fish, and after they had been over if you would not stop you would find them all over the stream, and would come again or twice it was the third day before they began to show up again.

I found that shooting did not work, so I made some scarecrows out of old barrels and set them up on my banks as the stream goes. That did very well for a day or two, but they soon saw through the fraud, and were as bad as ever. I then thought I would try something that would move, as I saw that a boat on the stream, or a person in motion, would start the ducks, and they would see it, even if it was a long way off. So I made some small red flannel bags, and put them by the side of the scarecrows, and that did the business, and I had no more trouble with the sheldracks.

Next I have the muskrat, and the muskrat-owl. I have but little to say about them as they have given me but little trouble or damage that I know of. What first made me suspect that they were up to some mischief was that I found them in my steel traps that set for muskrat, and I had the setting traps for these set in generally places where I found the surface of the water from one or four inches, and when I found the eyes in them I could not make out what they were after in the water, but I soon found that it was the fish-food in the stream, such as the fresh-water lobster, crabs, mud crabs, etc. So I set it out a duck enemy to the fish, they indirectly do much harm, as I said under the head of Poachers No. 1. I have taken them during the night in the traps placed for kingfishers.

Then come the heron, the "blue heron," and what a wicked fellow, dealing death to everything in the fish line that he once strikes with that long, heavy and sharp bill of his. Most of his poisoning is carried on after dark and early mornings. During the day he is very careful in the morning, and does not enter the marshes, but after dark he will come into any of your shallow ponds, coming to within a rod or two of your house, and as the fish move around (he standing in the water perfectly motionless), he will strike and catch the fish, and he will strike and catch him his him. From what I have seen myself and heard from others I think the bird capable of getting outside of from one to two dozen, three dozen trout on one night.

During the night he will enter a large trout stream, and often heard within a short distance of a great flowing and disturbance in the water. The next morning I have often gone to the spot as near as possible, and found the marks of the heron's feet on the mud near the more shallow water, he will get away from one-half to one pound in weight, dead, with a hole in his back or side into which you could put your finger, and sometimes going through the fish. I suppose the fish found in this shape were a trout, and he will strike and catch the fish, and he will strike and catch him, but only to die from the effects of the wound.

If you see their marks or think herons are visiting your ponds or stream at once get out your steel traps, and at the spot mentioned, set a trap near the more shallow water, he will get away from one-half to one pound in weight, dead, with a hole in his back or side into which you could put your finger, and sometimes going through the fish. I suppose the fish found in this shape were a trout, and he will strike and catch the fish, and he will strike and catch him, but only to die from the effects of the wound.

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Then I have the muskrat. In his poaching he is after much the

Miscellaneous

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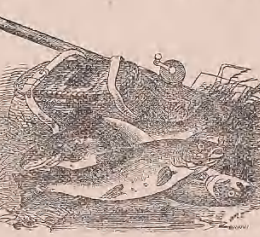
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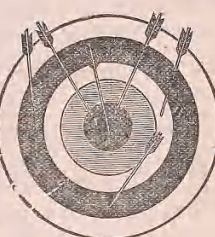
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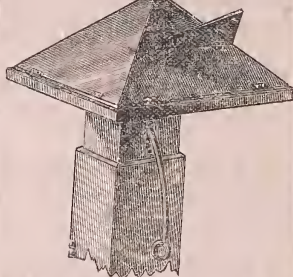
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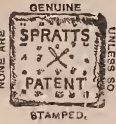
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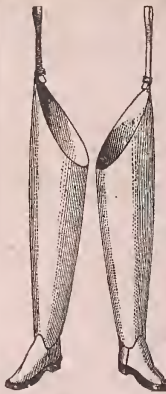
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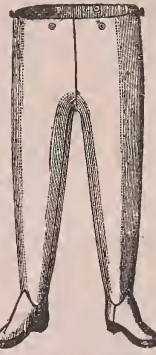
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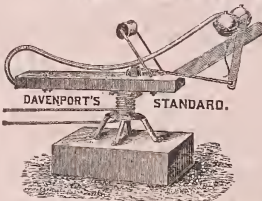
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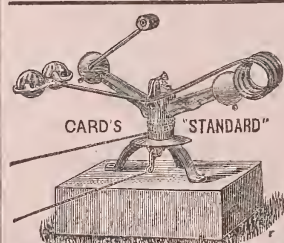
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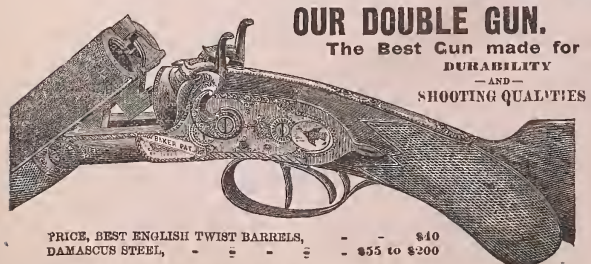
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 7.

'POSSEM STORIES are now in order.

Do not forget that the same rules of health hold good in the camp as at home; and in particular that a full allowance of refreshing sleep is necessary to repair the waste of tissue during the working hours. The good results, which would otherwise follow a week in the field, are too often prevented by a neglect of the ordinary hygienic principles of correct living. Sound sleep and plenty of it. Remember that, and arrange the programme of your trip so that the hours for sleep may not be curtailed nor broken.

THERE is great deal of anti-monopoly talk nowadays, and it is not to be wondered at that the formation of large game clubs and the occupation of immense tracts of desirable shooting land should be looked upon with alarm by some of those who are thus shut off from former privileges. A correspondent in this issue suggests that such clubs are akin to monopolies. There is abundant argument on the other side of the case; and the club members can doubtless give good reasons for their course. But is not the hint a fair one that some days might be set apart for the benefit of opposed parties who may not be club members?

DEATH TRAPS.

ONCE more the community is startled by a frightful "accident" in which a number of precious lives are sacrificed to the clumsy ignorance which has so long characterized the modelling of small yachts in America. It is safe to say that the "accident" to the Mohawk some years ago was a most serious set-back to the development of the sport in our waters, and now we are called upon to chronicle a second edition thereof in the capsizing of a cabin sloop in the Sound under even more aggravated conditions and far more flagrant in the display of stupidity. So thoroughly incapable and willfully perverse does our style of modelling seem in the light of these frightful and ever-recurring horrors that we lose patience and fail to find words strong enough to paint in contempt and ridicule the pig-headed humbuggery which seeks safety in beam instead of in low weights. It is, in our mind, an open question whether the builders of such despicable man-traps as the sloop in question and her entire class of light-draft, flat-floored caricatures are not open to the charge of deliberate manslaughter, and most of their skippers or owners amenable to the laws for the grossest recklessness and downright imbecility. That people entirely unacquainted with such matters and unable to tell one boat from another should become innocent victims to their temerity in going sailing in death traps is, perhaps, natural enough, however unfortunate. Everybody cannot be expected to know the dangers besetting a type of boat radically faulty in conception, the treachery of the thing being hidden beneath paint and varnish. But it may well be questioned whether the originators of the death trap cannot be legally held accountable for the havoc they create. Brought up from youth to the profession of building and modelling, there can be no possible excuse in mitigation of their responsibility for execrable work which *capitula under bare poles!* When a doctor, in performing a surgical operation, evinces a lack of professional skill he is sent to jail, and the family of the patient have a just cause of action for damages. Where a yacht builder sells to his customer, a green hand perhaps, a thing that cannot stand up in a squall without a rag on her, where is the difference? The victims of his gross ignorance count up by the hundreds every season, and it cannot be long before the law must be invoked for the protection of the public. Unfortunately the builder is not always solely responsible for the traps he launches, which are heralded in the lay papers as "models of strength and beauty" by verdant pens totally in the dark about the real state of things, deceived into praises by cabin tinsel, superficial neatness and decoration, when a decided stand against the multiplication of death traps would save many a new aspirant for innocent and beneficial recreation from an untimely grave in the deep.

We protest in the interests of the general public and the sport of yachting against the construction of the miserable sailing machines having nothing but beam to depend upon, neither body nor low weights, sparred far beyond reason in the pursuit of an oft refuted "theory" that a flat floor and light draft are necessary to speed. It has been shown in practice over and over again that a good, wholesome boat, a safe one at that, is the equal of the machine in point of speed and her superior in every other quality. Although late years have seen a marked modification of sentiment in their favor, we are still hampered with a class of old fogies unwilling to learn from experience, and criminally averse to anything having the color of a change from the ancient, insipid and thoroughly useless "ro!" with which their minds have been poisoned while in the shops as apprentices taking aboard all the transparent hallucinations of men absolutely ignorant of the first elements of mechanics, and utterly at a loss for a rational system upon which to build for their customers in a way combining speed with safety. In the narrowness of their minds and illiberality of their spirit there can be but one way to accomplish what they seek, and that is a slavish submission to the antediluvian lore passed along from man to man, padded, colored by the imagination, almost wholly devoid of truth, and a laughing stock to persons conversant even in a moderate degree with the common lever of statics and the rudiments of dynamics. Even the little boy whittling out a clip hangs lead to the keel, and sees his plaything safely bound over the ripples of a mill pond, now nearly plumb holding her way through calms, then struck down by

a squall without consequence or damage, always coming back to a normal position, and reaching the opposite side in safety—blow high, blow low, rain or shine. That same small boy displays in his crude efforts a more thorough appreciation of the forces at work and the mechanics necessary to meet them in the fight than his sage, white-haired sire, who builds wide and flat "to make her stand up," or to accommodate that peculiar class of so-called yachtsmen whose disgust is aroused lest they can berth a 50-ft. ship on a mud flat with a few inches of water, and for the attainment of which they are prepared to sacrifice without murmur the very first essential—safety—a good design and a valuable boat should possess. The future of yachting on small tonnage would be hopeless indeed and a grand sport confined to the wealthy few were the light not already breaking.

In the East outside weights and keels have become general, and in New York the drowning—year in, year out—of most estimable citizens cannot fail to bring about the cure. Put some more brains into yacht modelling, or else let us have Government inspection to insist upon sound proportions and a full outfit for all emergencies, or the great million will never be got to look upon yachting as anything else than a tight-rope performance, and making one's final will must become a step as peltic as it now is necessary before going off for an hour's sail when the sky is not clear and "probabilities" guaranteed from Washington. That we have not yet been able to solve the problem of building safe and fast as well is a disgrace to those responsible for the present fleet. Surely there have been opportunities enough, for many an owner would prefer to put his money into something which shall be safe first and fast next. Yet he goes to the builder in whom he puts his trust and the latter, forsooth, to make the boat safe, gives a "little more beam and a little less depth," and leaves it to FOREST AND STREAM to recount the disaster and trace the drowned when the machine first strikes a combination of adverse circumstances, ignominiously turning the beam wrong side up. Now, in the name of common sense, why must we in New York continue in such evil ways? Have not deep boats like Elephant, Vixen, Fanita, Intrepid and others of New York; Hesper, America, Lillie, Gad and a host of keel sloops in the East shown themselves fast, smart and uncapsizable? Was not Peerless, schooner, improved by outside lead? Has Agnes not done well this season with ballast below the garbards? Does Crusader lag for a similar reason? If the whole matter of keel and low weights were still in the realms of experiment only, well might the builders be excused from risking their reputation and little all in something likely to be a failure. But there is no longer any experiment about it. Practice has shown that keels and outside weights, with the necessary concomitant of brains, can hold their own for all-round work with the old-fashioned theories of light draft and beam. Some of the most sorry failures of the season are boats, small and large, built on the silly brained "skimming over the water" delusion one is so apt to meet with as the stock in trade of many a yacht-builder's "faith." If some builders refuse to take the initiative, we trust the large public reading our columns will place their orders with those who have sufficient intelligence to keep abreast of the small boy's toy, and who are able and willing to learn. Shake off the dusty shlep lore for once, look facts in the face, and have courage to back your opinions against the hearsay diatribe which holds such powerful sway over those whose business it ought to be to lead and not to tow behind. To solve the question between light draft traps and honest yachts, no better plan can be proposed than a close examination of the model yachts sailed by their professional masters on the lakes of the parks. Ask them if they would have a wide dish with a board or a well-proportioned hull with keel and lead, depth and moderation in beam. Their answer, whatever it may be, will have been obtained through a vast deal of experience, and we stake our reputation that they will bear us out in the assertion that speed and safety are attainable in a yacht with just the same ease we now produce capsizing traps, which are not always fast at that. As for a sportsman who, to keep his boat on a flat, will deliberately choose a machine to save himself half an hour's journey in reaching the craft, he is past salvation, and in his case the verdict some day may be: Served him right; he is beyond the pale of com-

miseration. There is one thing more which concerns the owners rather than the builders. You may try to sail in smooth water and fair weather as much as you please—sometimes an unlooked for combination of adverse circumstances may arise. If you are afloat in a trap set to it that provisions are made for quitting a sinking ship. Have life preservers within reach on deck, have them easily adjusted by yokels fresh from green swards ashore. Have a practical plan of a raft in your mind, to be improvised in haste from gratings on the cockpit floor, with grip lines rove around the framing. Have a csn of water, brandy and provisions lashed thereto. See that the thing cannot jam at a critical moment, and lash what oars, buckets or wreckage you have to the raft, in such a way as not to "slosh" around when afloat. Finally, use a modicum of common sense when yachting just as you would ashore. Do not rely on the sailing master as your sole salvation, and bear in mind that "forewarned is forearmed." Strip heavy boots and clothing in nasty looking weather, and give full directions before the storm is upon you. Batten down hatches and doors, and stand by to trim ship as required. When overboard, tread water as though you were walking on land, keep your mouth shut, don't swallow water or waste precious breath in useless cries. Don't attempt to ston the tide or sea, but save your strength to some purpose. You are not going to drown simply because you are wet, but have the chance of picking up something to help keep you afloat. With a bucket, an oar, a stool, you are safe for twenty-four hours or more, and stand a good chance of being picked up or getting safely ashore. But if you have kept your wits about you in the first place, safety will have been assured by means of a life belt previously attached. Looking drowning in the face is an accompanying requisite of our present vicious and ignorant style of modelling, and preparations for such a contingency should form part of every yacht's outfit.

Had a title of the foregoing been observed by the unfortunate aboard the sloop yacht *Sophia*, capsized in the Sound June 28, the lives of all would have been saved. Simple and natural enough as these directions seem not one of the sloop's crew, from skipper down, had sense or composure enough to follow even the readiest of all, other than to go in out of the rain and then open the cabin doors again, letting the flood down below. The "accident" illustrates most forcibly the immediate danger of deep cockpits, but these are passing away in yachts of latest build, and flush decks, with nothing more than "blind" or "false" cockpits bid fair to become the rule. A few dollars would have put a bulkhead under the forward and after thwarts of the yawl-boat and she would not have sunk from beneath those clinging to the bottom. But in the utter neglect of every precaution, in her meagre, shabby outfit, in her dangerous model, top-heavy spars and a very full inventory for the gratification of the stomach, the luckless sloop was no different from the great majority of so-called yachts of her sort. Built in ignorance, light draft for deep waters, carrying four tons of iron high up, when six down low would not have been out of proportion in a well-balanced production, no wonder she rolled over to a squall, filled and sank, and for want of outfit; no wonder five precious lives have been sacrificed and a noble sport, which can be made as safe as any other, receives another black eye, from which it will take years to recover.

We believe *FOREST AND STREAM* has done more than all other journals put together in effecting reforms, and can trace the increasing demand for safe, honest boats to our efforts in these columns to cover the machines with the contempt they deserve, and we hope soon to see a healthier appreciation of the qualities of various types of boats. Public opinion is already ranging on our side.

If disasters, fraught with terrible consequences, can hasten the turn of the tide and quench the craze for beauty, light drafts, the victims of the sloop in question will not have lost their lives in vain, poor consolation as this may be to friends and relatives so suddenly bereft of those they loved. There was nothing extraordinary or exceptional about this disaster; the only wonder is that more of the sort do not occur. A sloop hired for the occasion, thoroughly seaworthy, staunch and fast, of course, sets sail for a short cruise up the Sound in charge of an experienced and thoroughly competent "captain," of course—one of the kind who has never seen a day at sea, but has graduated about Gowanus Bay from the hearsay school. The yacht was well and completely fitted, of course—that is to say, in the estimation of sand-bag critics, who think a mast, perhaps a bowsprit, and enough gear to hoist sail all that any sensible, "practical" man would have on a yacht. The merry party consists of the usual muster of clerks and brokers bound on a holiday, this time supplemented, unfortunately, by a most estimable young lady, persuaded into the trap by the rest, who knew as little about a boat as she did, though one was "brought up on all his life among yachts and boats," but in the moment of trial was found as little prepared to devise means of safety as a novice. After drifting about June 28, beyond the Middleground light, in a calm, with a threatening sky, tho' "captain" taunted by the passengers for not making more sail, the squall finally burst with fearful fury. Sail had been furled in time, "everything secured and all preparations made," as the survivors report, no doubt referring to stowing the dishes out of harm's way, for nothing else was accomplished. The sloop, under bare poles, is literally overpowered by the gale, "lifted bodily into the air," and thrown on her beam ends. The seas rush in, and the miserable thing incontinently sinks. The yawl follows

suit, and hardly a thing is to be found adrift. After a short struggle five are drowned; two luckily get an ice-box within their reach and are rescued by a passing schooner, revived, and bring home the sad news. That is all; a plain enough affair, likely to happen again unless the advice and warnings we have given are heeded.

Capsized under bare poles! What a comment upon yacht modelling in America! Are there any obtuse enough not to see the moral of this disaster, and, with it, as powerful evidence, how long before the old school will relinquish, or be compelled by law to relinquish, the unsupported myths, the wildest and most illogical cant, they still cling to as "practical" teachings, when they only lead to dismal, abject failures, stamping them incompetent to the verge of criminality?

THE FLYING CLAY PIGEON.

THE latest device intended to afford a substitute for live pigeons at the trap is the "flying clay pigeon," invented by Mr. George Ligowsky, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The target, or "bird," as it is called, is a light convex disk of clay, much resembling in shape a saucer with the rim turned over and in toward the centre.

A trap has been made to throw this target at any desired vertical angle, and the flight much resembles that of a quail or a pinnated grouse; in fact, it is the nearest artificial approach to the natural flight of a bird that we have ever seen. The disks are very brittle, and when struck by shot are not liable to leave any room for dispute. In flight they skim along horizontally, or at such an angle as may be desired, and settle gently down to the ground like a bird and without breaking.

This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds in the field that the "clay pigeons" afford excellent practice for wing shooting, at the same time possessing in a less degree than other substitutes for game the disadvantages attending trap shooting. An expert "clay pigeon" shot is well advanced toward being an expert wingshot in the field; and it takes a good degree of skill to make a fair score with the clay target, as some of those who tried it at Coney Island last week discovered. Mr. Ligowsky's "birds" were more difficult shooting than many of the live pigeons which were thrown up from the traps to a certain point in the air and hung there for a second, before falling, as they did fall whether hit or not.

It is yet too early to fully and unqualifiedly indorse the "flying clay pigeon" as a satisfactory substitute for live birds, but it appears to be such, and we commend all sportsmen to test its merits and decide for themselves. The address of the manufacturers will be found in our advertising columns. A trap is now on exhibition at this office.

THE ST. LOUIS ASSOCIATION.—The St. Louis, Mo., Fish and Game Protective Association has an active membership of 135. The first annual report of the society is now before us. It shows that work has been done and results accomplished. Four prosecutions have been instituted against illegal netters; three convictions were secured and fines imposed. Two convictions were also had of parties violating the game law. The society has secured one very sensible and effective aid in their work, that is the co-operation of the express companies, who have been induced by the society to prevent the shipping of game killed out of season. But by far the most encouraging sign of the St. Louis Association's good influence is the growing recognition of their work and aims by the public. The people are finding out that there is such a society and that its members are in earnest; and such knowledge goes a great way. The Secretary of the association, Mr. H. C. West, care St. Louis Cotton Exchange, invites any information of game law violations. The President of the society is Hon. John D. Johnson, in whose hands, we need not add, the work will go on.

CARRY IT OUT.—While the late meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was barren of result—save the pigeon shooting and fly-casting—it may yet prove a turning point in the history of the society if one of the resolutions there made be carried out. We refer to the proposal to call a meeting of delegates from the several counties of the State to transact the business which legitimately belong to a game protective association. It is sincerely to be hoped that this matter may be agitated by the clubs, and such a convocation called together. An association representing the entire State would have great influence at Albany, and the annual wrangling over the game laws might be stopped if that society took the matter into its hands. The proposed convention is a most excellent project. Carry it through.

WILD CELERY.—Can any one inform us as to the cultivation of wild celery? Has it ever been transplanted or sown in waters to serve as food for wild fowl? Who can supply the seed, and at what price? When should it be sown? This information is sought by several correspondents.

AN INVASION OF WEAKFISH.—The fish known as weakfish, squetague, snuit, salt-water trout, etc. (*Cynoscion regalis*), have been unusually plenty for the past ten days. Three menhaden steamers hauled their purse seines around some 20,000 pounds of them and threw them on New York market in such quantities that they could not be sold for a

cent a pound. Such are the poor accommodations of New York for distributing an unusual catch of fish that many of these went back to the oil factories. The fish are plentier than in many years and are taken up the Hudson as far as Yonkers with hook and line, a most remarkable circumstance. And this fish was thought to be gradually decreasing. We know but little yet of the laws which govern the increase or decrease of fishes in a state of nature.

MANHATTAN BEACH still holds the leading place among Coney Island resorts. Its varied attractions, the bathing, the music, the Tuesday and Thursday fairy-land illuminations, the Saturday evening pyrotechnic exhibitions, and the Marine Railway excursions, afford abundant entertainment and amusement for the thousands who seek the beach daily. Manhattan Beach is easy of access via the boats from Whitehall street to Bay Ridge, or by way of Greenpoint. There is a solidity about the Manhattan establishment which argues well for its future.

WITH JULY comes to us the June number of the new aspirant for public patronage, *The American Gentleman's Magazine*, which appears to be in all respects, save in the name, an after issue of *Brentano's Monthly*. The periodical is conducted by Mr. Marius Lazare, the well-known bicyclist, and is devoted to sports of the day.

SOME of our esteemed daily contemporaries affect to condemn dog fights; but they take good care to give all the particulars of each affair of the kind. The rule is to assume high moral ground, but give the news. A very good rule—but what is news?

WHAT has come over the *Market Index and Journal*? Its comments on the Coney Island tournament are not in keeping with its former role of "special organ."

THE 'POSSUM IS SERVED.

ONE day last month there came, in our Southwestern mail, this letter:

TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 5, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A controversy has arisen in this remote locality on account of the inclosed engraving in *Harper's Weekly* of April 30, 1881.

A Kentuckian contended that no well-bred negro would cook an opossum in a cooking stove, and a Virginian asserted that opossums were always to be eaten cold, whereupon the dining table was left to the arbitration of Senator Norwood, of Georgia, who happened to be sojourn among us, and who decided that an opossum should be eaten cold.

The Kentuckian appeals from the opinion of the Senator to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and alleges for exception that the opossum is essentially a winter dish, and as a winter dish should not be eaten cold, but hot like spare-ribs, sausages, baked meat cakes, etc.

It is well known to all hunters of the opossum that he must be frosted three nights upon a clap-board roof before he can be properly cooked, and that the accompaniment must be sweet potatoes. No other essent will answer. No wine or beer of any kind is proper with a baked opossum. Nothing but genuine Bourbon whisky is strong enough to assist the digestion of 'possum fat.

The enigma of *Harper's* is an atrocity, equal to the decision of the Senator from Georgia in favor of cold 'possum. An African cooking an opossum on a cast-iron cooking stove—this would raise an old Virginian or Kentuckian 'possum hunter from his grave.

If you will kindly take the trouble to have a formal decision entered in your columns whether an opossum should be eaten hot or cold, you will oblige many readers, and very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES D. POSTON (from Kentucky).

Now, while the *FOREST AND STREAM* claims to know a great deal about the subjects which arc properly within its field, it confesses that this Tucson appeal was a poser; and the editor cheerfully owned up, on this particular point, to that "inexperience," of which the Ditmar people have been tooting since their preposterous powder pretensions were exploded. He was the more willing to do so, since from very early times the art of preparing this game for the table has been recognized as the accomplishment of a gifted or fortunate few. As the Latin poet has it, *Non omnia possunt omnes*—we cannot all cook 'possums.

But next to knowing a thing yourself is knowing where to find out from some one else who does know it. The *FOREST AND STREAM* has the happy advantage of being in a position to supplement its own knowledge with the information and experience of others; there are few culinary mysteries from an Isthmopolitan stew to an Alaska gurry-garoo which it cannot fathom.

We besought our Tucson friend to allay the excitement in Arizona, to calm Kentucky, and to restrain the States of Georgia and Virginia from any rash action—and we would find out how to cook a 'possum and all about it. We have received, in response to correspondence on the subject, a number of happily written letters, which we print to-day, and our acknowledgement to the writers for their aid in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion so momentous an inquiry. Supported by the advice of such trusted counsellors we have now no hesitation in "entering a final decision" that 'possums should be served—but read the testimony before hearing the judgment.

The first comes from a Virginia judge—his pseudonym is familiar—who after the delightful manner of Virginia judges first delivers a sententious opinion, and then tells a story for the edification of the court-room:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to the 'possum pounder propounded by you, "how to cook and how to eat him," I have to say that I never was a possum hunter; but having all my life been in the South, where the darkey abounds, and his insupportable companion, the 'possum, is to be found in great numbers, I have seen that classic bird cooked and eaten many, many times. Before entering into the more minute details, let me say, that the man who calls a 'possum, opossum, displays his ignorance of the whole subject in the start, and his views are not entitled to much weight.

Now, as to cooking him. The first thing to be done is, what some lady in her recipe book on cooking rabbits prescribes, viz: to catch him. This will be no difficult matter, I fancy, with a "yaller" dog, and a carcass, a persimmon tree, or a chicken roost near by. After being secured he is penned up in box, barrel, or coop for a week or two days, and fed as a pig, duck or turkey is usually fed before being slaughtered, in order, as the darkeys say, to "drive all de wilness and de varmint tase out-en-in."

This somewhat difficult, if not impossible, point being achieved, he is then killed and dressed like a pig, hung out to freeze thoroughly for several nights, and when ready to be cooked is stuffed with stale bread crumbs seasoned with any pungent herb that can be had, or with onion according to the taste of the consumer. But, talking about the connection with 'possum is simple sacrilege, and the idea of securing a 'possum is simply absurd. Such a proposition would shock the moral and gastronomic sensibilities of the most callous darkey in the South. There is but one way to cook a 'possum, and that is to roast him, just as you do a turkey or pig. A cooking stove is a good place to do it, but the old-fashioned "spit," and the plantation big iron oven is just as good, and more frequently used, than anything else, because the darkey can't luxuriate in a cooking stove.

Now, as to how to eat him. This is a matter of taste altogether, in the sense that the old woman who "kissed the cow" may be said to have exercised this faculty.

I have seen people eat hot 'possum, but I never saw the same man do it twice. The man whose stomach can stand hot 'possum, even with Bourbon whisky to help him through, and relish it, has a way of being pleased that ought to render him more than amply satisfied. Did you ever eat the bones? Well! when you do that you will want some hot 'possum—not before!

Of course everybody has heard the story of the darkey who visited a friend late at night, and finding Joshua fast asleep, Ginger commenced prowling around the cabin in the uncertain light of an expiring chunk, in search of something to eat. Suddenly he came upon the remnants of a cold 'possum in the cupboard. Ginger fell to work upon it, and after completely demolishing it, he placed the bones on the hearth, and greased the slumbering Joshua's fingers, a touch and gave thoroughly with the fat, and left. About dawn Josh woke up, and bethought him of his dainty 'possum. Upon going to the press he discovered that it was gone. He soon saw his hands greasy and found his mouth in the same fix, and concluded that he must have eaten the 'possum himself while asleep. But still a feeling of uncertainty remained as to whether he had done so, and placing his hand on his stomach he soliloquized thus:

"Here de bones and de grease on my hands and face, and nobody's here but me, so I *must* er eat him; but one thing is sartin, dat dar 'possum do set lighter on my stomach and gibs me de least satisfaction ob any 'possum I eber eat."

Perhaps Joshua had been in the habit of eating his 'possum asleep. But still a feeling of uncertainty remained as to whether he had done so, and placing his hand on his stomach he soliloquized thus:

Next comes a racy sketch from Arkansas. Its author is by profession a lawyer, by occupation a planter; and being the grandson of Col. Davy Crockett—a relationship, he explains, purely accidental on his part—he is by nature and education a lover of the rod and gun. He owns and shoots with the rifle which was presented to Col. Crockett by the citizens of Philadelphia in 1834; and we know not how many hundred deer and lesser game have fallen before it. We have the promise of other stories from his pen—but now to the 'possum hunt:

SHOOKETT'S BLUFF, ARKANSAS, JUNE, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ab, me, how the name of 'possum carries me back to the days of my boyhood. I forget the gable foot, resting upon a pillow as I write. I forget the "sandy silvered" locks and snow-white beard which the cool prairie breeze is caressing, as fancy leads me back—away back—through the "shadlow and sheen" of two score years to the happy, care-free days of my boyhood. But still a feeling of uncertainty remained as to whether he had done so, and placing his hand on his stomach he soliloquized thus:

It is a cold winter evening and I am helping the negroes to feed the stock, when "Ike" says "Mars Bob, we're gwine 'possum huntin' to-night; s'pose you ask your Ma couldn't you go long wid 'em?"

I went over to my family gather around the hearth before the blazing hickory fire, my mother with her sewing, my father with a book; the candles arc "sunfied," (no lamps in those days) and just as they are settling down for their evening's occupation I hear a horn blow. The sound gives me courage to say, "Mother, the 'boys' are going 'possum hunting to-night; please let me go wi' 'em."

"No," she says, "I can't let you go, and you might get hurt." I try to argue the question, but she grows more firm in her refusal, when another "hook-horn-tooo-to" rouses my father, who, his heart stirred, perhaps, by some memory of his own boyhood, says, "Let him go, Mother; old Ben and the boys will take care of 'em."

I am soon ready, and when I reach the big gates, where the darkeys await me I am greeted with a deafening chorus of yells, harks, howls, horns and "Whoop! here comes Mars Robert!"

A brief discussion ensues as to the route we had best take, some suggesting the creek bottom "whar dere's lots ob grapes;" others contending for "de ole 'Green field" whar de 'simmons' is jest breakin' de trees down." "Uncle Ben" cuts the matter short by shouldering his ax and leading off in the direction of the creek bottom.

Reaching the woods we stop a while, as Uncle Ben says, "I can't see no sign of 'em, but we soon hear them patterin' about in the dead leaves in search of 'possum or trail. Meantime the young "niggers" are loudly discussing the merits of their respective dogs, when old Ben, who is standing in a patch of moonlight a little ahead, whirs 'round and

yells, "Here, you young uns, stop dat fuss! How de debil is gwine to hear de dogs? Ike, if I hear you moan agin, I'll strike your head in a snuk hole and let you dar—you hear me?" That settles us.

A few minutes pass in silent expectancy, and the stillness is broken by a low whimper from one of the dogs.

"Dat's Remus," whispers Ike, "I know his tongue; 'possum or polecat shore!"

Now, there's a quick, sharp yelp in the direction of which all the dogs break with a rush; and the whole pack dash off in full cry. I strike my head in a snuk hole of perhaps one hundred yards; and then suddenly at my side, I hear a yelp.

"Have they lost it?" I ask—and for answer the dogs open again with a "standing bark."

"Dar, dey's tread!" and away we go, helter skelter, now tripped by a trailing vine, anon falling headlong over a rotten log, bruising shins, scratching faces, tearing clothes, whooping and yelling we reach the dogs, which, contrived by our presence and yells, become frantic with excitement.

The 'possum enters the sacifice in the top of a small oak sapling, up which a grape-vine has climbed. Old Ben shakes the tree and jerks the vine, but no 'possum falls.

"Here, you, Silas, you climb up de saplin' and I pull him out, and ain't you dead let him trap 'mong de dogs!"

Silas, aided by a boost from Uncle Ben, shins up the sapling and in a moment sings out, "Whoop, I got him, but his tail is done rapped round 'dis him so tight dat I can't loose him. Hello! Look out! Dar he comes!" and the 'possum comes tumbling down into the very jaws of the eager dogs, and the whole pack pile right on him; but Ben, with a few hearty "licks" with the ax helve and vigorous kicks with his No. 11 brogans now makes an opening through which he reaches down and, grasping the 'possum by the tail, lifts it high above his head to keep the dogs from regaining possession of it.

The dogs are kicked and cuffed into something like quiet, Silas slides down the sapling, the 'possum which all the time has been "playing dead," is dropped into a sack; a young darkey throws it across his shoulder; Ben picks up his ax; and after taking a look at the "seven stars, to see what time it is," away we go in search of more game.

About midnight, with three or four more 'possoms, we turn our faces homeward, old Ben trudging along in front, and singing:

"The soutree has a bushy tail
Stumpy grows de head;
De ole 'possum tail an' rapped all round
De ole 'possum tail an' rapped all round."

The dogs seem to know that their hunt is over; and with drooping heads slouch along at heel. Now and then a young dog sees a rabbit ploughing in the moonlight and with a yelp or two dashes after it but soon returns. The youngsters—white and black—now that the excitement is over, grow sleepy and silent as we drag our tired feet along; and are glad enough when the "big house" and the "nigger cabins" are sighted in the moonlight.

Old Ben catches the 'possum on the frozen ground; but the 'possoms make no effort to escape—they are still "possumin'" dead. There is but one correct mode of killing a "possum" and that's the "Ole Furginy" style. So Ben gets a light rail, places a 'possum on its belly-n the ground, lays the rail across its neck close to the head, makes a young darkey stand on each end of it, then taking position in front of the 'possum catches him by the tail, puts his left foot on the rail, and with the point of his knife cuts his neck. A long-bladed knife is plunged into the "sacking place" and pushed home to the heart and it is then hung up to bleed.

Next morning a tub is half-filled with hot water (not too hot) into which is dropped the 'possum and held by the tail, until the hair will slip; then taken out, laid upon a plank or board, and the hair or wool pulled off with the fingers. It is quickly done and the skin is as soft, smooth and white as a baby's.

In those days we knew nothing of cooking stoves—they had not been introduced in the South; and so the 'possum was let to freeze two or three nights, and then placed in a five-gallon kettle of water, into which was thrown two pods of red pepper. After boiling one hour in the pepper water, that was poured out and the kettle refilled with plain water. After boiling in this for one hour it was taken out, placed in a large oven, sweet potatoes cut in half and around it, black pepper, salt and a pinch or two of sage sprinkled over it, a pint of water poured in, the lid put on; and with a slow fire baked until done. Eat all you can at dinner while it is warm, and if by chance there be a remainder over, eat it cold for supper, and swear by Diana, the chaste, that hot or cold there is nothing more toothsome than "baked 'possum."—Bon II. C.

Does the 'possum "play dead?" Or is his simulation of death, like that of the humming bird, the effect of fright, and something over which he has no control? We believe that there is good authority for this theory. At any rate, a 'possum in this helpless condition, whether cunningly shamming dead or not, is a more desirable beast to meddle with than a wide-awake one up a tree, as the following story from the ever-entertaining pen of St. Clair goes to prove:

LAWTONVILLE, GA., JUNE, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many long years ago, when this writer was a gay and festive lad, delighting in all kinds of sport by land and water, it was once his good fortune to witness the actual cooking of a 'possum. He had often eaten them, cooked to a turn and richly broun in all their glory; but it was reserved for one golden night for him to know how they are cooked.

Mrs. Glass says: "First catch your hare," then, in a Sairy Gairdner "nigger" I had already caught him. Wishing to avoid the path of this estimable lady, I'll tell how our 'possum was caught, and then tell the manner of cooking.

"Hole back dar, you little niggers, an' doan ru' so fas' arter dat 'possum," was the warning cry of Uncle Leven, the best cow hunter in Kentucky, one still, frosty, moonlight night, as "Ole Bose" was heard barking furiously about a mile away. The powers that ruled in the big house had granted me leave to go on a 'possum hunt, and I, too, with a mob of little darkeys, Uncle Leven pending at our heels, flow rather than ran to the spot where Bose was giving long-tongued evidence that he had a 'possum tread. Up in a scrubby hickory covered with a thick matting of grape-vines we could see glistening in the moonlight the white fur of an enormous opossum. He had been feeding on grapes, of which these animals are very fond.

Jake, the negro, had already commenced climbing the tree to shake the animal down, when he was stopped by the authoritative voice of Uncle Leven: "Doan shake dat 'possum, Bose 'll bruise um; here, take dis bag and put um in."

Dubiously did Jake venture up to the old patriarch 'pos-

sum, whose low growling convinced him that he meant mischief. Getting above the animal, he let the bag down on his foot until the head of his game was parallel with the bag. He was rewarded with a sudden bite through his low linen pants, deep into the flesh. Loud applause from the pit, intermingled with yells from the principal actor. Presently down came Jake, headforemost, with the 'possum still clinging to him, and in an instant Ole Bose, in his eagerness to get at his game, fastened his teeth in the seat of Jake's tow linen pants.

Uncle Leven now took part in the fray, and seizing the game in his arms, soon had him bagged. Jake examined his wounds, anteriorly and posteriorly, and was consoled by being promised an extra share of the 'possum next night.

A merry party were we—five "niggers" all my own age and myself—who had gathered at Uncle Leven's cabin the next night after the hunt to eat 'possum. With the solemn importance of a Druid priest about to perform some mysterious rite, Uncle Leven first laid the 'possum tenderly in a large oven. He then covered him with cold water. Around him, and over him, and about him he packed sweet potatoes until no; another one could be put into that oven. He then put fire under the oven until all the water was boiled out, then putting fire on the lid he went forth to bake him. For two mortal hours, indeed, what time all the little darkeys slept, and his writer was only kept awake by the folk lore of Uncle Leven, did the 'possum cook.

At length the important announcement was made that the supper was done. What a fragrant smell rose up to the rafters of the old cabin, and how brown and glorious lay the "boss" 'possum of "Ole Kantuck!" Eat him? Ah! What good eating a baked 'possum is no one can know who has never tasted one. So large and fat that Bose came in for his share. *Then I gave satfs.*

His share has been prepared sweet potatoes then use Irish.

Baked 'possum is superb; in any other way he is not so good, for there is an abundance of oil in his composition.

Hoping that I have made the approved Southern method of cooking 'possum—when caught—perfectly clear to the minds of the innumerable readers of FOREST AND STREAM, whom I greet right fraternally, I am, as ever,

ST. CLAIR,
"KENTUCKIAN" WRITES FEELINGLY.
MILL SPRINGS, KY., JUNE, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While quizzing a class of medical students a facetious professor called on a member for the proper process of preparation of chicken broth, which was promptly detailed, when the professor, with mock gravity, inquired, "Would it not be expedient, Mr. Smith, to first procure a chicken?"

Presuming the 'possum procured; dress it as you would a pig. We discard the head.

After it is dressed "Aunt Dinah" thinks an opossum unfit for the cook-stove till it has lain out on the smoke-house or porch roof at least one frosty night. When the animal has been removed, wash the 'possum as other fresh meats are treated. Any cook knows the time that fresh meats should "talk salt" before they are cooked.

When ready to cook wash thoroughly; place in a vessel; cover with cold water; throw in a small pod of red pepper; boil vigorously, say an hour; pour off the liquor; cover with fresh boiling water, and boil till tender, when it is ready for the bake-pan. Sprinkle with flour and black pepper, pour into the pan enough of the liquor from which it has just been removed with which to baste it frequently.

When sufficiently browned serve hot, but not floating in gravy, as is too often the manner of bringing on the table a roast which would defy the digestive superiorities of a Digger Indian's stomach, and severely tax the assimilative apparatus of an ostrich. Garnish with relishes to tickle tastes.

Sweet potatoes are an almost indispensable Southern accompaniment. Fared and sliced they are basted and baked with 'possum.

In ante-bellum times a fresh oyster was but a heard-of luxury to us boys for whom the mail carrier's horn sounded but thrice a week, but 'possum, pig friars and burgo were as appetizing winter night-meat propogators as the choicest inventions of the most versatile l'ethyopagnos.

The distinctive effluvia peculiar to many popular meats preserved in cooking is by no means the relish that is a woodcock's trail, and in preparing a 'possum for the table the principal desideratum of an experienced cook is to dispense with the 'possum odor and superfluous fat.

Did you never eat of a well served 'possum? If not come out this fall and, *Deo volente*, you'll confess that there's an unfillable hiatus in your gastronomic enjoyments from so late an introduction to a Southern delicacy. The 'possum is not the six performers of the circus, and has an especial weakness for that fruit, and the location of all the bearing trees are known to the 'possum hunter, be assured.

My wife is skilled in cooking game after our approved styles, and except served by her teacher and self I rarely eat of 'possum that wasn't murdered in the pot, and would disgust a semi-civilized stomach.

Kentuckians generally are plain cooks and a little given to relishes. I never saw olive oil on a farmer's table, unless there for effect, not for use.

A fat 'possum is almost deliquescent, and served floating in its gravy could be digested by a lard oil manufacturer only with aid of a handful of gravel.

KENTUCKIAN.
SENATOR GARLAND IS "ON THE FENCE."

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, JUNE, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your of 9th instant relative to the cooking and eating of a 'possum is received, and the subject has been as fully considered by me as its gravity and importance require, bearing in mind that the thermometer is at 98 degrees in the shade and still "a coming."

I am not much on the cooking of a 'possum, or any other animal as for that; but the bent of my mind is that if you would boil the 'possum in salt and red-pepper water until he is quite tender, and then brown him well in an old-fashioned oven, or skillet, wherein around his body a goodly number of potatoes are baked and browned, you would have a dish untrival and more than ordinary, and a person who could not relish it, whether he took the 'possum hot or cold, would have no celestial fire in his soul, nor music either.

Whether the 'possum should be eaten hot or cold is a question that has bothered me for many years, and even now I am not prepared to say directly how it is. Rather than miss entirely, I would try to eat him in either way I could find him, and really I am of opinion that he is better hot or cold, according to the state he is in when I last partake of him.

I was once chosen by two professed artists in painting miniatures to settle the question which I preferred. I approached

the discharge of this duty with all possible misgiving as to my ability to decide, and with all necessary preparation, and I found every time, in discussing the various points involved in this wonderful accomplishment, that the last time I ever tasted the best to me; and I was not able to determine till I would take one from the other man; and the trial went on from one to another julep for some time—till I had taken some—well, I can't tell now how many; and from some unaccountable reason, I never made up my mind, and no decision was ever rendered, but I performed much work on that occasion.

But in "the ease at bar," I would say about this; after the animal is cooked as above indicated, I would eat freely of him at dinner, hot; and if any of him should be left, I would take that at supper, cold. But if this should be supposed to be overdoing the thing rather freely, and I was "foreed to an election," I would take him hot for dinner and "rest my case here," hoping to have pleasant dreams of him during the night's slumbers as a substitute, to some extent, for not having him cold at supper.

I do not know that I have given you any light on this delicate question, but you have my views as succinctly as I can render them, as it is difficult for me to restrain my thoughts and words on a subject so suggestive.

Very truly yours, A. H. GARLAND.

FROM THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Your letter to Hon. S. S. Cox is received. The party addressed is now in the Netherlands, far from the land of Bourbon and opossum. Were he here, no doubt you would receive a satisfactory answer.

In an interview with a South Carolina (family) cook, I learn that the 'possum is considered most edible when served cold, though it is a matter of taste greatly. It is a very fat quadruped, and the meat consequently delicate and rich. It is usually cooked in what is called a "kitchen" over a wooden fire. The writer knows nothing from experience, but in a strict sense, the ten colored persons acquainted with the habits of the 'possum seem to hold the belief that "possum is de best hot," while three hold to the opinion "it am de most eatable when cold."

The fluids to go with this lively bird can best be determined by the epicurean, though in the States of Kentucky and North Carolina Bourbon is doubtless the only concomitant, *et cetera*, for Democratic 'possums. For 'possums of the opposite political complexion "Apple Sassa" is considered indispensable.

In view of this discussion I would suggest that you address either Hon. Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina (U. S. Senator) or Hon. Alex. H. Stevens, of Georgia, at his home, (Crawfordville, Ga.).

Trusting that you may find a proper solution to this question of "mixed fact and fard," believe me, Respectfully yours, I. W. SPOFFORD.

GREEK-LETTER SOCIETY MYSTERY, SAVANNAH, Tenn., June, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Cook an opossum on a cast-iron stove and "at him cold!" I should smile. Just him such a thing to the sabbie *de cuisine* in my Southern kitchen and see how the idea will be received. Among the many escapades of my college days—or rather nights—there are few that have a stronger hold upon my memory than the 'possum suppers partaken of in some musty dormitory at an hour when all studious and well conducted young men are supposed to have ceased to consume the midnight oil, and to be slumbering soundly, ready to awaken at the first stroke of the morning bell.

There are few among those who have attended Southern colleges that have not attended these mysterious suppers, held usually under the auspices of some Greek-letter society, where the initiated, dodging the prying eyes of over-inquisitive tutors, assembled to pay their respects to the spread, in which the dish of hot 'possum and potatoes, cooked and served by some sabbie hang-on of the college, occupied the chief place.

The manner of cooking the opossum generally practiced is: After having kept the "varmint" in close captivity, and having it properly fed for a fortnight or more, to kill it, and after carefully dressing it expose it for several nights to the frosty air; then it is customary to parboil it in water containing a little sage, and then roast in an old-fashioned oven surrounded with "apple sassa." The opossums are like reasoning save salt and pepper, with a dash of lemon. Of fat he has enough, and to spare. Another way is to suspend the animal on a string in front of the fire, the twisting and untwisting of the string giving it a rotary motion, and while roasting to baste with vinegar, pepper and butter.

If opossums grew to be several times larger than they do now, probably the right thing would be to put away and eat cold, but until some marked improvement is produced in this respect of size it will hardly be convenient to make the experiment. So far as I know, the opossum has always been eaten hot, indeed the cold to the table given by our sabbie purveyor used to be, "Here's your 'possum and taters all hot."

As to the beverage with which to wash down the repast I can't say, but I have seen many a "hangin' offence" in all lovers of 'possums are correspondingly haters of snakes, and I believe that all are also agreed that for snake bites old Bourbon whisky is the "sovereignest thing on earth."—WILL.

THE EXTREME PENALTY IN MISSISSIPPI, CORINTH, Miss., June, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter asking for information in regard to the proper way in which the rat tailed marsupial, yelet the 'possum, should be cooked, I beg leave to state that it has always been considered a "hangin' offence" down South to cook the 'possum any other way than to bake him, with no other accompaniment except yam potatoes, and to eat him red hot.

A little "Mountain Dew," or "Old Bourbon," is considered an admirable corrective after a too free indulgence in "possum and taters."
Yours truly, GUYTON.

EMINENT NASHVILLE AUTHORITIES, NASHVILLE, June, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
As the flesh of this animal is exceedingly strong in flavor, it is all the better for being allowed to freeze two or three days before preparing it for he table—even then to remove the remaining rankness, it should be parboiled in water, properly seasoned with red pepper pods and salt. There are persons who eat the dish while hot, though *connoisseurs*

agree that it is better cold. The following receipts for preparing the opossum are from colored persons, who are admitted to be the most expert in the business. William Hobbs says:

"First boil the opossum in water with an abundance of red pepper pods and salt, until the meat is tender. While this process is going on steam a number of sweet potatoes and slice them; cover the opossum with them and then bake brown."

Jinks Mullin's receipt is, to parboil the opossum after it has been frozen thoroughly in water containing red pepper pods and salt, then to boil him with sweet potatoes and red pepper, thickening the gravy which melts from the opossum with a little flour. Jinks also favors barbecuing them. This process is the same as followed with pigs or mutton, only the opossum requires to be cooked longer and constantly basted with a sauce made of red pepper, salt and vinegar.

Junie Moore says that in Giles County the colored people soak the opossum in strong salt and water for two days, then parboil it for a half-hour in the water, changing this for another water in which red pepper and salt are in quantities; when tender, sprinkle with black pepper and flour, place a number of steam potatoes in the pan and bake until brown and crisp.

To clean the hair of the opossum the negroes roll it in hot hickory shells, claiming that this mode destroys a portion of the wild flavor, though resembling as in the cleaning of pigs is most often resorted to. Many are prejudiced against eating the meat, though those who are not claim it is a great delicacy. Thousands of them are brought to the market and eagerly taken principally by the colored people who would rather have it than ten times its weight in quail, wild turkey or venison. J. D. H.

THE ANTI-BELLUM STILL, MARIETTA, Georgia, June, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have taken the opinion of two old and experienced men on the question of cooking the opossum. They were both large planters before the war, owning many slaves; one a rice planter on the coast, the other a cotton planter in the interior. Both are familiar with negroes and their ways. They both say the 'possum should be roasted, preferably in the open air, and should be eaten hot.

I also asked the question of an experienced colored cook. His way is to parboil the animal, so as to remove the strong flavor; and then either bake or roast it. In either case, it should be eaten hot.

It is too rich a dish for most white stomachs, but suits the negroes like mutton and pork. His liver is almost diseased. Very truly yours, S. C. CLARKE.

TEXANS ARE OMINOUS, CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas, June, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
If the weather be cold enough the "possum," after being cleaned, is hung out of doors for two or three days. He is seasoned like the pig, and the difference lies in the manner of setting his hair off, which is done with cold instead of boiling water. Soak the 'possum in cold water and cover him for about a minute with hot ashes and coals. After this he will shed as easily as an old last year's cockle-burr bush. Dress him just as you would a roaster and lay him out until morning.

If the weather is warm (for the opossum is in season all times of the year), he is cooked the day after being caught. To do this properly take a big Dutch oven, eurl the animal in it, fill all the chinks with peeled yams, then cover the whole with a layer of yams. Dig a hole in the ground deep enough so that the top of the oven, when set in it, will be about four inches below the surrounding earth. Fill this hole with live coals. Let the coals stay in the hole about an hour, replenishing as the fire wanes; then, if necessary, turn the hole and set in the Dutch oven "wid de 'possum and de taters;" pour in the oven about half a pint of water; put on the lid and see that it fits well; put some ashes on top of the oven and heap on the coals; over the hole lay some sticks close together, over these some leaves or grass and cover the whole with the loose earth which came out when the oven went in. Cover up the fire well; he no hix; and then sit down and talk about 'possum and 'coon" hunts for the next two hours at least.

Don't season this game with anything but salt. If you know what is good eat "de 'possum" when he is hot; but if you happen to be offered some cold don't say no. Any man who eats all the steaming hot "possum and tatur" he wants and does not suffer from a large attack of dyspepsia never never tries to eat his stomach.

There never was a bad 'possum. Some are fatter than others and more tender and juicy; but they are all good. I have seen the opossum baked in a stove and roasted on a spit, and have tried him broiled, boiled and fried, and have found him always good, except when he was better or best. The trouble is that he is very rich and he tastes very good and one always eats too much, but never learns by experience to eat less next time. Some people make fools of themselves over a 'possum, but I don't; I get sick and am sorry I ate so much—until next time.

"And last of all the woman came also!" Bless her dear, motherly old soul! We listened to her words of wisdom long years and years ago; and we have a great deal of respect for her yet. Mother Goose is sound on the 'possum question. Take off your hats while we wish you to what she writes. The letter came down the other night with the stick of a sky-rocket.

THE MOON, July 4, 1891.

My Dear Forest and Stream:
There is no sense in your trying to enter any formal decision on that 'possum case. It is purely a question of taste; and tastes differ.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

Jack Spratt could not eat it at all; his wife passed her plate for more every time. The Man in the Moon went down too soon for him, but his tongue eating it cold.

Have you seen the comet? Yours as ever, MOTHER GOOSE.

From a careful and unbiased consideration of the testimony thus far adduced, taking into account the eminence of the gastronomic authorities who have so kindly contributed to the discussion, and having an eye also to the mercury—this is July 6th—we are inclined to the opinion that between 'possum hot and 'possum cold the preference is most decidedly for

The Sportsman's Tourist.

THE SHOOTING OF THE WOODCOCK.

BY PAUL EASTON.

CRYSTAL and still was the air of the bright autumn hour. All round the pool were suspended the pencils of rushes, Writing no more with the breeze on the blue skirt above them. Pivoting as still as the pen of a pondering poet I drooped the tired lites, and sighed in the face of the sun-god, Yielded, like languorous maids, to the kiss of their lover, Laughing and strong, with his rank, ruddy band streaming over them; Yielded and sighed, till the forest was bathed in their fragrant, And the frail flowers of the glen in the sweetness were swooning.

Hark! In you ope is the breeze from its slumber awaking, Stirring the leaves, as it bids up its beautiful tresses, Rising to thrum through the woods like a rose-girdled maiden;

From the thick cover peered the glorious face of a pointer. Silent his step, and unearthiness floated about his beauty. Straightway he parted the leaves and came forth in his beauty, Wizard of woodlands, foreknowing their deep-maiden secrets; Scarce was he free from the edge of the thicket, ere followed, Slowly, a sportsman with picturesque trappings upon him. Neat were his garments of russet, and fringed and romanced. Woodcock and snipe from the net of his game-bag protruded. Even as flew the last twig from the hand of the sportsman, Lined the quivering pointer his forehead, and sank low. Bent like a rod "Then arose, at his masters quick bidding, Ake for a bird which would slip like a shaft from a bow-string! Straight to the Fowler's brown face the brown barrels ascended; Loud rang the stillness, and smoke drifted up through the forest. Checked was the woodcock's swift flight, and he fell lag and drooping, Till with a splash in the rushes—the prize of the sportsman!

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTIEM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER.

ACCORDING to all the best received and well-worn signs as honored and cherished by the craft, the next morning promised a fine day for sport. The rain had eased falling, the clouds were drifting in just the right direction, and everything looked fresh and bright. A light breeze ruffled the lake, just enough to make the waters laugh, and we left the inland eager to try conclusions with anything that had fins.

We fished over about the same water I had prospected the day before, the Seribe and Jiu (the Editor's camp name) in our boat, and I in the smaller one, alone. The Seribe had brought with him a new hornhead (ironwood) 11oz. rod, and he decided this would be a good day to test its temper and capabilities. During the forenoon he took with it a 5 1/2 lb. small-mouthed bass, the largest one he had ever taken in a twenty-five-years' experience as a bass fisher, and, as a consequence, he was the most intensely pleased disciple of the lamented Izaak in all Michigan. He just swelled up with pride and importance till his clothes wouldn't fit him, and it was positively unsafe for him to ture around in the little boat or try to stand up in the canoe. Jiu had to do all the rowing, and then, after giving a furtive glance at that bass, and pinching himself at intervals to see if there was any of him left.

The crucial test of the rod took place, however, later in the day, on a bass of perhaps a pound less in weight, but a vigorous, powerful fellow and a fish of much suddenness. He had played him till well in hand, and with ten yards of line he had him up to the reel, when the fish took a sudden fancy to go under the boat. At this critical juncture the Old Nick got into the reel, and it refused to budge an inch, or any part of an inch, either way. Here was a fix. It was all done so quickly that he did not have time to lead the line around the stern of the boat, and as he could not turn around, not having recovered from the effects of the fish, he was standing up in hand, and he was serious; and the fish was all this time in plain sight on the opposite side of the boat, tugging the rod into something the shape of the letter U. Then, the breeze setting in my direction, I could make out at forty rods away that the Seribe was desperately in earnest and making vehement remarks about that reel.

At last he shouted, "Swing her round to the left—quick!" Jim yanked her left, and the fish stood up in hand, and he yelled, "Great fish, they say! they say facing each other, and he yelled, "Great fish, they say! Jim, to the right—to the right!" or that infernal fish will burst the rod into splinters."

The boat was finally brought around to suit him and the fish fought into submission and brought to the landing net, the reel still firmly locked.

And then he ventured to his feet and gave a mighty yell till the water drenched him two miles up and down the lake and scaped into sudden flight a sleepy bald eagle that sat perched on the top branch of a dead cedar back in the swamp.

It is not probable that a rod would be called on twice in five years' fishing to stand the strain that this one did, and barely possible that one in a hundred would come out of the test as well.

Ironwood as a material for bass rods at once stepped to the front. I took the cap off the reel, but did not discover the difficulty at the time, and it cut up the same line on two or three other "reely" trying occasions. Afterward it was found that a little wedge shaped metal eliek was too long and would stick fast between certain cogs of the smaller wheel, preventing the spool from turning either way. A few strokes of the file would double end.

A smart rain set in late in the afternoon which drove us into camp, lumpy and hungry, with two strings of bass and long-faces that were just good for the eye to linger on. This catch filled our live box so full that the next morning two-thirds of them were dead from overcrowding. After this we tied the larger ones separately to stakes driven into the water, but only the more hardy of them would live more than four or five days. The mortality among them we attributed, whether rightly or not, to the change from the cooler depths of the lake to the much warmer surface water and the confinement. However, we kept a bountiful supply of fresh live ones on hand, which were free to catch of our neighbors as would take the trouble to come after a back-

land. One of them, living about three miles back from the swamps, came paddling over in an old boat from the main land one day with a peck of new potatoes, which he wanted to "swoop for a mess o' fish." He said he would have brought a half-bushel, only it was so hot, and it was too far to tote 'em. New potatoes were just what we were longing for, and he was made happy with a load of fish much heavier to "tote" than his potatoes.

A pair of bald eagles, which were bringing up a young family over in the swamp, would, contrary to our preconceived notions of the high toned independence of the bird, frequently swoop down and carry off to the nest a dead "foater" that it would had blown away from the island; so very few of the fish were to actual waste. And when we ate fish—boiled, broiled, baked, fried and roasted, we felt so lazily; and toward the last Jim's face got so long we dubbed him "Old Pickler."

That night it cleared up, and we had fine weather the rest of our stay, with the exception of a foggy morning or two and an occasional puff of wind that made the lake a little rough for comfortable fishing.

We had agreed to devote at least one day to a trip to Central Lake, at the head of Intermediate, distant about seven miles from camp. As the next morning was bright and pleasant, we took the largest boat, a minnow bucket, half a dozen different patterns of spoons and trollers, a single-piece Japanese cane rod each, and started, leaving Johnny to look after camp and add to our stock of frogs and firewood. The fishing part of the trip going up was a failure, as we rolled nearly the whole way with two or three spinners out without getting a strike; but the lovely day and the scenery of the upper lake more than compensated for the poor fishing.

Above Long Point the lake widens out to perhaps a mile and three-fourths to two miles, and the shores present a holder and more rugged appearance, having a background of quite pretentious and thickly wooded hills. Along the east shore three or four clearings notched into the woods mark the openings, and on the west a narrow and another clearing break the charm of utter wildness that would greet the eye of the lover of primitive nature.

We missed the swamp belt as we proceeded, but the change was a pleasing one, and we neglected our trolling to admire something new and beautiful as each bay and headland came into view.

A turn around a point brought us in sight of Central Lake, and Jim's joy, as it was, turned at the oars. The heat of the day and the hard work had made him feel himself, and on account of his lack of skill in handling a boat caused noisy rivulets of perspiration to trickle down his burning countenance; and when the Scribe proposed that the writer take the oars and that "we go into port with some style about it," the smile that reached clear back to Jim's ears endorsed the proposition plainer than speech. As we changed places he offered to wager that in the last straightaway mile he would rowed over more water than he had of us had since leaving camp, in order, as he claimed, to give us a near view of both shores of the lake. "A broad view of a short distance," muttered the Scribe, as we gathered headway.

Pulling around to the landing, we stepped ashore and were right in the town. The village numbers ten or twelve wooden houses, and is pleasantly located right at the head of Intermediate Lake. It boasts of a general store, at which you can obtain almost anything in the way of dry goods, boots and shoes, groceries, drugs, or a stick of strychnine. You can be supplied with a chunk of salt pork, a can of Boston laked beans, or a troller for bass or muscalonge; a yard of calico, a cane fish pole, or a dose of physic. In the store is also the post office. The place flourishes a small hotel, capable of accommodating twelve or fifteen guests, presided over by mine host, W. W. Smith, who sets a fair table at reasonable rates, catches bait for his guests, who may wish to wet a line, keeps a dozen or more boats for hire to anglers and tourists at prices that will not cause the hair to turn prematurely gray, and knows where and how to fish. It may be said of him "he is a landlord of many parts." The store is kept by Messrs. Wadsworth and Thurston. We found Mr. Thurston to be a clever, intelligent gentleman, well posted in regard to the country and its resources, and able to give us valuable hints in regard to its development. While resting, we spent a very agreeable hour listening to his description of the upper lakes and streams, which created such a desire on our part to pay them a visit that we have resolved to build our camp fire somewhere up there next year. Mr. Wadsworth is an old settler. He has lived there for years; has surveyed over a large portion of that section of country, is said to be authority on distances and localities, and has been a resident of the State for nearly a score of years, and has hunted and fished its forests, streams and lakes, and knows them like an open book. He loves his rod and gun, and is, therefore, of course a gentleman.

Intermediate is connected with Cedar Lake above, by a narrow, shallow little river, quarter of a mile long, overlying with trees and bushes, which in places reach out over the water to the serious inconvenience of the oarsman, who has neglected his aquatic education. This was the case with our Editor, and it was not without material aid rendered him by us, in the shape of yelling, "Pull on your left! Pull on your right! Ha—d on your ri—pull—there he goes into that tree-top," etc., that he was enabled to make headway against the current and rest on his oars in the quiet water of Cedar Lake at the head of the river, whither we were bound in quest of a bucket of minnows. Smith had pointed us to his boat to show us where to fish and how to catch them, kindly furnishing minnow tackle and "wums"—the latter a scarce commodity in all that north country.

Cedar Lake is a very small and beautiful little sheet of water, affording, Smith said, fair bass and pickeral fishing, which we did not stop to verify, but turned our attention to the minnows. After fishing nearly an hour in all the good places pointed out by the minnow man, and having secured two dozen small shiners, the minnow and barred perch, being so numerous and ravenous that they "barred" the others out.

Before starting, Smith said we could "ketch a hundred around the head of the river in no time;" but after yanking out two or three dozen perch and sunfish, he "guessed the minnies had gone some'ers else," and casting his eyes skyward—the sky was cloudless—he added, with a weather-wise shake of the head, "The 'd d'it' 'd'it' 'd'it' 'd'it' for minnies," and we pulled back to the village to wait for dinner.

To while away the time Thurston advised a visit to Mound Spring, and pointing across the river, said we would find it over there in the woods about eighty rods. Crossing the

stout wooden bridge spanning the mouth of the little river near the store door, we took our way up a hot, sandy road in search of the trail leading to it, and on asking at a house by the roadside, a very small nidge of a boy volunteered to show us the way. The Scribe gave him a nickel, which the very small M. of a B. humbly showed far from into a wonderful and apparently fathomless pocket, and started ahead with a broad grin on his freckled, intelligent face that convinced us that the Scribe had made another friend. Going through a small patch of sickly-looking corn and robust bushes before reaching the woods we frequently lost sight of our guide behind a corn hill or thistle stalk, but by scattering out we managed to catch a view of him at intervals till he dodged into the brush and disappeared from sight. At the point at which we lost sight of him we struck into a dim path and were soon at the spring.

We found the spring just where we did not expect to find it—on high, level ground, right in the thick woods, and perhaps fifty feet or more above the level of the lake. The Mound, from the apex of which the water boils and bubbles up, is eight or nine feet higher than the surrounding ground, and evidently owes its formation to the action of the water, the earth and gravel being raised and building up through countless years into this shape. The whole structure is miry and shabby, but by the aid of a few "chunks" and a strip of board thoughtfully placed by former visitors, we climbed to the top and drank a tin cup of the clear, cold, iron-flavored water bubbling up in the little basin in the centre, and felt amply paid for our eighty rods' tramp. The water, forming a tiny rivulet, flows away through the woods and is lost in the river coming into the two lakes.

Altogether it is a curious and interesting look on the face of nature, and is well worth the walk from the village to see. Our little guide had vanished in the bush, but as we passed the house going back, we saw his bright face peering timidly around a corner at us, from under a well frayed straw hat, and no doubt wondering how many sunfish hooks he could buy with that nickel.

Central is a good base to reach out from either by or down the lakes for sport. From the outlet of Intermediate Lake around to the head of St. Clair Lake is called Intermediate Lake on the guide maps of that section, but from the outlet mentioned to the mouth of the little stream flowing into the head of the first small lake of the chain there are eleven distinct lakes all connected by little narrow winding streams of from a few rods in length to four miles. Two of these are the Central and Six-Mile, are of goodly size, and all of them will gladden the heart of any troller of the rod who has a weakness for bass and pickeral fishing.

The general shape of this waterway from Long Point on Intermediate to Six Mile Lake is that of a fan, suggesting at least of sport, the foot of Six-Mile representing the point, and St. Clair Lake the head of the bowl.

A very pleasant trip may be made by a party of two or three by loading a boat on a wagon in the early morning at Central, crossing the country eastward by a fair road to Echo Lake, about six miles, and from there coming back by water through Scott, Six-Mile, St. Clair, Bowers', White's, Si-sions, Hanley's and Cedar lakes to Central, over 30 miles, all in a long summer day, provided they do not stop too long on the way to fish.

From Echo Lake the variety-loving angler may haul his boat across country six miles to Jordan River, one of the best trout and grayling rivers in the State, where he may paddle down into the south arm of Pine Lake, on down to Charlevoix and back up Pine Lake to the mouth of Boyne River, another excellent trout stream. Six miles from the mouth of Boyne, by a good road, is Boyne Falls, on the G. R. and I. R. R. A dollar pays the fare between these two points in a good stage—no Mancelona hack—that connects with daily steamer for Charlevoix, the South Arm and Jordan River. Another pleasant trip for a party of not more than a dozen is to charter the little steam yacht *Walwataysee*—whatever under the canopy that may mean—owned by Wadsworth and Thurston, leave Central Lake in the morning, steam to the head of Six-Mile, which is as high as the boat can ascend, and back to Central in time for supper. This will be a trip strictly for the scenery, as there will be no time to wet a line.

Or, to do it the lake to the mouth of the little stream opposite Long Point, fish the water along there for half a mile, and go on down into the pocket and around the islands, and you may be sure of good sport among the bass and long-faces.

From Central you can make the trip in small boats down through Intermediate, Grass, Clam, the lower end of Torch, Round and Elk lakes to Elk Rapids, the outlet of the Six Lake River. Another pleasant trip for a party of not more than a dozen is to charter the little steam yacht *Walwataysee*—whatever under the canopy that may mean—owned by Wadsworth and Thurston, leave Central Lake in the morning, steam to the head of Six-Mile, which is as high as the boat can ascend, and back to Central in time for supper. This will be a trip strictly for the scenery, as there will be no time to wet a line.

From Central across to Russell's landing on Torch Lake is four miles by a good road, and four miles across the lake is the Lewis House. At either place you can take a daily steamer and reach Elk Rapids, going through nearly the whole length of Torch Lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water 18 miles long and four miles wide, and clear as crystal.

Going down, you pass the mouth of Clam River to the left, which is the outflow of Clam, Grass and the lakes above. At this point is a fair "hostelry," kept by Mrs. Lucy Thayer, where you may also procure boats in which to go a fishin'.

To the left, after leaving Clam River, you pass Spencer Creek, flowing into Torch Lake from the East, and on into Torch River, two small streams, each Rapid River. Both excellent trout streams, the latter, perhaps, the best for large trout in Michigan.

At Elk Rapids, after a transfer of a few rods, another steamer takes you to Traverse City, the terminus of the branch road, twenty-six miles from Walton Junction on the G. R. & I. R. R.

This is a much better route by which to reach Intermediate Lake than the one we went in by, and we intend going it that way next season. By this route there are only four miles of wading, and it saves the laborious and back-breaking trip up Intermediate River and the twelve and a half miles back-ride (?), not to mention the amount of plain and ornamental "cussin'" necessary to reach Lewis Island from the head of the rapids.

Another way to go in is by way of Torch Lake and the Lewis House, near the head of the lake.

A steamer takes you from Traverse City to Torch Lake, where a narrow strip of land separates the lake from the bay, crossing which you run into Frank Lewis and his house—famed as a resort for hay fever victims. Frank, besides knowing how to keep a hotel, is one of the best "inveiglers of trout and grayling in them parts," and, knowing the

streams and lakes of that section like a book, can tell you where to drop your fly and be reasonably certain of a rise.

From his place, Traverse City, Charlevoix, Petosky and the Island of Mackinac may be reached by a daily line of steamers.

TO BE CONTINUED

GRASS RIVER.

IT was evident that the trout would no longer bite in Massa-wee, so the Professor had readily agreed to Hank's proposal to make a fishing trip to Grass River, and the sun on this August morning caught its first glimpse of them as they lay way across the lake, rowing to ward the outlet. Massa-wee outlet is a very narrow shallow, sloughy brook which loses itself in an interminable mass of alder bushes. Wren says that sometimes it flows into the lake and sometimes out of it. It cannot float an ordinary canoe boat, but it is no ordinary boat which is being pushed along it to-day, and whose history Wren tells as they work their way down. Some time ago there dwelt near the South Woods settlements an old Indian named Leo. Once these woods were the home of others of his race, but for reasons that quite flowed by the wigwams of his fathers. But at last he alone was left to hunt the forests and fish the streams that had been theirs. Every spring, when the snows had melted from the hills and the ice passed from the waters, a canoe came down the river from the North Woods, running the rapids as the Hurons ran theirs of old, and Leo had a visit from the Indian Capt. Peter. A few days the two hunted and fished together, and then Capt. Peter went up the river and back again to guide in the North Woods. But one spring Leo watched for the old guide in vain, for the Huron had run his last rapids and the waters of the Raquette had borne him for the last time. Soon Leo too was gathered to his fathers, and left his bark canoe, named Capt. Peter for his Indian friend, to an old trapper; the old trapper gave it to a guide; the guide sold it to our Professor; and it is the very same timeless, ugly craft that he is pulling along it to-day through the alders, in constant fear of driving some hidden snag through its bottom. He fought it without seeing it. It was enough for him that it was a bark canoe; but when he first viewed his purchase he was overcome. "Oh, shades of the red man! Can it be that the Huron whom I have oft pictured in my mind, skimming these wild mountain lakes, ever floated about in such a tub as this? Very true, but I agree that, like its master, it had much more tar about it than poetry.

Four miles of alder bushes over, they had reached Grass River. The course lay up the stream, and it was hard paddling. Grass River is here about five feet wide. Innumerable creeks and inlets, bringing much more like rivers than the stream itself, constantly led them astray. Two miles had not exhilarating excitement which the fishermen felt when his light rod doubles in playing a two or three-pounder. But if there were any sport in landing the spotted trout as fast as you can throw your fly, that sport was the Professor's on that August afternoon. Only an alder pole and a few flies—a split bamboo would have been useless here among the bushes—but when I how they did rise, and take hold too. The Professor cast his fly upon the surface of a dark pool. A flash of golden light from the pool below, a strike, and a quivering half-pounder lay in the bottom of the canoe. Then he took another from the same spot, then still more, until thirty-eight had been taken from that one spring-hole.

"Hullo! what's that?"
"Hullo! yourself."
"A man, Wren; look at him; square in the middle of the brook."
It was a man, sure enough, and he was wading across the stream. The water was about up to his waist and the tails of a blue swallow-tail coat which he wore were streaming out behind him upon its surface. His beard was long and shaggy, his figure lank and emaciated. Over his shoulder were a gun and fish pole, and from the latter hung a string of trout.

"I say, old fellow, what are you going across there for?"

"To get to the other side, you darned fool, what d'yer s'p'."

"It's ole Wheeler," said Wren; "he's a crazy hermit. He's not just across there. We'll visit him some day."

It was quite dark when our two fishermen reached their camp. They soon had a blazing fire, and by its light cooked their supper. Never had fish seemed so delicious to the Professor. Often since that night, when he has sat down at a hotel table to a dish that the bill of fare called "trout," he has recalled that supper in the backwoods—the bright light of the camp-fire breaking the gloom of the forest around and flickering upon the faces of the two weary fishermen; their table, the mossy covering of the ground beneath their feet; their repeat, the fresh, rich trout; their drink, the water from a clear, cold spring.

And when through the branches above they could see the stars appearing, one by one, they lay down with their feet to the west and made bark for the morning. Consulting themselves to him whose care is for the least of his children, they were lulled by the moaning of the hemlock to their rest.

"Wake up, Professor! Wake up!"

The Professor put forth his head from the blanket, and looked out. Hawk was standing in the rain outside.

"What's the matter?"

"Bear!"

The Professor made a frantic grab for the rifle.

"Don't be scared; he's over Blue Mountain by this time."

He pointed to the ground as he spoke. The Professor looked, but saw only a small trout lying there. Nothing remarkable that, but just beyond he saw another, then more. Then it flashed across him. He turned to where they had left the pack basket with three hundred trout, all cleaned and salted.

"Don't tell me a bear could carry that off. Wren, you've hidden it, or old Wheeler's stolen it!"

"He's stuck his hind in it an' he can't get it out, Professor. He crossed the brook down yonder and the basket dragged in the mud. He's scattered the fish all along. He'll have to travel mighty slow, an' I'll have to can follow him."

above came the golden rain of harmony. Next in earliness with his pean of song is the blackbird. At this time, the merry month of May, he begins soon after two, and then the thrush, then the robin, and soon, very soon, others join in, and all Nature is in tune. The sparrows are nearly if not quite the last.

Brenchley, Kent, June 4

GRAY BEARD.

TREE-CLIMBING WOODCHUCKS.

LOUISE GHOYE, Lewis County, N. Y., July 1.

In your issue of June 1 (p. 346) "Rio" narrates the treeing of a woodchuck (*Arythya monax*) by a dog, and queries if any of your readers have observed a like phenomenon. Affirmative testimony appears in FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 (p. 437), and from no less a keen-eyed observer than our "Ruffed Grouse." "Bonasa" tells us that his dog treed three woodchucks, two of which took refuge in "low, leaning trees," while the third, hard-pressed, scrambled up a small ash.

Now, having been brought up, so to speak, among woodchucks, having smoked them out of hollow trees, poked them out of hollow logs, worried them out of stone walls; having stealthily hunted them in deep forest and open meadow, first with the bow and arrow, and later with the rifle; having trapped them from the first sprig thaw till their disappearance in autumn; having broiled their tender young in the East, and roasted them (till "ground hog," of the Rocky Mountains) in the West; having kept both young and old alive in captivity for months at a time, or, in other words, having hunted, trapped and dined upon woodchucks from my earliest boyhood, I trust I may be permitted to add my testimony on this subject to that of "Rio" and "Bonasa."

Woodchucks, when un molested, particularly during their youthful days, often climb up ten or twelve feet in shrubby and young trees that abound in low branches, and not infrequently scramble up the trunks of large trees which have partially fallen or slant sufficiently to insure them against falling.

Occasionally, especially when hard-pressed by a fast-approaching enemy, they ascend large, erect trees whose lowest branches are some distance from the ground. But, in order to do this, they must take advantage of the impetus of a rush, for they cannot start slowly upon the trunk of an upright tree and climb more than a few feet without falling. Neither can they stop and go up again before reaching a branch or other resting-place.

I once chased one up a large butternut tree in an open meadow, and he was so terrified at my savage mien that he halted not till the uppermost branches bent low with his weight. He then began to show much consternation as to how he should get down "when" (if a granite cobble may be substituted for a "chunk of old, red sandstone," and a grassy meadow for "the floor," in the language of Bret Hart):

"A chunk of old, red sandstone took him in the abdomen, and he smelted a kind of sickly snuff, and curled up on the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

C. HART MERIAM, M. D.

Johnstown, Penn.—Editor Forest and Stream: It has been my good, or bad, fortune to kill quite a number of these animals, and I can assure "Rio" that upon more than a few occasions I have seen the woodchuck take to a tree, though not so freely or with as much grace as a duck to water. I have seen them ascend both small and large trees, when assailed by a dog, and on one occasion "treed" one at night while hunting "coons."—C. L. C.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

I frightened a "chuck which climbed a cherry tree in the lawn, in preference to going forty feet further where there was a good cover in a dense hedge. It climbed about twelve feet and crouched in the fork of the tree. It did not see me, and had about five minutes to hide before I came to it.—R. H. D.

GUINEA HEN HYBRIDS.—I noticed in last number of your valuable paper a correspondent writing about a cross between the guinea and dunghill cock asks if it is a common occurrence. I have seen it frequently, and it is almost certain to occur where one has guinea hens among his chickens without a guinea cock. I have a friend who had on exhibition at the Aberdeen, Miss., Fair last fall, a pair of these hybrids that were very beautiful. These were a cross between a very fine game cock and a guinea hen. He said they would lay as many eggs or more than a guinea hen, but had no disposition to sit at all. He had frequently tried to hatch their eggs under chicken hens, but had always failed, and did not believe they would hatch. This pair were red and white, speckled with white predominating, and had the head of the guinea without comb or gills. They made a noise of their own. It was neither like the guinea or chicken, but a kind of cross between the two; and, strange to say, they were larger than either the game cock or guinea hen. I saw on exhibition at same fair at same time a cross between a pea fowl and guinea hen that was the most beautiful bird I ever saw. This bird was the color of the guinea fowl, but had the shape and carriage of the pea fowl, but was not quite so large.—K.

WARREN, MASS. June 10.—I have just read the article in your paper of June 9, 1891, from Natchez, Miss., dated May 26, and signed "S. M. D." Early in the month of April of the present year I had occasion to visit Mitchell's Station on the Virginia Midland R. R. in Culpeper County, Va. Here I saw in the possession of Mr. Taylor, an old sportsman familiarly called "Judge" by his associates, a bird almost as large as a female turkey, but with plumage pretty much that of the guinea hen, the only difference as far as I could tell could judge being that the feathers were barred instead of spotted as the guinea's are. The plumage of the back and neck was dark gray or black with white bars, while that of the breast was barred with dirty brown (I send you one of the feathers I had from the breast. I had several others from various parts of the body, but regret to say I have lost them). It also had a peculiar crest very much like that of the pheasant, which it erected when excited. It seemed to be very fierce, but not at all wild or frightened. Its history as told me by Mr. Taylor was this: Some time, in March, I think, a man brought the bird to his store, and wanted to sell it saying that it fought his chickens, and that his wife had determined to get rid of it. He said that he had one guinea hen and no cock. That at the usual season for the guinea to incubate she disappeared, and the cock came to the store, and he did not know where he was followed by the curious hybrid which is the subject of this letter. The bird grew very rapidly, finally far surpassed

its mother in size. I think the bird was hatched during the summer of 1890. When I saw Mr. Taylor he spoke of sending it to the Smithsonian Institution, but I do not know whether he did so or not. His theory was that the bird was a hybrid between the guinea and the pheasant, but then comes the question if its size. Could it have been a cross between the guinea and the turkey? If so whence the crest.—OBSERVER.

It would be difficult to conjecture from the information at hand what the percentage of the bird is.

SKATES AS TREE CLIMBERS.—It is very common in this section to see black snakes and chicken snakes in trees. I never saw a rattlesnake climb. I noticed to-day hanging in a large post oak, fifty feet from the ground, the "shed" of a large black snake, and presume his snakeship makes his home in the tree. The tree was topped many years ago, and where the body was cut off in topping would make him a cozy berth.—K.

The tree-climbing habits of the black snake are well known. The point of inquiry was about the rattlesnake.

ANOTHER DEDDING WOODPECKER.—There is a golden-winged woodpecker that has about, every pleasant morning for the last month, here in Nashua, N. H., given us a serenade on the tin roof of the cupola of my neighbor's barn. Perhaps he is trying to call a mate, but he appears to enjoy the racket he creates and whacks away like a boy with a toy drum.—WEBB.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Mr. M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, N. Y., reports the return of the migratory quail put out in that vicinity last season.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL BREEDING IN CONFINEMENT.—We had last Saturday a pleasant call from Mr. W. S. Kittle, of California, who informed us of a most interesting experiment with California valley quail now being made in New Jersey. Four of these birds were sent to Mr. Phillips, of Lawrenceville, N. J., some months ago, and the female of each pair is by 10 ft., and Mr. Phillips visits them only once in two or three days, leaving them undisturbed as much as possible. We shall watch the farther progress of this experiment with interest.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Uphregrave & McLeisen, Vaiparato, Ind.

Game Bag and Gun.

No WOODCOCK SHOOTING on Long Island permitted before August 1.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

LARGE GAME CLUBS CRITICIZED.

NEW YORK, June 24.

Editor Forest and Stream: It is quite probable that we disagree on the question of sporting monopoly, and you, being the autocrat of this break-fastable, may, in that case, refuse to have the dish served up; but I would like very much to know whether you, or any of your correspondents, have good and sufficient reasons for supporting your ground.

This, as a free country, has always been the admiration of people who have suffered from autocratic rule in Europe; but how long will it remain so? In England a man may rent a farm, but he does not dare to touch a hair or feather of the game around him. All luxuries are for the rich and favored few. Under that system a thousand must suffer and forego all pleasures in order that one man may revel in them. I believe in sensible game laws and in their strict enforcement, and I believe in a man's prohibiting shooting and fishing on his farm if he chooses to, but I deny that a few men, simply because fortune has given them the means, have the moral right to buy up thousands of acres and monopolize the sport to the exclusion of hundreds of others who are equally fond of it, but have not the means to buy the privilege. I do not adopt the standard of Calvert, who makes the chivalrous Bayard the only perfect gentleman of the world, but I do say that a man is not a gentleman who exercises only for himself.

As a sample item for a free country, take the club at Sandusky. A few men have purchased nearly every foot of ducking ground in that region, and that they may enjoy a few days' sport all others are denied the privilege of shooting a bird at any time. The club, as one of the members told me, "is a close corporation, and they are rigidly restricted as to inviting their friends." If the main plank on which that club stands is not pure selfishness, what is it?

If they would adopt the system of giving the privilege of a day's shooting occasionally to outsiders, keeping out all market shooters, they would not appear so glaringly obnoxious to the charge of selfishness. My wonder is, as it now stands, that the people tamely submit to it.

Some years ago I was invited by some members of the St. Louis Hunting Club to go with them on a snipe-shooting expedition about sixty miles up the river to a prairie marsh, where the birds were so plenty that if they had kept quiet it would have been almost impossible to walk without treading on them; and this ground is also now owned by a club, though the region is wild and unsettled.

As wealth increases every acre of good shooting ground will be cut off from "the people," and where will be our boasted freedom?

One of our great financiers—an ex-Secretary of the Treasury—emphatically predicts that, in the not far future, this country will see a terrible revolution, the result of the tendency to concentration and monopoly; and he may be right, for we profess to be a free people, and will not tamely submit to oppression. DRYMUS.

N. B.—Argument from the opposing counsel is now in order.

The following letter was sent in to the last meeting of the State Association, but too late, we understand, for any action to be taken upon it:

NEW YORK, June 23.

TO THE NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME:

Gentlemen—You are convened to consider the game laws of the State and their enforcement. Having at heart the protection of game, I respectfully suggest for your consideration the employment of a regularly accredited and paid

game detective to watch the markets of New York city. The demand for such an officer is imperative at this very moment. Since you gathered at Coney Island I have been informed on what I consider good authority that woodcock are sold in the New York market, also high holders. Thus, right in the face of the New York State Association, the market men and restaurant purveyors have defied the law by engaging in the illicit traffic in game. I respectfully submit that such a state of affairs imperatively demands your earnest attention. The city markets are the outlets for the work of the poacher, snarer and game thief. By checking off this sale of game you will remove one chief incentive to the illegal capture of birds. How can this be done? By employing a shrewd detective, and by retaining counsel.

Detective work must be done—who shall do it? The members of the association are all business men; the claims of their business will not permit of their undertaking this detective work. Some one must be employed. Who can do it? The association can provide the needed funds, either by appropriating a certain amount or, if need must, be, by private subscriptions.

As proof of the sincerity of my belief in the efficacy of such a detective system, in the name of my friends I will pledge the sum of one hundred dollars toward such a fund, provided the association contribute a proportionate amount.

I would suggest that the sum, when collected, be placed in the hands of a committee of three, namely, the president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM and Mr. Charles E. Whitehead, who, for several years, was secretary of your association, and who is a gentleman well fitted by his extensive experience to aid in this work, this committee to report to you at your next session.

Respectfully, G. W. WYLER, Member of the Brooklyn Gun Club.

KILLING THE DEER IN THE ADIRONDAKS.

HOW CAN IT BE STOPPED?

NEAR THE ADIRONDAKS, July 1, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream: The slaughter of deer in the northwest part of that portion of the Adirondacks known as St. Regis district has been during the two months just past exceedingly great; and it is still going on.

During the above mentioned time there have been all of twenty-five deer killed on the middle branch of the St. Regis, and at ponds in that vicinity; and also a large number were killed on the east branch, the exact number I cannot state, but certainly thirty in all. In hunting deer at night there are not so many wounded which get away as there are killed outright, of which one-half, at least, will eventually die of their wounds. Then in floating—or night hunting—two-thirds, at least, of the deer killed are does.

I base these statements on information received from parties who have been up and hunted by floating this season, and are readily tired of it. They are all reliable persons. Besides, I have always been a saint in former years myself; and I claim to know something about night hunting deer.

There were, in all probability, as many as five young fawn destroyed with the does—either by being unborn at the time that the does were shot, or by starving to death afterward. Counting all together, the number of deer destroyed would amount to sixty in one section of the Adirondacks before the 31st of July.

What I needed here is a State game protector. I was much surprised when I first saw the list of those appointed by the Governor, that none were appointed for northern New York. These three counties—Clinton, Franklin and St. Lawrence—are cut off from the rest of the State by the great Adirondack or Northern Wilderness, into which a large portion of the southern part of each extends. They have within their borders about one-half the numerous lakes, ponds and rivers, with the thousands of small streams which the wilderness contains, thereby including a large portion of the best hunting and fishing localities to be found within the State. The game protectors of Hamilton and Essex Counties, in order to reach the hunting localities here, would either have to tramp forty or fifty miles or more through the wilderness, or go around a distance many times farther. Besides, those two counties are very remote in extent, and the largest portion of them is a wilderness having hunting and fishing localities scattered as they are in the State; and it would require all their time to attend to them. But I believe there were protectors appointed in other parts of the State where their services were not needed nearly so much as here.

I have conversed with a large party of those residing in that vicinity and elsewhere who practice early floating, and have not only one who does it in the wrong way, but one who says that if the killing of deer out of season could be stopped entirely, nothing would suit them better. But they say that if they wait until the season opens in August the deer will become so wild by being hunted so much throughout the month of July by the hundreds of so-called sportsmen that come to here at that time from all parts of the country, that it is impossible to get a shot when the season opens in August by floating; and that being the only way many of them ever hunt deer, they are bound to get ahead of them who come from abroad, and so they commence to hunt early in the season—as they have done in years past; and will so continue, until something is done to put a stop to the whole business of killing deer out of season. What they say in regard to those who come from abroad is true in a majority of the cases. During the month of July there are hundreds of such parties of so-called sportsmen who come to the Adirondack region who kill deer whenever they can get a chance. Your able correspondent, "B. A. M.," in his article that was published in a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, very well describes a party of the kind who were camped near him on Bay Pond while he was in that neighborhood on a fishing trip. I have come across many such parties while I was trapping in various parts of the wilderness.

I don't wish to be understood as claiming that those who practice bounding deer do not violate the game laws as well those who hunt them by floating, or by any other method; for I know many among them that would if they had as fair opportunity to do so and not get caught at it; and some do run the risk. But what prevents hunting more than anything else in this vicinity, at least out of season, is that a good deer-hunting dog are not any too plentiful about here; and as any person has a right to shoot a dog when following a deer out of season—and there are those about here who would do it if their owners were not near—the owners are for this reason careful about letting their dogs run deer during the close season, the dogs being too valuable to lose. I was camped on the sixteen-mile level nearly the whole of last summer, and knew of but one case of bounding deer

before August 15. And then no deer was killed. Neither was it stated in a former article, as single one killed there during the month of May. I would have considered the hunting by floating. But the natives got the start, and killed or scared them off in May and June.

I wish to say to your correspondent "Wollat," that whatever "music" there was about the Level during July was not made by dogs, as he hints, I presume, in his article that was published in a late number of the **FOREST AND STREAM**. And I will also say that the observations he makes in regard to my former letter to the **FOREST AND STREAM** in relation to deer killing on the Level.

ADRIAN ONDAEK.

A NEW MICHIGAN CLUB HOUSE.

DETROIT, Mich., June 1881.

There has just been organized here another amateurs sportsmen's club, which, in point of "tone," is likely to "carry off the cake." At the very least the Lake St. Clair and the North Channel had better look to their social laurels, for the new candidate comes along a-blooming. It is called the Detroit Hunting and Fishing Club, and is composed of five or six members and one honorary member, the latter being the Rt. Rev. Samuel S. Harris, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan. The active members are Captain Stephen B. Grummond, a wealthy vessel owner, whose name is familiar in every port round the Lakes; Derrington Jarves, the head of a large manufacturing establishment in this city; John H. Bissell, a prominent member of the Detroit Bar, a former Governor of the State, and son of the present Episcopal Bishop of Vermont; S. H. Ives, yachtsman, hunter, angler and jeweler on a large scale; Geo. H. Parker, who has grown rich, though still a young man, in Ex-Post Master General Jewell's line; E. W. Reynolds, old salt water veteran and skipper of the Yacht *Sigmar Max*; Henry T. Phillips, the widely known dealer in game; John Bekman, pork packer; J. W. Winchester, tobacco and cigar dealer; James Battle, Chief Engineer of the Detroit Fire Department. The executive officers of the club are as follows: President, S. B. Grummond; Vice-President, Derrington Jarves; Secretary and Treasurer, John H. Bissell; Directors, S. H. Ives, John Bekman, Geo. H. Parker, E. W. Reynolds and H. T. Phillips.

Now, as to the grounds and other essentials of the club. It shows the social and financial tip-toedness of the members, but neither money nor blue blood would furnish sport unless there were in the world some spot where it was to be had. First, then, the new club have leased a part of Fighting Island, which contains in all upwards of 1,000 acres. This island is nine miles from Detroit down the river; and the club house faces the Canadian Channel. The main building is 15x20 feet, and 12x16 feet, is of brick, and the north wing of the same size is set apart for the accommodation exclusively of ladies. There is a good dock in ten feet of water, two fine fish ponds are conveniently at hand, and the island is magnificently wooded—in fact, a kind of pickniekers' paradise. The marsh belonging by lease to the club is about seven miles long by three quarters of a mile wide, and is the equal in point of desirability to the renowned Port Moultrie marsh in South Carolina. Then, if you prefer it, oh, country-loving editor of **FOREST AND STREAM!** you may gather more than your fill of ripe and luscious berries of divers kinds. When you want novelty, if you chance to be a club visitor, you can mount to the observatory, which surmounts the club house, and gain an unobstructed view of the river and contiguous territory from Detroit to the mouth of the river, and as far as Ecorse, Michigan, and the head of Grosse Ile on the lake in every foot of the club's possessions is obtained.

The only wonder I have in this connection is that the securing this most desirable spot for club uses should have been left till Anno Domini 1881. The present club is organized under the State law and by next year nearly every member will have built a summer residence, to which they may retire from the heated term with the certainty of enjoying life in a perfect and rational manner, escaping the insolent and idiotic demands of fashion and serenely defying Society with its Gorgon eyes and supercilious snarl. The club have plenty of host parlor, ample out-housing, and, in fine, everything that anybody wants. Long life to the Detroit Hunting and Fishing Club.

BLAOK BASS.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

- 1st. What is the prevailing of the country referred to?
- 2d. What is the character of the hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe the country, and the manner in which it is referred to, and its effects on the deer?
- 4th. Describe in the manner still hunting and its effects.
- 5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
- 7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer, or that has been run into the water? Would they be practicable?
- 8th. What is the open season for deer?
- 9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

THE MUSKOGA COUNTRY.

There are many readers of the **FOREST AND STREAM** who have a fair knowledge of the Muskoga country either from fishing or hunting excursions. This rugged north land extends from the outlet of Lake Simcoe on the south to the shores of Lake Nipissing on the north, and from the shores of the Georgian Bay on the west to the banks of the Ottawa on the east. It is a country dotted with thousands of lakes and drained with majestic rivers, rolling hills of hardwood, oak and sheltered rocks, and a few hills with pine and balsam, lonely and thickly timbered spruce and cedar swamps—just the country for moose and deer. And so it is. There are very few sportsmen in Ontario that have not spent a good time in the Muskoga country deer hunting, and many a jolly American cousin from across the border has gone home with a well stocked game bag, and a diary full of camp-fire yarns to distribute around the family.

Now, in a country where there are so numerous there are several modes of hunting and killing them, such as

hounding into lakes and killing them in the water, still-hounding, jack-hunting, and lastly, pot-hunting. The resident hunter is the most successful. He turns out in the months of February and March, armed with his hunting axe, snow shoes and a cur, he proceeds to where the deer are yarded for the winter. He starts his cur out on the crust, and so scatters the deer out of their runways into the deep snow, and then the work of slaughter begins indiscriminately. Fawn, does and lordly bucks succumb to the ruthless hand of a brutal and merciless creature claiming to be a man.

There is a great deal of hounding in this country during the open season. I do not think that more than one deer is killed out of every three that is watered.

Then there is the jack-hunting, which is carried on by the Indians, principally during the months of August and July. Very few of the settlers in this region are experts at jack-hunting.

And now for the still-hunter that hunts for the market. When the first flurry of snow covers the ground he is out, and kills, before the season closes, as high as one hundred a deer.

We have a game law in Ontario. It is a force and a dead letter in many parts, and until the local legislature appoint game keepers and pay them salaries for prosecuting offenders, deer will be slaughtered by pot-hunters in all parts of the district out of season. No matter how much we may differ in opinion as to running with hounds or still-hunting let us unite in condemning and crushing out still-hunting and the slaughtering of deer in winter.—D. F. M.

PARRY SOUND.

THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

I have hunted deer every fall for eight years in the Allegheny Mountains and ridges adjoining. A greater part of the time was spent in Somerset counties. There is a law prohibiting the running of deer with dogs in Somerset. The first year I hunted deer were plenty, but the second year parties from Unifontown came in with dogs and got several deer and run the rest all out of that part of the county. Nor have the deer returned since. Occasionally you will see the signs of deer, but they do not stay long. I have shot deer within one mile of Confluence, on the R. & O. R. R., but they began to be scarce and the result was that last winter there were but two or three deer within five miles of where I hunted, and they were finally driven away. These are facts that cannot be got over, as parties who live there would tell you the same.—R. T. C. S.

PENNSYLVANIA AND MICHIGAN.

In the spring of 1837 I located at Olean, Catawagus County, N. Y., and there commenced my first experience in hunting deer. I had never seen a live wild deer, nor had I any experience in hunting with hounds or dogs—such were used in those days—and commenced still-hunting deer for sport. At that time dogs were seldom used for driving deer, yet I think the first deer I shot (a splendid buck) was driven into the Olean Creek by a hound. I remained at Olean and in that vicinity for twenty years, and during that time killed quite a number of deer. I have never killed more than two in a day, six in a week and eleven in one season's hunting, going from home in the morning and returning in the evening.

In the spring of 1857 I removed to Venango County, Penn., and took up my residence on the Tionesta Creek, twelve miles from the village of Tionesta and remained there about twelve years engaged in the manufacture of lumber. Now I began hunting deer with hounds and did so during the winter months. The country was very favorable for hunting, the hills being high on either side of the stream. About once a week during the fall we would have some person start for the hills with the dogs, while others took stations on the bank of the creek and waited for the music, which seldom failed to begin soon after the dogs were let loose. To get a deer was then the rule; to fall, the exception. One morning we got two fine bucks. About twenty or thirty minutes was sufficient to bring a huck to water if the morning was cold and the ground frozen. We never used dogs when there was snow.

In 1869 I removed to Palo, Mich., and have hunted nearly every season since. Our party is from four to six persons; time from three to five weeks, and the deer killed from five to sixteen, and no dogs used.

Secondly, the country was very favorable for hunting, and Tionesta are so similar that one description will do for both. Generally hilly and heavily timbered with hemlock and pine. In some sections there are hardwood, maple and beech, with some chestnut. Where the pine has been cut there is a great growth of blackberry briars, and on the Tionesta there are large patches of laurel. Here the country is very level, and in many places very favorable for hunting, and found extensive deer swamps that are a nuisance to the still-hunter. Montcalm County is heavily timbered except where the pine has been removed, and there the brush and briars are a good cover for deer during the summer and fall. Lake County has extensive plains with oak grubs and jack pines. Some parts are well-timbered, plenty of lakes, with some very respectable hills.

Thirdly, there are two or three methods of hunting in Michigan, but which is the more prevalent is a question that I am not prepared to answer. Those persons who are known as "gentlemen sportsmen" usually hunt with dogs, and there are others who are real sportsmen who prefer to still hunt. As to those who are called "pot or market hunters" I have no knowledge.

Fourthly, those who hound deer usually locate their camp near some lake and provide boats for capturing deer when chased into the water. In putting out the dogs it is best to have but one dog after the same deer, if the dog is all right. You can have two races each day unless the deer leads off to some lake far away. Whether hounding deer drives them out of the country is an open question on which hunters differ widely. Our Michigan sportsmen claim that it does drive deer out, and thus protects them from the merciless "pot and market hunters."

Fifthly, still-hunting is generally practiced where there is snow so that the deer may be tracked, and when the snow is right for the purpose perhaps this is the most successful. I have found deer hunted in this way, after being followed all day come back on the same ground where I had started them in the morning.

Sixthly, it depends on the skill of the hunter if each pursue the same method. Other things being equal those using hounds will kill the most. Residents would have the advantage of knowing the country and the roadways, which is quite essential to successful hunting.

Seventhly, I think a majority of the resident sportsmen would approve of a law prohibiting hounding, and residents would assist in its enforcement.

Eighthly, such a law would be no protection to deer as far as it relates to hounding. If such a law could be enforced

during the summer season when many deer are shot in the water by floating for their nights it would be a benefit.

Ninthly, it depends on the amount of snow and the coldness of the weather and their habits in very cold weather and deep snows they gather in the cedar swamps in droves, and live principally on ground hemlock. They frequently keep around the lumber camps, and feed upon the moss and twigs from the fallen timber. In November I have found deer on the plains in large numbers, and feeding on the roots of a certain kind of grass found there. As soon as the weather gets cold they leave the plains for the hills.

STILL HUNTER.

THE ADIRONDACKS AGAIN.

Of all the regions, it has been my pleasure to hunt deer in the Adirondacks, in my estimation, should be last to have this discussion centered upon, nevertheless the majority of the letters appearing in **FOREST AND STREAM** as yet, concern that region. Now, why do I say this section should be the last? Simply this: It is impossible, except in a very modified degree, to still-hunt at all in the Adirondacks. Still-hunting, as I understand it, does not include "floating" or "crust slaughter," but silently approaching an animal on land, whether it be deer or bear it makes little difference, unless it is a grizzly, and then you want to get out of the way.

I distinctly believe that of all the vast multitude of deer that are slaughtered every season (that is, in the Adirondacks) not ten are killed by genuine still-hunting, it being next to an impossibility to penetrate far into the wilderness, without a guide going ahead and cutting the way. I would say here that not one gn'de out of twenty can guide a sportsman through the woods on foot, as they know only the water courses. To me it is preposterous to hour the huc and cry rattle by some article of the terrible harvest of the Adirondack with deer. The most glorious parts of a deer hunt to me is the roar of the pack, the fluttering heart, the trembling nerves, and wild anticipations and hopes that the on-coming deer may be one of those "old bucks" we hear so much about, and see so little of. To me, the pressing of the trigger, and slaughter is secondary. "floating" and "crust slaughter" are the only means of success, and in order to break in young hounds are all the means of the sad decrease in the ranks of the deer in the Adirondacks.

B. A. M.

OSKONAGA VALLEY, N. Y.—May 14.—The prospect for woodcock is very promising. There have been no rains to drown out the young long bills, and by this time they are able to ascend the hills, and I was getting most anxious and litchens my setter pup came to a point. On examination it turned out to be a woodcock setting—four eggs just hatching. The ruffed grouse wintered well, and are now hatching. I never knew so many grouse in our locality before. But very few snipe killed this spring. While on the Indian lands a few weeks ago I flushed a grouse with the primaries pure white, something I have never before seen.—Doc.

BIG GAME UP A TREE—Fairland, Ind., June 27.—A dispatch from Seymour, Ind., in the *Indianapolis Sentinel* a few days since announced the shooting of one of its citizens out of a mulberry tree by a gunner of that neighborhood who mistook him for a squirrel. It was large game, but he succeeded in bringing him to his at the first shot with an ounce of squirrel shot. At this time of the year when the berries are ripe a mulberry tree is a favorite resort for squirrels. Well, we have another proof that the fools who carry guns are not all dead yet. We have the promise of good woodcock shooting when the season opens.

SHELLS BURSTING IN COLD WEATHER.—LONG PRAIRIE, Minn.—"Amateur," of Sauk Centre, wishes to know why his paper shells burst in cold weather. The loading has nothing to do with it, as the same kind of load will not split them in warm weather. I have had the same kind of trouble, and find that in cold weather a fire is kept in the house, and the shells become dry and hard and slightly smaller, and when put to the strain of a charge of powder will burst before they expand to fill the chamber. The damp weather in summer is inclined to swell paper shells, so in winter they shulk. If "Amateur" will dampen his shells a very little, they will not burst.

A.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, June 28.—Dove-shooting will be commenced now in a few days. Already large numbers of young ones have been shot in the wheat fields just harvested. John Nicholson bagged twenty one afternoon and reports them more plentiful than ever he saw before. Squirrels are also unusually abundant and afford excellent sport to crack their nuts. Col. Joseph Woodfolk amuses himself shooting bull bats with a small Winchester. Jim Palmer and Hermann Burkholz have organized a grand dove hunt, to come off next month. They propose going in a covered wagon and follow up the game from field to field, camping out and having a good time generally.—J. D. H.

A NEW ALBANY CLUB—Albany, N. Y., June 23.—At a meeting of Albany sportsmen last week (Tuesday) it was determined to try a new mode of hunting deer. The following officers were elected: President, Chas. E. Thorne; Vice-President, Clarence B. Thornton; Secretary, Geo. R. Peck; Treasurer, Chas. A. Bannister; Executive Committee, John B. Harlow, Chas. W. Tuttle, Harvey N. Howland. Practice shoots are frequent and regular, the interest is lively and the future bright. The club has an excellent list of names for members and it hopes before long to have quarters of its own under a membership in the State Association. Long life to it!

—G. R. P.

PENNSYLVANIA—Many woodcock have been in Monroe County, Penn. In the neighborhood of Kresgville, about ten miles from Weissport, on the Lehigh, Penn., I hear this morning, they have banded in quantities. At Kresgville no one shoots at all, save the Dutchman, with his smooth-bore rifle; consequently the birds will be unharmed until autumn unless a city sportsman gets there.—Homo.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Nashua.—Think that we may have more grouse this fall than for many years past, as the woods are full of young birds. We have no summer shooting, so the birds will have a chance for their lives until they are strong enough to take care of themselves. The season has been favorable for woodcock and they are reported to be plenty.—WEBB.

MAINE RESORTS—New Sharon, Maine.—I saw in the issue of May 26 that T. and J. wanted to go fishing here in Maine.

I think I could put them on the right track for a good time with fishing and gunning, if they would write to me and let me know what they expect and at what time they would like to come.—E. C. H. SMITH.

NASHUA, N. H.—Died, June 14, Chas. E. Laton, a member of the League, a keen sportsman and a genial gentleman, honest and true. A host of friends mourn his early death.—WERN.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	<i>Stizobdellium americanum</i> , S.
Brook Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Rainbow Trout, <i>Salmo trutta</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .
Dolly Varden Trout, <i>Salvelinus malinche</i> .	White Bass, <i>Roccus tenebrosus</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> and <i>T. montanus</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> . (Two species).
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> and <i>M. paludis</i> .	War-mountain, <i>Chloroxybryllus guttatus</i> .
Masacouton, <i>Loach nubilosus</i> .	Crayfish, <i>Pomacea nigromaculata</i> .
Pickering, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .	Bachelor, <i>Pomoxys annularis</i> .
Pike of Pickering, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Chub, <i>Serrinus corporalis</i> .
Pike-perch (waxy-eyed pike)	Shad, <i>Alosa sapidissima</i> .

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis atrarurus</i> .	Weakfish or Squeteague, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Striped Bass of Rockfish, <i>Roccus tenebrosus</i> .	La Fayette or Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .
Bluefish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Ariocharus protobothris</i> .
Scup or Forge, <i>Stenotomus argenteus</i> .	Kingfish or Barb, <i>Micropogonias undulatus</i> .
Pollock, <i>Pollachius cornutus</i> .	
Tautog or Blackfish, <i>Tautoga onitis</i> .	

FLY-FISHING, by far the most elegant and interesting branch of the art of angling, ought not to be regarded exclusively as a sort of imitation. It no doubt depends on deception, which usually proceeds on the pretence of one thing being actually subsisted in the likeness of another; but Bacon's distinctive definitions of simulation and dissimulation place the subject in a truer light. As simulation consists in the adoption of affectation of what is not, while dissimulation consists in the careful concealment of what really is—the one being a positive, the other rather a negative act—so the great object of the fly-fisher is to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature of his lure, without troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or assume, with his fly, the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. There is, in truth, little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect.—JAMES WILSON.

'SCONSET COTTAGE LIFE.

MR. A. Judd Northrup, whose "Camps and Tramps in the Adirondacks" was so well received a year ago, has written a little book with the above title, narrating the pleasures of a summer spent in a cottage on Nantucket Island. What 'Sconset is we will let Mr. Northrup tell:

"At least half of these fishermen's homes are occupied as 'cottages' by the summer visitors, and by the fishermen during the fishing seasons, spring and autumn, and most of them are vacant in the winter when there is 'nothing to live for' in Sconset. The owners of the cottages are mainly residents of the 'town'—as Nantucket village is invariably designated. After the first days of September have sent the children home to the schools, and the fathers and mothers back to their homes on the continent, and the summer birds have flown, the Nantucketer who has quietly spent his town season in Sconset, with his family to enjoy his own vacation and take his ease in his own house. He will tell you that the summer visitors make a great mistake in going away so early, and that the months of September and October are the most delightful of the year. This accords fully with the experience of my own family who remained there through the month of September. After the 'August Storm' the temperature is equable and agreeable for several weeks. Sconset is a delightful retreat in 'Sconset. The 'town' itself is in the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of a serene old age, its mighty deeds all gone into history, its whale fisheries a glory of the past, its population living on what it has done in olden times and upon its growing reputation as the most delicious summer resort any where on the coast.

"So it happens that here and there among the fishermen's humble homes a more modern and ambitious house lifts its two-storied front, tempting Providence and the storms. So, also, it comes about that along the one broad street, and up the slight ascent on the road to Nantucket, the rich men of the Island, old sea-captains and merchants, build more pretentious cottages for their summer enjoyment. Later, as 'foreigners' found out the secret of 'Sconset,' there sprang up the two hotels, the Atlantic House and the Ocean View House, which are still modern and comfortable.

"Also, a little south of the old village, along the bluff named Sunset Heights, is springing up a still larger growth of cottages, half a dozen or so, built and owned by the residents of several different States. These command the finest views and are delightful residences. We shall hear more of Sunset Heights before ten years shall pass—a new 'Sconset' of wide and desirable fame. The bluff north of the village is well suited a similar growth and promises to be a fit companion wing to Sunset Heights.

"But there is quite little original 'Sconset' yet, with the diminutive, be-shingled, low-roofed fishermen's houses of days long gone by; and it is this that makes the charm of this sea-side resort unlike anything and everything else along the Atlantic coast. The 'modern improvements' are yet and long will be externals—the heart will always be 'Old' Sconset.

"There is no railroad to 'Sconset. By and by there will be. Now no sound more fearful breaks the spell of the ocean's solemn moan than the blast of Captain Baxter's tin-horn announcing his arrival with the mail, or, when he sets forth to town, telling all 'Sconset to hurry up with their letters and errands, for he is off in five minutes,—five minutes exactly by that big silver watch which, he says, General Grant gave him.

"Indeed, but for the summer visitor, big and little, Sleepy Hollow never was half so quiet as 'Sconset. As to noise and

hustle, it is Sunday all the while. There isn't a pavement to rattle a hoof or wheel upon,—the velvet turf makes no sound under your foot. Possibly Sunday is a busier day than all the rest of the week, for on Sunday there is the little school-house, a Quaker meeting or a Unitarian service, or, in one of the hotels religious exercises are conducted by some clerical visitor according to his own creed. Of course, when one is hungry for religious instruction and someone takes what he can get, whether it is cut and carved or dished after his own particular fashion or not."

But we must not quote the whole book, though tempted to do so. The charms of the island are set forth in a most fascinating manner, and we commend the book to those who, having never tried a summer by the seaside, are minded to avail themselves of the author's goodness of soul in pointing out the attractions of 'Sconset. By the way, Mr. Northrup has set an excellent example; for, having first found out and tested these resting places, he seems to be determined to spread his knowledge for the benefit of the people.

We forgot the sport at Nantucket. It is bluefishing of course, with cod, toad, and sharks for those who want them. Perch are to be had in the interior waters of the island, but who would want perch when bigger fish are to be had? The book may be had of the author, Syracuse, N. Y., or of Baker, Pratt & Co., 19 Bond street, New York; price, 50 cents.

THAT MEDAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My clerk has just brought me the current number of Forest and Stream, and the first thing that caught my eye was "The Order of Trout Hogs." A hurried reading convinced me that the metal scheme was a good one, and I offer in-



In "hog" signa vivas.

closed samples for your inspection and approval. It is hardly possible that the Bradford gentlemen may take the prize, but I would merely throw in as a suggestion that you await further developments, for who knows what possibilities may lie in "Buck County" or the Adirondacks? D. LIVINGSTON.

"JOSEPHINE," THE EMPRESS OF THE CATSKILLS.

SOME New York boys have been trout-fishing at Phenixia, in the Catskill Mountains, and one of them, Fred Hoy, son of Mr. John Hoy, of the Adams Express Company, has distinguished himself by catching a much bigger fish than anybody dreamed was to be found in the whole Catskill Mountain range. The story of how they carried the big fish from the brook to the hotel is thus truly told in a letter to the Commercial Advertiser, of this city. It is something unique in the literature of trouting.

"Kerr and Fred, have done well in the meadow, as their baskets show. As the saw-mill is but a stone's throw below them, and as they have 160 trout among them in three hours' fishing, they conclude to take the road and stop the sport. Fred, boy like, lingers behind, casting his line idly into the stream. The others have gained the main road and are anxiously inquiring about the invalid's condition, when a roar, a yell, breaks the stillness. In one minute the trio are rushing back, the invalid leading and shouting, 'The boy is surely drowned!' They reach the stream and there is Fred, with his red boat double and his line straining as though it would break every minute. His hat is off, the sweat rolls down his cheeks and he is yelling with all his main. The doctor rushes for the end of the rod and just as it breaks he grabs the line. The leader is strong and holds. The doctor, with the invalid's assistance, unbooks his mate landing net from the back of his coat and they land a monster. How their hearts beat as he lies on the ground panting and flapping. One great thought enters the four heads together—'Keep him alive!' The invalid and Kerr make a joint break for the mill. Up to the road they scramble, now one, now the other ahead. They take the rails over into the road like steplechers. Now they have gained the straight stretch to the mill. Kerr, alas, fat and puffy, spills, while the invalid rushes on; he secures a big nail somewhere, somehow, he can hardly tell afterwards, and rushes back. Kerr, up and fresh, he meets half-way back, and to him he resigns the pail. Kerr plunges on and down the bank with hated breath to the fish.

"Meanwhile, the doctor's old time fish lure has not deserted him. He had thrown his trout from his basket to the ground, put the big fish alive in his basket, closed the lid firmly, and held it down in the running water waiting for the others. The fish is soon put in the pail in water, a wooden cover with holes for air is made, and the proud quartette are homeward bound. The doctor sits in front and holds the pail carefully by the handle off the wagon floor. The horses walk every step of the seven miles, and often do they stop on the way to give the big trout fresh water in the pail. At one dead spot Kerr lifts the pail cover and looks in at the fish. She is on her back with outstretched gills. Kerr cannot speak; he points into the pail and groans. One spring lands the doctor and Fred on the ground. They dash with the pail to the brook. Fresh water is hastily put in, the fish revives, and the four—in fact, with the trout, the five—breathe again.

"Just as they near the hotel they gather laurel blossoms, which grow profusely about, and deck the carriage and pile them around Fred. Till he is deep in a sea of blossoms. They cheer and shout, and the hotel guests turn out at the noise, and wonder at the 'bonquet carriage.' The invalid's family are alarmed for his safety. Out the four jump, and rush for the fountain in front of the Tremper House. A big

wash tub filled with water is secured—the trout is dumped in. Hurrah! he swims! The people all look and wonder. The shouts have reached the village, and the crowd thickens. The big fish measures fifteen inches, and is fat and heavy. Her spots are the handsomest ever seen, and the victor and the party are idolized. They put her in the fountain and name her 'Josephine'—for is she not a creature of her kind? To-day she still swims and jumps, and is the admiration of the country all round about. She is the biggest brook trout caught in the Catskill Mountains in ten years. The four go like champions to supper, and the poor invalid eats fifteen trout, drinks two bottles of St. Louis lager, and his devoted family are up all night rubbing his stomach alternately, and in the morning they say his lungs have been weak all night.—J. S. H."

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGANIES.

MR. H. W. FULLETT, formerly of the Erie Railroad, and now Passenger Agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, writes from Richmond, Va., under date of June 27:

I think the accounts of the ground shooting and fishing grounds along the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway had a good deal to do with my accepting this place, and taking up a residence in Virginia. I have met a few of our Richmond sportsmen, and the regal reports that I have so often heard of their good qualities have been more than fulfilled. I brought my Red Irish Ben with me, and anticipate many a good day's sport on quail this fall, and on trying to get a day or two to casting flies upon the Virginia mountain trout. I enclose the following article, which does not lessen my desire, I assure you. It is taken from the Staunton Spectator:

"The trouting party that left Staunton some twelve days ago for the headwaters of the Elk, consisting of Col. W. L. Bumgardner, Dr. Carter Berkeley, J. B. Scherer, C. L. Cooke, Capt. Jas. Bumgardner, Jr., John M. Carroll and Capt. T. S. Doyle have been returning in detachments. This was probably done for the wise purpose of not exhausting the provisions along the route of their return, as might have been the case had they all returned together. However, on last Friday, on the 12:45 train, the first detachment of the 'Elkers' came into town with small baskets of trout and large accouters of the fishing in the Heart of the Alleghenies.

On Saturday, at 12 o'clock m., the baggage came in the wagon by the Parkersburg Pike, under charge of the colored troops of the Elk Detachment. And now, truly, the tales of trout grew marvelous, and all Staunton was wild to see evidences of the grand catch, which, however, were not forthcoming. But, at an early hour on Monday morning, the remaining detachment of this famous corps de trout arrived in the last wagon, and not only confirmed the reports previously brought in, but produced the evidence in the shape of a basket filled with nearly thirty beauties, not one under a foot long."

"They reported the weather in the mountains bad, snakes numerous, trout and venison plentiful. The principal field of their sport was Deer Creek and Elk River, with its tributaries in the county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, and 120 miles west of Staunton.

"They all seem greatly pleased with their trip, which certainly must be an enjoyable one, notwithstanding the hard work, and sometimes discomforts, which inevitably attend any such undertaking. But the sport out-balanced all draw-backs, and they return home, the discomforts forgotten, and their memories filled with the many pleasant incidents of the trip. One of these, which we have heard, grew out of the luxurious desire of one of the party to enjoy the civilized luxury of an air-pillow. He may have carried the pillow, but there was no provision when it came near frightening his bed-fellow out of his wits. He was peacefully reposing, dreaming of the comforts of home, etc., when suddenly there was a hiss of, what in those wilds could be nothing but a 'venomous sarpent,' right in his ear.

"Partially aroused, he again heard the hateful hiss, and this time there was no mistaking it. With a frightened bound, and a still more frightened cry, he cleared the tent, and insisted that snakes were in his bed. Upon careful and cautious investigation it was discovered that the fearful sound had proceeded from the air-pillow of his bed-mate, which had sprung a leak.

"The catch of the party was 628 trout, the largest of which was 14½ inches in length. The last detachment stopped at Old Millboro' Springs of Staunton, on Friday, and the trout were in their trim. To hear them talk one would think there are no brown biscuits, elegant coffee or 'done-to-a-turn' breakfasts a way from that fine old watering place."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

SHEPSTEAD fishing has begun at Atlantic City and in the bays as far north as Barnegat, N. J., and last week we learn the fish were biting fairly well. At the latter place, notwithstanding it is rather early for their coming, bluefish appeared in the inlet, and we are informed that they were quite plentiful for a day or two at Baruegat. But the fish were small, running about one to two pounds in weight. We shall hardly expect to hear of good weakfish fishing before the first week in July on our New Jersey coast. It is seldom that they take the bait readily until the 5th to the 10th. Now that net fishing in some of the bays has been prohibited by law, Tuckerton and Barnegat bays last year offered grand sport to the angler, and we may expect excellent fishing there the coming summer. Shredder and soft crab bait will be scarce and high, as the past intense winter destroyed great numbers of hard crabs.

In the Schuylkill River, at Conshohocken and upward, a black bass were taken last week of some size. At Conshohocken one of three pounds and a half was caught by a resident of that place. So far as we can learn the minnow was the lure. Jumping abruptly from fin to feather, I must chronicle the slaughter of woodcock by a market shooter on the 18th of June, within the city limits. I am informed by a gentleman who heard the shots and saw the bird; and notwithstanding they were well able to fly, still the law was violated, and will be so long as summer shooting is allowed at all. I am not able to give the name of the villain who participated in this sport, but shall endeavor to obtain permission to publish it. The brood was one of those of which I wrote a short time since, hatched in close proximity to Cobb's Creek, Philadelphia. HOMO.

How to FIT OLD-FASHIONED REELS.—These old-fashioned reels, with a bolt that goes through the pole and a nut on the

end, make an excellent reel for taking up the line fast, but the great trouble with them is that the line will run off and get caught somewhere. So in trying to devise a plan to obviate that trouble, I hit upon the simple one of taking a piece of rather stiff, strong wire, and running it through the reel, bend it in the form of a loop over the reel; then when the bolt has been put through the pole, place the small ring at the end of the wire, over the bolt, and screw the nut down tight on it; that makes the wire lay close to the pole and brings the large loop of the wire through which the line is to run directly over the reel, but of course it should not quite touch it, and it is thus secured firmly. Now, when used, the line is bound to run on the reel, and if by chance slack line gets off, it can be prevented from getting in between the pole and the reel, by pulling the wire of some kind in the pole at each side of the reel, close to, but not quite touching it. Thus, you see, when the wire attachment is used in connection with the reel, it makes a cheap and very good one.—T. A. LESTER.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES.

NEPESQUIT RIVER, Bathurst, N. B.—I notice in your issue of June 23d, which was forwarded to me here, some one desires to know what will prevent mosquitoes biting. Now I have in my camping experience of many years tried a dozen prescriptions, finding none of them sure until I came across the following:

- 3 oz. Sweet oil,
- 1 oz. Carbolic acid.

This will surely prevent black flies, mosquitoes, and moose flies from troubling you every time. Let it be thoroughly applied upon hands, face, and all exposed parts (carefully avoiding the eyes) once every half hour, when the flies are troublesome, or for the first two or three days, until the skin is filled with it, and after this its application will be necessary only occasionally. Another receipt, equally as efficacious, is: 6 parts turpentine oil,

- 1 part Crocus,
- 1 part Pennyroyal.

Either of these are agreeable to use, and in no way injurious to the skin. We have both of these in our camp with us, and all flies keep a safe distance.

I have with me here upon my salmon preserve Messrs. Henry and E. F. Adams, who are now in the city, and in the fair sport, yet nothing like this part of the magnificent Salmon River formerly afforded, for the simple reason that the Government does not properly guard it. Yet we hope to take the necessary steps soon to give it the most complete protection, all it needs to make it one of the best in the Dominion.

LYERS W. ADAMS.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, June 23.—From all sections of the State come notices of associations being formed to enforce the protection laws, also of the perceptible increase in the quantity of fish at present in the different streams. Large creels are of common occurrence even in the Cumberland, and the fish in many instances are unusually large. There is a perfect rage on the part of the farmers for fish ponds, and I hear of them being built everywhere. Carp, and game fish have both their patrons, and the private propagation will, therefore, be abundant in the two varieties. Col. Geo. F. Akers and a party of five or six intend making an extended visit to "Sycamore," here bass and black perch are said to be found in great numbers and of a size before unknown. C. Hillman, F. Furman, Edgar Jones, Ed. Hicks, and the Mr. Thompson, composing the Wisconsin Angling Club, returned this week from their annual excursion to the Wisconsin lakes.—J. D. H.

SALMON IN CANADA.—RATHFRONCH, July 1st.—But few trout or salmon are to be taken here now, although the first week the fishermen put in their nets the catch of salmon was very large. Those taken in the Bay Chaleur would average, so I am informed by those who claim to know, twenty-six pounds each. The system that our Canadian Government is pursuing in leasing our salmon rivers to a few individuals is wrong, and smacks too much of the old feudal system when privileges were sold to a few. By doing away with the present system of leasing these rivers and making them open waters to all sportsmen, charging one dollar a day to each rod, the Government would increase its revenues derived from this source twenty per cent. or over, saying nothing of the benefits that this country would be sure to receive from the great influx of sportsmen that this would bring here. You will hear more of this later.

STANSTEAD.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUTING.—I was unable to go up into Muncie as I had hoped, and I had to content myself with near spots where the fishing was not sufficiently good to be an object. I spent ten days in the neighborhood of Water Gap, Averbille and Cauden, Monroe County, Pa., but only fished two days out of this time. More beautiful streams for trout than there are in these places I have never seen, but they had been all much fished early in the season, and this coupled with the fact they were very high rapid from the incessant rains of the previous week made the sport poor.—H. O.

MORE THAN HE COULD DIGEST.—The Hartford, Conn., Times tells the following: "R. L. Hungerford, of the firm of Williams & Hungerford, while fishing yesterday afternoon caught a very large bull-frog, which was evidently suffering from indigestion. Mr. Hungerford cut the frog open to ascertain the cause and was surprised to find in its stomach a mud turtle nearly two inches long, alive and kicking. He brought the turtle home and to-day it was quite lively in the aquarium in the drug store of the firm."

THE RODS USED AT THE TOURNAMENT.—New York, July 2.—I notice in your report of the Fly-Casting Tournament that, with the exception of Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Bryan, the Nichols split bamboo were the rods used. Please add that Mr. Endicott used a split bamboo of his own make, and I one of Conroy's hexagonal split bamboo rods—a rod I have used over two years, and during which time it has caught very many black bass and trout.—W. HOLBERTON.

FARRAR'S RANSELEY AND MOOSEHEAD guide books are very useful compilations of practical information for visitors to these renowned sporting regions. If you are going there do not fail to procure these books of Mr. Farrar. See the advert ement elsewhere.

ELK RAPIDS, Mich., is so much of a fishing place that the

local paper, the *Traverse Bay Progress*, chronicles the catch in a whole column of items. Bass, perch and trout are the fish, and the anglers come from all parts of the country to enjoy the sport.

WATER-PROOF FERULES.—A new ferule is advertised in our columns as being water-proof, and therefore it is claimed that the rods on which it is used are more durable in consequence. We therefore call attention to the advertisement of William Mills & Son in our issue of to-day, in which great lasting qualities are said to be inherent in rods which use this style of ferule.

THE KNEEL OF THE GRAYLING.—We read in *Owag*, of Detroit, that "Grayling are being caught in immense numbers in Northern Michigan, and quantities arrive in Detroit daily. They are delicious eating, and are considered by many better than brook trout.

IRONWOOD FOR RODS.—Hornbeam, or ironwood, is tough, and our correspondent "Kingfisher" tells in another column how he tried a rod of this wood most severely on Intermediate Lake, Michigan.

CALIFORNIA TROUTING.—Allen Springs, Lake County, is said to be an excellent trouting centre. There are good hotel accommodations there.

GOOD GRROUND.—The fishing at Good Ground, Long Island, is said to be good just now. Big Bouders, bluefish and striped bass are the fish to be caught there. Lane's house opened last Saturday.

CUTTCHUNK.—Bass running 44 to 74 lbs.; two taken June 11; water cold; fish not running full yet. More anon.—EZEKIEL.

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO LOAF—as the boy said when he got half a day off to go fishing.

Fish Culture.

REPORT OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMISSION.

THE New Hampshire Fish Commission report sent to the June session of the Legislature, 1881, records another successful year, although the unprecedented drought of the past summer seriously interfered with the return of the salmon to the headwaters of the Merrimack river. Large numbers of salmon entered the river in June, and by the 15th of July the Commission had captured nineteen, weighing from ten to eighteen pounds each, at the hatching house at Plymouth. After that date the water was so low that no more were taken until Oct. 2, when two more were captured.

In referring to the "anomalies in the run of salmon, and all other migratory fish, for which science is yet entirely unable to account," the report cites some well-known facts, but advances no theory. It quotes the report of the State hatching house at Plymouth, N. H., to E. A. Brackett, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In this Mr. Powers gives the following as the number of eggs from nine different salmon: Oct. 29, one fish, 10,000 eggs; Oct. 24, three fish, 19,000; Oct. 26, two fish, 13,000; Oct. 31, two fish, 12,000; Nov. 2, one fish, 6,000; total from nine fish, 68,000 eggs. The report of the Superintendent of the Lawrence Fishway, which follows, we give in our review of the report of the Massachusetts Commission.

The salting (*Salmo salvelinus*), 50,000 eggs of which were sent by the Deutsche Fischerer Verein to Prof. Baird and by him to the New Hampshire Commission, were received with a loss of only 5,000 eggs from Germany, and were hatched. After correspondence with Prof. Baird on the subject of the tastes and habits of these strangers, it was decided to plant them in Newfound Lake, which, from its depth and clear cold water seemed to be the most proper place, as a freedom from predatory fishes. Prof. G. Brown Good's paper on this fish, prepared for FOREST AND STREAM, is given at length, and covers the ground of their relationships and habits.

One creek, 100,000 eggs were taken, and half sent to Massachusetts and the remainder hatched here to be delivered at the hatchery to those applying for them for public waters. Of the "Winnepesaukee whitefish," or "shad-waters" (*Prosopium quadricornis*), 300,000 eggs were taken and evenly divided with Massachusetts. The Commissioners truly remark that in all plantings the larger the plant is the more likely it is to be successful. Landlocked salmon have been soon jumping for their lakes where they have existed before their introduction. They have been taken in Winnepesaukee in great number, and of the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers are now full of them.

The "Growth of Carp in America," by Mr. Fred Slather, as given before the Central Fish Culturists' Society, is given in full, and an extract from the report of the Massachusetts Fish Commission on the carp, in which Dr. Rudolph Hessel is quoted, is given. The fishway at Amoskeag Falls was unsatisfactory, and the right for its "breakets" was bought and will be introduced into the waters of the State. One has been built at Fairville by the Coteocook Manufacturing Company, and a similar one at Hillsborough Bridge.

The paper on "Breeding California Salmon in Fresh Water," by N. W. Fairbank, read before the Central Fish Culturists' Society, is given in full, and then come reports on the game, which we will review in another column at a future time. The report as a whole is very creditable, and shows that New Hampshire has a live fish and game Commission.

REPORT OF THE NEBRASKA COMMISSION.

THE second annual report of the Fish Commissioners of Nebraska, for the year 1880, calls attention to the fact that Mr. N. E. Fairbank has bred the quinnat salmon in the fresh waters of the State Lakes. The introduction of this fish has already been related how a gentleman from Weston, Iowa, caught two of these fish in one of the branches of the Nishanabotone River, below the town of Red Oak, Iowa, in the fall of 1879, one of which weighed eight and the other five pounds. The fish were taken and were planted in Nebraska in 1880, and the Commissioners prophesy their return in four years thereafter.

Their appropriation was not large enough to afford any means for trial of the landlocked salmon, which they had wanted to try in these lakes. One hundred and thirty-five German carp were received from Prof. Baird, and they have been retained for breeders instead of distributing them. The appropriation given to the Commissioners to work with a small number of the quinnat salmon was not large enough to permit them to do so. Much of their hatching was done by Messrs. Morgan and Decker, at South Bend, at a nominal price.

In letters to the Board, Mr. J. C. McBride, Pres. Nebraska Sportmen's Association, writes that salmon have been seen in the streams, and that a good-sized cod was for sale in the market at Lincoln recently which no doubt came from the coast. In view of the theory that eels could not live in the Platt River, Mr. Mason writes that the fry of the salmon placed in a pond some months before are

there still and now, Dec. 26th, weigh one-half pound. Other writers bear similar testimony.

THE CONNECTICUT SHELL-FISH COMMISSION.—As we have announced, the Fish Commission of Connecticut has a distinct department of shell-fisheries. The waters are being surveyed and leased for oyster culture, etc. Their office is Room 10, Insurance Building, New Haven. The following is a list of the members of the state board of shell-fish commissioners held a session to-day, July 2d, and voted to assess ten cents an acre on all grants of oyster lands, for the expense of surveying and making maps. Bills amounting to \$10,000 were approved. The bill was instructed to prepare deeds for the allotment of a number of applicants who have complied with the requirements of the law.

The board go to Darien on Wednesday, the 6th, for the purpose of visiting the oyster grounds of the state of New York.

THE SHAD WATCHING on the Potomac by the U. S. Fish Commission has been a grand success. We have been favored by a gentleman who is in a position to know about the work, although not engaged in it, that Col. McDonald has probably hatched more shad there this season with the ovals and their steam machinery than has been hatched at all other places put together. The "Fish Hawk" has been at Havre de Grace, Md., and has turned out 16,000,000. Our informant had not the list of plantings, but heard that Mr. Frank Clark was gone with a shipment for the Kansas Commissioners, to be placed in some of the waters of that State.

LONG ISLAND NOTES.—Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, has hatched, for Mr. Blackford of the New York Fish Commission, 2,500 rainbow trout, which he will place in some of the streams. He has also hatched between four and five thousand Maine salmon, and is also hatching about 100,000 shad, and 100,000 bluefish. Head, as well as 1,500 quinnat salmon within the past few years.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.—We have received the report of this Commission for 1879 and '80. It is so important from a natural history point of view, that we defer its notice for a week or two. It contains "the fishes of Pennsylvania" by Prof. C. S. Felt, with many figures, and is a valuable addition to our ichthyological literature.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

- September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. L. K. Staylor, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 8. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa. Entries for the New York State Field Trials close September 15. Entries commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Fentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 41, New York City.
- September 25 and 26, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.
- November 26, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 15. Entries commence on Thanksgiving Day.
- November 27, at Grand Junction, Tenn. National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

MY FIRST CHICKEN SHOOTING.

I WAS sitting in my office one afternoon in August, looking over the last number of my *FOREST AND STREAM*, when I heard some one drive up and yell, "Oh! Doc," and on going to the door I saw Sam, as he is familiarly called by his friends, sitting in a high, square, boxed wagon, holding with one hand a rather stumpy span of ponies, and with the other a very rusty salter. Now the said editor had fully made up his mind to get out of that wagon and interview my red Irish Leo, that was slowly marbling back and forth in front of the door with his "ceat" tails" dragging on the ground, and he had just got up to the door, when I saw him standing on them just once. A sharp "Down, charge," accompanied by a suggestive motion of the hand toward a stick lying near, brought him out of his belittled attitude at the same time that he stepped forward and laid his hands on the seat. I saw him putting his foot on him to hold him there. Turning to me he said, "Doc, does your finger arm any? If it does you had better load your own and traps into this wagon, and if your car will be better than this, you can ride with me. I will take you to the woods, and we will let the chickens back in the morning. To-morrow is the opening of the season, and there are dead loads of them around my place, and not a gun has been fired among them yet, so you want to try that dog of yours, when Sam, who had stepped out of the wagon, said, "Go, of course I will go." "Well, hurry up, and don't be all day dotting your eye."

A few moments sufficed to pack my hunting suit, cartridge, dog, bag whip, etc., etc., in a "valise" which Sam, with my help, carried to the seat. At sight of the gun, both dogs were nearly frantic with delight, and forgot all about their previous pugnacity. After stowing them away in the back part of the wagon I got in myself, and as I went I saw that the fine red dog had been shot at by the old blonded chest. I saw a thorough-going farmer, a keen sportsman, he was not exactly the sort of man to encourage shooting out of season, and poachers and pot-hunters gave him a wide berth, but to the friends of all legitimate sportsmen, he was a gem. "Go on, go on," he said, "hurry up, and don't be all day dotting your eye."

After supper we had a general overhauling of all our traps. Every empty shell was loaded, the guns inspected to see that everything was in order. We were up before nine o'clock, and had breakfast out of the way by sunrise, when Sam, who had stepped outside, said, "Oh, Doc, just look here!" On going to the door, he pointed toward a wheat field about three hundred yards from the house, and there was a covey of about twenty chickens that had called over, in the act of alighting in the stubble.

"Well, Doc, if the dogs have had their breakfast, let's start!" "The dogs have been fed," remarked his wife, "and hadn't you better take Will along with you and send him back with the first bird you get, so we can get our dinner and go to bed, and that the first bird and the second bird, and the third bird, and the fourth bird, and the fifth bird, and the sixth bird, and the seventh bird, and the eighth bird, and the ninth bird, and the tenth bird, and the eleventh bird, and the twelfth bird, and the thirteenth bird, and the fourteenth bird, and the fifteenth bird, and the sixteenth bird, and the seventeenth bird, and the eighteenth bird, and the nineteenth bird, and the twentieth bird, and the twenty-first bird, and the twenty-second bird, and the twenty-third bird, and the twenty-fourth bird, and the twenty-fifth bird, and the twenty-sixth bird, and the twenty-seventh bird, and the twenty-eighth bird, and the twenty-ninth bird, and the thirtieth bird, and the thirty-first bird, and the thirty-second bird, and the thirty-third bird, and the 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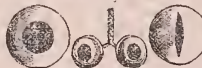
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COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1884.

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Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1884. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1884.

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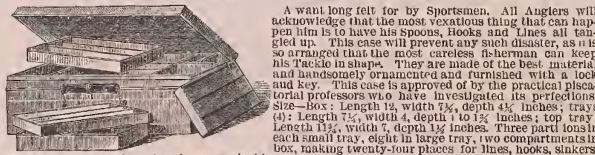
Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1884. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES.

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1884. J. OTTO DONNER, President.

JACOB PENNY, Secretary, P. O. Box 314, New York City. Special press to follow others according to their value.

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A want long felt for by Sportsmen. All Anglers will acknowledge that the most vexatious thing that can happen him is to have his spoons, hooks and Lines all tangled up. This case will prevent any such disaster, as it is so arranged that the most careless fisherman can keep his Tackle in shape. They are made of the best material and handsomely ornamented and furnished with a lock and key. This case is approved of by the practical piscatorial professors who have investigated its perfection.

Size—Box: Length 12, width 7 1/2, depth 4 1/2; inches; trays (4): Length 7 1/2, width 4, depth 1 to 1 1/2; inches; top tray: Length 13 1/2, width 7, depth 1 1/2; inches. Three part trays each small tray, eight in large tray, 10 compartments in box, making twenty-four places for lines, hooks, sinkers, spoons, reels, fly-hook, and each case packed in a neat box and sent on receipt of \$4.00. To clubs taking 6 at one time, \$24.00. Send for Catalogue of FISHING-TACKLE AND SPORTSMAN'S GOODS. R. SIMPSON, 96 Fulton Street, New York.

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TO SPORTSMEN.—A gentleman who has a large marsh on Lake St. Clair, abounding in wild ducks of all kinds, and over a large area of adjacent country well stocked with quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and a few wild turkeys, is anxious to find two or three gentlemen of repute to join him in sharing the expenses of housekeeping and preserving. Commodious club house, good boat house and kennels. A first-class keeper and wife capable of making prices comfortable. Splendid bass fishing to be had in the season. Apply to D. O., Box 101, Niagara, Ont. July 7, '84.

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For 10 cents by mail. Engravings and descriptions best varieties. How to select, manage and breed. Lists of 22 diseases; symptoms and remedies. Lists of plain prescriptions, to be had of any druggist. Also, best remedies for Hives, Prurigo, Cough, Worms, Fleas, etc., with directions, ready for use. Price, 50 cents each. Can be sent by mail. Address FREDERICK STEARNS, Druggist, DETROIT, MICH.

FOR SALE.

By Warwick, ex-Ohio, five very handsome whippets. For price, etc., address H. W. GAUSE, Wilmington, Delaware. June 26, '84.

FOR SALE.—A beautiful Liverpool setter bitch whippet, six months old. Copy, blue Belton, black, white and tan, out of my Victoria—Gause's Belle (Pride of the Border-Kirby) by Warwick (Lester-terrier) by Duke's Princes, F. & C. N. Y. (Sts. Plice 50). Will ship for inspection. E. L. MILLIS, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. July 7, '84.

BEAGLES.—Having an agent now in England seeking beagles for my own kennels, and having special facilities for importing, I will gladly execute any orders for parties that may want any dogs of this breed. To make room for this importation I am giving away in some how on hand. J. L. CAMERON, Breckerville, Pa. July 7, '84.

ARRAGANSSETT KENNELS, NARRAT, R.I.—I am now prepared to take a few dogs to board and break, and can arrange with parties who wish to have their dogs handled to do it to the most thorough manner. W. TAILMAN, 40 Westfield street, Providence, R. I.

FOR SALE.—A pair of well trained black and tan fox hounds, two and three years old. Address LOCK BOX 14, Rome, Ga. July 7, '84.

FOX TERRIER FOR SALE.—A bitch, 10 months old, out of Topsy, champion Fox, blue Belton, by imported Viper. Well-bred black-and-tan, head, ears drop correctly, excellent legs and feet and a good coat. By James Princes, F. & C. N. Y. (Sts. Plice 50). SHELL BOX 2,950, New York. June 23, '84.

BETTER FOR SALE.—A black-and-tan bitch, 11 months old, by Dr. Aica's Glen, out of imported Belle (winner of two first prizes). Is kennel broken and well up for importing. I will gladly accept any order for parties who wish to have their dogs handled to do it to the most thorough manner. W. TAILMAN, 40 Westfield street, Providence, R. I. June 23, '84.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 by Orville's champion bitch, ex-Jimston's Rose, by imported champion snaphson, winner of third prize puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Hobbs' Island, Nov. 20, 1882. Y. H. U. in open class and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record. W. H. C. Shaw, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeder furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 43d st., New York. May 17, '84.

FIELD TRIAL TRAINING IN FLORIDA, in one of the best localities ever known; millions of quail and my youngsters are worked on them eight months out of twelve. For perfect dogs, suitable for speed and range, this is the country adapted to give those qualities. Those wishing to procure my services, send me full particulars, and I will send stamp and address W. M. TITUS, Mount-olive, Fla.

P.S.—I have a fine black and tan Gordon Pugh, by Jock, Jr., ex Tully's Dream; very handsome; would like to sell to make room for dogs I am to train; he is unbroken. June 23, '84.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, has a number of Champs, Layton, Laidlaw, Laidlaw, Ladybird, Laidlaw, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limerick, Lona, Luncheon, Lena, Lyndal, Ruby, Young Beauty, Bessie, etc., etc., and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vere Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy any number of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mare 11.

TRAINER.—I can take one brace of dogs to be trained on prairie chickens the coming season; also, one or two well-trained setters and pointers, enclosed. Address W. B. STAFFORD, Nankato, Minn. May 26, '84.

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—For sale, the produce of limited and selected bred animals, which have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in show, game endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Breckerville, Pa. May 21, '84.

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NEBASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass.—Sporting dogs boarded, broken and trained by means of exercises. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained setters and pointers for sale. Address BOX 85, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June 21, '84.

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Stedman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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Dogs have daily access to salt

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To a limited number of approved bitches.

BRAGG, black, winner of 1st and special N. Y.,

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For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from

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Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and

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Very fine brother to benedict, was sired to Kafir

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Black and liver colored puppies by benedict for

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Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest

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STUD BRAGLE—FLUTE (Rattler-True); full

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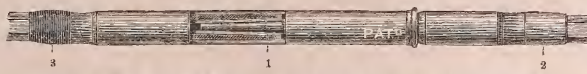
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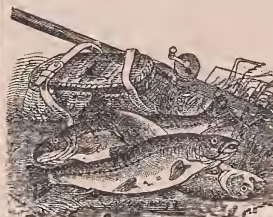
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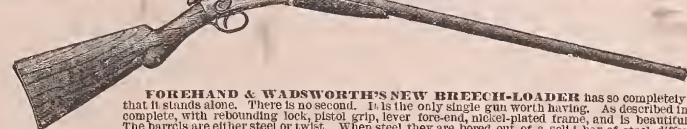


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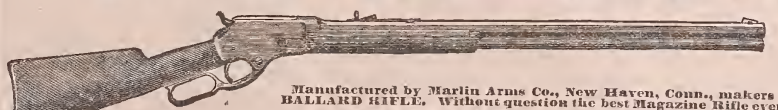
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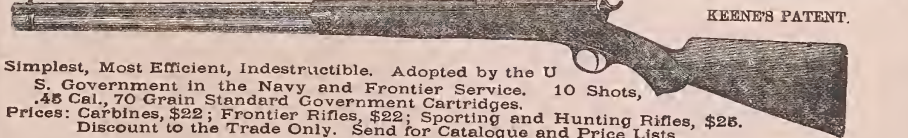
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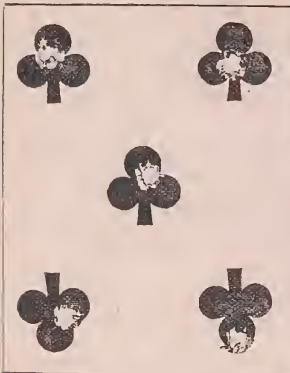
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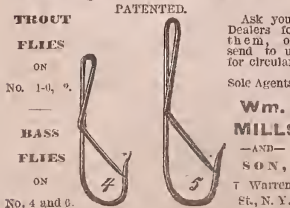
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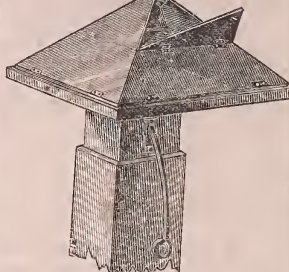


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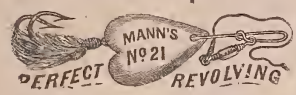
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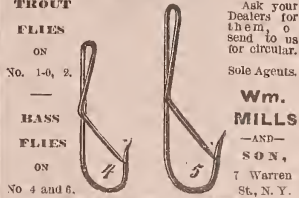
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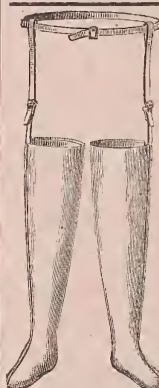
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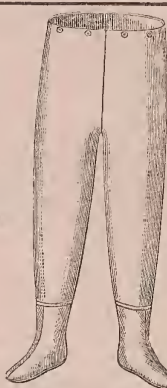
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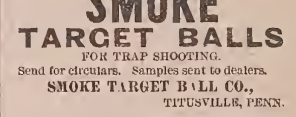
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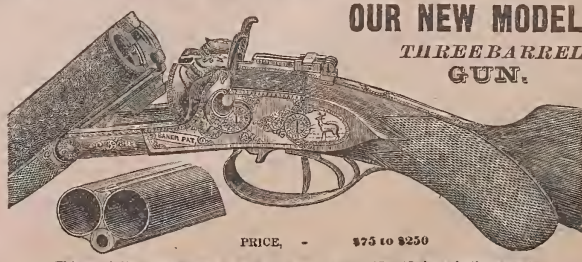
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents. All communications of whatever nature should be directed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 14.

IS ANY READER OF THE FOREST AND STREAM familiar with the poem written by Bryant on the introduction of the English sparrow into New York?

THE INITIAL LETTER from "Yo," which we publish this week, gives promise that the series written by him from the Northwest will be a valuable one. Our correspondent's proposed trip will take him into a country of which little is known and the many objects of interest met with there will afford abundant material for his letters.

A FINE GUN is the handsomest present one can give a friend who has shooting proclivities. It is a source of pleasure and—if he knows how to use it—of pride. If your friend inclines to the gentler pursuit, a well-made rod will remind him of your regard for him, and when playing it he will be in a frame of mind to appreciate your gift.

BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS—Dr. J. A. Henshell writes us that his "Book of the Black Bass" is in the printer's hands, and will be issued, certainly and promptly, during this present month. The delay has been caused by the author's having recast and rewritten the first chapter of the "Scientific History of the Black Bass," adding sixty additional pages, and making the book contain altogether 490 pages.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS FOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

IT certainly is remarkable that, after having so many illustrations of the great intelligence and usefulness of the Newfoundland, he has not long before this been systematically employed at all of the life-saving stations along our coasts. It is true that from time to time we hear of some wandering wail or some poor shipwrecked animal taking up his abode with the surfmen employed by the service; but although the dogs have in every case at once earned for themselves their allowance of junk and hard-tack, yet their stay among the sand hills, with the lifeboats, mortars and other life-saving apparatus as their companions, has been brought about by the hand of fate, and not by any wise provision of the Government.

Many months have passed since we first suggested in the FOREST AND STREAM that the Newfoundland could thus be utilized, and recommended adding a dog of this breed to the crew at each station. We wrote at the time:

Unquestionably the Newfoundland is one of the greatest favorites outside the setter and the pointer. From early youth his excellent and steady qualities are impressed upon his mind. No child's book or early primer is without his picture, and the variety of occupations in which he figures is incalculable. On one page we see him enforcing a strictly moral lesson by dragging the pifering school-boy from off the apple tree, while over the leaf his courage is displayed in rescuing a young miss from a duck-pond grave. We grow up to recognize in him all the amiable, generous and domestic characteristics of a fine disposition, combined with a courage and fearlessness that is sure to win man's heart. Therefore, we take it, that a race of powerful dogs of this breed could be very profitably employed at our life-saving stations, and that at times their sagacity, watchfulness and fearlessness would prove of great advantage. How often it is that a shipwrecked crew almost gain the shore and are drowned in the very face of a shelving beach. These dogs could be trained to patrol the beach and give a warning, after the manner that the St. Bernards are trained for the service of the Hospice; while the tutoring to save a drowning person could be easily effected by means of lay-figures similar to those used some time since at the water trials in England. Thus in a short time the honest Newfoundland would have gained for himself quite as romantic and weird a history as his stately brother way up upon the Alps.

Since the time at which the above was written we have been looking into the matter, and have had some correspondence with those stationed on the coast. From the first the idea has been received by the surfmen as a happy thought. Thus encouraged, we called upon Capt. James H. Merryman, U. S. Inspector of Life-Saving Stations, and found that his views coincided with our own on the subject. The Captain spoke in the most enthusiastic manner of the introduction into the service of a hardy race of dogs, and trusted that the Government would at some near day devote an appropriation for an experiment in which all humanity is deeply interested. Of course a most moderate outlay is all that is required, as the initiative trial should be confined to one of the districts of the service. Should it prove a success, then it would be an easy matter to raise a breed of powerful Newfoundlands and locate them at every life-saving station in the service.

As the first step in the United States toward an organized effort for assisting the shipwrecked was the establishment, early in the present century, of the Humane Society of Massachusetts, we would be pleased to hear from it and like societies on this important subject, and will give what help we can.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

Before giving in detail the uses to which this noble animal can be put we shall give a brief description of the dog, selecting the delineation given him in the "The Sportsman's Cabinet," as the most just and correct we have ever read. The graceful writer, although dealing with the dog in the early part of the century, can with safety be quoted, for what he says of him is true of the pure dog at the present day:

The Newfoundland dog in a state of purity, unaccounted by the blood of any inferior race, is one of the most majestic and awfully attractive of all the canine variety, although at first sight he appears terrific from the seeming immensity of his magnitude, the placid serenity of his countenance as instantly dispels the agitating vibrations of fear by fondly affording early proof, that ferocity is not the predominant or distinguishing trait of his disposition. With those to whom he is barely known (but particularly where he is attached or familiarized) every look seems not more impressively

intended to entreat attention than to solicit an early exchange of mutual services. Naturally disposed to action he is always eager to be employed, and is never more delighted than when such little offices are assigned to him as are not beyond his power or ability to execute. Emulative by nature no one passion has sluggishly dormant, but all are equally alive to the emergency of the occasion. He seems, by an inexplicable impulse, to be the friend of every individual without displaying the least tendency to animosity with any part of the creation. Offense he is scarcely ever known to offer, but insult he never receives with impunity. Docile beyond conception, and affectionate beyond description, the Newfoundland dog is easily taught almost everything within the power of the human mind to imitate of which his own strength and frame are capable. Equally sagacious as energetic, he patiently perseveres in whatever he undertakes, and never relinquishes the attempt so long as there remains the most distant hope or possibility of success. Adapted by his powers, and the pliability of his temper to the use of man, he never shrinks from whatever task may be enjoined, but undertakes it with an ardor proportional to the difficulty of the execution. Eventually oscillations in the province of being employed, he forcibly displays his pride in being permitted to carry in his mouth (for miles) the basket, bundle or stick of his employer; to take from him either of which would be found a palpable breach with a peculiarly attentive attachment to the human species, and such an instantaneous sense of impending danger, that the inactive mind, lulled to an apathy, becomes immediately roused to action in the contemplation. Previous to a confirmation of which, it may be strictly consistent to observe, that being habitually inclined to industrious employment, they are equally serviceable to the soldiers of the coasts from whence they are brought, as are to us the galloways and ponies of our own country.

INSTANCES OF THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

It would indeed be an endless task to recapitulate the many wonderful stories of the intelligence of this dog, but we shall give two well authenticated instances of his sagacity. The first is selected from Mr. Berwick's History of Quadrupeds; and the second came under our own observation:

Mr. Berwick writes, "During a severe storm in the winter of 1789 a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore bringing in his mouth the pocket-book of the captain. He landed amid a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavored to take it from him. The sagacious animal as if sensible of the importance of the charge (which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master), at length leaped bravely against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and continued to watch with great attention for everything that came from the wreck seizing them, and endeavoring to bring them to land."

The second instance is even more remarkable, for it demonstrates that the dog has the faculty of calculating time with the greatest accuracy. A friend of the writer, who lived on the Passaic River, owned for many years a superb specimen of the black Newfoundland type. It was the habit of the dog to bathe in the river, during almost all the months of the year, but especially during the heated term. He would then take his dip whenever oppressed by the heat, and when the tide was out would scramble into the covered boat house which was directly in front of his owner's residence, and lie on the wet planking of the floor where it was cool until driven out by the rising of the water. He would then lazily float around to the steps near the dock, and, after shaking the water from his coat, would sedately march off to his kennel which was situated in some thick shrubbery directly behind his master's house, and from where all view of the river was completely shut out. After many years, this noble old fellow became so decrepit that it was with great difficulty he could raise himself on his feet and totter down to the river. In fact, it would take him at least half an hour to traverse the lawn he had once so joyously bounded across in a few seconds. But so well did the dog calculate the falling of the water, and make the time allowance each day for the end of the ebb, that he would never attempt to leave his kennel until he knew that the boat house flooring was bare. He pursued these tactics into a ripe old age, until he one day was found to have followed Mr. Barker's example, "and to have gone out with the tide."

Of the many reasons why the Newfoundland should be utilized at the life saving stations the principal are these:

The service requires that the surfmen shall at certain hours of the day and night patrol the beach, and that their beat shall extend to each side of their station (except where inlets intervene), just half way. As the stations on the Jersey and Long Island coasts are about six miles apart, of course, three miles is the extreme limit of the beat, which is the meeting point of the patrolmen from the two stations. The Service has inaugurated a system of exchange checks, to prevent the patrolmen from shirking their duty; for the temptation to stay warmly housed during the wild weather on the coast is great. It is no child's play to turn out in a December night and face the fury of a northeaster for three miles under the most exposed conditions. And little does any one know, who has not lived on the coast, the hardships the Life Service men have to undergo, if they adhere strictly to the discipline of the Service. For the most part the men appointed for the crews are seamen or those who make their living on the waters of the coast. They are hardy and tough, and no strangers to physical pain, with nerve to face the highest running surf, yet children, many of them, when darkness sets in, and having the very utmost dread of loneliness. Many of these men are full of superstition and silly beliefs, that no mortal man can argue out of them. Living a sedentary life, and listening to the traditional tales of ghosts, sights, and lights upon the shores, there are some that even if they adhere to the strict rules of discipline, are in the very act, so incapacitated by extraneous circumstances for the work at hand, as to be absolutely unfit to be the guardians of the sands. We know whereof we speak, for we have for many months lived near these men, at different sections of the coast. What companion for such men can surpass the noble, courageous dog that knows no fear and is ever on the alert? Should the patrolman be stricken down, he will have by him a friend that will never desert him, who will sound the alarm and call for aid, should his own powerful frame be inadequate to the task to save his master. No human being can compete with the dog in sensing danger from afar; and when the dog discovers its presence, he has a thousand and one ways of giving a timely warning. With eyes that can peer into the very clouds and see objects long before their approach makes them visible to the human eye (for who is it that has used the Newfoundland for a retriever that has not been told by him that fowl were moving long before his own eyes could discern the floating thread—the string of geese?), in foggy weather, when the signal flags and lights may fail, and when the booming of the surf will drown the sound of the signal gun. What messenger can be dispatched to give the alarm and secure aid with as fleet a foot to run the sands and span the water breaks in the beach as the Newfoundland? Then, should the eponivette mortar fail to send its line—for in high winds and in the hands of even the most practical persons it is no sure thing that the line will reach the wreck—the dog can at times be sent off. We have seen many a dog face and clear the surf where no boat hauled by an ordinary crew could live.

It was in the latter part of the last century that the first line ever brought to the shore from a wreck was carried by a Newfoundland. The vessel was one of the many that stranded on the Goodwin sands, on the coast of Kent, in England.

In this country a dog was known to render great service at the wreck of the Huron, in 1877, on the coast of North Carolina. He belonged to a farmer that resided several miles inland, but when the news spread that a vessel was in the breakers, the dog was along with the first that collected on the beach to render the perishing passengers and crew assistance. Since then he has deserted his old home and lives at Station 4. He now accompanies the night patrol leaving that station, and on meeting the patrol from Station 5, joins him, passes the day at the last named station, and returns to Station 4 on the following night. The dog is said to be a great favorite, and more than earns his living by dragging to the beach all the passing drift stuff, besides being useful in a hundred ways.

Should care be taken in training the dogs from their puppyhood, the most reliable coast patrol can be established, and it would not seem unlikely that he might often aid in assisting the revenue officers in scouting out much that was contraband. While being only a sad sea-dog in one sense of the word, he will not have the temptations of Jamaica spirits and seven-up to keep him indoors.

TESTS FOR WATER DOGS.

In England, although the Newfoundland has been for many years greatly admired and his many grand qualities known, it was not until our friend, Mr. Hugh Dalziel, was instrumental in inaugurating water trials in 1876 that the public were shown in a practical way to what extent the dog could be utilized. We have recently received from Mr. Dalziel a copy of his admirable book, "British Dogs," and we cannot do better than quote what that distinguished authority has to say on the subject, but in justice to ourselves, we must say that we conceived the idea of attaching the Newfoundland to our life-saving stations long before we saw the matter agitated in other quarters. Mr. Dalziel writes as follows:

As a water dog the Newfoundland has no equal; he delights in it, will almost live in it, and his high courage and great swimming powers enable him to face and do service in such a sea as I believe no other land animal can successfully encounter.

Knowing and admiring the wonderful faculty he possesses suggested to me, when viewing the sea from the site of Portsmouth Dog Show in 1875, the advisability of instituting water trials as a

means of keeping up and developing this wonderful and useful natural power; that his great abilities as a life-saver might be made the best of for the benefit of man; for it cannot be denied that without such aids public or private shows may do serious harm, giving, as they properly do, prominence to the finest developed animal. But if prize winners, however grand in appearance, are uneducated, their instincts and natural powers undeveloped and indeed checked, are continuously bred from, we shall soon have lost sterling qualities, and get in return mere good looks.

But the two things—fine physical development, with high cultivation of those instincts and natural powers—are not incompatible, and should, I think, be simultaneously encouraged by dog-show promoters, just as the Kennel Club does for pointers and setters by their field trials.

Chiefly at my instigation, water trials of Newfoundlands took place at Malstone Show, May 1876, and were repeated at Portsmouth later in the same year, and, although neither could be pronounced as a brilliant success, they were each of them in many respects interesting, and provided that with more experience and well carried out such competitive trials might become more than interesting—highly useful.

I would be the last to advocate again reducing this or any breed to a beast of burden, but I cannot but think and here repeat what I have so often written, that the Newfoundland's extraordinary natural power as a water dog, his wonderful sagacity and intense desire to retrieve should be systematically developed and utilized, and I can see no reason why one or more trained dogs should not be attached to every life-boat station, and at every popular bathing resort around our coasts.

I must here render praise to Mr. C. Marshall for the excellent rules he drew up for the conduct of the first water-trial of dogs. As a basis for others who may wish to institute similar competitions I append the tests adopted at Malstone:

First.—Courage displayed in jumping into the water from a height to recover an object. The courage of a man is the most suitable thing.

Second.—The quickness displayed in bringing the object ashore.

Third.—Intelligence and speed in bringing a boat to shore. The best must, of course, be swift, and the pointer have a piece of white wood attached to keep it afloat, mark its position, and facilitate the dog's work.

Fourth.—To carry a rope from shore to a boat with a stranger, not the master in it.

Fifth.—Swimming races, to show speed and power against stream or tide.

Sixth.—Diving. A common flag basket, with a stone in the bottom of it to sink it, answers well, as it is white enough to be seen and soft enough to the dog's mouth.

With a brief outline of the life-saving service we close an article which we trust may assist in bringing the Newfoundland as a useful animal into notice.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

There are regular organizations or societies for the preservation of life from shipwrecked vessels in Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia, supported by voluntary contributions, but under the patronage of their respective governments. A few years since a humane society was instituted and is now admirably conducted in China. The first appropriation made by Congress of the United States was of \$5,000 in 1847, and in the next year \$10,000 more was appropriated for providing rockets, coronades and surf-boats, and shortly after the authority of Congress was given for the regular organization of the Life-Saving Service. In 1871 a liberal appropriation of \$200,000 was granted for increasing the number of stations.

A reference to the official register of the Service shows that there are twelve districts which are divided up as follows: District No. 1.—Coasts of Maine and New Hampshire; 7 stations; 6 in Maine and 1 in New Hampshire. District No. 2.—Coasts of Massachusetts, 15 stations. District No. 3.—Coasts of Rhode Island and Long Island, 38 stations; 6 in Rhode Island and 32 in Long Island. District No. 4.—41 stations. District No. 5.—Coasts of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia (Cape Henlopen to Cape Charles), 11 stations; 3 in Delaware; 1 in Maryland and 7 in Eastern Virginia. District No. 6.—Coasts of Virginia and North Carolina (Cape Henry to Cape Fear), 25 stations; 5 in Virginia and 20 in North Carolina. District No. 7.—Eastern coast of Florida, 5 stations. District No. 8.—Coast of Texas, 6 stations. District No. 9.—Coasts of Lake Ontario and Erie, 9 stations. District No. 10.—Coasts of Lake Huron and Superior, 13 stations. District No. 11.—Coast of Lake Michigan, 13 stations. District No. 12.—Pacific coast, 19 stations; making in all 196 stations, but of this number some forty have not been built.

The Service is under the general supervision of an inspector, designated from the list of captains in the Revenue Marine Service by the Secretary of the Treasury. At each station six experienced surfmen are employed under the charge of a competent person known as a keeper. From September 1 to May 1 the beaches are patrolled day and night, and the discovery of a wreck is made known by means of a system of signals (flags by day and colored lights by night). Each station house is provided with boats, and a complete set of life-saving apparatus. We, however, believe that if the Newfoundland is added to the list, a season will not pass without due proof of his usefulness being given.

We respectfully submit the foregoing to all those who have the lives of their fellow creatures at heart.

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the *Weekly* for everybody have achieved a decided success in their respective fields. Americans are confessedly ahead of other nations in the excellence of their illustrated periodicals, and the Harpers somehow manage to keep ahead of other Americans.

THAT LAW ON EATING SALMON.

WE hear on all American rivers, which are now nearly or wholly salmonless, that a law once forbade employers from forcing their apprentices or servants to eat salmon oftener than once or twice a week, as the case may be. This is told as a joke, but was probably intended to preserve those useful persons from gout. A man who can eat salmon twice a week for six months earns, and deserves, either gout or indigestion, and cruel employers were thus prevented from using salmon as a means of punishment for refractory servants. Yet we have no doubt that the law was often violated, and can imagine that irate employers even used the incline known as a sausage stuffer in order to wreak vengeance on their helpless victims. It is as easy to picture the floated employer with the dreaded "stuffer" down the throat of an apprentice, who is on his knees to save his gouty feet, as it is to believe in the passage of this law on all these rivers.

It is quite possible that it originated somewhere, for Bishop Pontopidan mentions some such thing as protecting the serving men of Norway in the 12th century; Johnson speaks of a similar law in Holland; while in English literature it is often referred to. We read in the *Memoirs of Thomas Berwick*:

From about the year 1760 to 1767, when a boy, I was frequently sent by my parents to purchase a salmon from the fishers of the "strive" at Ellingham Ford. At that time I never paid more, and often less, than 13d. per pound (mostly a heavy, gressed weight, about which they were not exact). Before, or perhaps about, this time there had always been an article inserted in every indenture in Newcastle that the apprentice was not to be obliged to eat salmon above twice a week, and the like bargain was made upon hiring ordinary servants.

Kane does not mention it as occurring among the Eskimos, nor do Dall nor Elliott report finding it among the Alaskans, although we fully expected that the researches of Capt. Beardslee would unearth it among the Stwashes.

It is a matter for congratulation to us that these old laws which so interfere with the liberty of the individual have passed away; and we can now have the most perfect liberty in respect to salmon. We shall avail ourselves of this in future and introduce the salmon punishment into this office, and all printers, compositors, proof-readers, and others making errors in this article will be compelled to eat salmon twice a week, no matter if it costs a dollar and a half a pound.

MR. BERGH'S ANTI-PIGION SHOOTING BILL.—Just as we go to press we learn that the Senate has passed the bill prepared by Mr. Henry Bergh prohibiting the trap-shooting of pigeons. The bill awaits Gov. Cornell's signature before becoming a law. Its provisions are:

SECTION 1. Any person who shall keep or use any live pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal for the purpose of a target, or to be shot at, either for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship, and any person who shall shoot at any pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal, as aforesaid, or be a party to any such shooting of any pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal; and any person who shall rent any building, shed, room, yard, field, or other premises, or shall suffer or permit the use of any building, shed, room, yard, field, or other premises for the purpose of shooting any pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal as aforesaid, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. Nothing herein contained shall apply to the shooting of any wild game in its wild state.

The bill is a direct and not wholly unexpected result of the Coney Island pigeon killing transaction of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Had the sport of pigeon shooting been confined to individual clubs of gentlemen testing their skill at the traps, it is doubtful if the matter would ever have received, as it would not have merited, public attention. But when a society, which organized ostensibly for the protection of game, treats the public to such a spectacle as that at Coney Island, neglects the matters with which it should be concerned and devotes 20,000 pigeons brought from their native ground to its wholesale slaughter, its members can hardly look for any other public sentiment than exactly that feeling which has been aroused. An afternoon shot at a few pigeons, and a ten days' shoot at unlimited numbers of helpless birds—many of them squabs, unable to fly, and others too exhausted to do so—are regarded by the public as two very different things.

THE TRAVIS COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—We have received a copy of the constitution of the Travis County Game and Fish Protective Association, of Austin, Texas. There has long been manifest the necessity of some such concerted action as the Association contemplates; and we trust that the members may not be discouraged by the obstacles which an apathetic public sentiment places in their way. The society will make it a special object of their work to secure the best practical protection of game and fish; and will also labor to promote fish culture, to which end they will devote their funds. The list of charter members includes some names which are well known beyond the State, and we respect for the gentlemen thus organized the support of the right-thinking part of their community.

THE HOPED-FOR WASHINGTON BULLETIN.—Bullet out.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

FIRST PAPER.

IT is a long time since any letters from my pen have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. For quite two years I have been silent, and my name has no doubt passed from the memory of your readers. But I would not have you think that because I have not written to you I have lost one particle of my enthusiasm for that portion of our continent about which, in the past, I have discoursed so fully in your columns. Last summer I was unable to get away from New York for any extended trip, but this year I intend to spend three months in a region a little out of the beaten track of tourists, and I shall report my doings as fully as possible for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

My proposed excursion has for its objective point Southern Alaska, and is to take in by the way Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. It will include, I hope, a trip over the western lines of the Northern Pacific Railway as far as completed; that is to say, as far as the Spokane River and perhaps beyond to Lake Pond d'Oreille. The region passed through by this line, although so little known to residents of the East, is for a considerable portion of the distance well settled and is a splendid farming district. Oregon and Washington horses, cattle and wheat have long since made their reputation in this Western country, and it is a reputation that will increase rather than diminish.

Of what we shall see in British Columbia and Alaska I can now say but little. It will be my aim to avoid, so far as possible, the settled portions of these countries, and to see those untouched by the finger of civilization. Whatever may come under my observation shall be faithfully recorded in your columns for the benefit of those who may care in the future to follow in my footsteps.

But little need be said of the journey from New York to Chicago. It is always the same—dull and monotonous beyond description. From Chicago westward there is more variety, and the apparent prosperity of the country attracts one's attention. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad is the shortest line to Omaha, and in my many trips to the Missouri River is the one that I have almost always traveled over. Nothing could be more comfortable than the Pullman sleeping and dining cars with which this road is equipped, and to it one need never fear missing his connections. The amount of traffic on the O. & N. W. this year is surprising, and I was told that the officers of the road were hard pushed to get passenger cars enough to accommodate the purchasers of tickets over this line. At Omaha, which is reached early in the morning, three or four hours are spent, but there is little here to interest the traveler. At the offices of the Union Pacific Railroad, however, are a number of interesting objects gathered from the widely-separated localities reached by the lines which this corporation controls. Gold-bearing quartz from Idaho is shown side by side with the dull silver and lead ores of southern Colorado, and huge antlers from the northern Rocky Mountains are flanked by specimens of grain grown on the banks of the Missouri River.

More and more astonishing each year appears to me the growth of this Western country, and its development is going on with a constantly increasing rapidity. Each year sees the extension of railways into what has hitherto been an unbroken wilderness, and with the railways, *pari passu*, the country thus invaded yields up its treasures, whether mineral, vegetable or animal, in an abundance which astonishes even the most sanguine. The Union Pacific Railroad is now engaged in the construction of a number of lines which are to pierce the mountains in various directions and open up new fields for the tireless energy of the pioneers of business on the frontier. A line which is to furnish them with a waterway to the Pacific, passing through Utah, Idaho and Oregon, has been surveyed and is now in process of construction. This road will start from Granger and will follow the valley of the Snake River for some distance, reaching the Columbia River near the Dalles. The Utah Northern Road is now completed to Dillon, so that the traveler is brought by rail to within one hundred miles of the far-famed Geyser Basins of the Yellowstone National Park.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, too, now being so rapidly pushed toward completion from both ends, is opening up an entirely new section of country, and will furnish an outlet for the vast amounts of precious metals, grain and stock to be produced by the territory through which it passes. The mines of Idaho and Montana, though not so well known as those of Colorado, are said by experts to be not less rich, and a large proportion of their products will seek an outlet over the lines of this corporation. The great valleys of the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin rivers will send forth millions of bushels of wheat to be added to the millions already grown on the great flats of the Red River bottom; and the rolling plains of Dakota and Montana, on which a few buffalo still linger, will furnish luxuriant grazing for thousands upon thousands of sheep, cattle and horses.

One cannot pass over any of these great highways of travel over the plains without thinking of the hardships and sufferings of those who in the early days performed the same journey under such different circumstances. The miles that now slip by one so easily were then passed over slowly and laboriously. The distance now traversed in a day was then with difficulty accomplished in a month. Dust, fatigue,

cold, heat, hunger, thirst, sickness, danger from hostile Indians are now either unknown, or have sunk to mere annoyances where once they were real hardships, too often real perils. The story of each emigrant train was full of pathos, but, happily for our sympathies, the history of the sufferings of those thousands of patient men, women and children will never be written.

Now we rush out of Omaha at noon upon the fertile valley of the Platte, and just after dark strike the eastern border of the great grazing region of Nebraska. The cattle men of a part of the State are said to have suffered somewhat severely during the past winter, both from the intensity of the cold and from the great snowfall. I was told that on the Loups and on the Fishara the loss of stock had in some herds been as much as seventy per cent, while one poor fellow who in the fall had 160 head of cattle, found in the spring but four.

In some sections the cattle were unable to get at the grass owing to the unprecedented fall of snow and the length of time it lay upon the ground; in others all the water froze solid and the animals died of thirst. Of course, when weakened by the lack of food and drink they were unable to withstand the severe cold, and many thousands must have perished. In Wyoming, along the line of road, the loss was severe. On one little hill, not far from Rock Creek, I counted sixty carcasses, and the number of dead cattle to be seen on the prairie is far in excess of anything that I have ever seen in previous years.

We stopped for a day at Como, Wyoming, at the hospitable ranch of our good friend Mr. Reed, with whom in bygone years I have had many a delightful hunt. A jaunt over the prairies back of Como Bluff was interesting and altogether delightful. We visited the quarry from which have been taken so many bones of the tiny Jurassic mammals, that are a standing puzzle to the paleontologist, and then climbed the bluff and drove out over the prairie which lies between Como and Foote Creek, a tributary of the Medicine Bow River. Antelope were very plenty here and the does were just bringing forth their young—pretty little gray creatures, with very little white upon them at first and with enormously long, stilt-like legs, on which they balance themselves rather awkwardly. Their hair is crimped—almost curly in fact—and they stand at first with all four feet close together. From birth, however, they can run, and that fast, but they are not strong enough to go very far, and may be easily captured. When caught they readily learn to drink milk and are reared without difficulty. As per's they are very interesting, but become so tame as often to be troublesome and annoying. We were lucky enough to capture a couple of these kids, which were added to the two that Mr. Reed already had at the rancho. One of the two that we caught was seen with his mother, who ran off, while the kid hid among the grass. After some little search the small animal was seen crouched flat on the ground and partially hidden by a protecting sage bush. Its large brown eyes were watching every movement of the searchers, and as soon as they whereabouts was discovered all but one of the party withdrew to a little distance, stepping about, however, and talking to attract the animal's attention. While it was watching them very earnestly the remaining man crept up behind and seized it. It cried and struggled hard for a little while, but soon became quiet, and at night drank and submitted to be handled as readily as those which had been caught two weeks before.

While at Como Mr. Reed told me of an experiment that he had recently completed which bears directly upon a question that has been discussed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It has often been asked if the antelope shed their horns annually, as is generally believed by those most familiar with the history of this animal, what becomes of the shed horns, which are not seen on the prairie in any very great numbers. In order to ascertain the length of time that a pair of horns would last when constantly exposed to the weather, Mr. Reed experimented with a pair under the following circumstances: In the early spring of 1879 he killed a buck antelope back of Como Bluff and near a large white rock, which formed a conspicuous feature of the landscape, and could thus be easily found. He split the skull lengthwise and placed one-half on each side of the rock. Visiting the spot in the spring of 1880, he found the points of the horns still hard, though somewhat bleached by the weather; but at the base each horn was much split and showed that it was rapidly going to pieces. In May of the present year he again went to the place and found that all that was left of the horns was a little pile of splinters, looking more like a few black hairs than anything else, and so inconspicuous that they would not have been noticed except by one who was searching for them and who knew just where to look. From this experiment we may conclude that under ordinary circumstances the horns of the antelope do not retain their form more than two years, and it is probable that in the case of shed horns the progress of decay is still more rapid, since the shed sheath is exposed to the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere as well from within as from without.

Our stay at Como was most pleasant and I found it all too short. It was delightful to stroll along the borders of the lakes, to watch the flight of the ducks over the marsh, to feel the cool, invigorating breezes that blow fresh from the snow-capped summits of Elk Mountains, and to recall the many, many pleasant incidents of our stay at this charming spot three years ago. But, as in all pleasant things, the end came;

and with a hearty hand-clasp to Mr. Reed, a promise to stop if possible on our return and a sigh that we must now part, we boarded the cars and were whistled away Westward.
Salt Lake, Utah. Yo.

[Special correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

THE WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1881.

THE members of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., celebrated, with appropriate ceremonies, the opening of their new Club House on the 4th Inst. The club owns some 3,000 acres of land in Washington county, Maryland—only four miles from Berkeley Spring, and fronting a mile on "Dam No. 6"—the finest point for black bass fishing on the Potomac River. The land, with the exception of one hundred acres in cultivation, is covered with a dense growth of timbers, which is now filled with all kinds of game. Deer are numerous, and wild turkeys in the greatest abundance. Pheasants and woodcock abound everywhere, and the whole tract is fast becoming the very paradiso of sportsmen.

A little over one year ago the club erected a fine hunting lodge near the centre of the tract, but there being in the Association more fishermen than hunters, it was determined to erect another Club House, on one of the high bluffs overlooking the broad Potomac, skirted as it is by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal on the one side, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the other. This house was completed and occupied for the first time on the 4th instant. Most of the members of the club (limited by the constitution to twenty-five) were present, with a large number of distinguished guests. The following is a correct list of the present membership, viz.: A. H. Evans, President; General R. C. Dray, Vice-President; Thos. Russell, Treasurer; J. B. Church, Secretary; Com. Earl English, Com. R. D. Evans, Major Marcus Bailey, I. M. Tinker, Major Frank Taylor, B. E. I. Eils, W. C. McIntyre, Dr. Wm. Lee, George P. Wood, F. B. McGuire, S. H. Kaufman, Col. Wm. C. Good, Thos. L. Hume, Dr. F. A. Ashford, Levi Woodbury, Paymaster Albert Bacon, R. I. Bright, Dr. Baxter, Senator McPherson, Com. Henry Picking and Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, of New York.

As the company arrived at noon in a special car from Washington, a salute of 21 guns was fired from a howitzer, which made the mountains echo and re-echo for many miles around. The whole party proceeded to the new building, from the tall flag-staff of which was flying the Stars and Stripes. The building stands some two or three hundred feet above a level of the canal, and commands an extensive and magnificent view for miles up and down the river. The dining-hall and club-room are large, fine rooms, beautifully finished and furnished with chandeliers of exquisite patterns. There are ten fine chambers, all handsomely furnished; a "locker-room," with twenty-five lockers; linen-room, store-room, wine-room, halls, stairways, etc. The kitchen and superintendent's quarters are built detached from the club-house, but connected by a covered way. Around three sides of the building there is a twelve-foot covered gallery. Walker, an eminent builder of this city, was the contractor, and the building is a monument to his skill.

At five o'clock dinner was announced, and soon the whole party, with the keenest possible appetites, was seated. The president of the club, in an appropriate speech, greeted the guests with a cordial welcome. The dinner was all that could be desired. The menu, which was printed on heavy white satin, was as follows:

- WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB, July 4, 1881.
Roast Beef, Corned Beef, Baked Ham, Roast Lamb.
Mashed Potatoes, Baked Onions, Peas, Raw Tomatoes, Cold Slaw, Lettuce, Shrimps, Fruits, Nuts, Coffee, Cigars.

The wines were fine and in the greatest abundance, and the whole occasion one of the most enjoyable we have ever known.

The company remained over to breakfast and dinner yesterday, and left again on a special car last evening for this city, where we arrived at 10 P. M., all charmed with our trip to the happy hunting grounds of the Woodmont Club.

SENEX.

THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT of the National Archery Association is now in progress at Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The meeting is a brilliant one, some eighteen clubs being represented. The sport will continue through to-day.

THE LATEST DELICIOUS provided by some of the New York marketmen are sold by their customers as "prairie-hen eggs." From an examination of one of these eggs submitted to our inspection we believe it to be the egg of the clapper rail. Whether all of them are rail eggs we do not know. This may, or may not, be less of an atrocity than if the lying pretenses of these unscrupulous dealers were true; but it is an atrocity all the same.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD RESORT FOR CAMPING AND SHOOTING when the season opens, report it.

COLD 'POSSUM.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers we to-day supplement our unique 'Possum collation of last week with a cold cut—and most authorities agree that cold 'possum is not to be sneezed at. The accompanying illustration appeared in Harper's Weekly of April 20th, 1881; and it is the one which, as the *casus belli*, I have given rise to such a lively dispute in our columns respecting 'possum hot and 'possum cold.

Now, Mr. Howden's painting, of which this is a drawing, may have been a sketch from life, or it may have been purely an artist's dream; but as either, we submit, the testimony of experts thus far adduced in the FOREST AND STREAM goes to show that there was no occasion for our Arizona friends to criticise the picture. Most of the eminent authorities whose letters were published last week agreed that this rat-tailed delicacy should be broiled before being roasted; and it is evident that stage of the cooking process which Mr. Howden has chosen to depict.

Of the "left over" communications which were received too late for insertion last week, the first describes the 'possum

COOKED IN A CLAY SHELL.

POTSMAN, July 11, 1881.

Some thirty years ago I had business calling me to the plantation of a wealthy farmer, twenty miles south of Petersburg, Va. I went out shooting one or three times, and one day we secured a very large fat 'possum. This I gave to Uncle Jim, who with Aunt Cloi, promised the darkey a roast. Early in the evening I repaired to the scene of the roasting, where a roaring fire had been kindled. The 'possum was roasted, as we do a pig, and the hair all cleaned off nicely; and the animal was carefully drawn and stuffed with lard and crackers. Some clay had been prepared and the 'possum, being wrapped in clean white muslin, was covered all over with about an inch of clay, placed in the coals of the fire and covered up with live coals, and the fire replenished. In about an hour it was pronounced done. When the shell of the clay was cracked open and the 'possum taken out the aroma of the cooked meat was delicious. The house cook selected a good roast which was sent to the house, but was returned with thanks and with a bucket of ginger tea (ginger, molasses and water). The 'possum was now served with roasted potatoes, corn bread and ginger tea; and I then thought it delicious. After the feast Uncle Jim got out his fiddle and with a peculiar instrument called a "jaw bone" the good time wound up with a plantation d. acc.—G. F. W.

FRED MATHER HAS TRIED IT.

The editor of FOREST AND STREAM evidently has more 'possum on the brain than he has had on his stomach; and great was my surprise when he entered my den and asked if I had ever eaten of the individual whose hang-up swell name is *Didelphys virginiana*, but who, in his playful mood, allows foreigners to speak of him as "the Virginia Opposum," with plenty of capital letters, and who, to his friends, must especially his woolly-headed and long-beaked "country-folks," invariably a 'possum. Answering in the affirmative, I was further asked as to an order to write something about it, over my own signature. "But," I protested, "a 'possum is not in the Class Pisces; it's a confounded rat-tailed marsupial mammal, a blasted old platygrade that is of interest to embryologists and deereys, and I don't know much about them; and besides it is not my custom to append my name to what I have to say in FOREST AND STREAM, as the paper has an impersonal character; and—" But he was gone and had not heard half of it. The order was to relate what I knew—that certainly was not a formidable undertaking. So here goes: During the late war I found myself, in the year 1863, promoted from the first Sergeant in Battery I, 7th N. Y., Heavy Artillery, to be a 2d Lieut. in Battery C, of the same Regiment, then stationed at Fort Mifflin, Pennsylvania, some forty miles outside of Gettysburg, D. C., on the Harpers' Ferry road. With a few other young officers I engaged board in the family of the drum major. Now the drum corps of that large regiment numbered twenty-four boys, as full of devilry as boys from fourteen to seventeen years can be when away from the restraints of home, and we held the chicken that failed to roost at night when the 7th N. Y. was "on coonin'." One morning in November while sitting reading a work of humor called "U. S. Army Regulations, to which are appended the Articles of War," the smallest drummer in the corps, named Cook, who was under many obligations to me for certain banjo lessons, asked: "Lieutenant, did you see that 'possum in the box over at the sutler's?" Laying down the book in the midst of a side-splitting article on making returns of ordnance stores, a nod in the affirmative was given.

"They say they are awful good to eat, Lieutenant."
"Who says so?"
"The old colored woman who cooks for your mess."
"Is it w the print and, looking solemn at the young imp, said: "Cook, you are thinking of steaming that 'possum for your mess. It is wrong; the sutler paid a quarter for it and refused to sell it to me for a staff of bread because he said he wanted to send it home to New York. Now, don't you steal it and cut its head off, skin it, and give it to our cook, because if you do, and I find it out, I will buy a dozen cigars and make you smoke yourself sick."
The next day "Aunt Martha," the cook, told me that she had "a nice fat 'possum, but she would freeze him free nights, den bite him for a staff of bread an' hynns and roasts him." She didn't reckon member whar dey catch him, she only know dey dogs got him."

And so a 'possum was got somehow. I don't positively know that young Cook stole the 'possum, but if he d not, it was a singular coincidence that the sutler lost one on the self-same day. "Aunt Mar h" followed her programme to the letter; she froze it three nights—the nasal number—then she roasted it, and stuffed it with bread, chopped onions, sage and perhaps other things, and baked it whole, the head cut off. On the 10th, and a rank, greasy mess it was, although the 'possum-eaters present called it good. It was a melting like 'o'n, bear meat and hog all rolled into one; and as I dislike all grease, I said it might do for those who liked it, but that as for me, a venison, woodcock and prairie chicken were good enough for me, and I didn't aspire to be epic re-enon-h-in' re-h' 'possum.

When we rose for the table the pile of chicken bones by my plate exceeded those of the 'possum, and as we adjourned to the sutler's to open a basket of wine on the strength of

the animal whose hilit it is to be born before his time, we passed through the drummer's quarters where young Cook sat on the edge of his bunk with his jaw, jing:

Ky-arr-e dat 'possum,
Ky-arr-e dat 'possum,
Ky-arr-e dat 'possum,
Ky-arr-e hila to de heart.

FRED MATHER.

We regret that the limitations of cold type preclude a delineation of the break-down with which this innocent-appearing, but susceptible couplet is usually accompanied.

From gastronomy to philology is but a step. Our researches into the culinary lore of the opossum have led us to a discovery—the etymological and philological importance of which our modesty will not allow us to estimate. Every one is familiar with the fact that the Ballaroke tribe of Southwestern Australia derived their name from *Balarock*, a diminutive species of opossum upon which the people of the tribe in former times principally subsisted.

Now in conformity with the harsh customs of that Antipodean land, the manly Ballarokes were prohibited from matrimonial alliances with the fair daughters of the Gwerin-jokes, Knejeuneus and Yungarees. This, of course, led to frequent pow-wows, broils and bloody clubbattles, and when the Ballarokes were worsted in the fray, as was usually the case, their enemies had them captured, keeping time, time, time to the untimely and derisive rhyme:

Yos sinagoo mitr e,
Yos noh' hieud ler,
Nig' kerok' onuh ooh,
Selt' ood of lar.

Now, strange as it may seem, this war song of the Australian savages has been discovered to be current among the Negroes of the South, who, however, like the buffaloes, emerged from the chrysalis, it takes on a more beautiful form, as related by our well-known correspondent, "Chasseur":

WARRENTON, Va., July, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: Down on the old Virginia lowlands where I came from, which is the true home of the 'possum, I have hunted and eaten this rat's stepfather a hundred times, and love it better than any dish that I ever set before a king.

The process is simple: Cut his throat; leave him in the front me or two night, then get the hair off by dipping him in hot water with a handful of ashes thrown in; parboil him; then smother in onions, sweet potatoes and a pod of red pepper.

Do we ever eat him cold? Well I never saw a piece of cold 'possum in my life, and the reason is simple: there never was, never is and never shall be enough of hot 'possum "to go round." First, the white folks had their "sheer," then the old mammy "got the uncle, who was master of ceremony, took nearly all the balance, while a score or so of little darkeys watched—grinning with impatience—for the spare bits and bones that the patriarch w'd give them. I never saw even the dish go unlicked—much less half put away to get cold. Cook him in a stove? Not much; not as long as

'Possum up gum tree,
'Coon in de hole;
Nigger ketch um both an'
Selt' for a dollar.

CHASSEUR.

But a truce to levity! Is "playing 'possum" an act of cunning on the part of the animal, or is the condition of seeming insensibility involuntary and of the nature of hypnosis? Mr. George Ronnues contributed to *Adams* some years ago a paper which gives one view of the question and which we reproduce here.

"Sir George Gray: "Travels in Northwest and Western Australia," vol. ii, pp. 225, 230.
"Dittmar: "Progress of Dynamiting Explosives Among the Savage Races," vol. xxi, pp. 291 et seq.

HYPNOTISM.

BY GEORGE ROMANES.

The phenomena of "hypnotism," "mesmerism," or "neuro-biology," have of late years excited so much popular interest—and in a popular perception—that their investigation by a competent man of science will appeal to the sympathies of a wider public than the purely scientific. My object, therefore, in writing the present article is to give a brief review of a monograph on this subject, which has just been published by the well-known physiologist, W. Preyer, of Jena.

In order to eliminate all possible effects of the imagination, Preyer performed his experiments only upon animals, and he begins his paper with an historical sketch of previous investigations of a similarly restricted nature. First we have the "Experimentum mirabile" of the Jesuit Althausius Kircher, published by him in the year 1646. This consists in taking a common fowl, binding its feet together and placing it on a d. or. As soon as it has ceased to walk, a straight line of chalk is drawn from the point of its bill along the floor. If the legs are now untied the fowl makes no endeavor to escape, but remains as it were transfixed and refuses to move even when urged to do so. Preyer observes in passing that the chalk line constitutes no essential part of the conditions, inasmuch as a fowl may be equally well thrown into a state of hypnotism by simply holding the animal for a short time upon the ground so as forcibly to prevent struggling.

After Kircher, no one seems to have investigated the phenomena of hypnotism, or, as Preyer calls it, kataplexy, till the years 1873-78, when some articles on the subject were published by Czermak. The most striking of his experiments were those which he conducted on invertebrate animals—crabs, for instance, being made to lie on their backs motionless, or even to stand upright upon their heads. Czermak endeavored to account for the facts which he described by supposing that in some way or other the act of fixing the eyes upon a certain object, or of gazing into space, caused the animal to become sleepily and stupefied. So vague an explanation could scarcely in any case be

*When we fix our eyes upon a certain object, and then alter their adjustment for some more distant point, so that the eyes endeavor, as it were, to look through the object, there is no doubt that after a time a somewhat sleepy feeling may be produced. Some persons, I find, can perform this action more easily than others, and it may be even performed by a single individual. At least, I have observed that when the action is performed by persons who can do it well the pupils dilate prodigiously,

entitled to rank as a physiological hypothesis, and Preyer showed, in 1873, that the act of gazing had nothing to do with inducing the state of kataplexy, inasmuch as animals fell into it as easily the same state when their optic nerves were divided, or their eyes covered with a hood—provided that their heads were at the same time held in some unnatural position. Preyer's explanation of a theory of this nature, which, as first published, was that the state of fear into which the animal is thrown by being held in some unusual attitude serves to inhibit the power of volition and so of spontaneity—the animal, therefore, when released remaining statue-like in the position in which it was placed. In order to sustain this theory, Preyer pointed to other cases in which the condition of kataplexy—consequently a stupor, the motionless horror which some animals exhibit in the presence of great danger, the fascination of birds by snakes, etc.

The theory as thus stated was very justly criticised by Heubl, who, in 1876, published a paper denouncing his own researches on the subject, and seeking to identify the state of hypnosis with that of ordinary sleep. The effect of this criticism was to make Preyer state his theory with more clearness, and, as we now have it (1878), it seems to be as follows: Any "sudden, strong, unexpected and unusual stimulation of centripetal nerves" produces an emotion of fear, which in turn produces some inhibitory effect on the will, and eventually a state of stupor. It may, I think, still be questioned whether this theory is of very much value, for even granting that "sudden, strong, unexpected" is a phrase which it certainly need not be when the subject of the experiment is a human being—we are not acquainted with any other facts which would lead us to connect the subsequent state of motionless stupor with the preceding state of active fear! But, passing on to the facts, we soon find that an important exception must be taken to the above statement, inasmuch as kataplexy, which hypnosis occurs, for various experiments proved that "sudden, strong, unexpected and unusual stimulation" of any of those "centripetal nerves" which minister to the special senses, so far from inducing a state of hypnosis, instantly aroused an animal which had previously been thrown into that state. So that, in point of fact, as we are afterwards told, we may more correctly state the conditions which produce kataplexy in animals, by saying that "sudden, strong, unexpected and unusual stimulation" of the nerves of tactile sensation." But here I may observe that, so far as the experiments go, there is nothing to prove that special stimulation of even the cutaneous nerves is necessary (indeed, thermal and chemical stimulation of the skin was specifically tried and produced no results); and therefore it seems to me, the possibility is not excluded that the special stimulus in question may really have reference only to the "muscular sense."

At any rate, all these experiments go to prove that kataplexy can only be produced in animals either by suspending them in the air, or by forcibly holding them in some unusual position. Most animals recover their normal state after a few minutes, but frogs which are suspended in the air will not recover till they die. It happens, however, that some kataplexic while they are being swung from wharves to ships, as shown by the fact that they remain passive so long as they are suspended in the air, but again begin to struggle so soon as their feet touch the deck.

Preyer has succeeded in inducing kataplexy various species of toads, newts, frogs, ducks, poultry, peafowl, parrots, guinea-pigs, cats, guinea-pigs, etc.; but has uniformly failed in the case of many other animals. On the whole he concludes that while among sundry species of reptiles; batrachians, birds, rodents and mammals, the phenomena of kataplexy may be more or less easily produced, such is not the case with fish and the more intelligent mammals. Nevertheless, in another part of his memoir he attributes to a state of partial kataplexy the period of motionlessness which is observed in children (or they unexpectedly fall and before they begin to cry. He also states, on the authority of Dr. Genzner, that a squalling child (not a young baby) may often be quieted by laying it upon its stomach or by gently pressing its face with the hand, care being taken in neither case to interfere with the breath.

Our author further maintains that the so-called "shaming instinct" of certain species of animals is altogether in the presence of danger is probably to be attributed to kataplexy. But here, I think, it is difficult to agree with him. That the action in question is not a properly so-called intelligent one no competent person at the present day is likely to dispute; but, for my own part, I cannot see any evidence to show that it is not of the nature of an insincere action, which has been developed in some animals that they should remain motionless, and thus be comparatively inconspicuous in the presence of danger, those individuals which endeavored to escape would be destroyed, while those which ceased to move would survive. Natural selection would, therefore, soon fix the artifice of "shaming dead" as an inherited instinct. To this view Preyer objects that, if we accept it, the origin of the instinct is difficult to explain; while, on the supposition of the action not being instinctive, but purely kataplexic, there is no difficulty to surmount. But to this it may be answered that there is no more difficulty in explaining the origin of the instinct to remain passive in the presence of danger than

and this even when the eyes are fixed upon a bright light, such as the naked flame of a moderator lamp. As the action is completely under the control of the will, it is thus able to observe the only specific of the inhibition by the will of a reflex which under all other circumstances is beyond the control of the will—the pupils dilating or contracting instantly at word of command, and quite irrespective of the stimulus supplied by light.

Indeed, every other experiment which is detailed further on in this connection is a very old authority, viz. that of a man whose power of causing serpents to appear like rods he supposes to have been probably due to the saccharine Icarite having known something about the phenomena of kataplexy. But considering the number, variety, and general character of the will one is thus able to observe, it would seem to be performed, it would surely be desirable to repeat the one in question before accepting the result as a fact of modern physiology.

"DAT 'POSSUM SMELL POWERFUL GOOD."

FROM THE PAINTING BY T. HOVENDEN, IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—COURTESY OF MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.



there is in explaining the origin of any other instinct— that of running away from danger included. Moreover, one of the animals to which Preyer refers, viz., the *Armadillo villosus*, not only remains motionless when alarmed, but rolls itself up into a ball—an action which certainly cannot be explained on the hypothesis of kataplexy. The most, therefore, that can be said for this hypothesis is, that possibly in its first initiation the instinct may have been assisted by the occurrence of kataplexy.

The time during which the kataplectic stupor lasts varies in different species of animals, and also in different individuals of the same species. The maximum duration observed in the case of rabbits was twelve minutes; but fowls and Guinea-pigs continue stupefied for a somewhat longer time. By watching carefully for the first indications of recovery, and by preventing the voluntary movements in which these indications consist, animals may be kept in a state of kataplexy for an indefinite time. Warm-blooded animals do not suffer from such prolonged experiments, but the latter are fatal to frogs. In mammals the most characteristic features of the kataplectic state, besides that of unconscious stupor, are violent tremblings of the extremities, blinking of the eyes, movements of the jaw and pupils, irregularity of the pulse and breathing, pallor of ears in rabbits, occurrence of spasms and convulsions. In recovery the abnormal state passes off suddenly, and the animal bright and brisk as before, and thus, as in so many other respects, the state of kataplexy differs from that of ordinary sleep.

One other point of interest must be noted. Preyer finds that it is impossible to produce the state of kataplexy in any animal that is "newly-born." In the case of guinea-pigs susceptibility to be thrown into this state only begins to show itself during the first week after birth, and then gradually increases through life. The explanation of this fact is explained by the hypothesis that the volitional centres or the centres which are supposed to be affected by kataplexy— require some time after birth to be brought into functional relation with the lower centres.

On the whole, then, it will be seen the facts relating to the hypnosis of animals are much more definite than the theories by which it is sought to explain them; and although we may be prepared to regret that Preyer, that these facts in some way depend on certain unusual stimuli acting in some peculiar manner on some inhibitory centre or centres, we must feel that this statement of the case brings us only to the threshold of an explanation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTIUM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGSFISHER—PART III.

THE sun was well past the noon mark when we headed for camp, with a gentle breeze in our favor.

For two miles or more we tried the "shiners," but as we did not get a run we were glad we had not wasted more time in fishing them.

When opposite Johnson's the wind freshened and was soon blowing half a gale down the lake, curling the waves in and out in the middle to a height of three or four feet and covering the surface of the water with a fleecy foam of white caps.

We kept near the east shore where the water was a little smoother, that in case our boat should broach-to and "pop" we could easily wade or swim ashore and save our tackle. We, however, managed to get a few bass, and one pickerel, and went forging and wallowing ahead at a rate that sometimes nearly buried her bows under water. Our Editor, who is a little timid on rough water—albeit he never did take kindly to it—shut his teeth hard together, and, grasping the sides of the boat with a firm grip, sat stiff as a telegraph pole, all the while keeping his weather eye out for "rollers" that every moment threatened to come in on our stern.

A couple of miles above camp we shot around a point into a little cove sheltered from the wind into quiet water, where we could light a pipe and look out with a feeling of relief from our haven at the foam-capped waves tumbling and roaring out in mid-lake. The Editor so far forgot the squall as to look on a small green frog, one of three or four propped from Brown's bank, and in ten minutes was mixed up in a spasmodic difficulty with a five-pound longface right there in the rushes. He was a game and cunning rascal, working his way around inshore, and then dashing under the boat where we lay in four feet of water. A fit of absent-mindedness on Jim's part came near losing him his fish, as he forgot to let the line run from the reel, and in a flash the tip of the rod followed the fish under the boat. For a time we thought the line or rod would certainly snap, as Jim still refused to surrender his grip on the reel handle; but by the aid of the force of the tackle and a liberal outlay of main strength solely on his part, longface was finally worked back from under the boat, when the Scribe jerked the gaff in his jaw and deftly knocked him on the head.

We lay under the lee of the little headland for over an hour, waiting for the blow to go down, the Scribe meantime taking a couple of large-mouthed bass and Jim another pickerel. I tried the shiners again, but could not stir a fin.

By day for shiners! The wind and sea went down as the afternoon wore on, and starting for the shore around 'till opposite the island, when, as the shadows began to creep out on the water from the west, we crossed over to camp and into quiet water. Johnny had seen us coming when away up the lake, and had a fire started and supper well under way when we arrived. We broiled a pair of bass, and when the Scribe had brewed a pot of coffee that would carry a quart to the "Old Crow," we sat down to supper with appetites well sharpened by the pure air and the fourteen miles' work at the oars.

It is astonishing how an appetite will develop and hang around one when camped out in the woods, and the quantity of groceries and provisions, fish and game hid away seems to be limited only by the capacity of a party for storage.

Our Johnny was always hungry and ready to tackle a square meal on the spot, and after watching him manipulate his knife and fork for three-quarters of an hour without missing a stroke, we concluded he was hollow from "eud to eud." But he was a growing youth, modest and cautious, and never ate more than he could hold. From a force of habit rather than for warmth we lingered around the fire till it went out, talking over the incidents of the day's trip and planning a day's trouting up Cedar River.

We awoke late next morning and stepped out of the tent into a fog so dense it could almost be felt. Everything outside a radius of ten yards was completely hidden in a white fog of mist, and the only signs or sounds of life were a few bird notes drifting from the top of the tent. The measured snore of the camp boy in the next tent. Over near the water, in some low bushes, a dozen or more swamp blackbirds were making the air vocal with a morning roar, and a half dozen of our little brown friends that came around the table every day for the crumbs thrown to them were twittering and peeping from a low tree near the kitchen. It was a beautiful, but, if breakfast would soon be over, while overhanging the water, and a small colony of restless, inquisitive blue-jays fitted and hopped and peered furiously at us through the mist and the dripping foliage, scolding and jeering at us and calling us a score of unpronounceable names in the jay language for being so late astir.

The tents and fly were wet and shrunken till the guys were taut as drum-cord's; each branch and twig was covered with a thin film of moisture, and a touch of a bush brought down a shower of glittering drops like a rain. The air was cold and raw, and Jim and I proceeded to construct a roasting fire, over which we hung the coffee-pot, while our hollow youth sonorously and peacefully snored.

About eight o'clock the warm rays of the sun lifted the fog, giving us a glimpse of the opposite shore, and in half an hour more we were on our way to the lake in search of the "bull bass." I used up the forenoon fishing along the west shore two miles or more above camp; total result, one little bass a trifle longer than the frog I baited with. I dropped him back into the lake with a piece of good advice to grow up with—emulate our camp boy, and never tackle anything to eat that he couldn't get away with.

When we drifted back to the island about 1 P. M. for lunch, I told my carefully prepared story about the little bass to the boys, and was greeted by the scoffers with what smacked of undue levity for so small a fish (story). They were jubilant over a fine string of lake bass, and three or four pickerel in the bottom of the boat had evidently found the fishing editor when they called. But I had my mouth full in the afternoon. I fished the east side above the mouth of the little stream, and on comparing notes at camp in the evening, I scored one over the boys with a single fathead black bass that stopped the scale at six pounds eight ounces—a glorious game fish that tried the temper of my little rod a dozen times till my heart was in my throat, and gave up the fight only when rednecked to the last feeble "wiggle" of his broad tail.

The handling of that bass in thirty or forty feet of clear water—no rocks or snags for him to whip around and break away—approached as near to pure delight as is usually vouchsafed a follower of the guttie lizard in a lifetime, and I was in a very serene frame of mind over it the rest of the evening. Eight other bass from three to four and a half pounds each, and three longfaces made up an afternoon's sport not soon to be forgotten. The boys had taken more fish than I, but none the peer of old "mosk" back at the head of my string.

Sitting around the fire in the cool night air, between puffs of smoke, the incidents of the day were related and battles with fierce pickerel and cunning bass fought over again, which lost nothing in the retelling. There, off the little round island above the camp, Jim had a masterful fight with a four-pound fish, the largest one he had ever taken, and which he vowed over a night chum he would eat, and the whole crew, with exception of "Some hope for him yet" muttered the Scribe. A little further up the Scribe took five heavy bass in working over a hundred yards of water.

Off "pickerel point" the writer struck a mighty longface, and after an evenly balanced fight of half an hour, the line flew back and fell with the remains of a badly-frayed fly, and the fish was left as a reminder of the meanness of pickerel in general.

The Scribe changed his crossed legs, shoved a fresh shell in his pipe and remarked that "it was natural and proper, as fish stories go, for one to always lose his biggest fish; he had frequently done so himself, but as to the 'enormousness' of my pickerel, he had only my unsupported word, and he would have to put it down as another one on my old score of 'appeters'; and so on till the fire went down and the pipes out.

The scene was so quiet and restful that we sat around the dying embers till the candle burned low in the old bayonet candle-stick in the tent, the deep silence of the night being only broken by the splash of a fish or muskrat off shore, and the occasional wail, lonely cry of a loon far up the lake. The soft beams of the early moon spread a silver sheen over the placid waters, but out on the east shore, and crept in hazy lines through the misty shadows in the foliage overhead. "Camp talk" lagged, and stopped, and each sat buried in his own thoughts till the spell was broken when the candle burned down into its socket in the old bayonet and dropped through, warning us that it was time to be in bed and in dreamland.

Next day the boys fished below, in the pocket, while I went up the lake above, as usual, and had a quiet, dreamy day to myself. Floating or pinning for an hour along the margin of the rushes and lily-pads in the blue haze, feasting the eye on the scarcely ruffled lake and the green shores, the angler may dream away the hours, all too short, of a long summer day and wish the hard realities of life were fewer, and their angles a trifle less angular. If the fish are a little "off feed," he may set his rod, lie back in his boat, and draw comfort from the happy thought of him for an angler, pure and simple, is, in the eternal fitness of things, a lover of Nature, and sees beauty and harmony in all her creatures and belongings. From a pleasant reverie he is suddenly aroused by the clack chatter of a kingfisher as he winds up his reel, with the sharp click, and slips slowly away from his perch on a dead branch overhanging the water. Balancing himself on a projecting limb a few yards further away, he resumes his solitary watch for the snail-fish, but he never gets discouraged. "Better luck next time," is a bit of philosophy drilled into him from the time he first peeps from his shell. Verily, the lines of the kingfisher are not always cast in pleasant places.

The silent man in the boat may follow up with his eye, yonder two little V shaped waters to their point of divergence and catch a glimpse of the brown head of a "musquish"

with a mussel in his mouth, as he disappears behind a branch of spruce dipping into the water, and if he keeps quiet a minute, he will see him crawl out on you gnarled root at the edge of the water and open his prize. Yonder, dressed in his summer suit of dark brown, skulks a mink along the shore, his mouth no doubt watering for the mess of frogs he appears to be in search of.

The muskrat finished his mussel and slid into the water in quest of another, and I was on the point of taking the oars, when out from the bulrushes a few yards ahead of the boat emerged a beautiful summer duck, and swimming closely after I counted nine little baby ducks not larger than waltzing, and looking like little balls of mottled brown fur.

They had apparently not been hatched, but a stroke of the oars alarmed them, and at a low "quack" from the mother, they huddled closely together and paddled vigorously up the lake, she following between them and the boat, directing and encouraging them from time to time by a motherly "quack-quack!" A few more strokes placed her between them and the rushes, when a word from the mother headed them out into the lake, and I watched them bobbing up and down on the tiny waves till they disappeared, mother and little ones, behind a long point on the opposite shore. It is not likely that the mother raised her whole brood, as, no doubt, one or more of them found their way into the hungry bowels of a sneaking pickerel, or fell victims to some prowling mink or "sly old coon." I saw them a day or two afterward, some distance away, but they slipped thru the rushes and hid before I could get near enough to count them.

The whimper of a little stream flowing into the lake to the left was a welcome sound, as I was hot and thirsty, and cramped from sitting so long in the boat, and guided by the sound of the rippling water—for the mouth of the stream was completely hidden from view—I forced the boat half its length through a dense growth of overhanging bushes, and arriving at the mouth of the stream, I stepped on a footing on the shore. Inside the wall of bushes, as far as the eye could penetrate the shadows, the low, spongy ground was strewn here and there with fallen tree trunks, dead, moldering and moss-covered. The woods were damp and chilly, and, coming in from the bright lake, they looked dark and gloomy, the thick branches overhead allowing never a ray of sunlight to gladden the face of the little tinkling brook that flowed with its sparkling current through the bushes. The water, when it splashed and spluttered over a cedar log into a little pool, cold, and clear as crystal, I dipped up and drank a tin cup of the water and felt refreshed, but the gloom and dead stillness of the scene so oppressed me that I pushed the boat out from under the bushes, glad when I was once more back on the laughing lake and into the warmth of the welcome sunshine. It took an hour and an exciting fight with a forty-pound bass to warm my blood and get it back into healthy circulation again.

I fished, and floated, and idled away the afternoon, now and then adding a bass or longface to the string on either side of the boat till, ere I was aware of it, the sun was below the trees, and soft wavy lines of mist began to creep along the shore, and assume strange, fantastic shapes as they whirled and twisted their way through the bushes. The shadows on the lake, from out the deepening shadows, came the prolonged, plaintive cry of a loon, the embodiment of utter loneliness; and from a huge nest of dry sticks in the top of a dead cedar back in the swamp, a half-mile below, the shrill cries of the young eagles clamoring for their supper warned me that night was falling and it was time to turn the bow of my boat seaward.

As I swung around in the gathering gloom, the stillness was further broken by the profound bass *too-oo-oo* of a great owl away back in the hills, which was directly answered by the mellow tenor of another across the lake. Back again from the hills came the response of another, different in tone, and far up the lake still another took up the strain. For a moment or more the conversation has kept up by the muskrat and the two owls, and I, as a bystander, probably seeking the rendezvous agreed upon during their talk, were plans for a night foray on the neighboring hen roosts would be matured, and each robber assigned to his particular territory.

Passing close by Long Point, I was misled nearly off the seat, and each individual hair straightened in a combined effort to catch the fish that had just slipped from the net, and, scowling under the very bows of the boat—for an instant my heart stood still, and each hair felt as if it was an electric needle thrust into the scalp, but by the time the cry was half uttered I knew it was a loon, although I could not see it in the shadows and increasing darkness.

Once sure that the cry proceeded from nothing more than a loon, the hair went down and the heart resumed its wonted functions, but the sudden shock drove the "owl quartette" out of mind and brought me to a realizing sense of my whereabouts.

The gleam of the camp fire a mile down the lake meant supper and rest for my cramped legs, and lifting the two heavy strings of fish into the boat to save the drag, a long, steady stroke soon brought me abreast of the island. "Boat anchor," she called, and I, from the camp, cast the anchor. "The loon fisherman," brought the boys to the landing with a lighted lantern, to see my fish and help put them away. They had been in camp since before sundown, and had eaten supper, satisfied that "Old Hickory" would turn up all right in due season.

A cup of hot coffee and a beautiful supper took the kinks out of my legs and added a cheerful glow to the fire that softened the shadows in the surrounding bushes, and put new life into the monotonous *creak-creak* of a solitary pickerel that had taken up quarters in the commissary tent.

The frequent and fragmentary remarks of the Editor to the "sneakers" were soon lost in the recital of the adventures of the day. The boys had spent a most enjoyable day below, and had brought in a fine string of fish, but, as usual, had no time to show them from the camp, as the muskrat was on the island; a lovely bass of such extraordinary size that he declared my 100-pounder might have easily hidden under one of his pectoral fins. Jim here chipped in with a batch of elaborately prepared testimony to sustain the Scribe, and I was silenced and overwhelmed, and gave up the unequal contest.

As for myself, I had passed a pleasant, happy day, fishing, idling, and dreaming; a day that leaves pleasant memories to come after a day with Nature in one of her best moods, listening to her many voices and quaint sermons, and I felt that I was better for it all.

Of a truth, the subtle influences, the wonders and mysteries of the woods and the waters are beyond our ken.

TO BE OBTAINED.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD REPORT FOR CAMPS AND SHOOTING when the season opens, resort to it for the benefit of others.

Natural History.

SKUNKS AND HYDROPHOBIA.

FOR SUMMER READING by a copy of Van Dyke's "Rife, Rod and Gun in California," price \$1.50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

LOUGER GROVE, Lewis Co., N. Y., July 2. NEVER since the Reverend Horace C. Hovey, M. A., took it upon himself to uttoly the civilized world (through the medium of the American Journal of Science and Arts for May 1874, pp. 477-53) of the terrible consequences attending the contact of our common skunk (Mephitis mephitis) the columns of your valuable paper, together with those of various other publications, have been much of the time pregnant with more or less extended remarks upon the subject.

The Rev. Mr. Hovey announced that the bite of the skunk is usually fatal and produces in the human subject a peculiar kind of hydrophobia, which he named Rabies mephitica. To the New York Medical Record for March 13, 1876, Dr. John S. Janeway, U. S. A., proves that the disease is no thing more nor less than ordinary hydrophobia as derived from the dog, cat, or other rabid animal.

Dr. Elliott Coues deems the subject of sufficient importance to reproduce both articles (Rev. Hovey's and Dr. Janeway's), but unfortunately without comment, in this most admirable and valuable monograph of our "Fur-bearing Animals" (pp. 223-35).

Dr. Janeway states that the disease "is evidently epidemic, no cases of it having been reported previous to 1870 in this region," which is unquestionably true.

Now it strikes me that there is a good deal of first-class "poppycock" in the Rev. Mr. Hovey's article and in most of the contributions that have appeared since.

Let us take a rational view of the case, and glance, for a moment, at the history of an average outbreak of hydrophobia. Here is a rabid dog. Before succumbing to the disease, or to the hand of man, he has probably bitten at least one or two children, or other human beings, and others, and so on, till the community becomes aroused; and scarcely enough of these animals are left to propagate their kind.

Now, suppose a "mad dog" should, in his wild delirium, chance to run across and bite a skunk, and in a region where skunks happened to abound, would not the natural result be that this skunk would bite others and so communicate the disease to them, and others still, and so on till most of the skunks of that neighborhood were killed? During a certain stage of the disease, should any of these hydrophobic skunks, by any accident, fall in with a man sleeping on the ground, that man would certainly be very liable to be bitten, and if bitten to die of this terrible malady. Exactly such a state of things, apparently, came to the notice of Mr. Hovey, who published the facts in the American Journal of Science and Arts, as above stated. But instead of confining his remarks to a simple, truthful narration of facts, he indulges in the widest speculations and empty theories concerning the fatal nature of skunk bites in the abstract.

To suggest, as does the Rev. Hovey, that the bite of a healthy skunk as followed by hydrophobia is, to speak mildly, the height of irrational nonsense. Equally insane is his idea that skunks, in the normal state, are aggressive animals and habitually bite those persons whom they find sleeping upon the ground. Indeed nothing could be more contrary to the known habits and disposition of those beautiful and useful little animals.

As to the effect of skunk bites in general I will only state my experience. Twelve or fifteen years ago, when hunting and trapping skunks, I was twice bitten by adult animals and never suffered therefrom more than from equally severe bites from any of our common mammals. About the same time, Dr. C. L. Biggs was also bitten, but nevertheless he still kept on practicing medicine in Hartford and City. Last summer I was again bitten by a skunk—this time by a half-grown one that I had alive for several months—and have as yet experienced no evil consequences from the bite. Our dogs have many times been bitten by skunks and were never seriously injured thereby.

These remarks are called forth at this time by a card of inquiry published by Dr. Howard Jones in your last issue (July 1, 1881). In the same issue the reviewer (signature "F. U. R.") expresses surprise at finding the reviewer of a skunk that had been killed by a fox. Now it is a well-known fact that foxes and great-horned owls are the common enemies of skunks, and devour them annually in large numbers. I once had two tame skunks killed in one night by a tame fox.

C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

THE STROKE OF THE RATLESNAKE.

THE fact that poisonous serpents strike with the fangs, which are only found in the upper jaw, into the objects of their attack instead of biting them is not generally known by the student of the snake's structure and habits. The lower jaw is used in seizing food only, and plays no part in defence. The curved fangs are strongly thrown forward in the segment of a circle of which the portion of the animal resting on the ground is the centre. The force of this stroke is given with all the power of the muscular system of an exceedingly muscular organization; its force is realized only by those who have felt it. We once placed a foot on the head of a small prairie rattlesnake in Kansas and a friend took hold of its tail and cut its head off with his pocket knife. The body was no sooner released from the head than, with a quickness only equalled by the traditional "flash," it struck his hand with the stump hard enough to bruise it so as to be useless for a week or more.

This has been called to mind by the following letter to Prof. Baird from Mr. Stone, of the United States Fish Commission, in charge of the Bismarck and the Pacific Coast. He writes from Baird, Cal., June 23:

"One of my young men had a narrow escape from a terrible death last week. He was walking down the trout pond ditch (ditch), when he was suddenly struck by a rattlesnake on the side of the leg, about half way between the hip and the knee. Fortunately, he had on long rubber boots, fitting rather loosely. The snake's fangs pierced the rubber entirely through, and one of them tore a slit half an inch long in the boot, so that the fangs did not reach the flesh, and the man escaped unhurt. The snake lung a moment by his fangs, and the man had to slink him off. He says the blow was so hard that he thought some one had struck him with a rock. The man was Mr. Loren Green, who works at the trout ponds. It was such an extraordinary escape that I thought you would perhaps like to have me write you about it.

LIVINGSTON STONE, JR.

TWO TAMED COOTS.

BARDSTOWN, Ky., July 3, 1881.

LAST fall I recorded in FOREST AND STREAM, p. 307, Vol. XV., the capture of two coots (Fulica americana), and seeing in your last issue (No. 23) the letter of G. R. Hardenberg in regard to two captive sora rals, it suggested to me that a few facts about my pair might prove interesting.

They occupied the whole of the winter and the summer months, subsisting almost entirely upon corn-bread, and became so tame that when the person who fed them entered the room they would run eagerly to him, and one of them would feed in a large cage, which was placed in the yard. There they remained perfectly contented in their confined quarters for about a week, when the door was carelessly left open and they escaped. They made no attempt to fly or run off, and wandered around the yard feeding all day, and at night returned of their own accord to the cage.

Ever since then they have had unlimited freedom and are as tame as chickens, coming when called and being on the best terms with all of the other domestic animals, except a riotous Chesapeake Bay puppy and a pair of quarrelsome Pekin ducks. The former, with youthful precipitation, supposed that the birds were legitimate objects of pursuit and retrieved one of them in five seconds shortly after they were liberated, and came very near killing. Since then I judge the puppy has been made to understand better and never molest them now; but they still eye her with suspicion and always give her a wide berth, while they are utterly indifferent to the near presence of the other dogs. Every day they have two or three difficulties with the ducks over the pan of water in which they bathe, the ducks generally, but not always, giving the bird the best of it, in which case the coots march off to a spring branch about 300 yards distant, where they perform their abominations undisturbed and then return.

They have thus far evinced no desire to breed, hence I infer that they are both of the same sex, whether male or female I cannot tell.

C. W. BROWN.

GREAT CAROLINA WREN.—I have the pleasure of recording the capture of a pair of great Carolina wrens (Troglodytes ludovicianus), on June 11, 1881, at Greenville, Hudson county, New Jersey, within four miles of the City of New York. While collecting that day in an old woods in which was considerable undergrowth, I noticed what was to me a new bird in the woods—small, clear, and sweet. For the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the stranger, I turned my footsteps toward him but found a small between us. To find a bridge I had to make a detour of some distance, but during all the time I had the same loud, clear voice to guide me to the little rocky glade in which I had the pleasure of meeting my first "great Carolina wren."

Carefully approaching the first I saw the little brown scapular in the small sapling. He appeared to me to glide and alighting on the trunk of a small tree, began to inspect it after the manner of the brown creeper (Certhia familiaris). Wishing to have "a bird in the hand" I shot, but only wounded, and while killing it, it uttered a few cries which brought the female near us, when she also was secured. The ova in the female were about the size of dust shot. It is closed to see any prospect for a viable summer brood yet, but were only secured for a winter summer home.

WM. DREIZEL, New York City.

TREE-CLIMBING SNAKES.—Bingham's Corners, N. Y.—Mr. Mortou Butler, being out in the woods hunting near by a tree in which a neighbor of his had fanned a swarm of bees early in the spring, thought he would take a look at it. On approaching the tree, which was a large oak, and seeing that it closed to see any prospect for a viable summer brood, he observed something on a large branch, some thirty or forty feet from the ground, that had life, but it did not look much like bees. Waiting a few moments, he saw it move quite distinctly, and he took deliberate aim at the branch and fired, when down came a monster black snake, ten feet in length, crippled by the shot. It was quickly dispatched with a club. Whether the snake climbed the oak direct, or went up a small sapling thence to the branches of the oak, is a matter of conjecture.

It is well known that black snakes are extremely expert at climbing trees.

CHIMNEY SWALLOWS.—STANLEY, N. J., July 4.—The other day while out collecting birds, I noticed some chimney swallows flying through a decayed elm tree. Very little while one of them would strike a branch as though they were gathering material for their nests. As I have never seen them light on the ground or on a tree, I think they gather the twigs which compose the nest while flying. This habit may be known to many but I have never read or heard of it. I secured a nest in a chimney. It was built in the following manner: A small platform of twigs stuck together with a glutinous substance, was built out from the chimney. Around the edge of the platform the twigs were built so as to form a small hollow. In this there were four white eggs. The nest was very strongly attached to the chimney with the same substance that held the twigs together. This material resembled glue. The young birds far to be very good this season. I have seen a brood of thirteen young warblers. Quail are whistling in the fields, and rabbits are very abundant.

HARRY DE B. PAGE.

[The "glue used in the construction of the chimney swallows' nest is secreted in glands, situated one on each side of the bird's head, and exuded with the saliva.—Ed.]

AN OLD AMERICAN ROBIN.—For eight years my albino robin has annually returned to its young in a nest just under the eaves of the piazza attached to the residence of Dr. James L. Tyson, Penlyn, Montgomery County. It is believed that for several years it hatched its eggs in the same nest, but this season it set out another position and raised a brood of four. It is not often that a robin has an opportunity to locate for so long a period in the same position, as it is hunted quite as much in the South, where it usually remains in winter, as it is in the North, and it is probable that at this season it has long escaped the gun, as its white feathers make it a more conspicuous object than the less attractive plumage of its companions. In Germantown and the surrounding country, robins are quite as numerous this season as they usually are, and at evening and in the early morning their melodious song is heard on all sides.—Germantown Telegraph.

When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the muscles weak, use Hop Bitters.

Game Bag and Gun.

NEW YORK OPEN SEASONS.

Quack.—From Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. No shooting in Montgomery, Schoharie, Warren and Albany counties. 1881. Woodcock.—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. The Oneida and Herkimer counties, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Wild Duck, Wild Goose (brant).—Sept. 1 to May 1. In Long Island waters, Oct. 1 to May 1. Ruffed Grouse (partridge).—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Partridge (quail) (chickadee).—Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Robin, Meadow Lark (Sparrow).—Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Rabbit (hare).—Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Stag, Wild Deer. 1. Hunting with dogs, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; with all at times in St. Lawrence county. Moose.—Killing prohibited at all times.

THE QUEER CUSTOMS OF DARE.

THE SHOR DWELLERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WE have a letter from Dare county, North Carolina, which will show you just into type. Meanwhile here are some pen-pictures of the Dare folks and their ways from a letter in the Raleigh, N. C., News. Many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will recognize the truthfulness of the sketch:

The people of this region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much on and in the water that most of them, I am sure, are web-footed. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapins and wild fowl. When they leave home they go in a boat, and whether they go to court or go courting, or to trade, or to mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with windmills. They don't go up stairs, but "go aloft," and when they go to bed they "turn in" when they are ill they are "under the weather," and when in robust health they say they are "bung up and blue free." They speak of a trim built sweetheart as "clipper hull." If she is a little stout they say she is "broad in the beam," or she is "wide across the transom." Many of them have ships' cabin doors in their houses that slide on grooves, and to their buildings they give a coating of tar instead of painting them. The "old woman" blows a conch shell when dinner is ready, and they measure time by "bells." Their houses are not made of lumber, but of mud and sticks. They chew black pig-tail tobacco, and drink a wild tea called "yeopon." They manure their land with sea grass, and bury their yam potatoes in the sand hills. When they want the doctor they hang a red flag against a hill side as a signal of distress. If he don't come, because the "wind ain't fair," they take a dram of whisky and copra, soak their (web) feet in sea water, "turn in" and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sandridge, and when they see several sail boats on the water in procession, with a flag at half-mast, you are looking at a funeral.

They ornament their houses with whales' ribs and jaws, sharks' teeth, swordfish snouts, devilfish skins, sawfish swords (six feet long), miniature shops, camphor wood chests, Honduras gourds, spy-glasses, South American lantanas, war clubs from the Mozambique Islands, Turkish pipes, West India sticils, sandal-wood boxes, Chinese chessmen, Japanese faces, Madagascan idols, Australian boomerangs, and other strange, outlandish things, instead of having in their parlor a few Boston chromos, a family tree, a certificate of membership in some lodge, a photograph or poetry album, bound volume of Godley's Bird Book, bust of Henry Ward Beecher, or some other great and good man, like Christian people have where "I was raised." Outside of their houses and about the yard you will find ships' blocks, dead-eyes, anchors, chain cables, ships' launch heads and names on gilded screws, ten foot iron shells, iron hoops, chain grabs, oyster lugs, screws, etc. blue fish tackling, duck batteries, stool-geese by the woods, deuce ducks, imitation brant and pans for fire-lighting game; live decoy geese will honk at you, if you are a stranger, and tame swans will take a nip out of the fleshy part of your leg in a playful way, while a pet fawn is chewing your handkerchief.

Their hogs are raised on clams, mussels, o'fall of fish and garbage, and their cattle warf on the shoals for rales, where the water covers their backs, to feed on sea grass, and if they are carried up-country and fed on corn and fodder they will not live. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and "she" is always better than any other boat in some way. "She is hard to beat in a gale of wind," or "before the wind" or "beating to windward," or "with the wind on the beam," or "she can sail closer to the wind," or "will carry sail longer," or is "stronger," or "drier," or "bigger," or "she is a big little boat," or "drains the least water," or "she's less ballast," or "she is the newest," or "has the best timbers," or "steers the best," or "she is a lucky boat," or "stands up better," or "needs less sail than any other boat," or "she is best for fishing," etc. Perhaps "she comes about better than any other boat." She is bound to have something about her better than any other boat. One "captain" will claim that "she" has the best set of sails in Dare, and another that "she rows castest." The other day I hired a "captain" to put me in the sloop "Wave," out in the Sound. His "coonal" was a very old, patched up concern—the worst I had ever seen. She leaked like a basket, and he had to keep the building good busy to keep her from filling. I was curious to know what claims he could put in for his craft, so he drifted slowly over the sound, with all sails set, and before a fair wind he informed me that she "was not overly fast, but 'twant' every one could beat her," but "she was the best one man boat in Dare," and could "hear about sail herself." The crew of a "coonal" usually consists of a man at the helm (the "captain") and boy before the mast. We reached the "Wave" and left the "one man boat" and went aboard with my traps, and the "captain" called out to "come to the hoist," and with his part to the hoist, "Here we go," and he said when the boat was after him, he started for Nags' Head pier. But a law struck him just as he swung clear, his sail jibed, and knocked him overboard, and the next moment "she" was "sailing herself," and her captain was towing behind, with a tight grip on the main sheet. I called to the crew of the "Wave" to go to his assistance, but they laughed and said, "Uncle Billy was all right," and sure enough he presently pulled himself up to the "boat," clucked in, shook himself, waved his hand and went off drifting to windward.

The "Wave" is what is called a "whellbarrow." She has a wheel at the stern as big as a mountain mill wheel, and she is built for going in shallow water. In Currituck Sound and Kitty Hawk Bay the grass that the wild fowl feed on is so thick that a propeller cannot be used on account of its clogging the wheel. The "Wave" only draws about eighteen

inches of water and is well adapted for the business she is engaged in.

As we got abreast of the Narrows near Van Slyck's, abreast of Rattlesnake Island (a famous place for canvas backs in the season), a heavy fog came down and the captain of the "Wave" found great difficulty in keeping in the channel. He had to take soundings with a pole. Presently we grounded bark and fas. The engineer "went back on ter," but she did not move. All hands aid the cook tried pushing with poles without result, and the deck hand said he "reckoned we were that ill the tide riz."

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Nature has provided for these people that they don't find it necessary to do much for themselves, and many of them are disposed to take life easy. I have noticed that their hands and feet are smaller than those of Western people, who follow the plow and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

One r.ason I had for coming down here was to gratify my fondness for fish. We catch a few brook trout in the mountain streams, but I have not time and shy, and by the way, there are plenty of time and cat eave and are expert anglers can see a "mess." But here the waters are full of fish and the names alone of all the various kinds that are caught with the greatest ease would fill a column of your paper.

If you know of a good resort for camping and shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

HOW TO TEST GUNS.

HINTS ON PATTERNS AND PENETRATION TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every few weeks in the different sporting papers appears an account of some person's gun trial, either of a number of guns by different makers, or else a test of some particular way of leading with various kinds of powder and shot.

Now, nearly all of these are conducted without any method, or even a kind of method, and the results are mostly of the kind that would lead to a false conclusion. For instance, some one borrows a dozen guns from his friends, loads them all with the same charge regardless of weight or calibre, and then thinks the gun that shoots the most shot in a given space, or through more sheets of paper than the others, is the best.

There is scarcely anything liable to be more false than this, and the most diametrically opposite results may be produced by after-ward loading each gun according to its calibre and amount of choke; then taking the percentage of shot in the pattern, and that of the penetration by the load of powder used in the cartridge, and we can at once distinguish accurately the respective shooting qualities of each gun.

As an aid to those who wish to make private tests of their guns, I will give a few hints in order to let them do it properly.

The pattern is the most important thing, and when the guns are tested in the open air a sheet of paper four feet square at forty yards should receive the charge, and a thirty inch selected circle marked out on it after every shot. A stationary y circle marked on the paper before it is shot at, is only good for trials held in a long shed or building, where no wind and draughts of air can deflect the loads from striking exactly in the ring.

As a suitable instance of how necessary the selected circle is in open air trials, was shown in one superintended by a Western newspaper about a year and a half ago. A strong breeze blew directly across the firing point, and the pattern in the stationary ring was most irregular, sometimes, with the same load, only one-third as much shot would be found in the target as at other times, and the penetration also suffered from the poor pattern, as they were outside pellets of the charge and had not as much velocity as the more central ones. The whole results of this long, tedious trial were so miserably uncertain from the lack of a suitable building, or from not using selected circles, that it has proved almost nothing to those who wished most to have it.

One of the quickest ways to find a pattern is to cover the surface of the paper (or sheet of charge) with thirty inch rings, and then to mark where the charge strikes on it a ring will always be found in the centre.

For the penetration a rack of insulated card-board is the best; the pieces should be cut six or eight inches square and separated at least one inch apart. Paper pads and iron discs registering the force struck by a spring scale, give very unequal results; the pads because the first pellets of the charge are sometimes struck and driven so far by those coming in the rear, and the iron plates on account of their giving higher results when a great number of shot strike, than the superior force of a few. If very thin cards or even paper substituted for card-board, the test of the penetration can be made as delicate as any one desires.

The rest in the open air can be taken on a bag of hay or between the knees of the shooter. The best mid-range striking position, but indoors there is nothing better than the vice and machine rest as used by the London Field in its test, with a scale attached to determine the recoil of the guns. Two or three sighting shots should be taken with this before the gun begins to score, so that all the loads will strike fairly in the target.

When the different makes of guns are tested, the depth of choke, the size of the bore, the length of barrels and weight of each gun should be absolutely the same if any definite result is desired.

There have already been in this country a couple of trials for guns of various makers, but they were so very imperfect in nearly all their details that I think it is nearly time to have a good reliable test by some disinterested and competent parties. It would settle the question as to who makes the best guns here and in the last few years, since so many good guns have been invented and come out, the makers as well as sportsmen would be anxious to have it. The idea was proposed before in another paper, but as the article disapproving of it was shown to contain nothing but false theories, by no means an authority than the English gunsmith Mr. E. C. Green, no more attention should be paid to it than the idea of trying Dittmar's explosive with good black powder by the same persons, and which seems to have fallen through since your issue of it.

Philadelphia, July 2, 1881.

If you know of a good resort for camping and shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

LEAVEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

GRANVILLE, S. C., June 13.

ALTHOUGH last winter was so severe for this latitude that even the oldest inhabitants could not remember, etc., yet in the face of it the most honorable Robert White came in for a full share of public patronage and braved as well the inclemency of the weather. The number of shooting days allotted to us were not as many as heretofore, being only eighty per cent. usually, but one fine day in the last, from the 15th of October to the 15th of April, not including Sundays. The bright and glorious winter days come and go, morning after morning the sun comes peeping over the hills and takes his course full of smiles all day. Seldom does he allow the clouds to weep; and if they do and you happen to be caught, there is fun in it. Build a "ligature" fire if you get drenched, take out your gun and be happy. Keep on shooting if you wish, with plenty of bruises against the shooter in good form. Let it rain, he will not notice it, that is, if you have a gun that you load at one end and the charge goes out the other. This little joke is not original, consequently I claim no credit for it. It came about in this way: I was trying to persuade a man of Noah, who owned "the best gun in the county," to bring the original piece of ordinance that formed the armament of the Army, a breach-loader. I had two samples. He examined first one then the other, opened and shut them and made diligent inquiries. At last, after many shakes of the head and remarks not calculated to reflect credit on breech mechanism, he concluded he would not have a gun that loaded at both ends. He evidently was afraid of centrifugal forces and an explosion near the chamber. I said this is a breech gun at last. He is the most self-satisfied chap I have ever known in the mysteries of pattern and penetration, and talks in a pedantic way to his neighbors of the relative power of the choke and the chandler; so it's one more convert and a game protector as well. Step by step we are putting a stop to quail trapping and coyote annoying. I put the FOREST AND STREAM in the hands of all who wish to read, and bring away with the gun the most complete pattern book in the State, a price of five, for he is the very worst trader. He takes whole covens and wrings the necks of the innocents. Where he traps for a while "the sun of noon looks down and sets not out," and many a fry and brile "the old ooman and child have."

Peter Jones (colored) lives two miles from here. I found traps on Peter's place. He—the felt sure the child's nose was his s'cent traps. Peter is a better shot than I am. I have seen him through at entirely different parts of the place, and his respect for the South Carolina game laws has increased. One more convert and one more soul saved happy, as the Magic Oil was said.

I should like to say something about dogs of this vicinity, but time and want of space forbid. We will try again.

DIJK SWIVELLER.

If you know of a good place to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

CALIFORNIA GOOSE SHOOTING.

IN reply to a correspondent's query, transmitted through the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. N. E. White, of the Sacramento, Cal., Bee, recently wrote the following letter, which we have permission to print here. It is dated at Sacramento, May 20, 1881, and is as follows:

"I am afraid that I cannot give you any new light on the subject of goose hunting, for the reason that it has been for many years only an incidental feature of sport out here. Duck hunters often bag such geese as happen to come their way and send them to market; but I know of no one making a specialty of goose shooting.

"Some years ago, when I was in my teens and living on a 'ranch' in one of the coast counties, I used to take some interest in what I would call 'stalking' the 'critches.' Our favorite method then was to crawl through the ditches, which ran at frequent points around and through the grain fields, and hug the sides of the ditches, and wait for the geese. Occasionally we would get a gentle old horse, or ox, and creep up on the 'off' side to the big flocks of the fowls and at the right moment let go the contents of two barrels, or of a big 'Yaeger' among them.

"This is, in reality, the most successful way of hunting wild geese. Hunters used to employ big six and eight inch shot, and by holding their guns and aiming usually slaughter them, and they and upward have been laid low on the ditches. On the great wild in ranches in the Sacramento Valley the myriads of wild geese do great damage to the young grain in the late fall and farmers employ men by the month to shoot them—or shoot at them. I don't know that they try to bag many of them, however, but simply to frighten them off, which is a thing of the past out here, although there is an unlimited field for all that like to follow it.

"Game of all kinds will be plentiful here next season notwithstanding the persistent violation of the law. Our dove season commences July 1 and will afford good sport until the quail and duck season opens, Sept. 15. The open season for wild deer also begins July 1, and in the whole State is regular slaughter for their hides in the far-off counties. The law 'prohibits' it, but the work goes on all the same. Our mountain lakes and streams are full of trout, but the best fishing is some weeks off yet. N. E. WILTZ."

If you know of a good resort for camping and shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

ARKANSAS GAME.

Owl's Cove, Ark.

THE game prospects in this "neck of the woods" are good. Deer are frequently seen in the deep forest, but by a sort of common consent no one shoots them this time of year.

Turkeys have partially raised large broods. They are frequently seen near the fields. They are considered big enough to pick here in September; they are then of the size of a Brahma fowl, full feathered and strong on the wing, but not "educated" like the old ones. These will be fully ripe in November, and better sport than they afford there is hard to imagine.

The Virginia partridge, colon. Bob White, did not suffer much last winter. The breeding stock is abundant, and the woods and fields are alive with them. There is probably no part of the United States so well supplied. Along the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railways, right in the town, birds are plenty, and more so, of course, a little out of the line of travel. I was down in Jackson County a few days ago, along White and Black rivers, and there learned that the supply was large. A gentleman from the North had been there training dogs and, taking advantage of the want of a game law, had slaughtered some birds in April and May. Some of the citizens had mildly remonstrated with him to little effect. A little more of that might possibly induce our unmusical legislators to pass a game law.

The flights of aquatic birds—ducks, geese and swan—can not be foretold. The food supply for them will be fair and other conditions favorable. Whether they will come in large or small numbers will depend upon the weather and the "inducements" held out by other localities. We have had three rather unfavorable seasons in succession. Even in a bad season, however, we have what in most sections of the country would be called very good sport.

I have heard of but very little bear sign; they may come in and may not. The woods are alive and have been alive with game.

The prospects for all sorts of game are unusually good in all that region about Panther Bluff and Postum Walk. In Greasy Valley quail and turkeys are in full supply. There is no part of the State where I am acquainted where good and even fine sport may not be confidently looked for during the approaching season. Y. L.

A NOVEL MODE OF KILLING WOLVES—Mojomonia, Wis.

A few weeks ago the Secretary of State at Madison received a certificate entitling a fellow in the southern part of the State to a reward of \$120 for killing 21 wolves. The idea occurring to the Secretary that that was a pretty good haul for one man to make, he sent one of his clerks to investigate the matter. He went to the chairman of the town board and found that a certificate had been issued to the man in question entitling him to the pay for 3 wolf scalps; he then went to the chairman of the county board and found the same to be the case, and that the chairman addressed the letter containing the certificate to the Secretary of State and handed it to the applicant to drop in the post office. Then the wolf was let out of the bag. The brave slayer of *Canis occidentalis* had converted the 2 into 20 and \$12 into \$120. This is certainly very encouraging to steep-raisers.—A. W.

WOODHOOK IN NEW YORK RESTAURANTS—NEW YORK July 9, 1881.—If you know of a good place to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

It is unlawful, but in the absence of any machinery to detect violations of the game laws and to punish offenders, we see no way of remedying the matter. This sale of game out of season by the marketmen of New York has been fully ventilated in our columns during the past year; and we had indulged the delusive hope that some act regarding the provision of a remedy might have been taken by the Association which met at Cove Island the other day. There is plenty of room for energetic action, but a society which truly intends to do anything of the kind would take hold of it.

SHUNKOOK BAY—Good Ground, Long Island.—Bay snipe shooting promises to be unusually good this season; the birds commenced to fly July 4, and have kept it up right along. Tuesday Wm. Lane, Jr., brought in a nice bag of dowds and yellow-legs; some jacks have also been seen. The kind of sport to be expected is an uncertainty, but this early date leads me to believe that we shall have a good season; besides, large quantities went north this spring, and, owing to bad water, were not much shot.—WILLIAM N. LANE.

If you know of a good resort for camping and shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

THE STATE ASSOCIATION PROGRAMME.—The following copies of the handsome book recently published by the Long Island Sportsmen's Association for the use of the members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at their annual convention in June last, are now offered for sale at 25 cents each. It is quite a complete history of the Association for the past 23 years. Orders may be sent to this office.

MINNESOTA CHICKEN SHOOTING.—A Chicago correspondent tells us that Capt. B. C. Cowles, noted as the proprietor of the Railway Eating House, at Baraboo, Wis., opened, on July 1, a new hotel at Tracy, Minn. This point is in the midst of the Minnesota chicken shooting grounds, and Capt. Cowles will be glad to see and take care of all chicken shooters who make Tracy their headquarters.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES—Oakfield, Wis., July 2.—To prevent mosquitoes from biting I have used oil of tar and other mixtures, but find carbolic acid, mixed with lard or any heavy oil, to be the best preventive. Try it and be convinced.—H. H. HONON.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price \$1.00, postpaid. For sale at this office. Retailing Shooting Sticks. Upgrades to be sent. The kind of articles we are anxious for something to prevent this issue of mosquitoes, black flies, etc. Quotations, advertised in this issue by John B. Wood, is claimed to be a sure preventive.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, Salmon salar. Brook Trout, Salvelinus fontinalis. Hallow Trout, Salmo trutta. Dolly Varden Trout, Salvelinus malinensis. Grayling, Thymallus tricolor and Thymallus thymallus. Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. paludis. Massalonge, Esox nobilior. Pickering, Esox reticulatus. Pike or Pickerel, Esox lucius. Pike-perch (wal-eye) (pike)

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, Centropomus virgatus. Striped Bass, Morone saxatilis. White Perch, Morone americana. Bluefish or Taylor, Acantholatris saltatrix. Scup or Pomte, Stenotomus argenteus. Pollock, Polachius carolinarius. Trout or Blackfish, Tautoga onitis.

"This reported by Pliny, but perhaps 'tis but a Plinysm, that there is a fish called Lucerna, whose tongue doth shine like a torch. If it be a fable let the tongue of a minister be the moral of that fable. Now, such a luminating tongue was that of one Pierson..."

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

MR. PRICHARD ON THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

New York, July 11.

I will avail myself of the privilege you kindly extend to me of correcting any incorrect statement published in the editorial account of the fly casting of the 23d.

In the first place, on the salmon casting, you state that I "lost several flies." This is incorrect. I lost but one, and that I did not replace because there was but one minute left of the five which were allowed me. Now sir, would you like to know why some of the contestants were allowed fifteen minutes instead of five. I should like to know why some of the contestants were allowed to leave the platform, and walk forward to the edge of the pond and then back; enabling them to get their lines straight out before casting. Again, I think the judges should have examined each of the contestants' leaders as soon as he had made his casting. I do not understand how my opponents were enabled to throw their flies into the grass behind them, and then forward, yet never losing a fly, nor did their hooks ever once foul in the water. This matter very much surprised me indeed. I also object to your saying of my trout casting, that I "failed to, or could not retrieve." It is true I failed to, because I was not aware that I was required to retrieve—not because I could not. Before that you saw me cast further than any of my opponents, and yet I had no disappointment; in fact, that part of it seemed to me so unimportant that I gave it no thought, until I was told that the rules required that it should be retrieved.

I am tried that these remarks will not be attributed to a carpentering spirit. In making them I am actuated by the same feeling which I know you entertain yourself—a desire that on future occasions the most accurate Justice may be done to everybody. I give myself little credit for my own performance on the day. The consciousness of veteran competitors around me, and it being my first attempt in such a contest gave me something like what you would call stage-fright, a feeling not calculated to command success on any occasion. But for next year let us hope that there will be improvement all around.

Mr. Prichard's candid letter shows that he thinks that some favoritism was shown in the matter of the allowance of time allowed to the contestants. This, and some other points, plainly point out what Mr. Prichard will readily allow to be true, that he came to the contest wholly unprepared in point of knowledge of the rules of such contests. The men who appear to have been allowed fifteen minutes, instead of five, claimed time under the rule which says: "Each contestant shall be allowed five minutes for style, delicacy and accuracy in casting, and five minutes more for length of cast; and in case of accident, such as paring or fouling of the fly or line, the referee may allow an equal time in his discretion." This would have been allowed Mr. Prichard as readily as the others if it had been asked for time to replace his fly, no matter if it had taken ten minutes to do it. In regard to their walking to the edge of the pond to get out a line before beginning to cast, we do not know why it was done and do not see anything gained by it, but if it had been objected to, the objection would have been entertained.

Concerning our remark that Mr. Prichard "failed to or could not retrieve," we can only say that he was cautioned several times on this subject, and the impression, as expressed by many, was that he could not. We gave him the benefit of the doubt. "No cast shall be valid unless the line be retrieved," says the rule. This may have been to prevent a cast being counted when the wind was with the cast or so strong as to help him out with more line than he can properly handle, and it seems to be a good one. Mr. Prichard's views on his first attempt to cast in public, where he made a most creditable attempt to wrest the championship from the veterans, and we repeat what we said before, that in future he will make them look to their laurels, which have been worn quite easily for some years.

That the late contest had many imperfections no one knows better than ourselves, but it was so much better and more perfect than any we have had before that all acknowledge it to be a long stride in advance toward a perfect system, at least all who are familiar with the history of the fly-casting. And now a word on rules. Much was said before the tournament about some needed changes in them, but at the last moment it was decided not to attempt it; but on the principle that the best thing to do with an obnoxious law is to fully enforce it, we concluded to make the five foot allowance for rods, hoping that its injustice would be so apparent that it would be repeated at the meeting. It

was announced that a meeting would be held on the evening after the tournament, when these things would be considered. We attended, and none of the fly-casters were there. The shooting men were discussing their affairs, and would probably have passed any amendments to the fly-casting rules which we offered, but as we knew that there were persons who held opposite opinions on the rules we declined to take advantage of their absence to amend them to our way of thinking, and so the meeting of fly-casters came to naught.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

TIM POND.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have just received the following letter from my friend, a reverend D. D. I think it has great value to your readers. The flies complained of are first of August. Mr. Smith writes that on a recent trip to the Seven Ponds he saw seven deer within short rifle range. TIM POND, Me., July 5, 1881.

Friend T.: In writing to the loved ones at home I have sent one or two messengers to you; but though I read, having just returned from catching twenty-five nice trout with the fly, I will redeem my promise.

First, then, all you have said as to the abundance of the trout and the sport of taking them with the fly I have more than verified in my own experience. Two, and sometimes three of us, have been able to supply the camp with our fishing morning and evening, and only once have we been out before breakfast. We had aundance to-day for twelve persons, six of them men. Mr. Smith has at one time cut the last two miles to the Seven Ponds. He expects to have it ready this week, and hopes to have a camp up also, when he will be ready for his friends. When this is done, from what I hear from all the woodsmen around here, it will be the grandest place to each trout in the United States. They are larger in this pond, but I doubt if they will afford better sport. The most I should fear would be the abundance of the fish, and as to a regiment of ants when caught, as you know no true sportsman would catch more than the wants of the camp require.

This, too, must be a grand place for game in September and October. In traveling around was a abundance of ruffed grouse, hear hears at night making a noise (one was caught in a trap a few days since), and this evening, while fishing, a magnificent large luck came to the edge of the pond and stood to look at us in the boat, not more than two hundred yards away. I am a great friend of game laws, but if I had had a good rifle in my hands it would have been a severe strain on sound principles.

I am very much pleased with Mr. Smith and his son Edgar. They are as obliging as they possibly can be, and think nothing of any trouble which will add to the convenience or pleasure of their guests. His camp are a real luxury in the woods, and not only protect you from the cold and rain, but are fitted up to shield you from mosquitoes and flies—a necessity in June and to the middle of July. The cooking thus far has been all any reasonable man could ask, as also the variety of food for the table. But my daily diet is trout, either broiled or fried in pork, and of these I never tire; and for dessert I am satisfied with maple sugar and nice biscuits. Now, you have my opinion, or rather experience, of and at Tim Pond. It has been an unalloyed pleasure, with three exceptions—the absence from my family, the want of old and congenial companions, and last, but not the least, the plagues of the forest, black flies and mosquitoes. These last will compel me to make shorter stay than I purposed. It is impossible to write or study for them, and I will have to go where I can. Now get your looks on to bar out the rascals, and come here and enjoy yourself on a rational man, for all hands are waiting to welcome you.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

THE FISHERY CENSUS.

THE Census Bulletin No. 170, dated at the Department of the Interior, Census Office, May 24, 1881, being a communication from Prof. G. Brown Good, Special Agent in charge of Fishery Division, to Hon. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census, is the first of a series of preliminary reports upon the fishery industries of the United States. It embodies a report upon the statistics of the Pacific States and Territories, consisting of four tables in which are presented the statistics of California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska.

Table 1 shows the number of men engaged in the above States and Territories in the fisheries. It includes the fishermen proper, and the shoremans and factory hands, or all who live directly from the fisheries. These are:

Cod fisheries, 263; fur seal, 110; general fisheries, 5 650; marine salt industry, 140; oyster, 75; salmon, 8,400; seal, 24; sloop, 1,744; whale, 114; total 16,745.

Of the above are the principal tonalities: Esquimaux, Aleuts and Indians, 7,910; and about 4,000 Chinese.

Table 2 shows the number of boats employed to be 5,547, and their value to be \$404,095; vessels, 53, value, \$17,450. Value of buildings and apparatus of manerries, \$900,000. Making a total of capital invested, \$2,748,836.

Table 3 shows the number of salmon fishries and canneries of the Pacific coast, showing the amount of capital invested in the fisheries and first products of the same and of canneries; capital invested in canneries, product of the canneries, number of factory hands, with totals of capital, persons employed and value of product for the entire industry.

Table 4 shows the quantities and values of the products of the sea bordering Pacific States and Territories.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

A WEST VIRGINIA CAMP—Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1881—Editor Forest and Stream: A party of four wish to start from Pittsburg this summer, and camp somewhere within

150 miles of that place where we can combine bass and trout fishing with shooting of any kind (rifle or shotgun). What we want is good sport.—S. P. S.

Go to Cumberland, thence to Keyser; thence stage to Pittsburg. Stop at Cunningham's Hotel; and there you will find information of exact localities. The whole country thereabouts is a fine one for fishing and shooting, the latter now out of season. You can find all the fish you want within five miles of Pittsburg. Board can be obtained at the farm-houses. If you want to camp out you must take your tent from Pittsburg. Report to the FOREST AND STREAM for benefit of others.

HOW TO TAKE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

SALISBURY, Vt., June 19.

I AM informed by the people who live near this beautiful lake that some years ago there were a quantity of land-locked salmon put into the lake and that none have ever, as yet, been caught. There are quantities of perch found dead, having been bitten in the back, and the oldest inhabitant is of the opinion they are bitten by the salmon. Can you give me any information on this matter and what you would make use of for bait? It may be that the other fish in the lake have destroyed them, but it will be no harm to prospect for them.

LAWSON B. BELL.

If there are salmon in the lake we should think that some one would see them rising at flies occasionally. If they won't take flies, try a live minnow trolled in deep water near the bottom by leading the line.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

FISHING ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST AND IN PENNSYLVANIA RIVERS—Philadelphia, July 9.—During the past week the fishing along the Jersey coast has not been at all good. I wrote you week before of the fairly good prospects reported to me, but I am informed by fishermen returning from Cape May, Towusend's Inlet, Bectsey's Point, Atlantic City and Tuckerton Bay that the catches are scarcely worth mentioning. All reports are of the same tenor. Outside the bay and inlets the fish seem to be in numbers and are large when taken. Bluefish are plentiful outside, and are being taken from boats able to go to where they are. At Betterton, the celebrated perch fishing ground at the mouth of the Passaic River, the fish have not put in their appearance. Opposite Grove Point they are now out, but the run is expected daily. They are a little late this year. I, the Schuylkill River fishermen are taking some bass. The Susquehanna is full of them, and a great many large ones are being taken there at all points.—HOMO.

SALMON IN CANADA.—Mr. George Dawson, of the Albany Journal, has just returned from a two week's trip to the Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay. He reports the fishing as of the poorest description, and, although he had a pleasant trip and a most enjoyable time otherwise and came back much refreshed, he got but few fish. But for the villainous assault on the President by the murderer Guiteau and the critical position of Gen. Canfield, Mr. Dawson might have remained longer. He tells us that up to the 6th of July not twenty salmon entered the river, according to the observations of the men who watch closely below for the coming of the fish. Some fish which would have gone up were stopped by the nets at the mouth of the Saguenay. It had been promised that the nets should be removed as soon as two hundred fish had been taken; and while Mr. Dawson does not know the exact number captured when he left the river, he doubts that these figures had been reached.

The fish seen and those taken were large, but their numbers in the Marguerite, as well as in the other tributaries of the Saguenay, were small. No other parties have made any catches in this district this year, and Mr. Dawson thinks salmon fishing on the Saguenay is a thing of the past.

LARGE BROOK TROUT—Rockland, Mass., June 24.—There was quite a little breeze of excitement created in our town by the arrival home on Saturday, June 18, of E. P. Wheeler and W. F. Burrell, two amateur fishermen, from the lakes of Maine, bringing with them a good string of trout. The latter gentleman had one which weighed six and three-fourth pounds. It was a speckled brook trout caught in Lower Kichardson Lake, in the narrows three miles above the middle dam. The fish was caught with an angle worm, and had tried minnows and flies and the trout would not rise.

The night before in the same spot a trout was caught weighing six and one-half pounds. I would like to inquire of some brother sportsman how large a speckled brook trout has been known to weigh here? ROCKLAND.

HOW TO RIG OLD-FASHIONED REELS.—In the article published, July 7, on how to rig the old-fashioned worm reels, there was a mistake made in saying that the wire run through the rod. It should have said, bend the strong wire in about the form of the letter Z, with the large loop at the end, and the small loop at the other end. Then, when adjusted to the reel, say the reel is on the under side and the nut on the top side, the wire will be close against the left side of the reel, and it will be held in place as firm as if the wire did run through the rod; and further, it will not be in the way of the band when you grasp the rod ahead of the reel; and still better because, when the nut is removed to release the reel, the wire will fall off also. Please correct and oblige.

F. A. L.

MAINE FISHING NOTES.—The Belfast Republican Journal says: "A salmon weighing twenty pounds has recently been caught in the Androscoggin, and the hope is an ordained that this river may soon be stocked with them again.... A salmon weighing nineteen pounds was caught in the East Machias River last week. Fish have been plentiful in this river, due, the Union thinks, to the enforcement of the fish laws.... The Home Farm in answer to numerous inquiries says that Mr. Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, is the only legal Fish Commissioner. Mr. E. M. Stillwell occupies the position of Acting Commissioner, receiving his authority from being assigned to duty by Mr. Stanley.... A sturgeon which weighed 150 pounds when dressed was caught in the Kennebec at Richmond recently."

Fish Culture.

FISHES WHICH CAN LIVE IN BOTH SALT AND FRESH WATER.

BY FRED MATHER.

[Read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

IN RESPECT to the medium which fish habitually fish in I divide them into three classes, namely, fresh water fishes, and a third class which can live in either fresh or salt water indifferently. There is no name for this class, that I can learn, and if there is no objection, I will propose to call them Amphibious fishes, from the Greek amphibios, both or over, besides, and Oikos to inhabit. This class includes many fishes, besides the anadromous fishes which leave the sea and seek the rivers to spawn, and the catadromous fishes which leave the fresh to spawn in salt or brackish water, and the eel class.

Foremost among the fishes which seem to have, as far as breathing and procuring food are concerned, in either salt or fresh water are most members of the salmon family. I say most members because there are some which do not seem to have been observed in salt water, but as I think it highly probable that all members of this family, which as at present constituted includes the salmons, trouts, smelts, and the carps, or "wildsalms," "lake-herrings," graylings, ciscoes, etc., are descended from a common ancestor and have been differentiated by physical causes, there would seem reason to suppose that the graylings and other trout-like members of the salmon family, which fishes may not be able to increase their species without passing from fresh water as its density is probably too great for the gills of the embryo, even if it did not destroy it before its gills were formed. In some specimens which were five years ago with young which were six months old it was found that they had passed from fresh water they showed signs of stuntedness at first, then of a desire to keep their noses out into the air and to jump out of the tank, and when they became exhausted and began to die in half an hour after they were taken from the water, they were found to be six months old could not have lived in sea-water provided the change had not been sudden. In a state of nature there are no such sudden changes and young fish making their first voyage from the upper waters of the river, they may continue several months in the journey, dropping down gradually and hardly noticing the increasing density from day to day to which they have become accustomed.

The list of fishes which live in either salt or fresh water as given by the late Prof. Milner is as follows:

- Salmon.....Salmu salor
Sea-trout.....S. immaculatus
Brook-trout.....S. fontinalis
Whitefish.....Coregonus sp.
Smelt.....Osmerus mordax
Four-spined stickleback.....Apeltes quadricornis
American sole, or hog choker.....Achirus lineatus
Tom-cod.....Microgadus loquax
Striped bass or rockfish.....Morone americana
White perch.....Morone americana
Silver gar, or bill fish.....Belone longirostris
Shad.....Alosa sapidissima
New England shad.....A. pseudoharengus
Tulor (shad).....A. pseudoharengus
Hickory shad, or toothed herring.....Dorosoma cepedianum
Eel.....Anguilla bilineata
Sharp-nosed shiner.....Ameletus septentrionalis
Short-nosed sturgeon.....Acipenser brevirostris
Lamprey.....Petromyzon americanus

Of these nineteen fishes Prof. Milner says: "Eight of the fishes named are believed to enter the rivers solely for the purpose of spawning. The genus Pomolobus has been divided by Prof. Goode, since Mr. Milner wrote, into two species, it would therefore add another.

- Tea-spined stickleback.....Pygostolus occidentalis
Flounder.....Pleuronectes americanus
Killy, blue or New York killy.....Cyprinostomus sp.
Anchovy or spearing.....Engraulis mordax
Sawfish.....Pristis antipodorum
The flounder I have taken in Currituck Sound, which is fresh water now, but was salt twenty years ago. It was in winter and in the spring season, a species of fish was found in the interior of Eastern Africa and the sawfish is said to exist in the Niagara and in Laguna de Bay, near Manila. The others I have taken in fresh water or experimented with in aquaria. I also hear that the Eel (Anguilla) taken in the brackish and even salt waters of Maryland, but diligent inquiry among the fishermen of the Chesapeake Bay, and Long Island, where the little "mud pike" (E. americanus) or E. fasciatus is found in great numbers, failed to learn of its going into salt water, although found in the salt bags where fresh water runs in at low tide, and it is said that it has been taken changed from fresh to salt water. Frogs die soon, and, as they breathe by means of lungs, it follows that it is entirely from osmosis, or absorption by the skin, and probably our catfishes (Silurus) would not be able to live in salt water. The same is true of marine species (Zetrichthys marinus and Arripis miltberti) on our coast.

I am informed by Professor G. Brown Goode that sting rays (Trygon centrurus) are found in Lake Huron, on the headwaters of the St. John's River, in Florida, while the following species are often found in the river in pure fresh water above Jacksonville:

- Sheepshead.....Archosargus probatocephalus
Salor's choice.....Lagodon rhomboides
The flounder or New York fluke.....Pleuronectes vetulus
Triple tail.....Pleuronectes americanus
Whiting.....Merluccius alburnus
Yellow fish.....Bairdiella chameleon
Tom-cod.....Microgadus loquax
Silver moon-fish.....Ymer setipinnis

It is interesting to note that some of these fishes enter fresh water in winter, and it immediately raises the question why they do so in Florida? Possibly it is only in the winter time, as the large striped bass (rockfish) run up the Hudson at the same season; probably an instinct connected with hibernation, as is certainly the case with the salmon. It would be interesting to know out of all this class of fishes, for which I have proposed the name Amphibious, how many would breed in their new home; for while a salmon or a shad might exist years in salt water, it would be surprised to learn that their eggs would hatch in the water of the ocean. According to Eschschmuer, species of the pike-perch, Stenothidium; the muller's chub, Collets gobio; the link or eel pout, Liza velutaria, and a species of dace, which was found in the brackish waters of the Baltic Archipelago. In the Chaplin sea Eclairhead found a species of Cyprinus; the pike, Esox lucius; the common river perch, Perca flavescens; the loach, Colinus fossilis, and a silverside, etc. Of mammals, birds, reptiles, muskoxen, moles and snakes have been taken to occur in this paper beyond its limits. It does not appear that it is due to any toxic action that some fresh water fishes die in salt water, but rather a difference in the density of the fluids, and a variety of other causes, and the great pressure to which salt-marine divers are subjected. The

reverse would occur in salt water fishes when introduced into fresh water. They would then resemble ourselves on mountain tops, and the blood pressure from the nose and ears, and the "balloon sickness" is felt. A French naturalist, M. Paul Bert, has examined the causes of death in fishes and reptiles when changed from fresh to salt water, and is of the opinion that they have died of the same cause, namely, of osmosis, but is simply a phenomenon of osmosis, or of the formation of fluids through the membranes; or, in other words, absorption of a heavier fluid in a membrane already filled with a lighter one. It is claimed, loses one-third of its water, when plunged into sea-water, and the blood globules are seen to leave the vessels and distribute themselves under the skin. If an animal is taken to whose skin is not so absorbed, the same results appear in its bronchial system. When a water vessel is introduced into fresh water endosmosis takes place, which is about the same thing under a reversed condition the body of the fish containing a denser fluid than its new medium. If the slime film removed from a fish's dead body, the water absorbed when the change of water is made. This is illustrated by the eel, which on leave these sudden changes if injured, but if a portion of its protective mucous coating be removed, its skin becomes absorbent of the surrounding medium and it dies. The eel, which occurs at the home everywhere, puzzled M. Bert in a curious manner, but in the end confirmed his theory. He had already experimented with them in changing fresh water into salt water, and found that they died of the same cause. To determine whether the same experiments, he directed his assistant to introduce the eel into salt water. To his great surprise the eel died after being three or four hours in salt water, and a long search failed to show why it died, but they were able to detect them there, and died when his assistant did so. Finally he found that the eel's skin was so slippery his assistant had used a cloth in handling them and rubbed off their slime, while M. Bert used his wet hands to which very little adhered. Osmosis had occurred in the wet and dried portions, and the eel died. The water taken from sea fish into fresh water produced analogous results. The gills were the seat of alterations, the same as those noted in the fresh water, and he observed that the life of sea fish could be prolonged after it was changed by adding salt, which also tended to confirm his views.

The shad, which passes so much of its life in the sea, cannot live there when first hatched. The experiments conducted by Prof. Milner, in 1874, were on the way to Germany with young shad, and showed that the newly hatched fish soon died under a gradual addition of sea water. My shad started to death on the tenth day, and they died on the thirteenth. I was not able to get in our ignorance, to feed the fry, it was hoped that they would be trained to endure sea water and find food in it as they do in river water when we transport them inland.

The shad, as far as the salt water, the Watkinson, N. Y., Times said, in June, 1878: "In the bay at Dexter they are having a great run of small fish at the present time. The species is now down there, and they are called shad and 'herring.' They are not to be taken with such great quantities that they are almost valueless. They are sold for manure, and the fish proved to be one of the species of alewife and not young shad, as some of the fishermen supposed, as proved by the following letter from Dr. Bean written to me shortly after in reply to one which I sent the account:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington.
MR. FRED MATHER.—Your letter and article on supposed shad in Lake Ontario particularly attracted my attention. The Institution has received specimens of the so-called shad from the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, New York. These fishes were not shad, but alewives, Pomolobus pseudoharengus. The individuals from Lake Ontario were spent females and could not be distinguished from the specimens from Vermont. The specimens from the Cayuga and Seneca Lake specimens were young females and males. The ova of the females were quite immature. Those alewife drift from the coast alewife only in size. I have compared the last specimen with a large one from the coast, and find no other difference.
Yours truly,
TABLETTON H. DEAN.

It is evident that the alewife is not appreciated at its full value among the people residing near its new home. It is a fish of great value, coming in enormous schools, and when they come to lose it is a great loss to the fisherman. It is a fish of great value, and is not a fine fish in the epicurean sense, but like the farmer's pork barrel, it is a good resource to draw upon when the butcher fails to get through the snow drifts.

There are many good fishes which can safely be transplanted from one body of water to another, and it has been to show that it can be done with certain species if done properly. Among the most valuable of these are the smelt, the striped bass, the tom-cod and the alewife. The smelt is already established in Vermont and New York, and the alewife is now in New York. Vermont Fish Commissioners say that smelt have been established in every lake into which they have been placed and heard from, and it is a curious fact that the people have not found out a truly excellent fish that they eat, the table, its insignificant size seems to be the only protection from its being taken. The alewife has taken them for bait. This use of smelt would cause smelt-fishers to raise their eyebrows and examine the man who did such a thing in their presence; but the rural angler will get over that in a higher value. The report truly says of the smelt: "When they come to be established wherever there is a fit lodgment for them, that event alone will fully pay for all the expenses incurred since the formation of the Commission."

In New York it has been established so long that the majority of men runneth not to the contrary, and in the Adirondacks the guides call it "frostfish," and salt it down. It is found in some of the Fulton chain of lakes and not in others, a very interesting account of which may be found in the "Fishes of the Adirondacks" during the coming month (April), from the pen of Mr. E. H. Wilson. They are locally known as frostfish in that region. Mr. Wilson says: "Some time ago I observed in your columns an inquiry relative to the alewife and its habits in the Adirondacks. The so-called frostfish is found in several lakes of the Fulton chain, in the 'John Brown's Tract.' Most visitors to that region have annually wondered at the sight of the old wooden weirs or 'picket' traps, which are laid in the lakes in the autumn, and which are broken those lakes in October, or about the period of the advent of winter, whence the peatier title—at least the time they are taken and salted down in considerable numbers by the guides for home use, and occasionally sent to the city for the guides. The fish is a regular size, and is found in the 'Fourth and Eighth' lakes of the Fulton chain, and also Racquette Lake, all deep waters. They seem to stick to the deeper lakes, except in the spawning season, and are a favorite delicacy for the salmon trout, as they are frequently caught in the same manner. They are taken by trolling and are a favorite delicacy, on opening, almost invariably contained the remains of frostfish. Early in 1862 a party of us camped at the head of Fourth Lake and set traps for salmon trout. The suckers had been accustomed to run, and the trout were taken in the traps. The fish were taken for a net, which we set out in the lake, of the mouth of the inlet. On hauling it the next morning we found the 'net' produced comprised suckers and (tell it not for we let them go), speckled trout, with many other species. The trout were taken, and we were found that the 'lakes' lost best at the latter. The guides claim to prefer the fresh frostfish as an article of diet to any trout that swims. They run remarkably uniform in weight, size and color, and are young and tender. They are taken in the lake, with bright white scales, and flesh of firm texture and light color. They have a long nose, and are evidently a bottom fish. The guides say that the young, when hatched, immediately head for deep water, and respire only to spawn when fully grown."

"There is a physical oddity in the topographical distribution of

BLUESKIN IN BUZZARD'S BAY.—Boston, Mass., July 6.—Thanks for your information. I have been to Mattapoisett and fished for bluefish yesterday, with ciskin. The fish seem to keep almost entirely above Bird Island light. We had baffling winds getting there, but had about an hour on the grounds, and caught six, weighing from 3 to 8 pounds. These we caught off the Great Hill House, Marlon, about a mile out. We lost a number more. Several boats were cruising about, and we hailed one party who had only taken three. I think if we had time we could have caught a good number. We will go down again later, and spend more time. If persons go to fish in Buzzard's Bay from Mattapoisett and intend to stop at the Mattapoisett House, they would do well to make their terms beforehand.—W. R. G.

SALMON IN MAINE.—The Belfast Republican Journal says: "The close season for salmon in this State begins on the 15th of July. The season has not been a successful one in this vicinity, the catch not being half that of last year. The theory recently established is that the fish return to our rivers every second year. Two years ago the fish were very plentiful and ran small; the larger quantity caught were from ten to twelve pound fish. This year the same school should have been here, and it is done so. This rather conflicts with the above theory. Again, the fish appear very different, running very large. Mr. Collins, of this city, who buys largely, says the fish this season rarely go below eighteen pounds, the average weight being much greater. Salmon have this year frequented streams where their presence has not been known for years. Verona and Lincolnville have been the best fishing grounds this season."

STRIPED BASS IN THE POTOMAC.—The largest of the season is recorded by Major J. H. King, in the Germantown Telegraph, as follows: Mr. Shaffer, a well-known angler of Washington, D. C., on Saturday the 18th inst., captured in the Potomac, at Little Falls, three miles west of this city, a magnificent striped rockfish which carried the beam down to 15 1/2 pounds, and measured thirty-six inches—or three feet—in length. This noble specimen was an exhibition at the old and noted fisherman's resort, Johnnie Hancock's Old Curiosity Shop Restaurant, 1,234 Penn. ave. Mr. H. is known as the "boss fisherman of the Potomac," and has on exhibition a large and interesting collection of curiosities.

SALMON IN CANADA.—In our issue of June 30 we referred to a large salmon taken by Mr. Gilbert E. Jones, of New York, a member of the Kesigouche Salmon Club. The following is his story for five days. The fish were all taken with the "Silver Poplar" fly except one which was captured with the Silver Doctor:
June 18, 3 fish; 19 1/2, 22 1/2, 22 1/2 = 64 lbs.
June 23, 3 fish; 27, 20, 18 = 71 lbs.
June 23, 3 fish; 23, 23, 28 = 86 lbs.
June 24, 1 fish; 29, — = 29 lbs.
June 25, 1 fish; 20, — = 20 lbs.
Total, 11 fish, weighing 270 lbs., averaging 24 1/2 lbs. each.

THE STONE LOGGER.—In our issue of June 23 we printed a letter from our correspondent, D. H. B., of Syracuse, N. Y., on the subject of a fish which builds mounds in the St. Lawrence River. Since that we have received a specimen of the fish from Mr. Geo. L. Davis, Vice-President of the Round Island Park Association at Clayton. It seems that the fish build its quite common at the same angling place among the Thousand Islands. The fish is preserved in fluid, and will be diagnosed at an early day and the result given.

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—The Commission will pursue their summer investigations at Wood's Hole, Mass. The Fish Hawk is now on the way there to pursue the deep sea dredging and the Lobster on its way. Wood's Hole is one of the best points on the north Atlantic coast for collecting specimens, it being the northern limit of the southern, and the southern limit of the northern marine fauna. The Commission have made it headquarters before, and now return to it. Prof. Baird and staff have just arrived there. Prof. Goode will be detained in Washington by his work on the fishery census all summer.

SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—We are having like the Canadians, not a large run of salmon up the Merrimack, but a run of very large salmon. One was brought down the river Saturday which had been killed by some accident, and was found in one of the canals here, which measured thirty-eight inches long. Mr. Powers has taken several very large ones at Plymouth, and placed them in the storage pond.—S. W.

LUMINOUS FLOATS.—A Mr. Archer has patented a luminous float in England. It is painted with a luminous paint which shines like phosphorus after dark. The top of the float is a glass tube filled with the paint and the angler at dusk strikes a match and holds it near the tube, which is then rendered luminous for some time.

A NEW EDITION of "Fly-fishing in Maine Lakes, or Camp Life in the Wilderness," by Charles W. Stevens, has been published by A. Williams & Co., Boston. We noticed the book some weeks ago. The present edition has a plate of colored flies as a frontispiece, and an appendix of five pages.

A BIG NEW YORK TROUT.—PULASKI, N. Y., July 1.—A trout weighing three and three-quarter pounds was taken with a fly yesterday by Dr. Henry W. Caldwell, from the north part of Salmon River.

SPEAKING OF "PLAYING POSTUM," this story, told by Uncle Jerry Greening, of Pike County, Penn., to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, is in order: "They 'n' eute critters, too. Once I shot at one close by an' down he come. I put 'n' in 'n' game bag an' went on, when binobby I shot off 't'other barrel of 'n' gun, when I'll be darn if the bird o'dn't jest fly out of 'n' game bag an' make off for th' woods ez nice ez ye please. Ye see he ledn't be teched by a shot, but knowin' I would shoot 't'other barrel o' 'n' gun sit 'im an' probly get 'im, he jest played 'postum an' waited till I'd emptied 'n' gun an' then off he started lickety-split, an' I hope 't' be chased up by bars of, jest ez I were a lookin' at th' bird when he skipped 't'other barrel of 'n' gun, when I'll be darn if the bird o'dn't jest fly out of 'n' game bag an' make off for th' woods ez nice ez ye please. Ye see he ledn't be teched by a shot, but knowin' I would shoot 't'other barrel o' 'n' gun sit 'im an' probly get 'im, he jest played 'postum an' waited till I'd emptied 'n' gun an' then off he started lickety-split, an' I hope 't' be chased up by bars of, jest ez I were a lookin' at th' bird when he skipped 't'other barrel of 'n' gun, when I'll be darn if the bird o'dn't jest fly out of 'n' game bag an' make off for th' woods ez nice ez ye please. Ye see he ledn't be teched by a shot, but knowin' I would shoot 't'other barrel o' 'n' gun sit 'im an' probly get 'im, he jest played 'postum an' waited till I'd emptied 'n' gun an' then off he started lickety-split, an' I hope 't' be chased up by bars of, jest ez I were a lookin' at th' bird when he skipped 't'other barrel of 'n' gun, when I'll be darn if the bird o'dn't jest fly out of 'n' game bag an' make off for th' woods ez nice ez ye please."

everything was once more lovely, and the fleet to its congratulatory... Among the cabin yachts...

Table with columns: Name, Owner, Length, elapsed, Corrected. Lists yachts like Panlla, J. G. Prigue, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Owner, Length, elapsed, Corrected. Lists yachts like Falcon, W. S. Alley, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Owner, Length, elapsed, Corrected. Lists yachts like Wells, W. Jardine, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Owner, Length, elapsed, Corrected. Lists yachts like Hayden, N. D. Lawton, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Owner, Length, elapsed, Corrected. Lists yachts like Cruiser, A. B. Alley, etc.

Prizes go to Panlla, Schmeier, Fairy, Tnaunt and Cruiser.

SMALL YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have lately been reading some old files of sporting papers...

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CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream: The following gives the result of our regatta, sailed July 4. The course for first and second class yachts was twenty miles, for third class, fifteen miles.

Table with columns: Class, Name, Owner, Measurement, Time. Lists yachts like First Prize-Cygnone, Second-Capoline, etc.

The Gardiner Challenge Cup for first class yachts was again won by the Cygnone of Britton.

The Lulu, one of the fastest of the second class yachts was distinguished by a collision with a barge in the river before the race.

DEATH TRIPS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Allow me to express my satisfaction for the manner in which you have handled the 'death-trip' and 'dead-traps'...

Editor Forest and Stream: I have a design, eride in your eyes doubt, but would like your opinions on proportions...

Editor Forest and Stream: I have a design, eride in your eyes doubt, but would like your opinions on proportions...

WHAT IS A CORINTHIAN?

Editor Forest and Stream: Through I am a member of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, I think their decision in excluding persons making fishing, oystering or any kind of manual labor from Corinthian status, perfectly proper...

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.

In answer to Com. Franklin Beatts, let me say that Mr. A. Cary Smith, Mr. Maxwell and I are in agreement in our opinion...

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.

At the annual regatta of the Nonaal Yacht Club, sailed July 4, at that place, the Whitebeak Lake boat took a severe drench at the hands of the Charlie Morgan, of Oshkosh...

THE "CANOE PILOT."

Following, sent us by Mr. N. H. Bishop, Secretary of the American Canoe Association, should be compiled with at the earliest date possible...

The Association Book of the American Canoe Association is to be issued in August...

LAKE GEORGE CANOE MEET.

For the first time since only between New York, Albany and Glen's Falls, applied immediately to Mr. Charles L. Norton, University Club...

YACHTING NEWS.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUBS.—A match for small boats, open to all comers, was sailed July 7. Course from Club-house, Bay Ridge, to the Rockaway, and back...

light from northwest and tide just of the dock. Pilot took the lead, but Hayden won first place at the Reef, with Corline a d. Pilot followed...

AFTER CRUISING.—Now, here is something like it. The cutter Corfoot, built from designs of Mr. John Hyslop last year, arrived at Halifax July 3...

GOING ABROAD.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. J. B. Herreshoff and family sailed recently in the steamer Persian Monarch for several months' absence in Europe...

KINGSTON RACE.—The Kingston, Ontario, races were sailed July 1, open to all comers, for very liberal prizes offered by the city. Open to yachts under twelve tons...

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—The first championship "regatta" was sailed July 2nd of Quincy Regatta Hill. In second class Clara B. W. B. took the lead...

SEAWANAHKA YACHT CLUB.—Leading Edward Mitchell, Fleet Captain, has issued instructions, by order of the Commodore, postponing the annual club cruise to September...

DRICHERST YACHT CLUB.—At the July meeting the Treasurer reported \$23.00 to the club's credit—all bills paid.

IT PAYS.—Schenectady, N. Y., June 13.—The little "ad." I inserted in your paper has been read from abroad, from almost half the States in the Union.—C. E. S.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rife, Rod and Quo in California," price \$1.50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

Physicians of all schools use and recommend Hop Bitters; take their advice.

Answers to Correspondents.

FOR NO ANSWER TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

B. A. MAYOR.—Please send address to this office.

E. C. Albany, N. Y.—For open seasons in New York see game columns.

F. J. N. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—There is no provision in the New York laws respecting...

G. E. T.—New York.—The gun has a good name, and yours were well. 2. For rail use 2 lbs. powder, 4 oz. No. 12 shot.

READER.—Your description is insufficient to identify the dog. 2. For care of him see recent articles in our kennel column.

F. W. Ware, Lake Ia.—The bird of which you send head and legs is the yellow-necked blackbird, quite common in the West on the prairie and mountains.

A. C. Cogwell.—We have written you at the post office given and the letter has been returned to us. Yes. We would like an account of your Newport trip.

W. H. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—We would suggest that you get Mayhew, or Hill on diseases of the dog. We can furnish either. The first named is 15 cents and the second \$2.50.

S. R. S., Plainfield, N. J.—There is no shooting in Maine during the month of July. 2. To keep your gun from rusting use mixture of one-half best neatfish oil and one-half pure paraffin.

A. E. R., Eaton, N. Y.—It is against the law to shoot swallows and other insectivorous birds in some states unless they are hand-captured according to their laws, but it is optional with each club.

P. H., Grady, Conn.—The following gentlemen held the boats at Natick, 1879: Dr. J. Howard Willets, of Port Elizabeth, N. J.; Mr. William G. Lyon, of Winstow, N. J.; and Mr. Josiah Hibberd of Philadelphia.

HORNOK.—Loon Lake is one of the headwaters of the west branch of the Saranac River. Reached by way of Peaton's, or by train road from Natick. Contains trout, and deer used to be found in the vicinity.

J. G. S., Oregon.—To shoot blackst in choke-bore gun must chamber the shot on a wad at the point of most constriction. If this is properly done, and the right load thus determined, there will be no trouble.

JOHN H.—The only mastiff bitch we know of named Tash is owned by Mr. M. Hatfield, 433 Fifth Avenue. No bitch of that name was exhibited at Philadelphia in 1878, and consequently she did not win a prize there. We have been informed.

SENSELESS.—The "Camp Cottages," described in our issue of July 3, are the original design of the Lake George Park Association. 2. The cottages made to order and ready to be put up, which you have seen advertised in our columns, are constructed by Mr.

A. B. C., 56th St., New York City.—Write to your address and letter will reply. For your residence was closed. Address Mr. Harry Hyslop, de E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Secretary Rose Tree Hunt, care of John H. Riser, Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, and A. B. C. of New York City.

G. C. West Elizabeth, Pa.—You give us no data to found an opinion upon. We should know the highest summer temperature and the amount of flow. If your pond will not get warmer than 70 degrees in summer, you are not getting the best of the water. If you are getting the best of any of our trout breeders and for the latter to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

W. H. D., Allston, Mass.—As a rule dogs do not have teeth at birth. When about one month old, temporary teeth appear. In the course of a short time the temporary teeth give way. The coming of the permanent teeth commences at the age of four months. In the case of the dog, the permanent teeth are usually fully in place at sixteen months of age. The milk teeth are complete. Perhaps up to about a year old there is not much difference in telling the age of the dog by the teeth. The milk teeth on the gum will give you all the latest information regarding firearms. We can furnish both books.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished. KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, \$1 per pair. KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best. KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest. KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate. KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties. KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$5. KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$5.50. KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union. KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST. Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co., 1631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

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Each one of these publications, in its peculiar field, has no superior in America or Europe.

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HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, NEW YORK.



Any one can take Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It is most agreeable to the taste. Some medicines are really offensive, and the stomach rejects them. This can be taken by children. It will purge gently; cure constitutional constiveness; eradicate affections of the liver; remove healthily the cause of rheumatism; brace up the nervous system without creating nausea or vomiting.

HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to UPPIEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.

66 Pine St., New York.

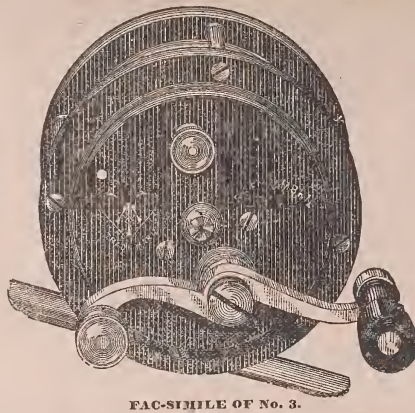
Field Cover, and Trap Shooting.

BY A. H. BOGARDUS.

Price, \$2.

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For sale by all first-class dealers. None genuine without the name of "ABBEY & IMBRIE, N. Y.," STAMPED ON DISC.



FAC-SIMILE OF No. 3.

THE "IMBRIE" BLACK BASS REEL.

STEEL PIVOT AND CUP-CENTER ACTION, MULTIPLYING, ADJUSTABLE CLICK.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

- No. 1—Masking Size, - - \$10
No. 2—Black Bass Size, large, - 14
No. 3—Black Bass Size, medium, - 12
No. 4—Black Bass Size, small, - 11

Now is the Time to Order

TENTS, AWNINGS & FLAGS.



Tents of all kinds for Sportsmen, Naturalists and Photographers, also for Camp Meetings. Fancy Tents for families made to order. Awnings of all kinds for Dwellings, Boats, etc. also Yacht and Boat Sails. Flags and Banners of all kinds made to order.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers.



Also, all kinds of Glass work done to order. Catalogue free of charge by Mail. 35 WALKER ST., NEW YORK.

Wanted.

TO SPORTSMEN—A gentleman who has the exclusive right of shooting over a large marsh on Lake St. Clair, adjoining in wild ducks of all kinds, and over a large area of adjacent country well stocked with quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and a few wild turkeys, is anxious to find two or three gentlemen of means to join him in sharing the expense of housekeeping and preserving.

For Sale.

SHOT GUN FOR SALE—12-gauge, 3 1/2 in. barrels, No. 4 weight, 2 or less than a lbs., right-hand barrel slightly left case choked; solid firing pins, horn heel plate, rebounding 1-cks, extension 1 1/2 inch grade, coating on all margins to solvent 325 and in perfect order; an A1 shooter. I will take \$55 for the gun, which offers a rare bargain to any one wanting a genuine piece of this description.

FOR SALE, J. P. Clabrough & Bros. B. L. S. G., 1233055/1433 laminated barrels; used two seasons; excellent shooter and in good order.

FOR SALE, shooting outfit of the late T. D. Gladstone: One Parker B. L. 30 in. No. 12 5/8 lbs.; very superior gun; leather gun cases, brass shells, etc., etc. Also, one superior bluish puppy, 3 mrs. old; color black and white; bred out of Mr. Foster's (of Morrisville, N. C.) Blue Spots, by A. H. Moor's (of Philadelphia) Roderick-bred stock in the U. S. Address N. J. DEMAREST, No. 1455 Broadway, N. Y., or Newark, N. J. July 14, 92.

FOR SALE, one Parker Brov. B. L. 10 G., 30 in. full choke, P. G., 14 in. stock, 3 in. drop, 8 lbs.; used but once; separated in perfect condition and a nice, hard shooter. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUARE, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. July 14, 92.

FOR SALE, a fine Open Yacht, 21 1/2'; at present cat-rigged; has a s' rigging for sloop; model of the best; able and fast; price reasonable. Address E. F. POWERS, Lansingburgh, N. Y. July 14, 92.

A CANOE

In complete order for sale at W. M. FOWLER'S, 100 Chambers Street, City. JUNE 28, 92

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Eccl. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

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Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.



Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1891.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1891. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$5 additional to nil. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1891.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$250; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to nil. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1891. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES, Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prizes to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1891.

J. OTO DONNEL, Secretary. P. O. Box 974, New York City. Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

SIMPSON'S NEW FISHING-TACKLE CASE.

A want long felt for by Sportsmen. All Anglers will acknowledge that the most vexatious thing that can happen him is to have his spoons, Hooks and Lines all tangled up. This case will prevent any such disaster, as it is so arranged that the most careless fisherman can keep his Tackle in shape. They are made of the best material and handsomely ornamented and furnished with a lock and key. This case is approved of by the practical piscatorial professors who have investigated its p. racticality.

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CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. THREE KINGS. NEW VANITY FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS.

For All Kinds of Fishing.

With best German silver mountings, full metal reel seat, perfect workmanship, lowest prices, and THE BEST RODS EVER OFFERED TO ANGLERS.

Manufactured by

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36 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Sent for Price List. Liberal Discount to the Trade.

CAMP LIFE IN FLORIDA.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Price \$150.

The Kennel.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steedman's Flea Powder for Dogs... A BANE TO FLEAS—A BORN TO DOGS.

Area Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY.

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"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed.

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Setters and Pointers thoroughly field broken.

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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Foxes, etc., to any destination.

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For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock.

Pointers For Sale.

BRANDYWINE KENNEL.

DASHING LION IN THE STUD.

BENEDICT.

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rorry O'More in the stud.

WINTERS, Carlo, Thomas County, Georgia.

PARRA'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangleys Lakes Region.

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1875). No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 8, 1875).

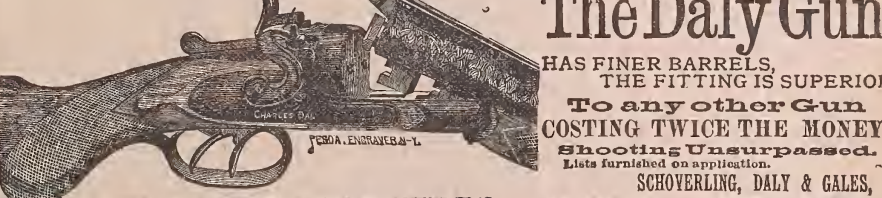
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J. B. CROOK & CO., MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS, AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS.



ALFRED'S YEW BOWS: Gents, \$18 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALFRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz; Ladies, \$9 per doz.

N. B.—Nothing but first-class goods sold at this Establishment.



AGENTS FOR CARD'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP. Forward's Steel Head Shells—Quality guaranteed.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, the following stock at reasonable prices: Shot, orange and white setter dog; half Laverack; broken on all game; age, four years.

ELM GROVE KENNELS.—The Elm Grove kennel is the place where your dogs can get a good education for work and daily exercise.

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.—If you want a good dog to work this fall for a small price, or a good puppy from June, by Nat, address F. S. KELLEY, New Bedford, Mass.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, my setter bitch May C., two years old; is thoroughly broken on all game birds and works splendidly on snipe.

A BARGAIN.—Not wishing to raise any more A pups this summer, I offer the two pure Gordon setter bitch pups at not one-quarter their value.

GORDON SETTERS.—A few young litters from the "Tilley" Kennel to dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. V. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Lewtstone, England, late owner of Champion, Lawton's Bantam, Lady, Col. J. G. Gordon, Pontoon, Miss. Address THE GORDON SETTER KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island.

FOR SALE, my setter bitch May C., two years old; is thoroughly broken on all game birds and works splendidly on snipe.

The Kennel.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 (by Ogilby's champion Bush, ex-Livermore's Rose, by imported champion Stamboul, winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins' Island, Nov. 26, 1880; V. H. G. in open class, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. R. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches.

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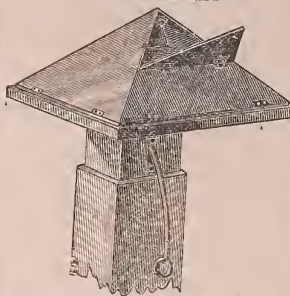
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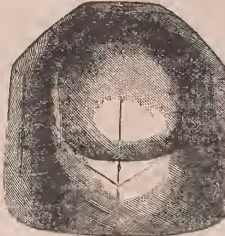
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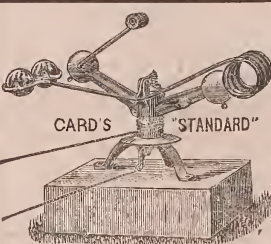


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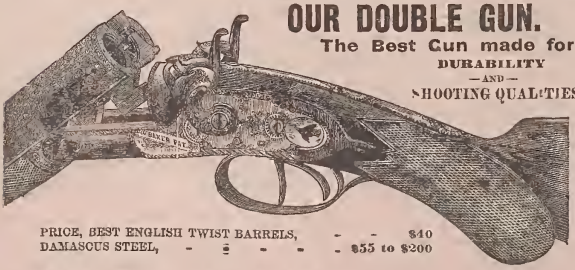
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 21.

THE BERLIN FISHERY EXHIBITION.

WE have received Part II. of the Official Report of the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, 1880—"The Sea Fisheries, by Dr. M. Lindemann," from the press of Paul Parey, Berlin. It is an octavo of 244 pages, printed on heavy paper in clear type and illustrated. As a specimen of typography it is elegant. The illustrations are good, but some glaring errors in either the drawing or the naming are apparent. Fig. 117, labelled "a schooner smack from Mainz," is evidently an oyster boat, such as is used in the vicinity of Boston. Fig. 128, a diagram of a purse-net boat, has a large unknown to purse-netters. The artist has mistaken an umbrella anchor for an implement to hoist the bag of a purse-net. The accompanying quite comical in Fig. 134, where a perspective view of the working of the net by means of this umbrella anchor is given, with the men in position, heaving away on the lines, whose attachment to the net exists only in the imagination of the artist. In other respects the report on the sea fisheries of the different countries, as far as we can judge, is a very good one. It includes the exhibits of boats and nets, together with oyster dredging and some appliances for curing fish, but does not cover the whole ground of the immense exhibit of sea-fishing implements exhibited at Berlin, where every form of knife, tool, harpoon, clothing, rig of boat, implements for curing fish and the thousands of things pertaining to the sea fisheries were exhibited. The factual report was so complete that we confess to a feeling of disappointment in this. The different reports will be uniform and are for sale by the publisher named and will be a handsome souvenir of the exhibition.

ONE PHASE OF THE WASHINGTON ASSAULT.

THE divinity that doth hedge about a king, according to the great dramatist, seems to be playing an important part in recent Washington occurrences. The would-be assassin of President Garfield was not, according to all accounts, troubled by any "Back-fever." He kept a wonderfully cool head and steady aim when he fired at short range into a vital part. The chances were overwhelmingly in favor of the shooter accomplishing his murderous end, yet our President lives on, a contradiction to the opinions of men who declared he had received a death-wound, and affording a text for the discussions which have been going on for the past fortnight on the arms of various sorts.

The talk upon the subject of pistols and their effectiveness has brought out some very curious assertions from men in a position to know whereof they were talking, and their talk seemed to show conclusively that they had not improved their opportunities. The weapon used, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, was a five-chambered, self-cocking "British Bull Dog." It has a nominal calibre of .44, though that seems to be the measurement of the chamber and not of the barrel. It was of course not known as a military weapon, but belonged to that large class of noisy, dangerous pieces of mechanism which are turned out in such vast quantities each year for, if we may so term it, "amateur" consumption, to be sold to those who have either no experience with firearms or only a still more dangerous smattering of knowledge on the subject. The advantages of this particular arm in the eyes of the wretch who used it was its large calibre, and when fired off, the amount of racket kicked up by it. Its disadvantages, which he entirely overlooked, was that it was badly arranged for a secure grip; that its short barrel of 2½ inches did not suffice for the consumption of all the twenty grains of powder used, and that in so short a space the rifling was practically inoperative, making the weapon really a smooth bore, and that the slight initial velocity secured gave the bullet very small penetrating power.

Listening to the many remarks made by military men about the national capital on this subject, we were surprised by the curious conclusions drawn from simple data. When it was announced that a .44-calibre pistol had been used, the insufficient conclusion was at once reached and the wrong opinion expressed by men holding responsible positions in the regular army, that it was the most dangerous one that could have been chosen. Gen. Sherman was very much impressed by the noise which the shots made, and argued from that fact alone that it was a very destructive mechanism. It did indeed create a great hubbub, his discharge being louder than that of a long-range rifle burning up to 110 grains of powder, but in this case the comparatively silent piece sends a bullet with an initial velocity of 1,700 feet per second, while 700 feet is the calculated velocity in the other case.

Another official, holding one of the most influential offices in the War Department, got the crochets into his head that there was a point at some distance from the muzzle where the bullet had a greater velocity than it had on leaving the weapon—in other words, he disregarded the well-known fact that from the moment of starting on its journey every influence brought to bear on the flying bullet is of a retarding nature, and that there is no reservoir of force anywhere about the bullet to be expended while it is en route, and yet this officer was reckless enough to say that he regarded it as fortunate that the victim was close to his assailant, since "if he had been standing at that point of greatest velocity, the destructive effect would have been more marked."

It was not until a systematic examination of the question was made by a civilian that any accurate knowledge was shed on the subject. Mr. A. A. Ade, of the Columbia Rifle Association, with the fund of information he possesses as one of the foremost riflemen of the country, expressed opinions only as they were based on experience, and very soon determined that the choice of weapon made by the assassin was about as poor as could have been made, since the low initial velocity of the ball made it an easy matter for clothing and tissue to check its course and turn it from its way inward. Mr. Ade's experiments brought prominently forward a fault common to many classes of firearms, and especially in such rule-of-thumb constructions as pistols, that

no attempt is made to establish any sort of relation between the burning capacity of the pistol and the amount of powder in the cartridge, and this again in relation to the weight of lead used. The British bull-dog, according to the outcome of civilian examinations made upon it and in direct contradiction to official off-hand verdicts upon it, seems better adapted for barking than biting, and that it should be dear to those who believe in the Chinese tom-tom style of warfare, where noise is an important element in determining a battle. The point of real interest to the public, outside of the main issue of the shooting, is that we have in high positions under our War Department men whose knowledge of firearms is so meagre that such opinions as those mentioned above should ever have been uttered.

ABATE THE PISTOL NUISANCE.

THE fatal toy pistol did its deadly work as usual last Fourth of July. The reports of fingers blown off, cases of lockjaw and deaths are not all in yet, but the number of victims will count up many scores, and the record is sufficiently bad as it is.

One way to abate the plague would be for our legislators to stop their antics at Albany, and pass a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of such toys. Another wise move would be to indict the manufacturers for manslaughter and send them to prison. And while about it, the legislators of this State and of other States ought to pass a law prohibiting the sale to, or possession by, a minor, of any kind of pistol, save under clearly defined conditions. No law of this kind is necessary so far as our reputable gun dealers are concerned, for they already exercise due discretion in selling pistols to boys. There are altogether too many bulging hip-pockets on our streets. The murderous arms borne by crazy Giteaux and city gutter thugs are evidences of something radically wrong in the brains or hearts of these fellows, and the sooner society snuffs out the fire from their eyes by removing the pistol from their pockets the sooner will our daily papers cease to be filled with accounts of these fatal accidents and murderous assaults.

There are laws now on the statute books relating to the carrying of concealed weapons, but it usually happens that a man is never punished for violating these laws until after he has put his infernal machine into use. Our police manage to capture the pistol only after it has been discharged and flung away. Three out of every five gamins in the street have some kind of a crazy old firearm concealed upon their persons; and there are shops in Chatham street which make a specialty of supplying the tools. Some means ought to be devised to check this pistol nuisance. When the Albany legislators get through discussing skunk protocol and pecking through key-holes, let us hope they will take up the toy pistol and the revolver.

TROUT FOR THE FISHERY CENSUS.—Prof. G. Brown Goode wrote to Mr. E. G. Blackford for a good specimen of a trout from which to make an original drawing to illustrate the census report. Mr. Blackford asked the South Side Club for some. We happened to be in Fulton Market when they arrived. There were three, all males, weighing one pound fourteen and a half ounces, one pound and eleven ounces, and two pounds and one ounce, respectively. They were quite high colored, but as an old male trout is not graceful, and has hard lines about his head, which is long, we did not admire them much. Mr. Blackford will send for some females and let Prof. Goode take his choice.

ENCOURAGING MEN TO BREAK THE LAW.—The "official organ of the Market Protective Association," of this city, and late "official organ" of a sportsmen's association, shamelessly incites its patrons to violate the laws relating to trapped birds when, in giving directions for shipping to market wild turkeys, wild ducks, prairie chickens, woodcock and quail, it says:

"The freight on trapped birds is no more than on others, and those shot or otherwise mutilated not only bring a low price, but are apt to spoil, and by their more rapid decomposition cause the others to smell badly, thus injuring those who are packed with more than the value of the mutilated birds. If they must be sent, they should be put in separate packages. Which is to say, that the marketmen want trapped birds in

preference to those which are shot. Now what becomes of all the high moral ground assumed when they were trying to spring the "refrigerator amendment" on us? We do not know how much of an "official organ" of anything this market journal may be, but if its attitude on the trapped bird business, as indicated in the paragraph quoted, is the stand taken by the marketmen in general, we may well understand the necessity of a "protective association." Trapped birds—and out of season at that—are to be had at the markets, and game bird eggs for that matter. Will this market journal tell us how game birds' eggs should be packed for shipping to market?

WIMBLEDON.—During the present week the annual meeting upon Wimbledon Common continues, and to-day the Elcho Shield will be again contested for. The weather has been very hot, but the shooting has been up to a good standard and there is no suggestion yet of any crooked marking, such as created such a scandal last year. Mr. Hyde is still in England and is making himself prominent at the meeting. The Canadian visitors were well received and were well satisfied with their preliminary practice. By next week's issue we shall be able to give more detailed accounts of the shooting.

THE ROBBER'S ISLAND CLUB members propose to build summer residences on the island. Gravel has been sowed for the quail, of which there promises to be a good supply for the field trials.

The *Traveler* is a weekly paper published by C. A. O'Rourke, at the office of the N. Y. City Press Association, 115 Nassau street. The paper is not very old, but it is an assured success, as it was from the first issue. It is an indispensable guide for all who go by rail or sea.

CLAY PIGEON PRIZES.—As will be seen in our advertising columns, the manufacturers of the clay pigeon will award a number of prizes for excellence in shooting at their new substitutes for live pigeons. The conditions, rules, etc., will be published in our next issue.

To PROVIDE against losses attendant upon accident and physical injury is the act of a wise man; and we know of no better method of doing this than by taking out a policy with the Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Company. We are familiar with the history and character of the company, and can endorse it in the most unqualified terms.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTRIM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER—CONCLUDED.

OUR excursion for trout up Cedar River had been laid out for the next day, and accordingly we were astir long before the young eagles across the lake said a word about approaching daylight. The Scribe felt indisposed, or had a premonition of what was to come, and said "he believed he would stay in camp and look after an accumulation of bile"—laziness, Jim called it—"that was a pestifer' of him."

Jim and I had, however, made up our minds to have trout for supper, and taking the small boat and our tackle went to the foot of the lake and down Intermediate River a mile or more till we struck an old log road, used only in winter, leading through the swamp, another mile or more to the main road on the "had land." This we followed till we came to the "witless" tree at the intersection of the township lines, where Cutler's instructions said, "Go due south 80 rods, and you will find Cedar River." A farmer who happened along put us on the right track, and as it was just a mile to the river, and when we reached the stream we were satisfied he had a higher regard for the truth, or a better knowledge of distances than our friend Cutler.

Striking into the township road, which was a mere trail, a half mile brought us to the brow of a high hill, and down this the devil's path led us through a heavy wood to the edge of the swamp, through which flowed the river we were in search of. Across the swamp, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, a corduroy had been constructed, and two rude bridges of logs and poles scarcely two feet above the water, spanned the stream, which was here in two branches and separated by a strip of swamp a few yards wide. The stream itself, what we could see of it, was beautifully clear and cold, and after our tramp through the hot woods a copious draught of its icy water refreshed us wonderfully. Between the two bridges we "camped" and prepared for the sport.

We had been told it would be useless to try to use fine tackle, as the "fresh" was so thick we would be sure to break our rods getting through it along the stream, and fly-casting was utterly out of the question except in a very few spots where there were no fish.

We had, therefore, taken with us a couple of light game poles, nine or ten feet long, and tied to each of them the same length, ho-ks, and a good chunk of lead to hold the bait "level" in the rapid water, and a dozen or more muskels (cl. ms., the natives call them) for bait. Muskels are easily procured in the shallow water along the shores around the islands, and in shallow places in the rivers. Plant your boat over them, and with a switch four or five feet long, slip them to that point, you may get a dozen in as many minutes without getting wet. They lie partly buried in the sand with the shell usually open an eighth to a quarter of an inch, and into this opening poke your sharp need stick and they at once close it with a grip so firm that you may pull them from the sand and gravel when half buried, and lift them into the boat.

The buff colored, tough strip next the thin edges of the shell (the "foot" of the mussel) makes famous trout bait,

and bass and pickerel take it with good relish when nothing better offers.

Jim was so eager to take his first trout that he baited his hook and wormed his way through the bushes three or four rods below and began to fish, while I dashed cutting up the bank. He said he had heard so much about the delights of trout fishing that he wanted to get at it right away! and astonished the first "smarty" of a trout that went for his claim, by the easy and graceful manner in which he would he yanked from his native element. He had read up on "speckled beauties," and the thrills of ecstasy that chase each other through one's frame while playing one of the forward s. b's, and he wanted to go back home and tell his friends that he had been thralled that "kotolin" trout was no great shakes after all. Five minutes after he disappeared in the bushes and I heard a heavy splash in the water below, but thinking he had stepped on a rotten log which had broken and fallen into the stream, I paid no further attention to it.

A few minutes later the bushes parted and a discouraged, shiftless looking object stepped out on the corduroy dripping with water and listlessly dragging a fish pole after it. It was the frame of Jim, collapsed and shrunken. His pallid face, from which all color had fled, looked ghastly, and with chattering teeth and a sickly grin that tried hard to reach from one side of his full grown countenance to the other, he jerked out, "first trout—to get; thrills, and chills—pleas'ly 'enuf" and he heard so much about the delights of trout fishing that he wanted to get at it right away! and astonished the first "smarty" of a trout that went for his claim, by the easy and graceful manner in which he would he yanked from his native element. He had read up on "speckled beauties," and the thrills of ecstasy that chase each other through one's frame while playing one of the forward s. b's, and he wanted to go back home and tell his friends that he had been thralled that "kotolin" trout was no great shakes after all. Five minutes after he disappeared in the bushes and I heard a heavy splash in the water below, but thinking he had stepped on a rotten log which had broken and fallen into the stream, I paid no further attention to it.

While he unglued his pockets of soaked matches, smoking tobacco, plug ditto, box of fishhooks, pipe, knife, cigars, etc., and spread them on a split log in the road to dry, I leaned up against the shattered stump of an old cedar and—"treated." A few minutes in the broiling sun took the chill out of him and stopped the shudder of his teeth sufficiently for him to tell how the same about a dozen or more of the looking pool forty or fifty yards below the road, which, judging from what he had read about trout streams, ought to be a good place for fish.

The stream was about fifteen feet wide and four or five feet deep, and directly across it at the deepest part of the moss-covered trunk of an old cedar, the greater part of it under water, lay a log about the size of a broom handle. I saw a flash dart from under it, and a smart tag at his line told him that he had a "bite." Thrill number one (with the ecstasy). A fierce jerk wound line, hook and sniker around a branch eight feet overhead that hung over the middle of the stream, without the trout. All efforts to loosen it (from the bank) were fruitless, and the only way he saw to reach it was from the log above the pool. Slipping cautiously out on the log, one foot of limb (about six inches in diameter that projected from the trunk straight up the stream, and pulling the branch down with the line in one hand, reached for the hook with the other. He was a few inches short, and taking another short step out on the limb, he stretched for it again, and just as he touched the branch the bark on the limb slipped, and he went backward his full length into the icy water. Thrill number two (ceasing left).

He did not stop to examine the formation of the bottom, but coming to the surface with a snort, reached for his hat, which had floated off, clambered up on the log and backed to the bank, still hanging out to his pole. He said the first sensation he felt when he struck the water was that it was hoiling hot, and the next that all the blood in him had rushed to his heart and frozen there in a moment. He was a few minutes before he could get his bearings, and he came skulking through the brush back to the road with his carrying capacity taxed to the utmost limit, with wrath and suppressed profanity, which broke loose in full volume as he waded up in the sun. This little show spoiled the fishing in that pool, and it was the best looking piece of water we found during the day. Stripping off his pants and woolen overshirt, we wrung them out and spread them on the log, clean logs and poles forming the road, Jim meantime seeking the shade of a friendly bush to ponder on the uncertain tenure of rotten bark on a moss-covered cedar limb, and group together the different "thrills" he had experienced in his first half hour's trout fishing.

I took my way up stream to try my luck, leaving him to his solitary watch on his fast drying raiment and his reflections.

After floundering through an almost impenetrable tangle of brush and fallen trees for three-quarters of an hour, occasionally finding a place where I could get to the water, I returned to the road with a trout of half a pound to find Jim getting into his nearly dry clothes, and ready to again try the temperature of Cedar River, if it got in his way. "No went into the water," he said, "I was in the water at Saunatum on the way, Jim stopping a moment to shake his clenched hand at his hook dangling from the branch over the water. Every step of our way was impeded by bushes and branches sweeping the ground, through which we pushed and struggled, dragging our rods after us. Trees and brush, bushes and trees, upright trees, leaning trees, fallen trees, crossed and tangled, barred our way, and our logs here and there, covered with moss, green and rotting, helped to fill up the measure of our discomfort. Overhead the thick branches kept out the sun's rays, except at rare openings along the stream. Once in a while we would find an opening to the water and poke our rods through it over the stream to try for a rise between the logs and limbs and fallen trees that covered the water like a tangled spider's web, in places a tangled mass, over, and under, and partly over, and partly under, of every color and direction. Frequently, as we forced our weary way along the low banks, we would step on a patch of soft green moss and plunge a foot or two into the ley water, where the current had eaten under the bank, leaving only the treacherous carpet of moss as a lure for the feet of the unwary angler, and it was at such little mishaps that Jim's wonderful command of language—not in the books—came into play every time he fell. "Dreadful! Dreadful! Dreadful!" he would be called back in the rear to let the water run out of his boot, and as he rubbed his off eye where a spruce branch had swished into it as I passed ahead, a few fragments caught my ear, such as "Delights of trout fishing—glorious sport—fell in the stream—broiled in the sun—both signs pedicled—boots full of ice-water—one eye knocked out with a 'fresh'—back bro—" Here a heavy log, or a rotten tree trunk, or the drift of his trousers as I tripped over a root and measured my length in a nice bed of soft, black mud.

After fishing every available spot of water for half-a-mile without a nibble, we were convinced that Jim had polluted the water to such an extent when he fell in that all the trout that were not paralyzed had taken refuge in their deepest and most remote hiding places. We sat down on a log to rest, and Jim swore a highly polluting oath, and wouldn't do a step further for all the trout that could find breathing-

room in Lake Michigan, and, striking the "bit of his rod a foot into the sock at his feet, clinched it with, "There, thank you! Steeze there till some other lunatic comes along and pulls you out! Let's go to camp."

Avoiding the windings of the stream, we worked our way through the woods to the foot of the first island that is a few yards from the bridge over the south branch. "Disliking to go back to camp and face the Scribe without a mess of trout, I prevailed on Jim to wait and rest while I went up the stream to where I took the half-pounder.

The character of the swamp above the road was much the same as below, if anything a trifle worse. At very few places could I see more than three or four feet of water on account of the overhanging limbs and bushes, but I caught a fish in the south branch for an eighth of a mile, I took eight beautifully marked fish of nearly the same size as the first one, and lost twice as many more for want of room to handle them. I. Some of them I lifted a foot or two from the water, only to see them shake clear of the hook and fall back in the stream. One hungry fellow took the bait six times, and was twice lifted a foot or more out of the water. The sixth time, the hook buried itself over the barb, and by sliding the rod back of me through the bushes I got hold of the line and dragged him out on the bank. In fact this mode of landing them was the rule and not the exception.

I am aware it was an unsportsmanlike way of taking a trout, and a fly-fisher looking on would have smiled at the procedure, but had the boat been on four feet of water, I would probably have done as I did, or gone back to camp troutless. The fish were not at all shy; on the contrary, some of them would take the bait four and five times while I stood in plain sight. To fish this stream—at least where we fished it—a short, stiff rod and a stout line and hook are necessary with which to yank them out from between the logs and from under rotten logs, and to get my line to whip about most of the next day, I must have had a stout line and hook, and at these places, he had, excellent sport might be had with both bait and fly, but he carelessly failed to apprise me of this fact till the day before I was ready to break camp. Score one for brother Johnson.

I am satisfied that the stream is full of trout, but whoever should find it so, he had better be ready in his mind that it is not going to a picnic, but to a day's hard, laborious work. A lusty shout from below and a glance at the sun through a rift in the foliage warned me it was time to quit if we were to make camp before dark. Back to the road once more, I found Jim enjoying a quiet smoke—his tobacco and matches having thoroughly dried in the hot sun—and impatient to get started, going back to the boat and hooking my shoes to the bank, and walking a mile to the weary tramp, but first a sight of the little river gladdened our eyes and put new life into our tired legs. A vigorous use of the oars took us to camp at sundown, and a few minutes later our trout were crowding out the smell of bass and pickerel from two sputtering, sizzling frying-pans over the fire. So ended the Editor's first day after trout.

The next morning, at the lake with my old friends, the bass and longfaces, with whom I had many sharp and frequent differences. The boys spent the forenoon in studying over and preparing for a contemplated trip down the lakes to Traverse City, back up the bay to Charlevoix, up Pine Lake to the mouth of the Boyne, stage to Boyne Falls, and from there to Petoskey by rail. In the afternoon they went to a sail and a boat, and had a picnic on the island, and with the middle and top joints of a bass rod, and four or five feet of a light line, had some rare sport with the sunfish. Around the islands and along the shores of these lakes near and among the rushes are countless thousands of these game little fellows, from an inch to seven and eight inches in length, and they lie eagerly at anything in the shape of bait. They are clean, bright, and when the wind blows the pond, taking them, which is the prime consideration, they diffuse a very "comfortful odor" from a well regulated frying-pan.

After supper the question of breaking camp was taken up and disposed of. I had my choice of breaking up, sending the traps with the camp boy to the R. R. to be shipped home, and join them on their trip, or stay, fish out my remaining time, and then go home. I had no objection as I had come just a purpose to fish. Breakfast over next morning, the boys packed a small gipsack with a box of cigars and a paper collar, and waited for one of the Cutler boys to come over with his boat and take them to Central Lake, whence they were to cross over to Russell's and wait for the steamer for Elk Rapids. While they waited I went up the lake and fished till I came along a long bank, and when the boys packed the paper collar, I dismissed them to Long Point, and I saw them no more till we met at home.

When they were really gone, having my man Friday ready to hand in the person of "Johnnie," I felt a little Crucosish, but that night about 10 o'clock a party of four young fellows arrived from Chicago for a week's fishing, and knocked all my sentiment and solitude into the lake, and I drifted gladly back into the old, pleasant relations with the fish, the eagles, the loons, the kingfishers and the muskrats.

Next day I took, with eight others, the largest small-mouthed black bass that we got out the trip, but was unable to get his weight, as the Scribe had locked the scale in his trunk and taken the key with him. He was three inches longer and an inch deeper in front of the dorsal than the one that weighed 6 1/2 lbs., and I firmly believed he would have weighed 10 or 11 lbs. "Right on!" I said.

Somewhat, it is nearly always the case that when one lands his biggest fish there is no scale at hand to get his weight, and it is also a well-known fact that the fish is sure to benefit by it in the matter of avoidpoups, but herein is one of the chief comforts of the honest angler, for besides gratifying a natural propensity to tell a fish story, it affords a characteristic advantage in not taking a mean advantage of anything, not even a fish, to make it appear smaller than it really is.

I gave him, with a dozen others, to three neighbor boys—shavers of ten to fourteen years who had fallen into the praiseworthy habit of picking a tin full of ripe, red raspberries every afternoon, and bringing them over to us in the evening, and I am certain the friendly relations existing between us were not in the least disturbed by not knowing the exact weight of that fish.

The last four days of my stay I tried a new bait, suggested by using a trout fin, and the result was most astonishing. It was simply the half of the caudal fin of a 3 or 4 lb. pickerel. Select a bright-colored fin, leaving enough flesh and skin on to afford a firm hold for the hook, and troll with it in the water. The bait does not sink, but floats on the surface of the water like a spoon, but dodges from side to side in a crazy, erratic sort of way, and if there is a longface in

sight he makes a dash for it without waiting to ask, "What have we here?" It is the most killing luro for pickerel I ever need, and I verily believe that had I been allowed I could have taken a hundred of them in a day's fishing. I have seen a large bass with these pieces of fin, but it seems to be one particular strain of long-faces have been looking after, for I these many years.

After taking eight or ten fish with the half of a fin, it becomes worn and split by their teeth till it is useless. Select another one which has the stripes of rusty black, dull red and orange well defined, and repeat till you are worn out handling them.

Of the two kinds of bass in this lake, the large and the small-mouthed, they are identified with the *Micropterus paludis* and *M. salmoides*, described by G. Gill. They are game to the last gasp, especially the small-mouthed ones, and I had more keen sport and high enjoyment handling a dozen of the largest ones, than with all the pickerel I took, although it is rare fun to wear out and gaff a ton or twelve pound longface. There may be better sport than black bass fishing, but the writer seeks it not, neither the small-mouthed nor the large-mouthed. Contentment arises and goes forth with the bass fisher. The angler and his dog go with him through the day; and it abideth with him even unto the falling of the shadows of the evening, and unto the closing of the day. True game, noble and glorious is the black bass; the peer of all his fellows of the waters, and as the craft begins to appreciate his qualities, he takes a step to the front each year as the future game fish of the North and West. No many years, till he will fill his tail in the face of the last *Salmo fontinalis* of these regions, unless a law is passed and enforced, to punish the murderers of innocent fingerlings, and to better protect the forests that give life to the streams.

Friday morning and time to break camp came all too soon, and I prepared to leave the little green island and go back to the smoke, and dirt and din of the "Paris of America" with many genuine regrets. The Cutler boys came over early in the day to help me up, and by ten o'clock the sun had dried the dew out of the mud and fly and everything was ready to put aboard the boats.

This time, we used two boats and made but one trip, by lashing the boats together about three feet apart with some loose boards, and loading the bulkier boxes on top as a deck load, leaving room at each side to handle an oar.

One of the Cutler boys had engaged to take us to Manelonon. He had promised a better way of getting out from the lake than to go by Detroit, and believing they could not do a worse way, I swallowed the bait eagerly and wished afterward I hadn't. Our point of debarkation—the only place for a goodly distance along the east shore where a wagon could get to the water—was near the mouth of our little stream at a "landing" where a corduroy road had been made through the swamp from the hard land to the lake side. The Cutler was waiting for us with a new wagon and a yoke of sleek, powerful young steers—a team that did not promise much speed, but they proved sure and reliable in mucky places and wearisome, knee-deep sand hills that we found on the way. I am sure a pair of ordinary horses would have stuck in some quagmire or left us hard and fast on a sand hill somewhere on that infernal road, and I was thankful before the end was reached that we had the patient, plodding mules, and a careful driver to handle them, in the person of the little Cutler. When the wagon was loaded, with head uncovered, I made a profound bow to the little lake, said good-bye to Pap Cutler, who stayed behind to care for the boats, and bade adieu to the "laughing waters of Intermidiata."

We stopped a few minutes at Cutler's house—which, with his outbuildings, make up the town of Lake Shore, post office and all—to get an axe and a log chain, to be used in case we should have to cut away a fallen tree from across the road or meet with a mishap in the line. The beautiful, good, naturally Mother Cutler filled the writer up with cool, fresh buttermilk, for which he confesses a special weakness, and at 12 m. Willard said, "Come, boys," to his pets, and we were fairly in for a drive, or rather tramp, of fifteen miles over a road that would develop profanity in a wooden Indian.

It is not enough to say that road that there may be a few more in Michigan, or somewhere, that are as good. We walked nearly all the way, because we could not stay on the wagon without being tied on.

Five miles from the station we crossed Cedar River, stopping awhile to rest the tired cattle and our nearly played-out legs. Here we cooled the red-hot inner man and boy with copious draughts from the limpid stream, and went on our way, tired with the vigor and cold water. About three miles further on we stopped at a farm house to get a drink from a well 163 feet deep, and, judging from the extreme coldness of the water, it must have had direct underground communication with the deepest and coldest pool of Cedar River.

From here into town the road was better, and we managed to stay on the wagon, greatly to the relief of our weary legs and the tired disgust of Willard's "boy."

An hour before sundown we drove up to the depot, thankful that it was all over, and after checking the baggage and billing the camp furniture through as freight, I dropped in on Charley Persons, of the Manelonon House, to scour up and see how many of his 32 calibre biscuits it would take, flanked by a 2x4 beefsteak, to fill a good sized area of crying emptiness, somewhere in the region below the diaphragm. In twenty minutes after the call to supper I had a waiter girl distracted and the general Persons ready to make an assignment. Appetites? Well, yes! Northern Michigan is full of 'em.

When the biscuits gave out the waiter-girl folded up her exhausted frame into a chair, and Persons and I adjourned outside to laugh at the antics of a young bear cub chained to a stake in the yard.

The train soon came along at 11:05, and half an hour after I was carried up into my seat, and as I awoke and framing I was back on the sparkling lake with the bass and longfaces, and the lous and kingfishers.

Before reeling up this "hundred yard, hard twisted tale of many kinds," I wish to say a word about the G. R. & I. R. R. and its management, as affecting sportsmen.

First, there is no region in the country as easy of access as by this road that will afford the trout and bass fisher better or more abundant sport. The "Six Lakes" chain is literally filled with bass and pickerel, and several of the streams being as good as the best of trout and bass, fair sprinkling of that "silvery beauty of the gorgeous dorsal," the American grayling.

The region around Petoskey is perhaps as good, but there are too many people there during the season. Everybody—

his uncles and his aunts and his aunt's sisters—goes there, till "the woods are full of 'em." They camp out, and they stay at the hotels, and they overrun the country, and they fish, and they don't fish—mostly don't. If you want solitude—and what true lover of the rod and reel does not?—If you want to have a private talk with Nature, you had best being interrupted or jostled by a crowd, go to the Six Lakes; if you don't, go to Petoskey and fish Crooked, Trout and Mullet lakes, and on through to Cheboygan.

Deer and ruffed grouse (local, "partridge,") are very plenty in the region where we were, and later in the season the lakes are covered with thousands of wild geese and ducks, but as all game and wild fowl are out of season in July except woodcock, they received no attention from us. A hawk may be found almost any day along Cedar River, but we had not lost any bears that we knew of, and besides, somehow, we did not care much about bear meat.

But to come back to the railroad. The management carries dogs, guns and fishing tackle, with a liberal allowance of traps, free, and one can always get a civil and respectful answer to a question from the officers and men, from conductor down to the humblest "sweet polisher."

The lower end of the line, from Port Wayne to Richmond, is under the able management of that clear-headed, sterling old Quaker, Wm. Parry, well and familiarly known in Eastern Indiana railroad circles as "Uncle Billy," and the angler who may have occasion to "run" the end of the "fishing-line" held by him, may be assured that his lines will be cast in pleasant places and his comfort looked after by a crew of careful and obliging train men. The road from Richmond to Cincinnati is controlled by the C. H. & D. R. R. Co., and is under the eye of that clever gentleman, Mr. Lew Williams, general manager, to whom the writer is indebted for many courtesies.

A word about the expense. We were out from Cincinnati seventeen days, and our expenses, each, including \$19.75 for round trip ticket, were \$42 and a few cents. This included transportation from Maconona to the lake and back, boat hire and camp boy, and we lived well and had everything needed for a well conducted camp.

I got home on Saturday night, and Monday morning felt like a new man, resumed to prose of life with new vigor and clear head, having enjoyed a trip that will never be forgotten. And now, old friend, my lines are reeled up, reels cleaned, oiled and put away, rods unjointed, furnished up and in their cases, and the Editor, the Scribe and the writer are counting the weeks till the time comes when we (with yourself) may again wet our lines in the "placid waters of glorious Intermidiata Lake."

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

By FAIRHOLD, JR.—PART FOURTH.

NATURE'S SUPPLY STORE.

IN the Northern Wilderness Nature has abundantly provided man with the requisites for a moderate luxury. It is no longer necessary that man should be a miserably placed in the heart of the wilderness and deprived of everything but his clothes, a flint and steel and a knife, and to shift for himself, he would in a very short time make himself exceedingly comfortable, leading a regular Crusoe existence in fact, and in time would make his way to the settlements richer in worldly goods than when he started.

From thirst he cannot suffer, as water, pure and undefiled as the dew of heaven, is everywhere abundant, but to allay the cravings of hunger he must speedily devise means. Every little balsam swamp he knows abounds with hares and partridges, and without losing any time he sets to work to effect their capture. With the aid of his knife and the abundance of dead brush, he constructs a low fence extending several acres across this swamp. At intervals he has left small openings. He next gathers some of the long, tough, pliant roots of the spruce, and fastens them into slip-nooses, which he sets at the openings he has left in his fence. His next care is to provide himself with shelter. Yonder boloo or yellow birches yield their outer bark readily, and from it a small lean-to is formed, and a fragrant and soft couch is made from the balsam branches. A short search about the camp discovers some Indian tea growing. This makes a very agreeable substitute for the tea of commerce. How is the water to be heated for tea? exclaims the reader. Nothing easier: the birch bark from which the woodman has constructed his lean-to can be fastened into vessels that will hold water, and stones heated and dropped into the water bring the latter to boiling point in incredibly short time. Undismayed by his position and certain of a good breakfast in the morning, our woodman goes supperless to bed. Sure enough, a visit to the snares in the morning discloses several hares and partridges suspended in mid-air.

After a hearty meal is partaken of, our friend sets himself to fashion a line from the intestines of one of the hares, and then to make himself a rude hook from a tough splinter of birch wood. As primitive as are these appliances, and with no bait but a piece of partridge meat, he succeeds in landing several dozen small trout from the brawling stream near by that literally teems with fish. Well provisioned now he packs his provisions in a spruce bark canoe, and, laying his course for the straits, he is in one large boat for some ten or twelve feet from the ground. He then makes a frame of cedar poles that will exactly fit the bark, and the two are lashed firmly together with the spruce roots. Some gum and resin are next hunted up and applied to the seams at the ends to render the canoe water tight. While by no means as servicable as a birch canoe the spruce canoe with ease proves an excellent makeshift. We shall now leave our woodman, conscious that the remainder of his journey will be uneventful.

THE OASISIAN OREER.

A most important individual is the priest, or curé, as he is called, in a French Canadian parish. In his one person is represented not only the spiritual authority, but the temporal as well. His sway is absolute, but as it is usually tempered with much *bon homie* and paternal regard for his flock, they render a cheerful obedience and look up to him with a feeling of reverential fondness. He is seldom a man of much erudition or a great student; but the multifarious duties of his respective offices absorb his time and attention. He is fond of sociality, good over his pipe of an evening he does not object to a quiet game of cards and a glass of toddy with even a heretic. He is hospitable to a degree, the word stranger or sportsman is an open sesame to his heart and house. From the pulpit, of a Sunday, he breathes fierce anathemas against the *Protestants*, but this is a duty his Church forces upon him; he himself is incapable of being unkind. In all the social gatherings in the parish, the curé is the main attraction. He is always ready to tell a better story, and a song from the curé is always received with tumultuous applause. Does the fun slacken, M'sieur le Curé comes to the rescue, and with and jollity again resound. He is as much in demand at the bedside of the sick as the physician, and performs this duty with unflinching cheerfulness. At all hours, in all seasons, in all kinds of weather I have met him on the road on his errand of sick visiting. He is a constant and an ardent disciple of Walton, or has a "madness for the sports of the field."

I recall with much pleasure the many pleasant hours I spent in the congenial companionship of one of these worthy men during a long winter I passed in a little back settlement. He was passionately fond of shooting, but singularly unsuccessful, yet his good nature ever came to his rescue, and his ill-luck was happily soothed. I never knew him to kill anything, out day after day he would accompany me on my tramps after hares and partridges, and my good fortune appeared to give him complete satisfaction. One day I heard the report of the curé's gun. "Good!" I mentally ejaculated, "the curé has at last killed something." It was not long ere I heard his reverence coming. "Well, old fellow, what luck?" "Luck," exclaimed the curé, "just my luck. Fired at a partridge and Tin certain killed him, and here are a handful of feathers I knocked out, but I could not find the bird." I laughed at his exhibition of chagrin, and thought no more about the matter until along in the afternoon, when bending back over the ground I suddenly caught sight of a partridge's tail just sticking out of the snow. In a moment I knew this was the curé's partridge. Bang went my gun in the air, and I then picked up the partridge and waited the curé's coming. But I quite overlooked the fact that the bird was long since a dead one. I called out, "Hallo! partridge. Do let me take it a moment." When it's frozen already, isn't it?" explained his reverence. "How cold it must be to day." With the soberest face I could command I begged his acceptance of the bird, and for several days I kept him in ignorance of the joke I played upon him.

Brother angler, when you visit a Canadian parish inquire your way to the curé's, and, my word for it, your subsequent paths will be those of joy.

WORTHY SPORTSMEN.

There is something irresistibly attractive about forest life, and I can recall a number of men of means and social position who have abandoned all the pleasures that both might have given, and sojourned for years in the bush, living in the most primitive manner, devoting themselves to the chase and exploration. Captain D—, well known in Quebec, threw up his commission in the British army, and took to the bush to live like a man of the woods, and in the end, but once having tasted the sweets of a bush life he became a slave to the passion for hunting and exploring, and it was on one of these expeditions that he met an untimely end, dying in the bush, from whence his remains were dragged out on a toboggan by his faithful Indian guide. The old settlers still tell strange tales of two Englishmen who, for many years, made their home in the bush, far removed from all civilization and companionship, appearing only in the settlements at intervals for supplies and letters from home. They were both men of wealth, but ardent lovers of the sports that Canada's fastness offered. Other instances are not wanting to show that there is a large leaven of the primitive man inherent in the English race.

The Canadian, however, is pre-eminently an ardent lover of bush life. His leisure from the duties of his profession or business he spends in the woods, and he does so with no equal. Part of his schooling was to learn to handle a bow and arrow. He is an adept in bush lore, and wields an axe like a professional chopper. He is hardy to a degree, a capital hunter and fair shot, and a general fellow to boot.

VACATION RESORTS.

PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.

In answer to your inquiry in this week's paper I take the liberty of sending you a slight description of one of the many beautiful summer resorts situated near New York where one can go and spend a vacation at a small expense. Being an old reader of the FOREST AND STREAM I take pleasure in informing your many readers that there is no summer resort more pleasant and picturesque than the growing and popular village of Port Jefferson, Suffolk County, Long Island, with its many lovely shady groves situated near the water's edge, and very convenient for camping parties.

Fish, oysters and clams are in abundance in the beautiful bay which the village surrounds. Good board can be had at five dollars per week in many private families near the water. Reliable sail and row boats are to be let on very reasonable terms. Sailboats large enough to carry twenty-five persons can be hired for \$2 per day or \$9 per week. Blue-fishing is usually very good during July, August and September, and there is no better sport on Long Island for week-end shooting than around Port Jefferson. I killed thirty-three evenings just before dusk, and a friend of mine bagged twenty-seven one morning before breakfast, and did not go two miles from his house and was home before nine o'clock.

There is no place within one hundred miles of New York more convenient for persons residing in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City than this beautiful summer resort. It can be reached by the Port Jefferson, Westchester Valley R. R. from Long Island City or Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, by the New York and New Haven R. R. to Bridgeport, and cross the sound in the steamer Brookhaven, which makes two trips each way every day and, crossing in this way, a fine view of Long Island Sound and the surrounding counties can be had.

CRICKED LAKE, MICHIGAN.

PORT WAYNE, JULY 16.

Replying to several notices in your issue of July 14, in regard to a good place to camp and fish I can cheerfully rec-

ommod Crooked Lake, Mich., as just the spot for a sportsman, and a delightful place to camp or board. The bass and pickerel fishing is first-class, in fact, for lake fishing cannot be excelled. Passing through a narrow channel from Crooked Lake into Pickerel Lake brings you to a beautiful sheet of water and the pickerel and bass fishing. In rowing to the fishing grounds one passes over many places, where, in ten minutes' time, can be caught with hook and line all the minnows one can use for bait.

The air on and about these lakes is wonderfully cool and bracing, the scenery is beautiful. The angler is never troubled with mosquitoes; in fact, a fisherman's paradise.

Crooked Lake is six miles from Petoskey, the northern terminus of the Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Rates low, accommodations first-class.

I have fished in these waters once or twice every year for the past eight years, and always with big success. Shall be pleased to furnish any information desired. G. S. F.

MORE LIGHT ON THE 'POSSUM PUZZLE.

DOSE INTO POETRY.

DELAWARE, Ohio, July, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking I might possibly be able to throw some light on the vexed question of "How to cook dat 'possum," I interviewed my ancient colored friend, Uncle Dan, with the following result. His views, I think, settle the question at once and forever. Age and experience have spoken, and he is, indeed, by hypercritical and hard to please who does not accept this colored Nestor's dictum. Listen, then, while

UNCLE DAN'S SPEAKS.

"Iz I ebber cooked a 'possum?"
 "Ya! ya! ya! you's shoutin', now!"
 "Want'er know the way to boss 'im?"
 "Sho! any footin'g tell yo' honey?"
 "Pobblayn a'—wa't's dat, boy?"
 "Wa't I think de bestest way?"
 "Cooney in e'—all right, soney,
 Cho to gracious—gittin' day!"
 "Nebber see a 'possum cookin'?"
 "Lawd! Mass hat y', wa's yo' baww?"
 "Spees yo' what you'd been a lookin',
 Wen ole Gabiel blows her's hawn."
 "Members when I—wa't yo' sayin'?"
 "Wa't to know the ras-y-see?"
 "Drat dem dogs—how dey's a bayin'!"
 "Yo' Jim yo', luff dat wiskey bet!"
 "Tell yo' wa't—dey ain't most nuffin
 Better den wa' 'possum an'!"
 "Yo' Nancy, wa't yo' doin', cuttin'?"
 "Dat pore little, in'st'ant lam!"
 "Yes, I's gwine to tell yo', shorely;
 Doan't yo' hurry de ole man."
 "He's a feadin' radder porely;
 Mus'tn't fluster Uncle Dan."
 "Bestest way I know to cook 'im,
 Iz, to ketch yo' 'possum rist."
 "Mwo dem low wite trash dem' hook 'im,
 Caze dey'll not it, sho, or bat!"
 "Den you—hole on da, Mass Harry!
 Tell you in free minutes mo',
 Den you—"Hah! got time to tarry?"
 "Yo'ze in a pow'tin' hurry, sho!"
 "Well, massa, if yo' mus't be goin',
 Hopes I'll see yo', morrer night;
 Den I'll tell yo', so'ze yo' will know 'im,
 How to cook dat 'possum right!"

H. P. U.

A MINNESOTA LAWYER'S EXPERIENCE.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An old subscriber and an attentive reader of your excellent paper, I have become much interested in the 'possum question now being so ably debated by your Southern correspondents, and if it may be permitted to a resident of this Northern region to intervene in the discussion of a matter which pertains so peculiarly to more favored climes, and which already shows a decidedly rising temperature, I crave permission to give you my views on the Northwest upon the subject, and to cast a feeble ray of "Northern light" upon the argument.

Let it not be inferred at this point that I desire to be "set down as one who loves his 'possum cold," or who, upon the other hand, fires his intellect and heats his argument with 'possum hot. I fight under neither banner. In a word, I simply wish to give you my sad experience in attempting to prepare, cook and eat a 'possum.

During the winter of 1879-80, while being shayed, my particular barber, who had, after the manner of his craft, discussed almost every subject, took a fresh grip, and broke out: "You is very fond of huntin', Mr. —." "Why, yes, Matt," I replied; "you know I am." "Ever hunt down South, sah?" "No, I never was down South though I should like to fill this time with winter there." "Dat de place fer huntin', sah," said Matt. "An' de 'possum! Shortly you don't know wa't's good, sah, twel you've done eat 'possum."

I had plenty of time, and I liked to start Matt, and seeing that he need not slight encouragement, I said, "Tell me all about the 'possoms, Matt." And he did. Details would be wearisome, and I will give you in concise language as he descanted on the 'possum, winding up by saying that he had seen some for sale at a game market on Jackson street; that they had been sent up from the South, and had been "froze just right."

It was too much for me. The picture he drew of the brown, juicy, delicious dish that could be evolved from "dat 'possum" captivated my Northern appetite, already starved by a Minnesota winter temperature, and I listened to the voice of the tempter—and fell. I sent the porter for one of "dem 'possoms." He brought him to the shop, arousing the wildest enthusiasm in the entire corps of tonsorial artists, and after receiving full and minute instructions as to its preparation and cooking, I carried home my prize.

Here my misfortunes began. The little animal so worshipped in the barber shop, and become an object of attraction and disgust. Aided and abetted by my wife (usually docile and obedient) the entire family, including the

servants, broke out into open revolt. "The ugly little rat,"—so did they revile the royal 'possum—"should not be cooked in *that* house, nor touched nor allowed to remain. I had better get my friend Matt or take it to him, or perhaps invite him to dinner. Indeed the latter course was much preferable, but that beast, ight 'take it away." In vain I begged and pleaded, in vain explained, quoted the FINEST AND BEST MAN, and expatiated on the 'possum's dainty diet of persimmons. All to no avail. The royal 'possum was fled away, and on the kitchen table lay the 'possum, and seeing to grin sarcastically at me as I ruefully contemplated him.

However, I was resolved, and, silencing all opposition, I announced that I would prepare and cook the 'possum myself, and then, then, when he lay upon the dish done to a turn, browned to a golden color, basted in a delicious aroma, such as never before had been breathed by those Northern blue noses, then would I be both revenged and rewarded. So after supper I caused a large kettle of water to be boiled, to which I added a quantity of hard-wood ashes making a strong lye, and plunged the 'possum in. Now Matt had said that this was the way to take the hair off, and that would come off at once. It did not, but the skin commenced coming off at once. He, I thought, determined to conquer, I put on a pair of light shooting gloves—black skin—and at I went, scraping that 'possum.

Oh! the memories of that contest, both hands full of lye and hair, my heart full of rage and disappointment, the air nearly blue with well-adjecives. I could not smoke for I could not bring my hands near my face to touch pipe or cigar, and oh! how I trembled, my hands did stick to the pipe, done about midnight, and if the 'possum was not parboiled, my hands were, and the smell of the lye made me sick. I then cleaned the brute, cut off its head, feet and tail, when it looked like a little pig, and quite presentable. The next day I bribed the cook into agreeing to bake it, following my directions, which I gave according to Matt.

On the next evening, broiled and seated at the table, surrounded by an admiring—though doubtful—family, whom my determination and faith had almost converted to the enthusiastic belief that I had in the 'possum for which I so impatiently waited. Now was my hour of triumph, now was my faith about to be rewarded. I expressed some contemptuous pity for narrow prejudices, some approbation for those great minds who know and recognize a good thing, even before they see it; and then, raising my napkin, I dived into the 'possum. He came. I recognized Matt's description; there was the plump, golden brown body, there the rich gray trickling down the juicy sides on the brown slices of potatoes. I cut off a slice; the rich aroma rushed out. It seemed a little strange; rather strong, so to speak, but I would not yield. With a smile (a trifle mechanical) I cut off a piece and put it in my mouth. Why, oh why! did my little mind wander back to the night before last, why did I see the kitchen, the table, the lye, the half-scraped, parboiled thing I had worked on so hard? Why did memory and my nausea rise up together and my heart and stomach fall me?

About eleven o'clock that night (after a cup of strong tea and a slice of dry toast) I ventured on a mild cigar, and explained to my wife that, while one should always investigate, the study of natural history should not be carried too far.

I have heard of an "aunt Scotch wife," too fond of mountain dew, who, overcome by her pointions, sat down upon a rock by the seaside at low water, and then fell asleep. As the tide rose she was gradually covered, until at last the waves lapped upon and splashed her face and lips. She was found in this dangerous predicament, and mourning in maudlin tones: "Na, na, nae ane ither drap, ither lic or canld."

And such is my position on the "'possum" question. MARK NORTH.

ANOTHER 'POSSUM TALE.

LEWIS ROBB, our barber, six feet in height, one hundred and seventy-five pounds, is passionately fond of hunting shy Reynard. To enjoy this fascinating pastime Lewis will mount anything in the shape of horse, dog, etc.

Not many moons ago Lewis determined to try the chase. After seeking in vain to obtain a horse he hired a little active mule from a colored brother. Mounted, his long legs almost touched the ground, as the little mule cantered along with him to the merry green woods. Lewis was in high spirits. The moon, at her full, shone in resplendent glory. His well-trained dogs ran freely joyously over the prospect of a race after the dangerous prey. He had mounted on his ears, out a few playful antics with the long-eared hounds that now and then sniffed at his heels, and nimbly hid away over the long, long wire grass.

Soon they are upon the hunting ground. The old veteran of the pack takes a sniff of the ground, and announces by a deep-mouthed bay that he scents the prey. Join in his cry the opening pack, and away they speed, making the welkin ring with music sweeter to the hunter's ear than that of his mistress. Lewis, thanks to the activity of his mule, keeps well up, expecting every moment to rouse shy Reynard from his hiding-place. A half-mile is left behind! Suddenly the dogs fiercely bay something in a log. Lewis rides up to find a large opossum seated in the forks of the fallen tree, growling defiance to his foes. Enraged by the presence of their master, the dogs seize and drag the prey to Lewis. The animal of "baked 'possum and later" flouted the high Lewis' brain so vividly that he dismounted and rescued the 'possum from the hounds. Knowing the cunning creature's art of feigning death he determined to break his neck; so, planting a foot on his neck and seizing the tail, he pulled with might and main. Satisfied that the brute was dead, he tied him on his back, and proceeded on his way. He had not gone far before his little mule stopped short, and seemed to reflect for a moment. Then, as though stricken with "St. Vit's" dance, he commenced capering wildly madly and vigorously over the wire grass. "Whoa! whoa! mule! whoa!" yells Lewis, "who-o-oh!" But he don't whoa, but fans the air rapidly with his hind legs, and Lewis shoots out of the saddle, over the top of the log, and spins round in a circle with his head, "his boots are something by a wanton whale."

Mule sheds the saddle by slipping through the girth, runs a short distance, stops, turns around, and snorts vigorously. Lewis, rising, rubbing his bruises, catches the mule, looks around for his saddle, and lo! the opossum is running away with it. The cause of his disaster was apparent. Tired of his peculiar confinement, and rousing from his feigned death, the 'possum, in his effort to get around corners, tickling the mule's flanks with sharp claws, which perform-

ance resulted in the collision between Lewis and our planet. Catching up with the mule, Lewis turned him loose to wander at his will. And never, hardly ever, will he ever believe a dead 'possum. O. G. G.

Bainbridge, Ga.

From the August Scribner's just at hand we take these "Aphorisms from the Quarters":

"Dat's de way to find a man dat kin git mo' tention arter he's his dead da' de Claws 'possum."
 "Dart's right sharp good schoolin' in de tail of a 'possum: nebber let a good thing long as da' a chance left."
 "A good 'possum dog may tell a lie by accident, but you can't prob'ly get on him de free's holler."
 "De 'coon puts up de best fight, but de 'possum is heap de smarter an' is got de bes' education."

Natural History

SOME OF THE BATS OF WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

BATS, through superstition and prejudice, have long been looked upon in anything but a favorable light. Their satanic wings and noiseless flight, their reputation of hopelessly entangling heads of hair, and worst of all as carriers of *Chines vesicularis*, may be among the causes which place them in disfavor. But to the unprejudiced mind the class of mammals are more interesting than the little bird-like eyes, long erect ears, and dog-like faces, enlivened by the sight of their small, needle-like teeth, and spiteful, grating squawk when they are disturbed or imposed upon? To us they are beautiful, regardless of their somewhat clumsy body, their seemingly unproportioned limbs, and the questionable report that they are introducers of the bad bug. The entrance of this class of creatures into the world, we think, better referred to other sources than the little bat, yet the bats which we have examined may have been unusually fortunate in not having these pests upon them.

Bats may become a nuisance by their numbers, as in the case cited by Dr. Harrison Allen, in his Monograph (p. 17 of introduction), where nearly twelve thousand had to be killed before a certain few waters were saved, on account of odor, noise, etc.

Interesting as the bats are, they are the most difficult to observe, on account of their nocturnal and secluded habits. This accounts for so little being known regarding their history, period of gestation, and the manner of taking care of their young.

We first see the bats after emerging from their winter quarters, late in March or early in April, depending a good deal on the weather. In some early springs a few may be seen by the first of March, but this is exceptional. They do not go into winter quarters until the November storms cut off their supply of food; occasionally they may be seen in mid-winter after a few days of warm weather, just at sunset or soon after. Bats may be easily secured from their hibernation by some of the following means: A cage for admission, entered the old silver mine situated a short distance south of this village. This mine was worked just before or soon after the Revolutionary war; which, is uncertain. Quite a number of bats were found there, and the boys, knowing our weakness for them, tried to catch some; but as soon as they advanced near the bats with their torches, they were driven away by a strong wind.

While feeding bats go singly, in pairs or flocks. We remember one evening in the early part of last fall, just before a thunder storm, seeing a hundred or more feeding over a field to the lee of a cinnp of woods. The flock was composed mostly of little brown bats and red bats. The field being comparatively small, it was a lively scene.

We have noticed the following species:

Atalapha (Asiurina) noveboracensis. (Erxleben) Coles—Red bat. New York bat.

This, one of the most common bats, may be seen any evening in summer, just after the sun has set, being the first of the bats to make their appearance. Even at times they may be seen on the shady side of some wood, half an hour or more before sunset. We have seen them flying in the early winter of the time, but this is unusual. During the day they may often be seen suspended from limbs of trees in the foliage, seeking crevices and holes less frequently than the other bats. Their flight resembles somewhat that of the larger moths more than the narrow-winged bat. We have made the mistake in the darkness and shot a *cecropium* moth, thinking it to be a bat of this species. We have seen them fly in the month of June. Prof. J. G. Wilder (*Sci. Mo., No. 42, p. 65*) states that two specimens which he examined each contained three fetuses. *Atalapha (Asiurina) cinerea*. (Beauvois) Coles. Hoary bat.

This rare bat we have never seen, although it doubtless occurs. Mr. J. A. Allen considers it the rarest species in Massachusetts. (*Mammalia, Mass., p. 205*.)

Vesperugo (Vesperugo) fuscus. (Beauvois) Carolina Brown Bat.

This bat is third in frequency; some years more common than others. They are the last to make their appearance in the evening. In fact when it gets so dark that objects are blended in one uncertain mass, and the bat hunter finds he is unable to shoot with any precision, the Carolina bats make their appearance in great numbers. They are not so apt to be engaged in catching insects. We have to make a snap shot, as they dodge in and out from behind the dark tree tops, and are left in doubt as to the result until in the gloom we may perchance see our little black and tan, seemingly as interested in the results as we are, pointing the dead animal. This species is particularly fond of fields well surrounded by trees. There are few or no trees in our dark woods, and the bats are not so numerous. We have seen them ago while "sugaring" for nuts; we have seen them as late as one o'clock A. M.

Vesperugo (Vesperugo) georgianus. (Cuvier) Georgian Bat.

We have no record of this bat, it probably occurs. Mr. J. A. Allen gives it as "not excessively rare" in Massachusetts. (*Idem, p. 205*.)

Vesperugo (Vesperugo) scottianus. (Le Conte) Silver Black Bat. Silver Haired Bat.

We have never seen but two specimens of this bat, one male shot June 15, 1881, the other a female killed June 24, 1881. In flying they resemble the Carolina bat, but unlike them they leave their hiding places early in the evening. Both the male and female were first spotted by Prof. J. G. Wilder's findings. The female contained two young, well-developed, and probably would have been delivered in a few days. The

are when one has lived in a crowd and been obliged to respect the commands of society. The evening smokes on vesper-rides, the yards of adventure that are spun, the sweet, cool sleep and the helms demands for breakfast are not the least of these dear delights.

Come up and take a week with me, somebody—anybody who never knew what such vacations mean. For an hour or two in the evening the chief occupation of the crowd is mosquito fighting, but that is only a kind of contrasting preparative for the solid comforts which in general are at the command of all the happy crowd at the Flats.

GAME AT THE WEST.

MONROE, Mich., July 12.

It is gratifying to learn by articles from the West and the Northwest, as the close season for game progresses, that the prospects for grouse shooting are excellent. Ducks are also reported to have bred exceedingly well, while the number of quail seen around the roads and whistling on the fences show that they also have passed the severe winter far better than was anticipated.

Here also in Michigan our prospects for ruffed grouse (the king of all our game birds) have not been better for years, and our quail season may be better than ever, compared with their absence in spring to have been sent by the same hand as they were to the Israelites of old. Those, however, might have been of a different variety and sent for a different purpose, as I learn that some of these are meant for the education of canine luminaries expected to capture a part of the prizes at the Eastern Field Trials next November.

The unexpected appearance of so many birds where so few were expected is considered a favorable omen in their favor. That their wings may be fully realized, and also that the field editor of the FOREST AND STREAM may be there to give us a fair and impartial account of the running in the sportsman's newspaper of America is the wish of JOHN DAVIDSON.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Sauk Centre, Minn., July 16.—I have just returned from a plover shoot and dare not give you a record, for the score was so fearful poor I am ashamed. The birds are very wild, and require a hard hitting to bring them bag. I had enough to say I had been "out," but if I had but my empty shells counted I fear the odds would have been largely in my favor. Their wings may be better than ever. Long Prairie, Minn., for his advice about these shells. I will put it in practice next winter and report to FOREST AND STREAM. Ducks are seen nearly every evening flying from one lake to another. There is splendid fishing in Fairy Lake about four miles from where I live. Pike, bass, etc., are in fine order, and take almost any kind of bait greedily.—DELL.

WISCONSIN DUCK SHOOTING.—Wauchula County, Wis.—The wild rice crop in this section promises to be immensely large. The marshes around Lake Poygan and along tributary streams as well as those along the Fox River both above and below Berlin are all bearing largely, and prospects for ducks are good. Young mallards are said to be unusually plenty on the Poygan marshes. Our close season expires August 15.—BADGER.

THE WILD RICE CROP.—Mr. Charles Gilechrist writes from Port Hope, Ont., under date of July 14: "The rice is all above the water, and it will be a very good crop. I will have about 400 bushels this fall; will send advertisement when ready. My son took the sweepings of the floor of my drying house. He got about a peck of rice. It had been lying for nearly three months, and as dry as a bone. We sowed it in a lake in a place about twenty feet square. It is all above water, and will be quite a crop. It was in November last he sowed it."

HOW THE COCKNEY GOT AHEAD OF THE 'SQUIRE.—There was a Cockney, as they call them London chaps. Well then, this 'ere Cockney was staying in the next village—the folks there call it a town because it's a bit bigger than our'n—and the 'Squire, living as he did half way between the two places, only about a mile apart, and being a hospitable, kind-hearted man, took notice of this 'ere Cockney, and asked him to dinner, and so on. A decent sort of fellow he was, by his own account—and talk! Well, he could talk, for certain! He could do this and that, and 'other; and made us all feel we was nobodies, and knowed nothing, and could do nothing.—Shoot! Why, nothing with fur or feathers could live, if it got up before his gun. At last the 'Squire got on his mettle, and challenged him to go out with him on the 1st, and made an agreement with him for £5 a side who should make the heaviest bag, and a decent sort of the 'other was to carry. Well, there was a goodish party of us started, but only the 'Squire and Mr. Cockney was to shoot; so about 8 o'clock in the morning off we all went, and the 'Squire good-naturedly gave the Cockney first chance. Bang! bang! one barrel after 'other he went, but nothing dropped. Then the 'Squire pulled trigger, and fetched down a bird with each barrel, for he was a fairish shot. The Cockney made some excuse for missing, but there we could soon see he could do nothing, while the 'Squire hardly missed a shot; and at the bargain was that what one shot the other should carry, Mr. Cockney toward lunch-time was very glad to be eased of his load. He made a good fight of it, however, and made up for his bad shooting by his talking. But by 4 o'clock he had as much as he could well carry, and as the 'Squire always, like the sportsman he was, made it a rule not to shoot after this hour, we started for home. The poor cockney, with a bag of birds, and the 'Squire's bag; and I can tell you it was pretty heavy, and he looked regular done up, for it was a hotish day. Well, we had got pretty high home, and were going through the little paddock close to the 'Squire's house, and one bad asked the Cockney if he could hit a hayrick or a barn, and such like chaff was going on, when we came across a goodish-size calf was seen capering round the paddock, and all at once came and stood stock-still with a few yards of the Cockney between us and just going off for another square, when Mr. Cockney turned sharp round and let fly both barrels one after 'other, bang! bang! and shot the calf as dead as a hammer, and says to the 'Squire: "Now, dang it, carry that." Larf! Larf! a massy on us, how we did larf to be sure, and the 'Squire most of all, though he lost the wager; for you see, the 'Squire was that which of the two made the heaviest bag was to be the winner, and good as the 'Squire's was, the calf outweighed his'n. But there, he managed to get it up, but could hardly stagger under it for larfing. So you see, sir, the Cockney made up for his bragging by his 'cutness. It was a smart trick, wasn't it, sir? And I always larfs when I think on it.—Chambers' Journal.

SHINEHOOK BAY.—Good Ground, L. I., July 13.—Bay snipe continue to fly regularly, not by fits and starts, but a steady flight. Parties making good bags every day. Not many jacks yet, but we are looking for a flight now every day. Ducks stop on the marshes to feed more than usual this season, owing to the grass having died out last season, during high tides, making better feeding grounds on the marshes.—WILLIAM N. LANE.

MAJOR MAX, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, listened patiently while his wife told of Alaskan bear killing. "Quiet your fears, my dear," said the Major when his wife had finished. "That is the way they killed the bear when that story was first published, but in the last twenty years an improvement has been made, which I will tell you about, if you will kindly give me just a drop more of coffee, with cold milk, this time. The way the thing is done now is as follows: When Captain Berry, of the Rodgers, wants a polar bear for dinner, he gives a midshipman a copper bed-spring and a chunk of salt pork. The midshipman compresses the spring perfectly flat, wraps the pork around it tight, and holds it so until it freezes solid. Then the frozen pork, stuck with the bed-spring, is thrown on the nearest iceberg, when it is promptly swallowed by a polar bear. When the heat of the bear's stomach thaws out the pork it releases the spring, which flies out, and the bear soon dies from a pain in his side."

"Major," said Mrs. Max, with much warmth, "I don't believe that story is true."

"No, my dear, and you won't, until, in a few years, you see it in some fashion paper, and then you will swear by it."

A NEBRASKA HUNT.—North Platte, Neb., July 11.—Buffalo Bill (Cody) and a party of friends start to-day for a grand hunt up the Dismal. They anticipate a good time.—P. H. M.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, July 11.—I saw a perfectly white owl a few days ago. It was taken in Wilson County, and was a rare specimen. Mr. T. J. Hogan, of this county (Davidson) killed a hawk on his farm last week which measured fifty inches from tip to tip. The great heat has put a stop to fox-hunting for the present, though they are reported abundant everywhere.—J. D. H.

AN ENGLISH SPARROW-PLAGERED FARMER asks the German-town Telegraph if he has the right to shoot these birds. The editor replies: "We should say that he can shoot any bird or wild animal which comes upon and destroys his property; but he must show that it does so. It is a natural right."

CREEDMOOR.—Creedmoor had his postponed 4th of July everybody's match on Saturday last. The postponement from the day after the attempt on President Garfield's life did not injure the prospects of the day. Many ladies accompanied the riflemen who went to the range by the early trains. Although the sun shone brightly, the heat was tempered by a strong breeze. While the marksmen took their places the firing points the ladies formed sets for lawn tennis and croquet, and some of the more spirited misses arranged a match with the bow and arrow. Many children roamed over the spacious veranda of the club-house, and baseball and football amused the larger boys. The number of visitors increased with the arrival of the afternoon trains, among the passengers being Gen. Wingate, Col. Scott and Secretary Donaldson, of the Board of Directors; Col. H. G. Hitchcock, United States Army, and Major Sporkley, United States Army, of Fort Leavenworth. The sky became overcast soon after midday, improving the light for shooting, but a "puffy" wind blowing from left to right across the line of fire caused many of the shots to go "wide." The principal rifle contest was open to all comers, and enlisted 487 entries. It was at 200 yards, five shots, military rifles, State model. In order to accommodate visitors who were not provided with military guns, rifles were loaned free of charge. The principal prizes were a silver cup of Tiffany's workmanship, valued at \$50, a copy of Webster's Dictionary and several historical works, three marble and bronze mantel clocks, telescopes, sets of lawn-tennis, croquet, and archery, rifles, revolvers, oil paintings, etc. The scores of the prize winners were as follows, the highest attainable number being 25 points:

- A. D. Pena, 23; J. S. Sheppard, 22; General G. W. Wingate, 22; G. J. Seabury, 22; W. F. Higgins, 22; Major C. Shortley, 22; Captain E. S. Brown, 22; J. J. Dixon, 22; W. M. Summers, 22; J. L. Paulding, 22; D. Miller, 22; G. S. Harrington, 22; Frederick Alder, 22; T. J. Dolan, 22; Captain J. L. Price, 22; A. J. Howe, 21; I. Oehl, 21; E. Bennett, 21; G. D. Gilliland, 21; W. V. Overbaugh, 21; Dr. M. M. Mahony, 21; J. W. Todd, 21; J. C. Mallory, 21; J. McNevin, 21; W. R. Foster, 21; G. L. Madison, 21; A. B. Van Housen, 21; Thomas Lloyd, 21; H. B. Thompson, 21; J. Myers, 21; C. E. Lewis, 21; N. D. Ward, 21; H. Holges, 20; C. Donobue, 20; G. W. Munson, 20; S. F. Glover, 20; M. Dorobue, 20; C. E. Overbaugh, 20; F. A. Wells, 20; F. D. Davids, 20; M. Sullivan, 20; J. G. Koop, 20; P. J. Donaldson, 20; H. T. Lockwood, 20; John Klein, 20; O. H. Decumbus, 20; John Horan, 20; F. Seward, 20; J. J. Simmons, 20; Colonel G. D. Scott, 20; T. Harty, 20.

There were numerous "ties," some of which had to be decided by lot. Mr. A. D. Pena, the winner of the first prize, is a resident of California, and is at present visiting Mr. Daniel Edwards, of the Seventh Regiment. His last effort at rifle-shooting was about four years ago.

We have examined one of the E. Wesson rifles advertised by William Reed & Sons, of Boston, and can cheerfully say that it is the genuine article and worth the price asked. See Adv.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FOREST TREES are of large variety. A writer in the Manchester Mirror says that New Hampshire was originally an entire forest, and the mountainous region was once covered with a heavy and thick growth of oak, maple, beech, walnut, hemlock, fir, white pine and other trees, while the plains and valleys were crowded with elm, cherry, ash, poplar, hornbeam, birch and other woods. If the pine there were several varieties, and the white pine was perhaps the noblest tree in the country; its stem rose sometimes to the height of two hundred feet, and was perfectly straight, while its top was crowned with a beautiful tuft of green, presenting a tree that often exceeded six feet in diameter—a size double that of the famous tree on the Baker farm. The pitch-pine was also of great size and height. The tree at 778 on Mt. Marston, a little west of the Dunstable, was cut a white pine, straight and single, which was seven feet eight inches in diameter at the butt end, and which furnished a log nearly 140 feet long.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

Table with 2 columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species such as Salmon, Trout, Bass, etc.

Sea Bass, Centropomus atrarius, Striped Bass or Rockfish, Roqueta, White Perch, Merluccius americanus, Bluefish or Taylor, Pomatomus saltatrix, Scup or Porgie, Stenopus argyrops, Pollock, Polatachus carolinensis, Taotog or Blackfish, Taotog ovata.

Let no angler, whether in the bloom of early youth, the power of matured manhood, or with the grey locks of hoar antiquity above his wrinkled brow, ever induce within himself, or express to others, the belief that at all times and places he is perpetually catching enormous trouts in vast numbers, because we happen to know that this is not the case. We don't insist upon any one weighing every fish he captures, but we request that no one, after jerking out a few parr, will maintain next morning, or even that very night, that he has had a most tollsome but very glorious day, and has killed five dozen and four of the finest trout the human eye ever gazed upon. All men are liars!—and several anglers—in proportion to the exact import of which depends much on the mode of construction.—JAMES WILSON IN ROD AND GUN.

THE ANGLER'S CONFESSION.

Editor Forest and Stream: I herewith send you a clipping containing a poem which may interest the readers of Forest and Stream. It was composed for the 'Isak Walton' High-Jinks' of the Gloucester Club of this city. The author is Daniel O'Connell, a nephew (so he believes) of the great Agitator, T. D. D.

I've angled in many waters, On bright summer days, By many a murmuring brook, In many a tangled way; And the voice of the brook has never Lost its music and charm for me, As it rippled and rursed over To its grave in the mighty sea.

These were the days the angler, In the flush of lance-and-juist, Told all his simple story, 'Told nothing but the truth. I fished the sunset over the mill-dam Hour after hour in vain; I've not a trout in my basket, To-morrow I'll try it again.

But now, alas! this bosom I've plucked and I'm afraid I've learned to lie like others, In the angling meadows of the year. A hundred in half a day— Two pounders and strong—such monsters! Each took me an hour to catch.

I've learned to lie like others— I've gone to the river and found A small boy fishing alone; 'Twas prone on the pleasant ground, I've him, and slumbering, did but find 'Call me when he had caught just enough to fill my basket, And thus my fish were bought.

Then over my nice clean stockings I've plucked and I'm afraid I've learned to lie like others, In the angling meadows of the year. With a weary look in my eye, Then revelled for days succeeding In one long luxurious lie.

How I fell from the massive boulder, How I swam the river brook, How in one pot four and twenty Speckled beauties I took, Men made of me of the angling, But I'm not so despicable, The pipe, the esthetic pleasure, That dwells in the angling lies.—D. O' C.

DISGUSTED PODGERS WANTS A FISHING PLACE.

HAVING just finished the perusal of the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, wherein I have read of wondrous fish being taken by skillful anglers, I lay down the paper about eight o'clock at their usual hour and the comparison with my own dry had success in coastwise fishing, and I am compelled by a sense of utter wretchedness to tell you of the fish I have not caught. The FOREST AND STREAM is so replete with big fish stories and of the big ones taken that it will be novel at least to hear from a fisherman that has caught nothing save sundry ducklings from the sudden shower. With a mind oppressed with a sense of the absolute necessity of going somewhere to fish, and with a vivid recollection of the old-time fishing on the coast, which a protracted residence on the Pacific side had not obliterated, I started out to fish on the Eastern Shore. Taking Boston as the objective point, I essayed to make a start from thence on a cruise Eastward. The first effort to charter a craft suitable to the occasion was met with demands about equal per week with the cost of the craft. Somebody said go to Gloucester; lots of boats there—cheap. So to Gloucester I went, only to find that as I journeyed East prices advanced. About the only boat to be had down this way is the inevitable "dory," a craft that has its beginning at Boston and its ending the Lord only knows where, judging from the fact that the further East I go the more dory. The dory has its qualities, both good and bad, in rough water it is safe—a splendid sea-bird—and it is the most expediting craft man ever undertook to handle. Being buoyancy itself and having no hold upon the water, it cuts up fearfully and has a malicious habit of turning around and looking you in the face. It is a good boat for its original

purpose undoubtedly—pulling on calm waters or on the fishing banks with two men and two pairs of oars—but woe to the single hand in a squall. Finding a sea-going yacht unattainable, I concluded to come to anchor at a little watering-place near Gloucester and, chartering a dory, I here dived west and west, have got from the fishermen the bearings of ledges and rock-reefs. I have fished from Dan to Bersheba from sunrise till every eye. Miles and miles have I rowed in this same dory—and used a cod, nary a pollock, nary a fish, except the miserable "cunner," which are dignified hereabouts by the name of perch. My hands are like leather, my nose would make a respectable boson and my face the color of an old saddle. I have been out in thunder-balls, fog, wet, been blow'n miles to sea, been picked up by fishing skiffs from the water, requested to go to a fisherman hath ceased to be the virtue wrongfully attributed to it. I have loafed around the wharves of Gloucester in the all-pervading atmosphere of salt codfish has penetrated my very bones.

Has't ever been to Gloucester? Don't go! Every man, woman and child you meet has a codfish in his, her or its hand. It is the business of the place and its aristocracy are the true codfish type of men and women. They are always low and snells—oh! They charge you ten cents for landing at the few pairs of steps the wharves boast and there's no fishing between it and Boston. The shores are set with one continuous line of lobster pots, traps, seines, trawls and contrivances to take everything that swims.

I am settled with the dory man, packed my kit and shall shake the sea-ward from this rocky shore and depart—whether? Tell me where to go to fish—or rather, catch something. I am not particular—inland or elsewhere.

To come from the Pacific coast, where I have caught the lordly salmon (excuse the customary scientific name) until my arms ached and the strap of my trout basket has almost cut to the bone with the weight (am I following in the footsteps of your venerable presidents, and bragging a little?) to come to this benighted shore, to land from a whole day out on the water with a few miserable "cunner" and have my dory man, by way of encouragement, say, "Got a nice lot of 'em (his time, ain't ye?)" I want to go home. I want to strike out for the Sierra's rushing streams; Lake Tahoe, with its ten-pennies; the roaring McCloud, with its speckled (I shan't say "beauties") three-pound Dolly Vardens; the foaming Truckee, with its rainbow-bellied fly-snappers; the heads waters of the Sacramento, with its trout and river trout, or even the bay and harbor of San Francisco, with its tomcods, smelt and young salmon—and I would go if I could. A friend invited me (John Paul, of the *Tribune*—you know him) to go to the Adirondacks; but, oh! those cursed black flies and skeeters. Shall I go to the St. Lawrence, Ranges, or to Moosehead lakes?

Who wants a chum for a trip?—one who knows what a fish is, who has lived under canvas, not days, but months and years; who can handle a boat or an axe and who won't stay in camp and drink all the whisky—is not afraid to do his share of work and will pay his *pro rata* of expenses?

Don't say go to Long Island's sea-girt shore—I've been there, and had no luck. The twain had just struck out and the bluefish had not struck in, and three days' expense there equalled the price of a West Indian fawn. I go where I catch every fish I catch, if any, don't cost ten dollars a pound. The unsophisticated countryman seems to think, whenever he encounters a man with a gun or fishing rod, that Mr. Vanderbilt or Jay Gould is out for recreation and goes for him. The firm of "Gauge & Swindle" is men to keep all the hotels, own all the horse-wagons and boats.

Is shooting and fishing at all that it should be so punished? It reminds me of a conversation I overheard on the wharf at San Francisco one day: "Hello, Bill, what yer doin'?" "Nothin' much—jest set up the bobstay on that ere sloop." "What are yer goin' to ebarge?" "About two dollars, I reckon." "Two dollars (contemptuously); charge 'em ten." "If they will keep yachts let 'em pay for it, d—n 'em." "That idea of that work is East as sure as you are born."

Speaking of yachts, I saw the regatta of the Boston Yacht Club on the 4th and that was a failure also—no wind. All the blowing down this way seems to be on shore.

PONDICHA.

AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THEM.

Professor G. Brown Good, of the United States Fish Commission, has issued a report in charge of fishery statistics, read an interesting paper on "The Fishermen of the United States," before the Anthropological Society of Washington. Professor Go de said: Every man engaged in the fisheries has at least one other man who is dependent to a considerable extent upon the labors of the first for support. To the class of shoremen belong (1) the capitalists who furnish supplies and apparatus for the use of the active fishermen; (2) the shopkeepers from whom they purchase provisions and clothing, and (3) the skilled laborers who manufacture for them articles of apparel, shelter and the apparatus of the trade. In addition to the professional fishermen, there is a large class of men who have been called "semi-professional" fishermen—men who derive from the fisheries less than a half of their entire income. Taking into account all these persons who are directly employed in the fisheries for a larger or smaller portion of the year, they are dependent upon fishermen in a commercial way for support, and the members of their families who are actually dependent upon their labors, it cannot be far out of the way to estimate the total number of persons dependent on the fisheries at from 830,000 to 1,000,000.

The total value of the product to the producers of the fisheries of the United States was, in 1870, \$20,000,000, and estimated, but it will doubtless prove to be somewhere between forty and fifty millions of dollars. Of the thirty-one States and Territories whose citizens are engaged in the fishery industry, seventeen have more than a thousand professional fishermen. The most important of these States is, of course, Massachusetts, with from eighteen to twenty-five thousand men. Second stands Maine, with about twelve thousand, unless, indeed, the ten thousand fishermen of Virginia and the fifty thousand of Maryland are allowed to swell the totals for those States. Maine, however, stands second so far as the fisheries proper are concerned. Third comes New York with about 5,000 men, then New Jersey with 4,000 men, North Carolina with 3,000, Oregon with its border of salmon fishermen, 2,500 in number. Florida with 2,100, Connecticut and Massachusetts with 2,000, Michigan with 1,781, Wisconsin with 1,800, Georgia with 1,400, Ohio with 1,046, Delaware, Rhode Island and South Carolina each with about 1,000; New Hampshire, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas with about 400 each and Mississippi with only 60.

The majority of our fishermen are native-born citizens of the United States, although in certain localities there are extensive communities of foreigners. Most numerous of these are the natives of the British provinces, of whom there are at least 4,000 employed in the fisheries of New England. There are probably not less than 2,000 Portuguese, chiefly natives of the Azores and of the Cape De Verd Islands. Most of the Portuguese have brought their families with them, and have built up extensive communities in the towns whence they sail upon their fishing voyages. There are also about 1,000 Scandinavians, 1,000 or more of Irish and English birth, a considerable number of French, Italians, Austrians, Minorcaans, Slavs, Greeks, Spaniards and Germans. In the whaling fleet may be found Lacars, Malays and a large number of Kanakas, or natives of the various South Sea Islands. In the whale fishery of Southern New England a considerable number of men of partial Indian descent may be found, and in the fisheries of the great lakes—especially those of Lake Superior and the vicinity of Mackinac—Indians and Indian half-breeds are employed.

The salmon and other fisheries of Puget Sound are prosecuted chiefly by the aid of Indian fishermen. In Alaska, where the population depends almost entirely upon the fisheries for a livelihood, the same is the case with a large number of fishermen, and upon a very low estimate one-fourth of the inhabitants of Alaska should be considered as fishermen. Few of them catch fish for the use of others than their own immediate dependents. Only one Chinaman has as yet enrolled himself among the fishermen of the Atlantic coast, but in California and Oregon there are about 4,000 of these men, all of whom, excepting the few who are employed by foreign hands in the salmon canneries of the Sacramento and Columbia basins. The 800 who have the right to be classed among the actual fishermen live for the most part in California and the product of their industry is to a very great extent exported to China, although they supply the local demands of their countrymen resident on the Pacific coast.

The negro element in the fishing population is somewhat extensive. We do not know the exact number, but many of these men are included among the native born Americans returned by the census reporters. The shad fisheries of the South are prosecuted chiefly by the use of negro muscle, and probably not less than four or five thousand of these men are employed during the shad and herring season in setting and hauling the seines. The only locality where negroes participate largely in the fishing industry is on the coast of the Pacific coast, a lone fisherman, who sits on the wharf at New Tacoma, Washington Territory, and fishes to supply the local market.

The number of foreign fishermen in the United States, excluding 5,000 negroes and 8,000 Indians and Esquimaux, who are considered to be native born citizens, probably does not exceed ten to twelve per cent of the total number, as indicated by the figures which have already been given. Considerably more than one-half of the fishing population of the United States belongs to the Atlantic coast north of the apex of Delaware; of this number at least four-fifths are of English descent. They are by far the most interesting of our fishermen, since to their number belong the 20,000 or more men who may properly be designated the "salmon fishermen" of the Atlantic coast, and the crews of the trading and transporting vessels of the sea-going fishing fleet which ought to be the chief pride of the American marine, and which is of such importance to our country as a training-school for mariners and as a medium through which one of the most valuable food resources of the Continent is made available.

Professor Good referred to the mental and physical traits of the New England fishermen, and to their intelligence and their readiness to adopt improved methods, their intelligence and public spirit. He spoke also of the education of the young fishermen, and the injury to good seamanship resulting from the custom of deferring the shipment of boys who formerly entered the business at the age of ten or twelve, but who now remain on shore until they are fifteen or sixteen and have had their preliminary sea-life dull and uninteresting. Reference was made to the habits of the fishermen, the strict observance of the Sabbath to be met with among large classes of them, and the entire absence of violent spirits on the fishing vessels. The character of their favorite books and newspapers, their amusements, their dialect and their superstitions were discussed. The chief diseases were not so much the dyspepsia and rheumatism. They are as a rule good and healthy men, and are as a rule as large as the average of the population of the same age. The financial profits vary from \$1,000 to \$100 a year for each man, though sometimes a year's work results solely in an embarrassing burden of debts.

FISHING IN TENNESSEE.

SEVERAL parties have been out fishing lately and had fair luck, though the present season is generally too hot for any success. At Clark's Fork, of this city, is still in the main anglers of East Tennessee, enjoying his angling tour. The "Major" is one of the most scientific and unflinching disciples of "Sir Isaac" in this section, and, when he makes a raid on the finny beauties, he never returns without his game. General Ira P. Jones is another of our noted fishermen, and a more genial and cultivated gentleman would be hard to find. At Clark's Fork, of this city, is still in the main anglers of East Tennessee, enjoying his angling tour. There is almost as much pleasure in listening to some of his fish stories as to catch them yourself, for in the former case you are sure to catch some big ones. Charley Hillman ranks in excellence with the above named, but Charley is a sly fellow; no one ever hears of his going fishing, but coming back, thus he has all the fun to himself. The gallant chief of our Fish Brigade, Captain W. Stockell, has seen the day when no one would have dreamed of catching a fish. He has not yet concluded his absence from the city, though such is his fondness for the sport he will now and then wet his tackle in the Cumberland down by the wharf, and when he does, his negro aide-de-camp always brings back a string of jack, drum, or

cat. Colonel R. M. Edwards (late Greenback candidate for Governor) is an angler of the old school. He needs but little tackle and a hot stream. He says:

"If any of you fellows would come out into my country (East Tennessee) with all them darn'd jinted poles and little brass winders, the folks would laugh you out of countenance. What we want is a good bamboo, twenty foot of line, and a strong hook, and when a trout gets away with that, it's 'wink be's got a right to do."

On their return from the lakes, the "Wagoner" Club brought back some fish, but with an unbecoming liberality, ate them among themselves; so we of the "Can't-Get-A-Way Club" must wait until our friend "Maybury," of the Grand Rapids road, comes this way, as he is quite capable of bringing us a mess if he only thinks of it.—J. H. D.
Nashville, July 11.

BASS AT ALEXANDRIA BAY.

WESTMINSTER PARK HOTEL, }
Alexandria Bay, N. Y., July 18.

WE are having great sport up here. To-day, Mr. H. R. Clark and I took over fifty black bass weighing from 13 to 25 lbs. We returned to the natural nursery nearly thirty that would go from one half to one pound. We kept away from the perch and rock bass as much as possible, but were bothered by them a good deal. Nearly all of the largest bass were taken by casting small minnows; still, as we used fly rods, there was some music even with the minnow-fishing. The favorite fly was my Saint Patrick, which I christened last fall in honor of old Mike Morrison.

The bass are just getting into "schools," and no doubt there will be some great catches the latter part of this week and all of next week. The size of the bass this year is not up to the average, or perhaps I should say the average is good enough, though there are not as many four or five-pounders as usual. I have not met any conscientious man, who carries a balance with him, and says that he has caught a five-pound bass this season. Of course, Gem scales, two for a quarter, "weigh as you please," don't count as scales at all.

The steam launches are all engaged. The newest one, The Flower, has been leased by our good friend, Chas. G. Emery (Goodwin & Co.), who knows two things besides how to make "Old Judge" cigarettes. The two things are, how to catch black bass and how to entertain his friends.

CHAS. F. IMBRIE.

GROWTH OF CARP.—Mr. J. R. Rains recently showed a carp to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, which weighed four pounds and was one of ten which had been received from the United States Fish Commission on the 15th of September, 1871. The fish was transplanted there were less than two inches long. Mr. Rains' pond, near White Plains, Westchester County, is some seventy feet long, thirty-five in width, and its extreme depth is eight feet. It has been in use as an ice pond. It is well surrounded by vegetation. The carp have never been fed. When examined for the roe, this was found in a fairly mature condition, though the fish could not have spawned before a month. It was caught on the Fourth of July with a worm-baited hook, and afforded considerable sport.

A TARPON CAUGHT WITH ROD AND REEL.—We recently published an article on the tarpon, or tarpon, *Megalops CHRISOLDES*, of the Gulf, in which it was claimed that the fish was too powerful to be taken with the rod. A few days ago Mr. Albert Ferguson, of Jacksonville, Fla., called and exhibited some of the enormous seas which characterize this fish, and informed us that it was taken by Mr. Benjamin Jones, while in Florida, with a rod and reel. The rod was a Conroy bass rod and a 30-yard, 12-thread line. The fish was six feet four inches in length and weighed 171 pounds. He was one hour and three-quarters before he could bring him to the boat, after which he tried too large to take him into the boat, and was towed ashore.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGUS CLUB should make a note of the fact that the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says that the eponies, both the queen and common ones, are not only desirable for their beautiful shells, but make excellent soup. I have, when I could get very little else, managed to worry down a stew of eponies, but while the flavor is good enough the texture of the flesh is not unlike rubber. It's precious too powerful to chew. The worst is that, in order to get the meat one has to spoil the shell by sawing the small end to dislodge the ball, which hangs on there tenaciously, though even then, if not too badly broken, the shell remains of some use. Tremendous trumpet tones can be produced from it by a skilled performer, and it is the universal dinner-bell of Honduras.

ANOTHER RAILROAD BOOK.—We have received the beautiful "Traveler's and Tourist's Guide," published from the New York office of the Central Rail road of New Jersey, 110 Liberty street. The well-known Toms River, Forked River and Barnegat resorts for sportsmen are reached by its road and the book contains the fullest information of routes, distances, fares, hotels and everything else that the traveler wants to know. It may be had free on application by letter to H. P. Baldwin, General Passenger Agent. Address as above.

THE FORTUNE BAY CLAIMS.—Gloucester, Mass., July 10.—The amount paid by the Commissioner of the State Department yesterday, as reimbursement for Fortune Bay losses, in 1870, was between \$25,000 and \$31,000. Claims were presented by twenty-two Gloucester vessels.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose parents thought they had fostered;
But she came back one day
To their awful discomfiture,
So they called her a wicked impressionist.—Puck.

There was a young lady from Gloucester,
Who claimed after a hot-balled roaster;
But he roasted so high
In a tree near the sky
That she called to her brother to broaster.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Fish Culture.

OUR EDIBLE FISHES.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

[Read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

LAST YEAR, one of our most useful and practical members, Mr. G. S. Lamphere, presented to the notice of this meeting carefully prepared statistics relating to the total pounds of each kind of fish recorded in the wholesale markets of this city. These tables, the result of a great deal of careful investigation, were perhaps the first of the kind ever brought to your notice. I need not suggest to you all the deductions which arise from these figures. I may cite, however, the following: It is only by such exact figures as we can arrive at by positive determination, in regard to the abundance or a scarcity of any particular fish, that its abundance or scarcity may be general or local. New York city, with capacities many, demands an incalculable quantity. I use the word "incalculable" perhaps in a poetic sense, for it is more or less impossible to count the fish. To be less vague let us say that our markets draw to themselves an enormous quantity of fish. If fish, then, be scarce in our locality, this want of fish is supplied necessarily from another quarter. This area of productive water is then by means of a certain trade yielding a certain quantity of fish. Say that our scarce of Sandy Hook—the demand for cod brings in fish from Gloucester, from Maine, Cape striped bass. It may not be found at one season in the North River, but it can be had in the Delaware or from the Chesapeake. It is, then, the gross quantity of fish received in New York which tells us absolutely whether a fish is generally scarce or plenty. Now, with such tables as have been made by Mr. Lamphere, to be supplemented later by other compilations which the United States Fish Commission will shortly be ready to issue, we will get to the great bottom fact in regard to fish, whether caught on our coast or in our inland waters or taken. If we do get these figures as accurately as human investigations can make them, we can then, by a very accurate, may present themselves to our special care as worthy of culture.

It would be very presumptuous on my part, not having the advantage of the assistance of many of our distinguished followers, to venture a positive judgment on this subject. I may, however, be very certain that the fish which are scarce in our locality were in former years. Professor Baird informs us on the best authority—and I may say that no one is so careful and accurate than our most distinguished followers—the United States Fish Commission, that the fish which are scarce in our locality were in former years. Professor Baird informs us on the best authority—and I may say that no one is so careful and accurate than our most distinguished followers—the United States Fish Commission, that the fish which are scarce in our locality were in former years. Professor Baird informs us on the best authority—and I may say that no one is so careful and accurate than our most distinguished followers—the United States Fish Commission, that the fish which are scarce in our locality were in former years.

Now, as to that great staple fish which forms the bulk of our fish food, cod, perhaps its absence in certain localities will be found to be quite positive, though such want of fish in one area may be due to the fact that it is believed to arise mainly from the dumping of their city refuse.

It is a singular fact that when a fish or reptile is found by the average man and that species is new to him, he immediately assumes two things. First, that it is new and strange to all the creatures of the earth in the menageries; and second, that it is a cross between some two fish or reptiles which he does know. His first supposition is wrong nine times in ten, or even more, and his second one is never right. It may be possible, as we believe it is also probable, that some of the cyprinoid fishes, the little soft finned inhabitants of the creeks of which fifty species are called "minnows" in the vernacular, do actually hybridize. They are a very tall animal and in a narrow stream, and as they are closely allied in structure it is possible that the mill of one species often has and fertilizes the eggs of others. But in larger waters it is not so readily happen. Animals must be closely allied to be able to interbreed, and you might pour the mill of a perch, or any other fish, into the mill of a different species, and the soft-finned fish, by the gallon, without effect. The seed falls on barren ground, or barren to that kind of seed. Nor do the percid fish interbreed, partly because they spawn at different times, and partly because they have different places to deposit their spawn. Possibly the perch and black bass might be crossed by man, but it does not happen in nature for the reasons given above.

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lers very greatly increased, not only by the introduction of new fishes, which stupid prejudice now turns away from, but of the actual propagation of more fish.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.

THE Fish Commission of Pennsylvania has given us a most valuable report for the years 1879-80. Especially valuable is its appendix containing descriptions of the fishes of the State, with numerous plates, under the direction of Prof. E. D. Cope, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.

The report opens with an account of an examination of models of fishways for the purpose of adopting one and we are surprised to find that the McDaniel way was not among them. An advertisement in the report gives the details brought out by two competitors whose plans however good they may be are unknown to fishonitrists at large. The bid of Mr. David Mitchell was the lowest and was accepted; the plan was by C. E. Whitney and the report says: "It is simply an opening in the dam one hundred and twenty-five feet wide at the face of the dam—the dam itself turning two L's up stream and converging to within forty feet of each other, and being parallel at that width for about forty feet. At the inlet, however, the water is elevated by a platform to the depth of five feet, which platform extends down stream about forty feet, where its level is about four feet above the smooth, rocky bottom of the river. This plan was chosen because it came nearest to the form of a break in the dam, and breaks appear to have been the most successful fishways known up to this time."

The number of fisheries in full operation below the Columbia on the Susquehanna during the season of 1880 was as follows: From Columbia to Turkey Hill (first five miles), forty-eight; from Turkey Hill to Port Deposit (next five miles), forty and 100 scoop-nets in the same distance. From State Line to Havre de Grace, nineteen miles, 100. From Port Deposit to Chesapeake Bay 250. Total 498. The catch of shad within the first five miles, in the month of May, numbered, in 1879, 324,600; and in 1880, 47,000.

The State has two hatching houses, one in the east at Marietta, Lancaster County, in charge of John P. Crevching, and a western one at Cory, in care of Seth Weeks, both of which have an excellent water supply. The report gives the two seasons of planting in the rivers, which is not very encouraging, although many have been taken in the Delaware. The whitefish of Lake Erie, while of great value, has not been propagated on account of the great distance which lies between it and the State. *Pomoxis annularis*, many have been planted. This is the "straw-bone" of New York, and the late Prof. Kirtland called it "the fish for the million." We have long wondered at the neglect of this fish, but the report gives the reasons. The Pennsylvania Commissioners on their good taste in introducing it into their waters. The shad have decreased in the rivers on account of insurmountable dams, although they are found below in Maryland in great numbers. No shad has been hatched since 1875, but last year they planted 680,000. The rainbow trout, *Salmo irideus* (it has been introduced and are growing, and many brook trout have been hatched and distributed.

An appendix gives a list of the fishing streams of the State, arranged in the order of their mouths, with the season of planting, where it heads and empties, its length, width and depth, its temperature, as "cold, very cold, temperate," etc., the names of its edible fish, its pollution by sawdust or tanneries, and general remarks on each.

The ichthyological portion of the work is a valuable addition to the literature of our Pennsylvania fishes, and being done by Prof. Cope gives it the stamp of authority. We only wish he had given us some colored plates of the fishes, of which many of them are excellent. His figure of a minnow, salmon, is very bad; so is the rainbow trout. The lake trout (*Salma gairdneri*), taken from De Kay, has teeth like an sili-gator, but the elms of the horrible is attained in the end of a grayling, after Klippart. The fish has a regular outline, and a very small dorsal fin, a wild, savage look, instead of the "gentle golden-eyed grayling," and, worst of all, great hard scales rise up on the dorsal fin! The hard, ungraceful lines spoken of in earlier articles are drawn by Klippart.

We do not like the illustration of the black bass, but it refers to his figure of the whitefish, opposite page 104, the pike-perch, p. 120, the black bass and *S. canadensis* on next page for confirmation of what we say. Next to Genio C. Scott's and Frank Porter's drawings of fishes they are the worst we ever saw; and as Mr. Klippart was an ichthyologist and the two others were not, we are not disposed to receive his caricatures as representations of our fishes, some of whom are very handsome.

In the text Prof. Cope gives us short descriptions of the monardella, the rainbow trout, and the black bass, and a very good arrangement to include the *Teleostei* of previous authors and a considerable part of the *Ganoidi* of Agassiz and others in the sub-class *Actinopteri*, giving his reasons for so doing. Two indices, one of popular and the other of scientific names, add value to the list.

The enterprise of the Commission in thus giving a list, with description and plates of the fishes of their State, makes this report one of especial value to many besides those merely interested in fish culture.

CROSS-BRED FISH.

It is a singular fact that when a fish or reptile is found by the average man and that species is new to him, he immediately assumes two things. First, that it is new and strange to all the creatures of the earth in the menageries; and second, that it is a cross between some two fish or reptiles which he does know. His first supposition is wrong nine times in ten, or even more, and his second one is never right. It may be possible, as we believe it is also probable, that some of the cyprinoid fishes, the little soft finned inhabitants of the creeks of which fifty species are called "minnows" in the vernacular, do actually hybridize. They are a very tall animal and in a narrow stream, and as they are closely allied in structure it is possible that the mill of one species often has and fertilizes the eggs of others. But in larger waters it is not so readily happen. Animals must be closely allied to be able to interbreed, and you might pour the mill of a perch, or any other fish, into the mill of a different species, and the soft-finned fish, by the gallon, without effect. The seed falls on barren ground, or barren to that kind of seed. Nor do the percid fish interbreed, partly because they spawn at different times, and partly because they have different places to deposit their spawn. Possibly the perch and black bass might be crossed by man, but it does not happen in nature for the reasons given above.

Rumor says that many years ago a New Hampshire Governor put a mackerel into Lake Wampisaukee. A fish has appeared there which is supposed to be a cross between that and some of the natives. It is a very fine fish, and is called the "Wobblin' M." It is a very handsome fish, of a bluish white appearance, the body is divided with minute diamonds by parallel black lines running at acute angles. For eating it is very delicate.

Being sceptical on natural crosses, and wishing to know what it might mean, we induced the Hon. John W. Allen, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, and received the following reply:

Mr. Powers and I have both concluded that the "Wobblin' M." referred to above, was either a Schoodic salmon, or a young California salmon.

We put Schoodic salmon in Merry Meeting Pond, in New Durham in the autumn of 1867, and they were taken in the fall of 1868, in Wolfborough, in 1879.

Both of these waters are feeders of Wampisaukee, and we expected and intended that these fish should work down into the latter, and my impression is that the fish referred to is either the one or the other.

Many large salmon have been seen here the past week, and although we have been killed along over the falls here, and, owing to very low water, we think many have gone up, and will be heard from at Plymouth soon.

Mr. Powers has taken one of 22 pounds at the hatchery. SAM'L WEBBER.

REARING WHITEFISH IN CONFINEMENT.—Northville, Mich., July 11.—I have at this time a lot of fingerlings of last spring's hatching that have attained lengths varying from two and one-quarter to three and one-quarter inches and are otherwise well developed—in fact, are perfect whitefish in miniature. As they are remaining from about two dozen that were placed in a tank at the time of the first raising of the sea, and fed since then on fine particles of liver and kidney. Those who know by experience how difficult it is to raise these fish on any substitution for their natural food, will say at once that the percentage brought forward, even to their present size, is quite high, and that their growth has been very rapid. My assistant, Mr. S. Down, who has fed them from the first, says he has taken no special pains other than to diffuse the food into the water frequently and in liberal quantities, allowing the subsiding particles from the bottom of the tank, thus keeping the water sweet and clear. The fish now eat very freely, and we confidently expect to raise them to maturity. With a larger tank and a greater water supply it is quite probable that fifty per cent. can be raised in this way.—FRANK N. CARY.

FISH POISONS.—Wiegert says that trout weighing five to twenty grammes die in a few minutes in water containing 0.005 grammes chlorine per litre, and even 0.0025 grammes, which is nearly the limit of the amount of chlorine that can be detected by chemical means, is undoubtedly fatal to small fish. Soda [50 and 100 parts per million] is not much injurious to fish, but 1 part in 1,000, having no injurious influence. These observations are of importance in considering the relations of certain manufacturing interests and fish culture.

CARP, AND HOW TO GET THEM.—The prospect for a large supply of young carp this fall is at present good. The fish have spawned freely in the National ponds at Washington, and if no serious happens there will be much information of young. Those wishing fry of two to three inches long this fall had better apply now. Write to Prof. S. E. Baird, Washington, D. C., for blanks, or obtain them from this office. The blanks are to be filled out and sent to the Secretary of Congress from your district asking him to endorse the application and send it to Prof. Baird.

The application will then be filed, and at the proper time notice will be given you as to what further action to take. As far as possible, the blanks will be sent to some central point for distribution, and the applicant will be notified when, where, and to whom to apply. Those, however, who prefer to go or send a messenger to Washington for the fish can do so, or they can be sent by express at the expense of the applicant in a suitable vessel furnished either by him or supplied by the Government.

CARP IN TENNESSEE.—From several sources have come most favorable accounts of the carp distributed from this State within the last two years, but the most gratifying results were related to me yesterday by the Judge of our County Court, J. C. Ferris. He said:

"I have just had a talk with Frank Green about his pond, situated on the White's Creek Turnpike, and from him I learn that the twenty pairs of carp deposited in it by him two years ago have grown to the great weight of from three to three and a half pounds each, that they have spawned, and that the young are now being fry; which are now strong enough to swim about, and when they come out of the water they are very fat. It is a very good thing that the carp are doing so well, and that the water is so pure. At this rate in two years more there will be a sufficiency of fish in this pond to supply the whole country, besides an ample supply for Mr. Green's family."

The one in the Asylum Pond have also grown a great deal, and spawned this year for the first time. A gentleman from Robertson County describes his success in carp culture as far beyond his most sanguine expectations.—H. NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY 11.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trial. First Annual Derby. I. K. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 18 and 19, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the patronage of the Pennsylvania Kennel Club. Entries close September 8. Eldridge McCook, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Announcements on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Foss, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Show. Entries close September 25. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November 2, at New York City. Close of entries American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

THE LEONBERG DOGS.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:—St. John's, Newfoundland, July 8.

I have observed in your issue of June 2, certain deprecatory statements in reference to the Leonberg dog. In FOREST AND STREAM for March 17, I have from your issue your correspondents appeared, in which the writer indulged in similar remarks, and in disparaging character regarding this breed of dogs. As a reply to those writers I beg to submit the following account of the Leonberg dog, as I have long known it. The Leonberg is the largest and most powerful dog originally bred in Germany. In 1853, a gentleman of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) wrote to me: 'I have received a kind of dog from you which I have been wanting for years but could never meet with. Two years ago I traveled to Italy, and crossed purposely over the St. Bernard Mount to procure a dog thence, but found upon inspection that the actual record race did no longer exist there, but were replaced by a common short-haired animal. The same I found to be the case at the convent of Mount Sion, where the Leonberg is the largest dog I obtained a Newfoundland dog from the Zoologica Garden at Berlin, which did not answer my expectations either in how low I am suited, and you may rest assured that proper care and attention will be given to the dog.' The Rev. Dolquies, Prior

of the same convent, writes to me: 'I have received a kind of dog from you which I have been wanting for years but could never meet with. Two years ago I traveled to Italy, and crossed purposely over the St. Bernard Mount to procure a dog thence, but found upon inspection that the actual record race did no longer exist there, but were replaced by a common short-haired animal. The same I found to be the case at the convent of Mount Sion, where the Leonberg is the largest dog I obtained a Newfoundland dog from the Zoologica Garden at Berlin, which did not answer my expectations either in how low I am suited, and you may rest assured that proper care and attention will be given to the dog.' The Rev. Dolquies, Prior

First, by each yacht on joining or leaving the squadron, which will be received by the Flagship only.

When the Commodore or senior officer in command joins or leaves the squadron, when each yacht will return his gun.

Attention is called to Chapter XVII of By-Laws, and it is requested that Captains visiting clubs in uniform, also that at called meetings of Captains on the Flagship they only will attend.

It is expected that all orders will be implicitly obeyed, that signals will be promptly acknowledged, and that especially in getting under way in squadron, no yacht will start before gun fire.

Special attention is called to the fact that the club to be completed for during the cruise, and the compliance should be acknowledged by a full entry of yachts for these races.

Commodore L. F. Johnson, of the "Cruiser" will be beyond his usual limits. He thinks a sail around Cape Cod and through the waters of Massachusetts Bay would add novelty and interest to the cruise.

In order to repay suitably the long due debt of hospitality to the Eastern Club, the Commodore earnestly requests that there shall be a full cruise at the end of the season, and that the Commodore will be glad to consider for extensive preparations, Captains should, without delay, notify the Commodore at Club House, No. 29 East 42d Street, of their intentions.

ROBERT CENTER, Fleet Captain.

We are glad to find the pop-gun nuisance strictly limited and the childish spectacle of promiscuous gun-firing abolished in the harbor, at least as long as Commodore Walker and his efficient Fleet Captain are in command.

ALBANY YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream: Allow me to give you some idea what the yachtsmen are about in the Adirondack region above your great city.

The Albany Y. C. has been very active in the harbor, and has been very successful in its efforts to improve the harbor and to make it more convenient for the yachtmen.

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A. C. A. LAKE GEORGE REGATTA.

Editor Forest and Stream: OAK BANK, Stanton Gareloch, N. B., July 3. Through the kindness of the Secretary of this association I have had the pleasure of being able to hand to various competing friends copies of the Circular announcing the details of the annual regatta of the A. C. A.

Each race of this great regatta with the admirable way in which all the arrangements and rules of your Association have been carried out and cannot but admit the pluck of our countrymen in assembling so far and near to hold three days' regatta on what is a most romantically situated lake.

Each race is furnished with a water-proof cushion about 5 ft. long and 18 in. wide, which is placed in the well of the canoe. It is lashed with an oval and stuffed with hair.

Our correspondent from across the sea has caught the many aspects of the thing, but there is the lesson of former experience on our side. One must not come from a quarter where after a paddle of hunting and a gun, but not the most important thing to be done is to save this and labor and to stretch his limbs to their full extent.

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BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—The new club work for the current year has been issued. It shows this club to be one of the best in the country devoted to the interests of legitimate yachts of small tonnage.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—According to the orders issued the last evening of Whitestone, July 16, for Black Rock, the yachts arrived in the evening, and the Yacht Club was in full force.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—The well-known building firm of George Lawley & Son, of Boston, evidently does not propose to be caught asleep in the reform movement.

SCUB RACE.—The scuba race held at the regatta of the New Rochelle Yacht Club, on July 16, was a most interesting and successful one.

THE NELLIE O'CONNOR.—In the match between these two scuba races, the Nelly O'Connor was victorious, and the result was a most interesting one.

HONEST OLD TIMES.—It speaks well for the build of many of the older yachts to find among the vessels following have retained the old-fashioned rig.

AN OLD YACHTSMAN'S GONE.—In the death of Mr. Thos. Broadwood, a very fine yachtsman, we have lost a most valuable member of the club.

SEA WANKA YACHT CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream: It has been decided to sail the Corinthian race for open boats and catamarans.

CHUISING EAST.—There are some more who are doing the right sort of thing. Steamer Yosemite, Wm. Eldon, arrived at Quebec July 15.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—In the match for second-class scuba races, the Bedford club was victorious, and the result was a most interesting one.

ATLANTA.—Captain Outburt expects to finish planking this new ship this week and will proceed finishing her at once.

YACHTING NEWS.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—The race open to cat boats was held July 16 of the club house, Harrison square. No distinction was made between keels and boards.

Table with columns: Name and Owner, Length, Actual, Corrected, Time.

RECORD CLASS.—Table with columns: Name, Length, Actual, Corrected, Time.

COLLIMATA YACHT CLUB.—The open regatta was sailed July 12 and 13, and was a most interesting and successful one.

Table with columns: Name, Owner, Length, Cor. Time.

RUNNING AMU CUP.—An esteemed contemporary, trying very hard to get a run, has got a run, and has got a run.

SEA ANCHORS.

WE have received several communications in regard to sea anchors and their practical value. From our own experience we can testify in their favor.

The Chinese junks all carry a sea anchor made like a nunnetta of wicker work to which they ride out the heaviest gales.

WHAT IS A KNOT?

Editor Forest and Stream: Will you please inform me what is the number of feet in a nautical mile? This question has been asked me several times.

When so many authorities disagree we hardly care to decide. We were brought up in the belief that a knot or nautical mile is one-eighth of a degree of longitude.

THE ATLANTA

THROUGH the kindness of Captain Outburt we have received some fine large photographs, showing the yachts in his yard at Bellville, among them being the new Atlanta in frame.

WHO IS THIS?

THE London Shipping Gazette reports the arrival of the cutter Swift, ten tons, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, from Dunbar, Scotland.

LYNN YACHT REGATTA.—The races postponed from July 4 were sailed July 16, fresh entries being received. Wind fresh from southwest; course, 7 miles; prizes, \$25 and \$10; judges, G. W. Haines, E. C. Southwick and R. W. Howell. The Magic, E. G. Neal, 30 ft. 6 in., won in 54m. 34s., beating Jennie, Venus, Pearl, and Edith in the order named.

HONEST BOAT.—Mr. George W. Eaton, of this city, has bought the kool sloop Vision, and will sail her from Stonington during the season. Vision is 25 ft. on deck, 23 ft. on the line, 95 ft. beam, and 4 ft. draft. Built in East Boston in 1874.

LILLIE'S CRUISE.—The sloop Lillie, which left Boston last Saturday evening on an Eastern cruise, arrived at Portland Sunday forenoon, left for Peck's Island Tuesday morning, and at last accounts was at West Hattuck, beflagged.

DEATH-THREATS.—Last Sunday the sloop Killee S., with eight hands on board, struck a moderate puff of Governor's Island, and immediately rolled over, spilling her crew, who were rescued by boats from Whitehall.

POSTPONED.—Editor Forest and Stream: In view of the President's condition, the Yacht Y. C. has decided to postpone the regular regatta to September 9, in order to secure as large a list of entries as possible.—C.

CRUISING WEST.—The fine little schooner Adrienne, Rear Commodore Jacob Pafl, will visit the Sound ports and New York shortly, and proceed up the Hudson to the bridges at Troy.

A YAWL CRUISING.—The Ionian, yawl-rigged this year, is at Castine, Maine, with the artists John R. Johnston and J. L. Watson on a sketching tour.

DEFERRED.—A number of book reviews are again deferred for want of space.

Stomach, bad breath, indigestion and headache easily cured by Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

J. F. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—There is no law against the trap shooting of pigeons in your State.

J. Q., Newark, N. J.—You can procure the vaccine at either Merceur's or Garrigue's apothecary shops in Broad street, your city.

J. A. C., Jefferson, Ohio.—The dog will become worthless if permitted to run at large, and if he is not kept in a small enclosure, or, if that is impossible to do, he must be kept on the chain and exercised by a proper person morning and evening. Castrate the dog and you will ruin him forever for wild purposes.

W. W., Philadelphia.—The Irish setter dog, Rufus H., was whelped August 15, 1879, and was bred by A. Burgess. He was by Rufus (4231 English Kennel C. S. B.) out of Friend (14 Nat. Am. K. C. N. B.), Lefth's Flash-Kavanaugh's Stella. The late M. Von Cullin, Delaware City, Del., exhibited Rufus H. at the Centennial Bench Show.

H. L. Z., New York City.—Vert Shaw's "Illustrated Book of the Dog" is a most excellent compilation. It treats of the various breeds of dogs now in existence. The serial will be completed in thirty parts; twenty-three numbers have already been issued. Price 40 cents per number. We can furnish the whole or any special number. Parts Nos. 11 and 111, treat of the mastiff.

Saco, Maine.—The progeny of the cross between setters and pointers are called droppers. They often prove handy and useful dogs, displaying the excellencies of both parents; but, although individual specimens turn out all that their owners wish, the cross is not a desirable one, resulting in the first generation in produce of the most varied types, nor can it be continued with advantages or any certainty.

A. A. M., Oswego, N. Y.—What is the best breed of dogs for birds of all kinds, and one that will retrieve from land or water? Ans. For game birds, such as grouse, quail, woodcock and English snipe, either the setter or pointer. For ducks, geese and other water birds an Irish water spaniel. If you only care for one dog, and intend to make him do retrieving from the water at all seasons in the year, the setter will be the most useful, but no field dog should be permitted to do much water work.

Florida.—Can you give me the names of some of the good hotels in Jacksonville, St. Augustine, etc., or put me in the way of communication with them so as to arrange for prices for board during coming winter? Would October be good time to go by steamer? Ans. Hotels in Jacksonville are Windsor, Duval, Turner House, and others. In St. Augustine there are the St. Augustine, Florida, Magnolia and Sunnyside. Send for copy of Jacksonville Union which will give names of hotels. October is a good month to go.

J. R. V., Rome, Ga.—In glass ball match the shooting was from three Card rotary traps, screened, and when the person at the score commanded "pull" the ball from some cause was very slow in appearing, and the shooters declared it "no ball" when it did appear after a pause of several seconds; but the referee decided that the plea of unfair pulling could not be considered, as the shooter having been commanded to pull, must wait in readiness and take the ball when it does appear. Ans. The referee was right, unless a manifest intentional delay could be proved against the puller. It is a bad practice with some clubs to handicap guns according to their bore.

R. H. R., Jamestown, N. Y.—Six men, A, B, C, D, E, F, tie on a prize in a handicap match. The prize was put up to run six weeks, making six whirlings, and each man making a house in own case. In the first prize, the winners at the close of shooting to be permitted to buy out or shoot off ties as they may wish. A buy out is and a first prize, but the losers wish to shoot off ties. Shall a shooter one strike against each of the other owners shooting one, and get the two parties he bought out to shoot his other two strings for him, or

shall he shoot a string for each one of his interests against each of the other owners shooting one string? Or shall A shoot one string for his one-half interest against the other three parties' own each? Ans. A having bought ties of B and F, has the privilege of shooting them off against C, D and E, unless he detects the latter on his own tie; but he is not compelled to shoot them off unless he wishes to do so. To make this plain, put it in another way: Suppose that in shooting off ties A detects first C, then D, and then E. It remains for him to shoot with B and F, but instead of shooting off he buys them out. It is plain that he need not in that case again shoot with the others whom he has already detected. On the other hand, supposing C, D or E to have detected A, the former could not claim the prize until B and F had been detected too, and A having bought these ties has the right to shoot them off.

W. E. F., Norwalk, O.—Respecting deer the Michigan game law (Sec. 3) provides: "That no person or persons shall pursue or hunt or kill any deer, save only in the Upper Peninsula, from the 15th day of August to the 15th day of November, and in the Lower Peninsula from the 15th day of October to the 1st day of December, inclusive, in each year, or kill at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any deer when it is in its spotted coat, or has it in his possession or the skin of such deer or fawn in the red or spotted coat; and the having in possession of the skin of such deer or fawn shall be prima facie evidence of such killing. No person shall at any time kill or capture any deer in the waters of any of the streams, ponds or lakes within the jurisdiction of this State, or kill or capture any deer by means of any pit, pit-fall or trap. No person shall kill or destroy, by any means whatever, or attempt to take or destroy, any wild turkey any time except in the months of October, November and December of each year, or any wild turkey or snipe between the first day of January next following, or any partridge or ruffed grouse, or any woodcock, teal duck, mallard duck, or gray duck, save only on the first day of September in each year to the first day of January next following, or any wild water fowl or snipe between the first day of May and the first day of September of each year. The taking, carrying or sending, by any means whatever, into or through any county of this State, any of the game or animals which have been killed or captured contrary to the provisions of this section, or the birds of such animals, shall be illegal, and is declared to be an offense against the provisions of this act, in any county in or through which such game or animals have been taken, killed or captured, and may be punished as provided in Sec. 6 of the act hereby amended." The non-transportation law provides: "Sec. 1. That no person or corporation or company shall at any time, kill or expose for sale, transport or have in his possession, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or other plumed grouse nor wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of any of such animals, for any use except for any purpose except for consumption as food within this State. Sec. 2. No person, corporation or company shall kill or expose for sale, or have in possession, or transport or have in his possession, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or other plumed grouse nor wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, with the intention of sending or transporting, or having the same sent or transported beyond the limits of this State. Sec. 3. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense, and shall on conviction thereof be committed to the common jail of the county until such penalty is paid, provided such imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days."

Miscellaneous
NOTICE!
Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.
Rates promptly furnished on application.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.
GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.
KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.
Now is the Time to Order
TENTS, AWNINGS & FLAGS.

New Model, Top Snap, CHAMPION
SHOT GUN.
It has a Patent Top Snap Action, by means of which the gun can be opened by pressure of the thumb to the right or left, an improvement found in no other gun. It has the Rebounding Lock, which ensures safety in loading beyond a doubt. The other improvements are the Patent Grip Stock, and Patent Fore-End Factoring, by means of the Patent Fore-End Factoring, the gun can be detached from the stock in an instant, and is quickly replaced. The whole is used in the center line, in the fore or butt. The brass shell can be loaded in any direction. Prices: Plain, \$10.00; with Hand Guard, \$12.00; with Hand Guard, \$14.00; with Hand Guard, \$16.00; with Hand Guard, \$18.00. JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS, Gun Dealers, Boston, Mass. See send stamp for illustrated Catalogue.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
48 Maiden Lane, New York.
SMALL ARTIFICIAL BAITS, MOUNTED, READY FOR USE.
SHRIMP, red, each... 50
Shrimp, natural color... 50
Very small fish... 50
Grasshoppers, winged... 50
Grasshoppers, winged... 50
Potato Bug... 25
Bees, Hard Body... 25
Crickets... 25
Beetles... 25
Frogs, large... 50
Frogs, small... 50
Heligante, or Dobson, large... 50
Heligante, or Dobson, small... 50
Fluttering May Fly, large... 50
Fluttering May Fly, small... 40
Crawlers... 25
Worms (unmounted)... 10
ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS, MOUNTED, READY FOR USE.
Angel of Devon, burnished... 60
Angel of Devon, enameled... 50
Fancy, Solid, burnished... 75
Fancy, Hollow, burnished... 85
Fancy, Hollow, enameled... 95
Plain jointed, burnished... 1.00
Plain jointed, enameled... 1.00
California, extra quality... 60
California, extra quality... 75
Best Hard Rubber... 75
Protein... 1.00
Length of minnow in inches... 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 2, 2 1/4, 2 1/2, 2 3/4, 3, 3 1/4, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, 5, 6

Grand Prize Distribution,
Flying Clay Pigeon.
LIGOWSKY & CO., 33 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
THREE VALUABLE PRIZES.
200 CHANCES WANTED.
1ST PRIZE—A very handsome PLUTE (value, \$45), nine silver keys; inclosed in a handsome case, with oil cup, pad and pad box, swab, etc.
2D PRIZE—A WM. MOORE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Has been used to secure a chance in rebounding locks, 12x80x3 1/2; side action; weight, 9 lbs.
3D PRIZE—A SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER. Full nickel-plated, five shot, .38 calibre. Has never been used.
The above drawing will take place on or about AUGUST 15, 1881.
AT FIFTY CENTS A CHANCE, each ticket allowing the holder to draw one of the three prizes. Send in your names early to secure a chance in the drawing.
JOS. H. EVERARD,
Secretary Susquehanna Sport Club,
Cordwainerland, Penn.

TARRANT'S SELZER APERIENT.
A tough, coated tongue is a sure sign of a deranged stomach. It is Nature's thermometer, showing how the system is working. In all such cases resort should be had to once to Tarrant's Selzer Aperient.
It will soothe the tongue, by removing from the system the cause of the disturbance; it cures, as by a charm, all who use it.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Miscellaneous

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Framed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

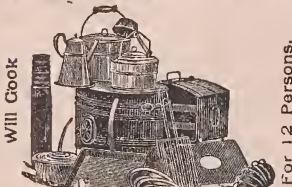
No. of pellets to oz. 378 478 594 702
845 606 718 1180 Chilled.

TATHAM & BRO'S.

82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

H. L. DUNCKLEE'S PATENT Camping and Mining Stove.

JUST the thing for people camping out for a short or long time. FOUR SIZES; prices REASONABLE. Send for descriptive circulars, with prices and terms.



NO. 1-CAMP UNPACKED.



NO. 1-CAMP PACKED. Made and sold by VAUNTON IRON WORKS CO., 87 Blackstone street, Boston, Mass.

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THE Home Telephone Manf'g Co. OF PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Now offer their instruments for general use. The CHEAPEST and the BEST! A universal want supply! NO ELECTRICITY! NO BATTERY! OPERATED BY ACOUSTIC VIBRATION and works in all kinds of weather. Especially adapted for connecting different parts of the same building or factory, warehouses and offices, houses and stables, or different buildings on farms, plantations, etc.; also for speaking tube purposes. Will work in a circuit of four miles if desired.

An unequalled source of amusement and instruction for the young folks.

Price for two instruments, with insulators, attachments, etc., with full instructions for setting them up, \$5.00. Sent by express by any address, no receipt of price. Can be sent by mail at 25 cents additional is remitted to pay postage. Address all orders to the

Home Telephone Manufacturing Co., P. O. BOX 519, PITTSBURGH, PA.

We want lady and gentlemen agents in every town and city to introduce the HOME TELEPHONE. Business pleasant, honorable and profitable. \$75.00 to \$100.00 per month can be made with but little exertion. No capital required. You have only to show the Telephone to secure orders, as they speak for themselves.

We will send two SAMPLE Telephones for AGENTS, with full outfit and instructions, for \$1.00 and eight 5 ct. postage stamps. Address

Home Telephone Manuf'g Co., Box 519, Pittsburg, Pa.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.

66 Pine St., New York

THE DAVIS GUN.



The Strongest, and most convenient action, and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.

Price, with fine twist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$30. Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers,

N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Eccl. 12:12.



ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

FROM THE Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

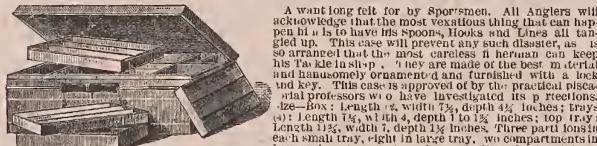
Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB B. BRY, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.

J. OTTO DONNELLY, President.

Special prices to follow orders according to their value.

SIMPSON'S NEW FISHING-TACKLE CASE.



A want long felt for by Sportsmen. All Anglers will acknowledge that the most vexatious thing that can happen to a fisher is to have his spoons, Hooks and Lines all tangled up. This case will prevent any such disaster, as is so arranged that the most careless fisherman can keep his tackle in shape. They are made of the best material and handsomely ornamented and furnished with a lock and key. This case is approved of by the practical piscatorial professors who have investigated its merits.

Size—Box: Length 12, width 7 1/2, depth 4 1/2 inches; trays (4): Length 1 1/2, width 4, depth 1 to 1 1/2 inches; top tray: Length 1 1/2, width 7, depth 1 1/2 inches. Three part founes each small tray, eight in large tray, two compartments in box, making twenty-four places for lines, hooks, sinkers, spoons, etc., in look, and each case packed in a neat box and sent on receipt of \$4.50. To clubs taking 6 at one time, \$24.00. Send for catalogue of FISHING-TACKLE AND SPORTSMAN'S GOODS.

R. SIMPSON, 96 Fulton Street, New York.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR.	THREE KINGS.	NEW VANITY FAIR.
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Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

WM. S. KIBBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS.

For All Kinds of Fishing.

With best German silver mountings, full metal reel seat, perfect workmanship, lowest prices, and THE BEST RODS EVER OFFERED TO ANGLERS.

Manufactured by

B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,

36 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

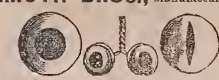
Send for Price List. Liberal Discount to the Trade.

CAMP LIFE IN FLORIDA.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Price \$15.00.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail. 99 WALKER ST., NEW YORK.

HUNTING HATCHETS,

WITH PATENT COVERS.

THE ONLY ONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD. A perfect protection to the edge of the hatchets. Send for new circular.

A CROSETT & CO., Waterville, Kennebec, Maine.

Wanted.

TO SPORTSMEN—A gentleman who has the exclusive right of shooting over a large marsh on Lake St. Clair, abounding in wild ducks of all kinds, and over a large area of adjacent country well stocked with quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and a few wild turkeys, is anxious to find two or three gentlemen of means to join him in sharing the expenses of housekeeping and preserving in a commodious club house, good boat house and kennels. A first class keeper and wife capable of making guests comfortable, splendid bass fishing to be had in the season. Apply to D. C., Box 104, Niagara, Ont. July 1st

For Sale.

FOR SALE, shooting outfit of the late T. D. Gladstone: One Parker B. Gun, No. 12, 8 1/2 lbs.; very superior gun; leather gun cases, brass shells, etc., etc. Also, one superior black puppy, 8 yrs. old; 22 or 24 and one silver headed, out of Mr. Foster's of Morrisown, N. Y. (both spec.) by A. H. Moore's of Philadelphia) Kenderick—best stock in the U. S. Address: N. J. DEMUTH, No. 1465 Broadway, N. Y., or Newark, N. J. July 14th

FOR SALE, a fine open yacht, 218'; at present not fitted; has a rigging for a top model of the best; also a fine and well fitted, out of Mr. Ross E. P. O. WBS, Lansingburgh, N. Y. July 14th

FOR SALE, one Bon Bill B. L. Gun, Damascus B. barrels, 10 1/2 inch, extension; rib pistol #4; good gun, nearly new; can save cover, 2 brass shells and loader. Price \$20. Address H. A. B. ILEY, Lock Box 14, New Britain, Conn. July 21st

MOUSE, FLK, CARIBOU AND DEER HORNS FOR SALE—Large and fine specimens of each. W. M. H. TATT, No. 92 Gold street, New York. July 17th

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, a fine red Irish dog pup, 10 months old, Elcho-Franked stock. Price \$20; a nice red Irish bitch, 6 months old, \$15; and a pair of black, 2 yrs. old, \$10. For bill of sale, etc., address CHAS. DENISON, Hurstville, Conn. July 21st

FOR SALE, the liver and white cocker spaniel dog, Quaker, one year old, very handsome and highly bred. Price \$20. Also the white cocker dog pup, Bant, 4 months, liver and white, imported stock. Price \$15. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. July 21st

WANTED, a thoroughbred, well trained young setter. Seller must be willing to give trial. Address, with price bill, description and name of sire and dam, F. M. O., FOREST AND STREAM office. July 21st

LEWELLYN SETTER DOG, by Dash III, 1 1/2 years, 6 open, perfect on quality, \$50. Irish setter dog, by Elcho, 3 years, broken and a bench winner, \$20. Four pups by champion Emperor Fred, ex Minto (1st N. Y. 1879), one each. Apply to LACHINE KENNEL, L. U. B., Whitesboro, L. I. July 21st

FOR SALE, a well broken Irish setter dog, 3 years old. Good retriever and a first class dog in every respect. Address E. E. VENTRES, Moodus, Conn. July 21st

FOR SALE CHEAP—Handsome English setter dog, Dash. Partially broken. Cost \$45 to import; cost here, \$20. Also the white cocker dog, first prize winner at Baltimore and Philadelphia; out of imported dog, by 2000. Address FRANK L. CLARK, 43 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J. July 21st

FOR SALE—Owing to lack of room I offer for sale my low Elcho-Franked setter pup. She is a finely marked blue belt, a five year old. Would exchange for good bred collie dog, shot gun, C. E. LEWIS, Suspension Rock, N. Y. July 21st

OUT-OF-COCKER SPANIEL PUPPIES—For Cocker's of all ages and colors, 6 to 8 inches and puppies, address with stamp, ROB T. WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21st

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FOR SALE, lemon and white setter bitch, 2 1/2 yrs. old, by Fawcett's imported New England dog on all game. Price \$25. Also lemon and white pointer bitch, 15 months, \$20. Address Box 99, Apollo, Armstrong Co., Penn. July 21st

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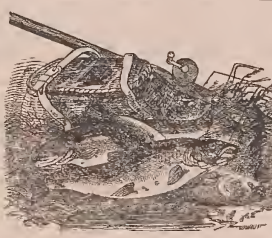


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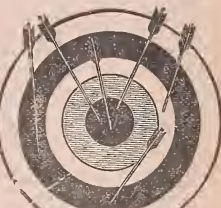
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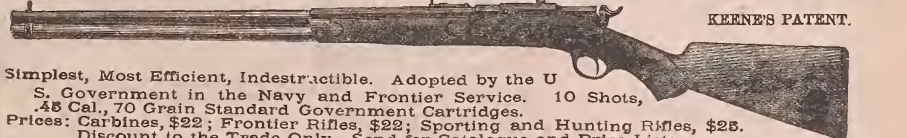
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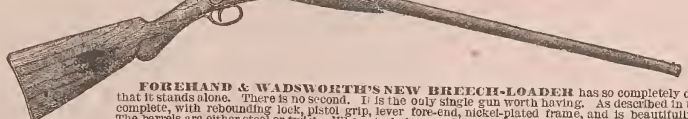


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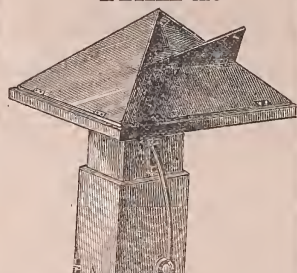
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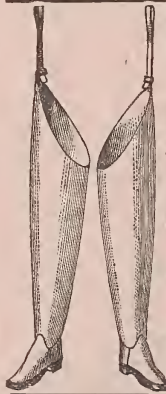
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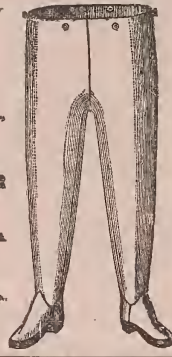
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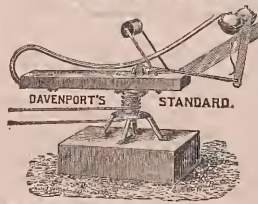
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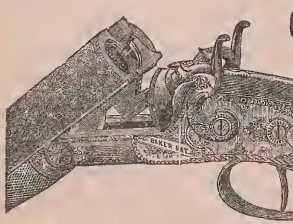
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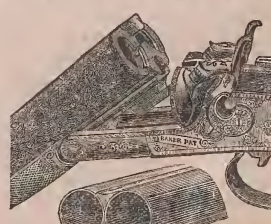
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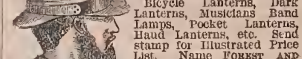
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondents name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 28.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE TABLE OF OPEN SEASONS in our game bag and gun columns will be found a useful index to the opening days for shooting.

LARCENY OF ANIMALS is the subject of a very interesting paper which we copy from a legal contemporary supplementing it with other articles on kindred subjects which have been printed since.

AL FRESCO'S INVITATION to try the channel bass fishing in Florida is not so strange as it may at first appear. In the first place the fishing is good, we know that. And in the second place the sea coast of Florida is a much more enjoyable summering land than are the sizzling cities of this latitude. There is almost always a sea breeze, and that, with the afternoon showers, insures comfort.

WESTERN SHOOTING.—We are informed that the prospects for prairie chicken, duck, goose and brant shooting were never so fine as they are this year through Central Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, and especially along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in that territory. Some of the best shooting grounds in the United States are reached direct by this line.

A SEA-FISHING PARTY.

A MOST enjoyable trip, which brought health and fish in equal proportions, was recently made in the schooner "Van Name," Capt. Cubberty, by a party of gentlemen from New York, consisting of Mr. John Poord, editor of the *Times*; Messrs. Jules Turcas, Walter E. Colton, Max Wessendonck, Carl Scheffer, Mr. Ingalls, Barnet Phillips, Secretary of the American Fishcultural Association, Dr. Prout, and Mr. E. G. Blackford. The latter gentleman was landed at Moutauk Point, and the party went on to Cape Cod.

They caught sharks at Nantucket, Mr. Phillips taking a large one, which fastened its teeth in the pedestal of his trousers and carried away so much that was necessary to a respectable appearance that the loan of an ulster was received with thanks. Returning they interviewed the cod at Block Island, where Mr. Colton, an experienced Adirondack and Maine angler, captured, with a 16-ounce rod and reel, several large cod, among which was a nine-pounder, drawn from fourteen fathoms of water. This was said to be sport, and the excited party stood around Mr. Colton offering odds that he never could land that fish with such tackle. The fight was undoubtedly terrific, for the cod is gamy when opportunity offers to show his powers of resistance, but science prevailed over brute force, and the little rod, bent like an ox-bow, did its work and brought the monster to gaff after a hard fight.

The party stopped at Wood's Holl to interview the United States Fish Commission, but the work had not fairly begun and few besides, Professor Baird were there. An artist accompanied the party, and it is said that "Harper's Magazine" will soon contain a full account of the trip, with illustrations.

TO THOSE WISHING EGGS OF CALIFORNIA SALMON.

THE season for eggs of the quinnat salmon approaches. The eggs taken next month and in September reach the Atlantic States from the 1st to the 15th of October, and those wishing eggs should apply now. This is important, as Prof. Baird is desirous of knowing how many eggs of this fish will be required by the different State Commissions and fishculturists generally, in order that he may give instructions to Mr. Stone, at the McCleod River fishery, in regard to the number of eggs to be taken. All applications for the same should therefore be made at once, stating the number desired, as it is the custom of the Fish Commission to take only the number requisite to fill the orders received, and a certain number to be hatched and turned into the river.

The eggs are collected and packed at the expense of the U. S. Fish Commission. The express charges on them, however, must be borne by the recipients. To those who have had no experience with these eggs we will say that this charge varies with the quantity sent East each year, the Commission getting the advantage of full car rates, when they have full cars, and dividing this pro-rata among the consignees. Every effort is made to deliver the eggs in perfect condition, and the chances are largely in favor of success, but the Commission does not hold itself responsible for any injury from unexpected detention or from any other cause.

Orders should be for at least 50,000, as this makes as small a package as it seems desirable to put up, and we would impress upon our readers who desire eggs this fall the necessity of immediate application.

A HINT TO SIR HENRY HALFORD.

A STUDY of the scores made at the recent Elcho Shield competition ought certainly to encourage our British friends to make another trial for the Palma and so secure for themselves the championship title at long-range team shooting. In 1876, it will be remembered, when the trophy was first shot for, five teams competed in a two days' contest. On the first day the Scotch team led with a score of 1,886, or an average of 198½ per man. On the second day the American team led with 1,549, or 193½ average. At that time Ireland had the best score on the Elcho shield record—1,509, or an average of 189. In 1877 Ireland improved her record by making 1,563, or 196, and this was the best Wim-

bledon record. When, in 1877, Sir Henry Halford brought over his picked team, and under our clearer skies rolled up the scores of 1,629 and 1,613 for the two days respectively, showing averages of 203½ and 201½, or a general average per man for the match of 202½, the figures of the Americans for those two days ran up to 1,655 and 1,679, or to the remarkable general average of 208½. Since that time, however, the Elcho Shield figures have shown the effect of careful drill and practice on the part of the riflemen all over the kingdom. Last year 1,638 was the winning score, and during the past week the English team ran its score up to 1,642, or an average score of 205½. Now, given the pick of the three teams, worked into a compact working squad of marksmen, under such an enthusiastic captain as Sir Henry Halford, and given too the advantages of shooting over an American range, where the targets are not cut off by the misty curtains of an English atmosphere, it would seem only fair to assume that an improvement could be shown which would force the American riflemen to some magnificent shooting in order to hold the trophy. If, we say, in 1877, the best Wimbledon record stood at 196, and a picked team could come to America and show more than 6 points better, with the Wimbledon record now standing at 205 and over, an improvement of much less than 6 points per man would leave the exceptional American record safely behind.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHCULTURIST.

IT MUST be a source of delight to Dr. Garlick to see the yearly growth of fishculture in these days. When he began it, in 1833, it was looked upon merely as a curious experiment by the public at large, and only a few thoughtful men saw any future for it. The Doctor and his partner, Prof. Aekley, were successful and bred trout, but it was a long time before others took it up; and this indifference to a subject which seemed of vital importance to these gentlemen was undoubtedly a great annoyance to them.

Dr. Garlick is now in his seventy-sixth year, and has been an invalid for several years past, suffering as only those who have passed through the agonies of paralysis of the pneumogastric nerve have suffered. Yet on his bed he reads with avidity all that relates to his favorite theme; and with a mind unimpaired as yet by age and suffering he follows each improvement and invention with the ardor of a young man. Carp culture attracted his attention, and he had a small pond made and stocked with this fish. In getting an additional supply four were killed, and he ate them. He writes us as follows:

BEDFORD, O., July 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Night before last my dear old friend, Judge Potter, came here and brought me sixty-one mirror carp. Four of them had died from apoplexy on the way, but that did not spoil them for eating, and yesterday morning I ate two whole carp for my breakfast—what you never have done. You may think it very strange when I tell you that I never in my life felt a greater interest in fishculture than I do to-day. I cannot while life lasts bring myself to the condition of doing nothing although some people seem happiest when they have nothing to do.

T. GARLICK.

BASSING IN GREENWOOD LAKE.

IN another column a correspondent gives his experience with the bass in this lake. We were there three weeks later and our experience was somewhat different. We reached there at noon and took three bass. Two of them would weigh half a pound each, and the other weighed a pound. We took two of them by still fishing with the "Dobson" or helgramite, and one by skittering with a live frog. The boatman promised great fishing on the morrow when we would go down the lake.

In the morning both the landlord and the boatman ridiculed the size of our creel, and declared it would not hold half our prospective catch. We relaxed our features at the prospect and started. Three of us, two editors and the boatman, fished from 7 A. M. till 5 P. M., with a result of twenty-one bass, all small mouth, none of which would exceed a pound in weight. The boatman said "we should have been here last week." Alas! that last week story is familiar to us. We have suffered from the voracity of last week's fish, and the veracity of guides for years. We never did go fishing "last week," it unfortunately being an ever present "now"

when we are on the water. And now our correspondent shows that we should have visited Greenwood Lake three weeks ago. We did not, hence these tears. If any one should ask why our correspondent claims that the lake needs restocking when it contains so many bass and such fine ones as he caught, we can only mournfully shake our brain case and say that we don't know.

We found the charges moderate, except for boats. We paid two dollars a day for a light twelve-foot row-boat, but we could not but admire the plan of counting out seventy-five dollars, and charging two cents each for them, and then selling the remainder after the day's fishing to another party on the morrow. We used twelve of them, which cost us \$1.50, or twelve and a half cents each instead of two. How many persons had paid for our dohos before we bought them we probably will never know, but if we did not have a comfortable income from our editorial labors we would probably go into the dohoson business as the surest road to fortune.

There may be times when the bassing is better at the lake than on the occasion of our visit, but the facts are given of a day and a half's fishing by three men whose catch was larger than that of any party on the lake during that time. We believe that brook trout would live in the cool springs of this lake, and hope that it will be tried.

A HANDSOME TROPHY.—We have received an artotype of the gold medal of the St. Louis Gun Club, which is offered by that club for annual competition by the members of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association. The design is handsome and the execution all that could be desired. The medal is valued at \$500, and its winner will take it under the following conditions: "This medal is to be shot for under the following conditions: The winner is to put it up for competition at each annual tournament of the Missouri State Association, at \$7.50 entrance, not including birds, to be shot for at 10 sing's e, birds, 26 yards rise, under St. Louis Gun Club rules. The entrance money is to go to the holder of the medal each year. The owner will be required to give satisfactory bond in the sum of \$500 to the St. Louis Gun Club, for the safe custody and production of it at the next following annual tournament."

NUMEROUS TIMELY COMMUNICATIONS were deferred. Our columns are rich in practical letters pointing out camping and sporting resorts. We trust that others of our readers who may have knowledge of such localities will favor us with brief and specific information respecting them.

BRYANT'S POEM ON THE ENGLISH SPARROW, was written at the time of the introduction of that bird into New York. We shall publish it next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CANOEING ON CANADIAN WATERS.

MUSKALONGE FISHING IN SPARROW LAKE.

A GAME FISH is a silly bird. The wily trout rushes clear out of water in his intense eagerness to capture the so-called "fly," a feathery cheat formed in the resemblance of nothing under the sun and not even attempting to conceal the hook to which it is wound. The fierce muskallonge savagely snaps at the glittering "spoon," a revolving fraud, alluring the too curious fish, though not at attempting to counterfeits anything whatever, nor to cover gangs of hooks dangling ominously behind. Those much despised fish, the bullhead and the sucker, are at least far more sensible. They require for a bait something which shall have at least the appearance of being good to eat.

Thus our thoughts after the excitement of catching my first large muskallonge had somewhat abated. We had pitched our tent on a fine promontory at Sparrow Lake late Friday evening, had gathered the hemlock boughs which serve us "beds of Asphodel," had warmed ourselves by the glowing camp-fire, and enjoyed the delicious repose of the campfire when disturbed by any of the wretched, creeping, crawling, wiggling, humming, buzzing, biting, stinging, things which sometimes give variety to life and activity to sleep.

A good part of Saturday we spent in escaping the fury of thunderstorms, and had only got fish enough for the actual necessities of our sharpened appetites. Two fine bass, which had struck at my brother George's spoon, had suffered themselves to be drawn only near enough to get a good look at the canoe, and then, with a toss of the head and a flap of the tail, had taken their departure without the formality of saying "Good-bye." Naturally we had been desirous of at least one handsome fish, large enough to be stuffed and baked for a Sunday dinner, and to furnish us also with food for conversation as well as to make good the reputation of this lake for the size and class of its fish. Yet, undeniably, the weather was unpropitious; and as the sun was setting we were still sadly trotting, fondly cherishing the last hopes of a delightful week which we had been anxious to end in triumph. For the last time we trod across a little bay, and as we were touching the edges of the weeds the signal had been given to commence winding in our lines. Suddenly I felt a fierce strike, and then a jerking and hauling at the line as though the old Ben Serpent himself were at the end. After having felt the hooks set in his mouth I hauled him as prudently as possible, that I might not lose this long-looked-for treasure. George had at once drawn in his line, that there might be no possibility of the two becoming entangled, and the guide held the canoe with his paddle partly edwise to the fish that the line might be more perfectly free. After the first jerk, when the fish has found himself all safely hooked, he will generally consent to be drawn up until he sees the boat, and then, realizing his danger, he makes new and bolder dashes for life and liberty. But this one had no notion of succumbing so tamely. He rushed to the top of the water and threw himself out, and shook himself like a

black bass, displaying to us his magnificent proportions, though at a distance of nearly a hundred feet. Then, finding this effort fruitless, he became quicker and I gradually worked him up within sight of the boat, and then he was off like a shot, taking out half the line I had drawn in. Again I brought him up toward the canoe, and again and again he was off. The next time he rose and shook himself to shake the hooks out of his mouth, but unsuccessfully. Finally he adopted a new manoeuvre, snuffing himself to be drawn in till near the canoe he darted under it, and then, coming to the surface on the other side, he shook himself again, striking his tail with all his force against the side of the canoe, and the dashing off again—a difficult, dangerous situation, the line being under the centre of the canoe, and he having thus every advantage which a hooked fish can obtain. Fortunately for the purpose, the line led him out into the water, and his strength was well nigh exhausted and he came to the side of the canoe passive.

This is a critical juncture. More fish are lost in landing than at any other time, their added weight as they come out of the water, and sudden jerks and struggles, frequently setting them free, especially if not judiciously handled. For so large a fish a landing net is worse than useless. To land him in over the edge of the boat, the hooks alone would be in the highest degree dangerous. Three methods remain:

1st. To gaff him with a great hook set on a stout pole, which makes a terrible gash in his side and seems like butchery, besides not being always sure.

2d. The one ordinarily in use by the Indians, to hit him a quick, sharp stroke between the eyes with a short stick brought for that purpose, and then lift him with the hands, while thus stunned, into the boat. But the stroke with the stick is liable to loosen the hooks unless well set in his mouth, and then the fish is gone.

The third method is often the safer plan with a large fish. As with one hand leveling the line you draw the fish close to the side of the boat, pass the other along his back to see that he will remain quiet, and so hold him with the hands, and forefinger to his eyes, where the projecting bones give you firm hold, if you grasp him tightly, and thus with both hands you neatly and quickly draw him over the side and into safe quarters before he has time and consciousness to struggle. For his struggles when in the boat you must be prepared, though it is not advisable to do as one Doctor recently did on this lake with his first twelve-pounder—got one hooked in that manner, and then let him run until the hands gave way under the sharp teeth, and require two weeks' surgery. As the beautiful fish, finally exhausted, came alongside, our guide, of course, wanted to knock him on the head, but warning him off and nerving myself for any struggle he might make on being subjected to the approved operation of lifting into the canoe, in a twinkling I had him safely landed. The flopping and floundering of the fish afterwards, was astonishing in length, lift, fin, weight, color, scales, small and closely set; flesh, white, firm and delicate; color, pearly, and feeling not slimy like the pickerel, which in some respects he so much resembles. His head, sunned on the rocks and dried by our camp fire, shows opened jaws through which I can easily pass my clenched fist without touching one of his shark-like teeth.

Moreover, a great advantage of catching a fish just at evening is that you have a chance to catch him over again two or three times, with variations, during the night.

DOWN THE SEVERN.

When our days allowed for fishing were completed, we struck our tent again with a feeling which would have been of sadness had we not known the drift down the Severn to be so pleasant and interesting. Between Sparrow Lake and the mill at the mouth of the river there is not a single settler's cabin, and in the lumbermen's shanties it is still too early to expect any signs of life, unless possibly a man or two sent on as advance guard to patch up holes in the rough roof and see that the rooms are in order. The distance, expressed in Indian language, is as follows: Sit at a seven o'clock, get the canoe, get the drift, sit at a seven o'clock, paddle hard. Heavy canoe take good deal longer.

The river, contracted frequently at the rapids to not over four rods in width, is generally from a quarter to half-a-mile in width, and frequently expands into broader bays, and once into a large and handsome lake, several miles in length. It must be a difficult and aggravating river for lumbering purposes. The bruiser and the cutter, the log skimmer and the other give evidence of the character of the falls and rocks over which they have to come, while the frequent floating capstans at wide places in the river indicate the points where the current cannot be depended upon to float the logs, and where the lumbermen must, with infinite labor, raft and haul them down to a stronger current. Across the mouths of the deeper bays booms are stretched to restrain the logs in the tendency. The wayward children, to wander from the prescribed channel.

Along the few shallow spots and low shores grows the wild rice, the favorite feeding grounds of wild duck, but the prevailing characteristic of the river scenery is rock—primitive trap, with only occasionally a streak of quartz or a granite boulder. The timber is generally heavy, except where the rapids decrease it, and great satisfaction to us to learn from the Canadian Agricultural Commissioners that the rocks are not growing. The travels of these gentlemen through this section of country listening to the reports of the farmers as to what they could do, has created the greatest interest along their route, but to our inquiring minds not the least valuable of their conclusions is this—that the rocks in the Muskoqua country are *not growing*.

SETTLER'S BREAD.

There is one point to which I fear the attention of these gentlemen was not directed—the quality of the bread made within their jurisdiction. At one point, which shall be nameless here, we wanted some fresh bread, and found no difficulty in getting, at settler's houses, three successive loaves, each of which seemed sourer than the other. At several places they claimed that the wheat was extra for the loaf because, forsooth, it was fully that much *heavier* than the bread we would get anywhere else. The loaf from the third place caused us to give up in despair. It was made up with saleratus and water, had not seen much time lost in kneading, was sour and bitter at night, and in the morning we found our Indian considering the propriety of chopping it with the axe. I used to pity the settlers' wives, now I pity the settlers themselves.

Early the second day, at the marshy outlet of a small stream, we saw

A FAMILY OF DEER FEEDING.

The two fawns were sauntering knee deep in the water at the edge of the river, nibbling among the grass and lily pads, and playfully moving about and tossing their heads. They were

grown to good size, but paid no sort of attention to us, though they evidently saw us as we dropped down toward them. The doe was standing back four or five rods, her head only showing above the rushes, keeping watch and ward over her young. We had quickly gotten out of her sight, beyond a point of rock, and were able to keep behind it till about twenty rods off them, and the wind which, of course, had always been against us, and was so still, for once seemed to blow a dead calm, thus enabling us to keep to the side toward the vigilant mother. But the instant the rock could no longer shelter us from her eye, she gave a number of quick sniffs and snorts to alarm her children, but they only looked up inquiringly and hardly ceased their play among the lilies. Then she snorted again and again in wildest anxiety, and with great energy danced about, making to and fro, and making every effort to enable us to keep to the side of the vigilant mother. 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so black with tar oil that his own wife would not have recognized it that hold tunder her darling Professor. Such were his defenses against cold and the mosquitoes. But the most wonderful of this equipments remain to be described—the rifle that shot and the jack that showed it where to shoot. The rifle, a Ballard, principally remarkable for its intricate sight, which Wren designated new-fangled and treacherous. But the jack—O Muse, inspire me that I may picture it! A little dark lantern with bullocks' ears as glass—indeed, it was of this material; a very scientific chimney to carry off the smoke, but incapable of shedding light; a noiseless slide which went with a string, and a multitude of straps whereby to attach the whole to the bearer in a way warranted not to make the head ache.

Hank swung lightly into his seat, and the companions on the shore waved a *bon voyage*. The paddle sped silently to and fro, and the canoe glided round the point. The mist was already rising from the river. No chance for a daylight shot, and the Professor began to light up and buckle on the jack.

"We'll try the mouth of Dead Creek," said Hank; and try it they did most unsuccessfully. Up and down the creek, and round and round the broad bay, where its cool waters mingle with the Raquette went the canoe, guided by the indefatigable paddler in the stern.

Hank passed away and not a sound of a deer. Not once had they heard the familiar splash I splash among the lily-pads. The Professor's legs were cramped and painful, his back was lame, his head ached and that part of his body which sustained his weight had been padded with soft blankets in vain. Those who have never sat perfectly still four or five hours curled up in the bow of a canoe know little of the agony of a long night-hunt. The sweat boxes of our prisons are painful, but the torture is not to be compared to that which an antidromic splash puts his man through on a single hunt. The guides themselves seem to be capable of remaining erect in one position all night. They evidently glory in it. But the Professor didn't. He always started with the intention of sitting as immovably as Hank. A few hours invariably destroyed his ambition. It had all departed on this particular occasion. He ached in every muscle. At last, in the agony of despair, he laid his rifle carefully over his knees, placed the palms of both hands on the boat and lifted himself noiselessly into the air. But, alas! one foot slipped against the boat with a whack, and a warning "Hush!" from Hank followed. Half an hour passed. Bang! from the Professor, who was endeavoring to relieve his cramped legs. "Hush!" from Hank. Fifteen minutes more. A smothered groan from the Professor. "Hush!" from the stern again. Ten minutes. Whack! whack! both feet this time.

"You're tired?"

"Not very!"—in a heroic tone.

"Shall we go back?"

"Not without a deer, Hank!"—with the air of a martyr.

"Then I'll tell you what, Professor, we'll get nothing here to-night. Suppose we run the rapids and try the still water below. There ain't been a camp there this season."

"I am ready."

As the rapids sent them out into the stream, and the canoe sped toward the rapids whose roar they had heard all the evening. They were soon reached, the jack was uncapped, and its light fell in a path upon the water, and just disclosed the outline of the forest. The sky was overcast and the night intensely dark. The thickets of balsams and spruce on the shore seemed to be dancing and flickering with a witchy black foliage. For a moment the guide held the canoe motionless, as if searching for the right opening among the rocks which rose ahead. The two hunters sat there silent, alone. No sound but the rushing of the rapids before them. No human beings for many miles around, but the two sleeping in the camp far behind. Both were aware of the danger of their undertaking. Both were nervous by that excitement which is half of pleasure, half of fear. A moment only they rest. Then, swerving a little to one side, down they go. In an instant they are in the rapids; rocks rising all around them; the swiftly rushing water of the river, lashing itself into foam, whirling in eddies, and dashing over sunken rocks. The canoe is somewhat checked in its headlong course by the strong arm of him who holds the paddle. Accustomed to its use from boyhood, he now has the art of it almost still. Straining his eyes forward where the light of the jack shows the way, he studies the eddies and rocks intently; then by swift turns of the paddle, he lets the boat safely down. The canoe, as if conscious of the need, obeys the slightest motion of her master. Safely she swings by the rocks. Gracefully she takes the leaps. Down, down they go. The spray is dashed into their faces. The light falls in very rays upon the black rocks and sparkles on the white foam of the rapids. Now they reach the little fall at the bottom. For an instant the canoe quivers on the crest, then takes the leap. How the nerves of the hunters tingle as they seem poised almost in mid air.

The boat falls gracefully into the foam, tips a little, takes in a little water, and then darts out into the still pool. Lok's Island Rapids are passed in safety!

"Well run in shore and empty out this water," said Hank.

The Professor was silent for some moments. As they neared the shore, however, he waxed eloquent over their exploit:

"It was immense. A grand experience, and all over with nothing worse than—"

"Thump!" That sentence was never finished.

The boat was on a rock. The Professor sprang to his feet in alarm in spite of Hank's frantic calls to sit still. The latter sprang overboard the moment the boat tipped, and stood a little above his knees in water. But the Professor, with wild movements of legs and arms, rolled clumsily in, head first, and began a fierce struggle to reach the boat again, interspersing the contortions of his body with splutters for help.

"Hank—Hank—help—down—help!"

"Stand up. You're on bottoming now. You're all right," cried Hank, as he assisted the exhausted Professor to gain his footing.

"Thank you. There—I can touch—I have cramp," gasped the wet man, as though he was still under water. And he was almost, for the water was streaming from his coat, running from arms and hands, dripping from his chin, his nose, his ears, from every hair. The bear hat was floating slowly around the jack still hanging on, but under water, and considerably put out. Hank fished up the rifle.

"It's pretty damp," said he. "I guess we won't hunt any more to-night."

A good fire was started, and the Professor, wrapped in Hank's coat, was soon steaming away like an apple pudding beside it.

"With a fire," said Hank. "A man never catches cold in the woods, no matter how wet he is."

It was two o'clock when they two stretched themselves beside the fire to sleep. It was six when the rain woke them. The fire was still smouldering. The Professor had evidently felt damp during the night, for he had lain alone, and several large holes were burned in his blanket. Hank declares that he muttered something about being warm in his sleep.

It was nearly eight o'clock when they arrived in sight of camp, tired, wet, hungry and cold. The rain was pouring in torrents. "Hank," said the Professor, as they rounded the point, "don't say anything about it to the boys."

MIDSUMMER DREAMS.

HALF-WAY up the dark blue mountain side
A dell lies nestled, deep 'neath the trees,
Where through the long, long days the summer breeze
Rustles its way to their couch's side
To sleep in dreamy soft-long blissness.

Gray clouds sweep downward, casting on the hills
Their melting shadows. Through the distant hill
Across the valley, hazy, there drift
Their snow-white scarfs, hung out above the hills
With all the grace of some wild Syrian's caress.

And drifting, drifting still, so light and slow,
They float from peak to hill-side, as the notes
Of far away, faint cadences from the throats
Of Ocean's songsters flutter, soft and low,
To some sad dreamer by its mighty tide.

Strange shapes and shadows cast they on the moss—
From ruined walls to fan-of-village spire,
Etched by a Master-Hand that never tires;
Dragons, haunting an old castle foss,
And giants grim, with maidens side by side.

All there that dim antiquity hath told,
And more. A knight with lance and dazzling shield,
His eyes a-dance, sweeps 'erneath o'er the field,
Fresh from his fortress, as in legend old,
Wild yonder face, so still, so fair, so cold.

Oh! visions of what rite in thy train!
Oh, for another look! Was that a trace
Of recognition in that fatal face,
Child and merciless as Winter rain?

Or is it all a dream—a hideous dream?

I know her! Hush! Oh, whisper—whisper soft,
Or she may hear and turn again those eyes—
Circe's eyes—and yet—a Paradise!

And yet again I come, and after, oft,
Have seen the wild rush of my mountain stream

Untrivalled in its madness! Ah, its gone!
It must have been a fancy. Memory plays
Strange freaks to us I fear, in later days.
Forget it, please, and look not so forlorn.
I'm often nervous now, at just the green

Of night. Come, let us walk to greet
The sunset; 'mongst forget and visions driven;
And watch unconsciously the darkness down
In lowest valleys slow rising up to meet,
The sun's last smile with half-reluctant feet.

JOHN FREDRICK TRUE.

SPORTING ATTRACTIONS OF NEW BERNE, N. C.

NEW BERNE, N. C., July 16.

YOUR invitation, extended in the last issue of your valuable paper, has decided me to do at once what I have long contemplated, but procrastinated doing—viz., giving your readers some information as to the advantages and attractiveness of Beaufort as a good place for camping, fishing and shooting. One of your correspondents last winter asked for the range of the thermometer at Beaufort and I intended giving the information asked for at that time but for above failing of mine.

Beaufort, as can be seen by reference to the map, is situated at the head of old Topsail Inlet, immediately fronting the ocean, one and a half miles from inlet and four miles from the outer bar. Although the weather has been extremely hot for past two weeks all over the country the highest point reached by the thermometer at Beaufort has been 87 deg. F. Almost continual breeze from the ocean is delightful and refreshing and no more comfortable place can be found, as far as climate goes, summer and winter, than at Beaufort. A homelike and comfortable boarding-house is kept by Miss Sarah Davis. Ask any commercial traveler from New York or Baltimore the best place to stop for rest and pleasure in Eastern North Carolina, and he will answer without hesitation, Miss Sarah Davis' at Beaufort. Her terms for board are \$1.50 per day; \$3 per week, or \$25 per month.

Now for the sport: Fishing and shooting are first class. Trolling for bluefish and Spanish mackerel is good from 1st of June to middle of October, but is best during August and September. A sail of ten minutes from Miss Davis' wharf will bring one to the fishing ground, and it is no unusual thing for a boat to take 300 or 400 lites in a day's fishing. As large a quantity as 700 have been taken by one boat in one day. From one to four pounds in weight. My wife and I caught nearly 300 one afternoon last September in about two hours' fishing, and could have taken many more, but we stopped from being tired of pulling them. No more exciting or exhilarating sport can be had than trolling for these fish in Beaufort inlet. I have taken twenty-eight Spanish mackerel in one trip, and we often get them weighing from 6 to 10 lbs. each. In the fall of 1874 I caught a mackerel, or *Cora*, as I suppose it should be called, with trolling squid, which weighed 24 lbs., and measured three feet in length. This was the gauciest and strongest fish I ever saw taken with a hook. The favorite boat for trolling is the sharpie, as they are easily worked in the strong tides and breakers, and will tack quickly among the fish, which are usually in schools. They are so light draft that they can go across the shoals of the inlet, where the fish are usually feeding. Besides bluefish and mackerel fishing in Beaufort inlet, and many varieties of small fish can be taken by still-fishing.

The shooting at Beaufort during the fall season is all that the sportsman could wish. Large quantities of birds, such as curlew, willet, snipe and other species, abound on the shoals and marshes near Beaufort, and a few miles in the interior

fine quail shooting can be found, and the woods are full of gray squirrels.

On the banks separating the ocean and Sound are large quantities of deer, also thousands of rabbits. I expect to be at Beaufort during the remainder of the summer and fall months, and hope to meet many of your readers at Miss Davis', and shall be pleased to give any one such further information as may be wanted.

G. N. I.

FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO THE MAIN ST. JOHN.

JOHN.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

THERE is no wilderness excursion out of doors—looked at from every point of view—more charming than the one above indicated; none, I opine, so little beset with trials and tribulations, long and fatiguing "carries," the *beta noir* of every sportsman, are scarcely frequent enough on this trip to give it proper zest. From the foot of Moosehead Lake to Grand Falls on the St. John, this route embraces about two hundred and sixty-one miles, and the aggregate of all its carries can be numbered in miles on the thumb and fingers of one hand.

For the greater part of the way, at the proper season, you have good water and a safe channel to an experienced canoe-man. The best time to make the trip, so far as water is concerned, is shortly after the spring rains are over and before the water falls off too much, otherwise more or less dragging will be necessitated, although it can be made at any season without very great hardship.

Taking Portland as a starting point, your route skirts along the southern border of Maine till you gradually lose sight of the coast, and, working your way toward the interior, you reach Bangor, some sixty miles inland. Still clinging to the railroad as long as it holds out, you bend your way northerly, each moment plunging deeper and deeper into the heart of this great State, till villages disappear and scattered houses only remind you that you are still within the borders of civilization. Now patches of wood and green meadows alternate with occasional long stretches of forest, till finally you reach Blanchard, seventy-five miles northerly from Bangor, where you bid adieu to railroads and clamber aboard a spring-wagon, which takes you over a rough and hilly road twelve miles to Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake. This quiet village numbers some four hundred souls, who devote themselves to farming, logging, fishing, hunting and guiding.

Twenty miles up the lake is Mt. Kineo, on a point of land which stretches its way out into the lake. No village is here, but only a commodious hotel, with a few scattered log huts which guides inhabit during the spring season. During the summer, however, Moosehead has become quite a resort of those who seek sport in the line of trout fishing, and this rural retreat is alive with pleasure seekers of all ages, from the venerable guide to the romping school-boy; but the latter spot is usually their haunt of rest—fit to go farther north to linger or penetrate the deeper wilderness. There are several small steamers and quite a navy of smaller boats on the lake, and one makes daily trips from Greenville to Kineo, and two or three times a week to the head of the lake, about eighteen miles from Kineo. This gives variety to Kineo guests, most of whom during the season find their way up the lake, and perhaps get off the steamer long enough to take a meal at Savage's Hotel, a small house a few rods from the wharf.

Leaving Moosehead, a portage of about two miles takes you to the right bank of the West Branch of the Penobscot, where river navigation begins, and now forms the principal part of your journey.

Twenty miles easterly takes you to Chesunook Lake, which you strike near the north end. Now you abruptly turn to the east, your canoe due north, and until you reach the main St. John your course is northerly. At Chesunook, as it is familiarly called, is a small settlement of some half-dozen log houses where comfortable quarters and a fair table may always be found. Between here and Chamberlain Farm, eighteen miles, not a solitary hut is to be seen, but at the farm one will find most inviting quarters, somewhat rude, but neat, with a table very satisfying to a hungry stomach. The farm is twenty miles above, and numbers largely in acres of some of the finest land in the State. Here the farm you plunge still deeper into the wood, and for the next fifty miles nothing but the howling wilderness greets you on every side, save it be a desolate, tenantless hut of bark or logs, rudely constructed and long since abandoned, and which never was more than a temporary abode of loggers or sportsmen. Progressing, you come to Depot Farm at the lower end of Long Lake on the west side of the river. Here I have my log hut with two tenants, a man and a dog—and a small dog.

Years ago Depot Farm was headquarters for the loggers, and was then a rendezvous of much activity and note. A large house afforded accommodation for thirty to fifty men. The forest about was denuded of its trees, and many broad acres were subdued, and grass, grain, corn and potatoes yielded a bountiful supply. But after the loggers had done their work and gone, the broad fields went to waste, the house was accidentally burned, and nothing was left but a large barn, which still marks the site of former thrif. Following in the wake of the downfall came John Harvey, who squatted here with his wife, but he was drowned two years ago. Since then he has led a hermit's life, with no company but his dog, being no human being for months at a time.

Now we have another stretch of about twenty-nine miles before we again see a human face but our own. This takes us to within three miles of the mouth of the Alleghash, which unites with the St. John. Now we have reached civilization, if indeed a few scattered log houses with from three to seven persons deep at the door, mostly children, proves it. From the mouth of the Alleghash down the St. John huts thicken, hovels rise up, log houses appear, and then farm houses and pretty villages dot the landscape, and green fields, broad pastures and inviting table-lands gladden the eye on every hand.

The dense wilderness proper on this charming route is mostly comprised between the first intersection of the West Branch and the mouth of the Alleghash, a distance of about 132 miles, while the whole distance from the foot of Moosehead to Grand Falls, N. B., is about 201 miles. Practically, however, the entire trip is a wilderness trip. Scattered farm houses and pretty villages may afford you shelter and food, but there is the time of the day when you are scarcely to be thought of till you reach Fort Kent on the St. John, a fifty-nine miles from Grand Falls, while not a respectable physcian is to be found till you reach Grand Falls, if you except a country practitioner at Fort Kent.

When you arrive at St. John, at the mouth of the Allegheny, you turn your face eastward and follow the northern boundary of Maine, until you reach Grand Falls. From St. John—it will be noted by consulting the map—divides Maine from Canada, and the reader can readily trace the course we took by reference to a large map of Maine. The best small map on a large scale for this purpose is that contained in Hubbard's Summer Vacations at Moosehead, but that leaves you near the foot of Square Lake, so the writer here was obliged to produce one of his own drafting to make his observations intelligible. I am informed, however, that one is being prepared by the aid of guides at Moosehead, and others familiar with this route, which will soon be published.

I have now given a summary of the trip we took, and if the reader will bear with me I will give it more in detail. For several years the writer had contemplated this inviting excursion through the heart of Maine, but other trips had been given the preference, and not till this spring was it accomplished.

Our party consisted of ten—five sportsmen and five guides (and, by the way, it ought not to be attempted without one guide to each man, as in quick water it is both easier and safer). Geo. H. Wilcox, F. S. Stevenson, W. R. Mackay, N. A. Roberts and the writer constituted the sportsmen, while Captain Samuel Cole, John P. Hildreth, Ned. Leiney, Alf. Ronoco and Joe. Munroe were our guides. Capt. Cole and Hildreth are two of the best guides at Moosehead, thorough, intelligent, experienced boatmen, sober, honest, industrious and faithful. There is no water they are not familiar with, and none so rough they cannot run it if any one can. The "set of water," "undertows" and actions of currents are to them familiar plumbings.

Ned and Alfred also, are both skillful canoeemen, understand thoroughly the set of water, and are faithful guides, but they lack discipline. They are willing and energetic workers, without a lazy bone in their bodies, and will do all you in reas a ask of them; both are French. Ned, by the way, is one of the best cooks I ever met in the wilderness, as his light and puffy biscuits attested at nearly every meal we took in the woods. At chowder he is hard to beat. Joe, also French, is a fair boatman, but is too generous to sneeze without a guide. He allows his guides to do most of the work, and yet he never complained. His eating qualities, too, I must not pass without remark. He was always first at the table and the last to leave it, until it grew a wonder how so small a body could contain so much. He never complained of the cooking, but at night and left everything that came within his reach.

Our party left Boston at 7 P. M. May 22, by the Eastern Railroad. We procured comfortable berths in the sleeper and at 5:45 A. M. reached Bangor without event. A free coach took us to the Penobscot Exchange, about a mile and a half, where we got a comfortable breakfast for fifty cents.

At 7:30 the train left on the B. & P. R. for Blanchard, seventy-five miles distant, and the present terminus of the railroad, thus allowing an hour and three-quarters for breakfast.

On board was a noisy gang of loggers partially crazed with bad whisky. One cut up a "dido," when the plucky little brakenan appeared before the scene, and, quicker than I can write it, he jerked him from his seat and shot him into the luggage car. At this another made faces when he returned, but he, planning himself before him, with his arms folded, cowed him into silence. The act was heroic in the face of the sea-sick ruffians and only some dozen passengers; hence I note it, as every passenger chimed approval. Without other event we reached Blanchard at 11:40 A. M., where we got a comfortable dinner for forty cents. No village is here, but only a few scattered houses. About 12:15 we resumed our journey by stage over a rough and hilly road, reaching Greenville, twelve miles distant, at 3:50 P. M. Soft vespers whisper to us from over the lake. Stretching forty miles to the northward Moosehead is before us in its matchless beauty, dotted here and there with solitary islands, with sufficient soil to maintain a respectable growth of trees and lesser verdure. In its translucent waters both lake and spotted trout are very abundant, and sadly indifferent must that sportsman he who cannot raise a many-fingered brook trout. Greenville are two of the best hotels in the State, and the former stands upon a little eminence overlooking the lake and presents the more desirable location, while its landlord is a thorough sportsman, very social, and attends thoroughly to the welfare of his guests. Terms, \$2 per day; less by the week. The Lake House, a few rods below, sets a good table and affords satisfaction to its guests, but the writer, always having his eye on the dinner and no reason to regret it, hence our party went there on this occasion.

At Greenville we met our guides. I grasped the honest palm of Capt. Cole, our chief, the leader of his craft and the owner of thirty boats, and it was not long before we were all busy making ready for the voyage. We chartered his big sailboat, the Challenge, secured a pilot, and Mr. B. B. Bowers as skipper and one of the best patched our birches, and ere night all we are sailing order. A good supper, followed by a cheerful fire on the hearth, set our tongues a-wagging, and we spun our yarns over our pipes in the cheerful glow of the evening firelight.

On the morning, May 24, we were up bright and early, and soon after breakfast we hoisted sail and headed up the lake. Two of our canoes were in the lead, and three were dragged behind. It was a beautiful day, and the wind soon fell off to a dead calm, and at noon we had only made

LIDGE ISLAND.

two and one-half miles up the lake, where we disembarked, and Orlando got up a right good chowder. About two o'clock a light breeze sprang up and we set out again, but it was puff all the afternoon, and it was not till six P. M. that we reached

WILSON'S OUTLET.

twelve miles from Greenville. While the cook was getting supper we took our canoes and paddled down to the dam for trout. A large hump of logs choked up the harbor, through which a narrow passage only was left. The water was very high and came through the partly open sluices with a mighty rush. Into the rushing current we cast our flies, and after half an hour's fishing we were away some dozen fine trout. The largest was taken by Stevenson on a fly and weighed 2 1/2 lbs. Returning to our boat, we made a hearty supper of fried trout, hot biscuit with maple syrup, etc., and, after a jolly smoke around the camp fire, we retired ourselves up in our blankets and dropped off to sleep in the ship's cabin.

On the following morning, 25th, we awoke to find a stiff

breeze blowing and a choppy sea. Soon after breakfast we were under way, but a stiff head wind checked our progress, and it was not until noon that we reached

SPENCER'S NARROWS.

at the head of Spencer Bay, on the east shore. In and about the bay is some of the best fishing on the lake. We made camp under the lee and indulged in another of those fine chowders of O's getting up. In the afternoon we took our birches and fished about the shores and in the narrows, and altogether made a good catch of fish. Toward night we made for the mouth of

LOOKY BROOK.

on the west shore of Spencer Bay, about two miles north from the narrows. Here is a comfortable log camp built by our chief, Capt. Sam, capable of accommodating five or six persons. After supper we whiled away the eve at a social game of "anetou pitch," not forgetting our birch woods, to the music of the night wind, which blew sharply without and whisked through the crevices of our camp. As we had booked for all the spare rooms in the "Lucky Hotel," our guides sought accommodations in the boat's cabin at the hour of retiring, and thus ended our second day at sea.

The next morning we got under way right after breakfast, and before noon had recrossed the lake and moved our boat at the

WEST OUTLET.

seventeen miles up lake. At times fishing is very fine here, but we met with little success, and after dinner we again hoisted sail and made for

MOOSE RIVER.

on the west shore, twenty-two miles up the lake and nearly opposite Mt. Kinco, where we hoped to find good fishing, as it is favorite ground; but we found the river choked with logs and no fishing, so we again hoisted the main sheet, set our jib and steered for

MT. KINCO.

nearby the east from Moose River and half way up the lake. Our guides (except Captain Coles) took two birches and paddled up to Baker Brook; we reached Kinco House towards night, and tied up there till morning. We found a gang of joiners busy about new premises, putting on an addition to the new hotel, and things somewhat confused, but we got along comfortably and received courteous attention.

The following morning we visited the storehouse, added somewhat to our stores of edibles, and at 8 A. M. were joined by our guides, and, bidding adieu to our host, headed for

DUCK COVE.

on the east shore twelve miles north of Kinco. A good breeze took us to this famous bay, and in about two hours, and we moved our craft to the main land and went ashore. While skipper was preparing dinner we took our birches and went after trout; we visited the mouth of a small brook which empties into the east end of the cove and made a fine catch of brook trout, the largest weighing 2 1/2 pounds, being taken by the writer. After dinner we again crossed the lake and made

HILDRETH'S CAMP.

near the mouth of William's Stream, on the west shore, and about thirteen miles north of Kinco. Hildreth's Camp, named after our guide, is the neatest and most comfortable camp that ever fell to the lot of the writer. John built it, "for his himself back said it." It is cozy, tucked up with banks, has too good stores, a large window and is perfectly light. We'll go home with us, and we'll go home with us, and we'll go home with us. We spent a very pleasant night here, and left it with regret in the morning.

It was May 28 when we bade adieu to Johnny's camp. Previous thereto we held a council of war, and decided to leave four of our birches at Moosehead, and take a bateau down river. So we sailed up to N. E. Carry, where we found one and succeeded in hiring it. It was a fine one, and made for N. W. Canoe some five or eight miles distant.

Here civilization fairly ends, and Nature is supreme. Not many linger here, even for a short stay, for there is nothing to tempt one to delay. No scenery, no fishing, no charming walks are here; no bays with sandy beaches, no pebbles, no shells, no—nothing. Into the dreary, forbidding wilderness, with his giant and weird trunks, travelers look at a glance, and say, "Let's go home." Two of the true sportsmen, however, are whispering pines and hemlocks and fragrant balsams. Under their lowering shadows abide the moose and the caribou, and leap the startled deer at the crack of the sportsman's rifle. In the waters beyond, tracking their sinuous ways beneath the overhanging branches, leaping boldly from ledge to rock, and plunging madly down their rocky beds, are the ways to the true sportsman. But take thought. If you go hence, you must rough it. For the next two hundred or more miles there are no hotels or conveyances, not even a public highway. No doctors nor surgeons in case of sickness or accident, and, after the first forty miles are passed, not a loaf of bread to be had for love or money. You must go provided for, or trust to your ribs and rod. The writer says from my text. I would indicate to the reader the route. Take a map of the State of Maine and you can readily trace it. Leaving Moosehead, a portage of two miles and twenty rods takes you to the

WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

Upon the south bank (the river flows easterly) is a comfortable house kept by Joe Morris, where travelers will always find welcome. From Savage's across to Morris is a good road, and both Savage and Morris always have teams in readiness to take parties across with boats and luggage. We reached the Northwest Carry about noon and lunched, to save time. We saw our bateau safely tied to the wagon, our two birches securely loaded and smaller freight packed away in the remaining space, heartily grasped the hand of Orlando, our skipper, bade him a sorrowful good-bye and set out on foot for the river beyond.

At first there was met a Mr. Spencer, a river driver just in from a drive with a brand new bateau, which our hearts did covet, and ere we had unshipped the one hired we struck a bargain for its purchase at \$37.50, sent the other back and quickly the new one was laden with our own cargo. Two of our guides, Ned and Joe, manned the birches, with two of our party for passengers and the writer across to Morris; while the rest of us took passage aboard the bateau with the remainder of the luggage. Capt. Sam took the stern and acted as steersman, while John served as bowman.

About 4 P. M. we waived adieu to Morris' farm, lit our pipes and, throwing ourselves lazily upon our backs, with the soft side of a sachet for a pillow, glided merrily with the current to the measured strokes of our oars. Perhaps, as our boat was quietly gliding their way down the busy current, a description of a bateau may not be amiss.

These crafts are of various sizes, but usually about thirty feet long by five to six feet breadth of beam and about three feet deep, sharp at both ends, the sides flare and the bottom is flat. They are used principally upon the rivers for driving logs, are strongly built and good sea boats on lake or river, will carry from eight to twenty men and stand hard knocks. They are usually manned by four men, steersman and bowman in log-driving and afford a safe retreat for the logger who finds a "jam" going out, and looks to some safe place to spring to. Believing it would afford us ease in shifting from a confined position in a birch, we determined upon trying the experiment. To those unfamiliar with a birch let me remark, that although one of the most enjoyable of crafts, as it is at some times a very tame and slow motion, and being alone. One must keep it trim or he is sure to get spilled.

LOBSTER BROOK.

empties into West Branch from the south. We reached this point in about forty-five minutes, and pitched our tent for the night for the first time. At times fishing is good here, but we met with little success, and so did not stop for supper, which consisted principally of canned baked beans, and which, by the way, are among the best things to take to the woods. The night was raw and chilly, and our blankets and heavy slippers were brought into requisition and proved very desirable.

May 9.—The following morning we resumed our journey. An hour-and-a-half's sail brought us to

MOOSEHORN.

six miles, which empties into the river on the south bank. Two miles further down and we came to

RAGMUFF.

on the north bank. After leaving Moosehorn you encounter a long stretch of deadwater, which continues much of the way till you reach

ROCKY RIPS.

five miles below Ragmuff. Here you encounter the first quick water on your route. The pitch is some twenty rods long, and plunges rapidly down a rocky declivity, foaming and seething amid scattered holdlers and sharp ledges which thrust their ugly noses above the quickening current. To a skillful boatman, however, the passage is perfectly safe, as there is plenty of water in the wide channels, any of which can be run without difficulty. Scurvily were we with in the boiling rapids ere we were out again. Like an arrow from the bow you shoot the Rips, tingling with excitement, and recover your breath in calmer waters below. You are now within a mile of

PINE STREAM FALLS.

somewhat shorter in name than that of navigation usually, as being more thickly studded with sharp rocks, having a narrow bed and a sharper pitch of water. In low water the current plunges with a maddening rush through narrow channels, and we be it to the boat that misses one and goes upon the rocks.

On the present occasion, however, the water in "Snooek Lake, three miles below, was very high and set back as far as the falls, hence not a rock was visible, and nothing but a swift current at this point indicated the location of the falls. Upon the north bank of the river at the falls is a big ledge, above which we tied up for dinner.

Being out of fresh fish, some of the party rigged up their rods and cast these and bait from the ledge with great success, and a short while afterwards we had made of a very superior quality of spotted trout, with meat like a salmon which, fried brown in Indian meal, we found exceedingly palatable.

After dinner we again packed up, ran the falls and in less than an hour

CHERNOGONOK LAKE.

gladdened our vision. A heavy wind was blowing from the east, so we did not visit the settlement which lies about a half a mile due south on the west shore, nor the farm on the opposite shore. We turned our bateau due north with one of the canoes, while Sam and John took the other and went to the farm for a few stores.

About 4 P. M. we reached the north end or head of the lake, and found our way up Chocomaoc River about three-quarters of a mile to

CHOCOMAOC FALLS.

where we pitched our tent for the night. We found trout quite plenty, and took a fine mess for supper, averaging from 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. each.

An incident transpired while we were sitting upon the bank of the stream which seems worthy of note. The black flies were quite plenty, and somewhat annoying, and as we were engaged in brushing them away, a small bird, with red and gold feathers, alighted upon the shoulder of one of our party, and picked off the flies as fast as he could swallow them, showing not the least alarm as we moved about. After a few moments he would fly away, and again return, alighting this time upon some one else. This he did many times, until he had lighted upon every member of the party. He would run up and down our legs, arms and bodies, and thrust his little bill down our necks after flies. We noticed he could not shut his bill, as he kept it open all this while, so we caught him and examined it, but nothing seemed broken or out of place. We let him go again, and he returned several times after that, till finally he flew away and returned no more. None of us saw or saw anything like this no more. None of us saw or saw anything like this no more. None of us saw or saw anything like this no more.

GEORGE A. FAY.

A MINNESOTA RESORT.

DETROIT, MICH., July 22, 1891.

For the benefit of those seeking a place in which to hunt and fish I will state that we are changing the world to produce fisher facilities that exceed ours. To each all the fish one can carry is but an hour's work. Pike, black, rock and Oswego bass, pickerel, and snn-fish prevail. Hunting in the fall is immense. We have hundreds of small lakes and rice-beds within the radius of two or three miles. On the prairies and in the stubble in the fall geese and ducks swarm. Splendid places for camping and for all the sports of the world. I would be pleased to give all directions to parties wishing to learn further of this country, situated in North-western Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. H. P. HAMILTON.

Why Should I Not?—Chicago, July 2, 1891.—It is only justice to you that we should say that our advertisement in your paper pays us better than any medium we have yet tried.—Yours, very truly, THOS. KANE & Co.

CAMP "JIM WHITE."

SAVANNAH, Tenn., July 15, 1881.

THE Klaw Hammer Angling Association has just returned from its annual fishing and camping excursion. The club was better fixed than ever before, and "Camp Jim White," so named from one of the most energetic and assiduous of our members, will always be remembered as a model of comfort and convenience.

The bass did not bite well on account of the hot weather and low water. The writer captured the biggest one caught, estimated variously according to the temperament of the different anglers, at from 2 1/2 to 4 lb.

Although the weather was hot, and the fish off their feet, the party enjoyed themselves greatly. Plenty of fish and game were captured to supply the table, and our sab e chef de cuisine excelled himself in catering to our appetites. Our bill of fare included bass, perch, cat-fish, squirrels, soft-shell turtle and frogs, to say nothing of fresh butter, comb-honey, new-laid eggs and spring chickens, drawn from the farmers around. Altogether the affair was a success, and except that the misfortune, detailed above, which saddened our home-coming, nothing occurred to detract from the pleasure of the trip. We hope at some early date to be able to chronicle the doings of the club at greater length.

WILL.

A THIRTY-POUND RANGELEY TROUT.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal recalls the story of the big Kennebec fish:

"Resting upon hooks at Camp Kennebec is a very curious fishing rod, and that rod has a history. The rod is a stout maple tree, nearly as thick as one's wrist, and 15 or 20 feet long. The reel is a heavy wooden wheel as large as a dining plate, and the line is a stout bevelwood, with a hook of iron to correspond. The reel is as big as a man's hat. Some years ago a novice, but would-be sportsman, stopped here, by invitation from the members of the association, and in the evening he told some fish stories designed to enlighten the members then in camp. He told of large trout caught with 8-ounce rods, and considerably embellished his powers as a sportsman. One of the members hit upon the idea of playing off a joke upon him. This novice was on his way to Kennebec Lake for a day or two of fishing, and a member offered to wager that on the day after the return of the novice he could land a bigger fish, and that, too, with a more wonderful rod and line than the novice had ever seen, or would be able to catch. The bet was quickly taken, the novice departed for the mountain lake, and preparations for catching the big fish began. The member making the wager sent to Portland for the largest fresh fish to be obtained, and it came, an immense specimen of codfish, weighing over 30 pounds, in a very nice state of preservation."

"That night the novice returned from the upper lake, and it was arranged that the fishing tournament should take place next morning. The above-mentioned rod and reel had been constructed beforehand. Early in the morning the novice, however took his position in a canoe on the stream in front of the camp. The novel rod lay in the bottom of the canoe, with the 30-pound fish hooked to the line over the side in the water, so that neither would be noticed. The member went quietly to work casting his flies with another rod, while his guide kept the canoe in place. Soon the novice came down from the camp, clad in a spring suit, and balancing his 8-ounce rod deftly in hand, with a cast of handsome flies at the end. He seemed considerably chagrined that his antagonist should have attempted to steal a march on him by getting ahead in the morning; but he soon took a position by the side of his guide in another canoe, a few rods from his rival. All the campers, the most of whom were in the secret, came down upon the shore to witness the contest. Both parties made a few casts, and each landed a few small trout. Soon the novice hooked a fair-sized fish, and he lost him by bad handling of his rod. All at once, at a given splash from his guide, the waging member dropped his rod and seized the maple-tree with the bed-cord, and drew up the fish so that the novice could see him, but quickly let him go again as though alive. The novice was nonplussed. He laid down his rod, sat down in his canoe, and gazed in blank astonishment while the huge dead fish was slowly hauled up. He did not come to the shore until he had been badly sold till the laughter of the members on shore and the sight of the ungainly tackle brought him to his wits. He acknowledged the wager won without weighing the fish, and has never since allowed himself to bet against older heads."

PICKING THE 'POSSUM'S BONES.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., July 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading the various opinions advanced in your journal relative to the sportive 'possum and the question whether he should be eaten hot or cold. Now, I suppose you think it is quite a waste of ink to say anything more upon the subject after you have summed up the evidence and given your opinion. But did you never play the ace upon the odd trick and have some one cry out "Miss deal?" You see, in such a case the whole business is in doubt again. But your numerous readers need not be alarmed. For I have concluded at last to settle, once for all, the vexed question whether the 'possum should be eaten hot or cold. Of course I could have done this long ago and saved your readers much time and your paper much valuable space, but it is so gratifying to hear a question argued pro and con, listen to and admire the ingenuity and learning displayed on either side, feeling all the while that you are holding a reserve that can end the battle at any moment.

Did you ever play the game of poker (just to pass the time) and have the party raising the ante five, ten, twenty, etc., while you were quietly sitting behind four aces? Again, were you ever in court when it was of great importance to have a certain witness present, and every one, from the judge down, wondering at his absence, and after all kinds of conjectures and surmises you calmly arise and tell them the man who has been absent is dead? How proud you feel as the eyes of the multitude are turned upon you and you are happy to be able to impart such vast and important information! But the pleasure of holding four aces, or reporting deaths in important cases is seldom vouch-

safed to man. But it seems my turn has at last come to give valuable information to your readers, and of course, receive thanks therefor, for I can certainly settle the 'possum question.

Last November I was in Camden County, N. C., having a right royal time shooting partridges. During the hunt I fell in with a native who kindly offered to show me where the birds were as thick (to use his words) as hair on a dog's back; and he knew his business, for I never found birds more plentiful. My companion, who, by the way, though a great 'possum hunter, had never before seen a setter range a field or stand a bird, became very much interested in the hunt, and was long in his praise, especially of my doubles. In fact he forgot all about his dinner, and followed me around until nearly night, when I wound up on a covey in his orchard. I then, upon his pressing invitation, went in to dinner, although I was not hungry, having, before meeting him, done full justice to my lunch, but I soon found he had appetite enough for us both. He sat down to a fine roasted 'possum, bordered with yam potatoes, and after striking a 2.40 pat (oh yes, I know this isn't much in these days of Mand S. and Brass, but it will do, especially when you keep it up as he did for nearly an hour without break or skip) he finally weakened, and at last rested the handles of his knife and fork at angles of 90 deg. with the plane of the table, and looking across at



"HIS KNIFE AND FORK AT ANGLES OF 90 DEGREES."

his mother, with eyes beaming with intense satisfaction, and speaking slowly, feelingly and with great emphasis, he said, "Mammy, 'possum is mighty good, but 'possum, fat and taters—Great Shakes!"

Now, as this 'possum was cooked at the regular dinner hour, 12 m., and was eaten after sun-down, of course it was cold.

P.S.—If the native had dined at his regular hour he might have eaten his 'possum with the same gusto. In fact I think he would have done so, and in that case of course the 'possum would have been hot.

Natural History.

DO GARTER SNAKES EAT FISH?

IN your issue of July 21 I noticed a query as to whether black and garter snakes habitually or occasionally eat fish. Of the habits of the black snake in this particular I know nothing, but am able to make some positive assertions about garter snakes. In the first place the congregation of garter snakes about pools and streams stocked with small fish is too habitual to be entirely devoid of significance. Wherever small fish abound, even on the borders of large lakes, there you may look for garter snakes with full assurance of success.

I have frequently found them watching with eager eyes the movements of their finny prey; have seen them dart upon, seize and swallow minnows, and finally have dissected minnows in various stages of digestion from their stomachs, and this in a number of widely separated localities, where, too, there was an abundance of other kinds of food, as insects, loads, etc. My observations lead me to believe that small fry constitute a very important, and, in places, the chief part of the bill of fare of the garter snake, including in the term all the many species in the United States.

In conclusion, I may add that I fully believe that black snakes are also fish eaters, though possibly not to the same extent. They, too, frequent water habitually, and it is reasonable to suppose not alone for the sake of the frogs and toads found there.

Washington, D. C.

H. W. HENSHAW.

HABITAT OF THE BEAVER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondents discuss the range of the beaver, and have extended it to Texas.

I have seen on the Lower Colorado of the West in the low grounds between Fort Yuma and the head of the Gulf of California many signs of the beaver, and was informed that they were abundant.

I saw some skins, but was told that in that warm climate, north latitude 32 deg., 83 days of the fur was not very good.

The last time I hunted north of Fort D. A. Russell, in November, 1873, I saw many beaver dams apparently well-stocked on headwaters of Horse Creek at the eastern base of the Black Hills.

M. C. MEIGS.

We hope that the above note from General Meigs may call out memoranda of the observations of others.

NIGHT-HAWK, WHIP-POR-WILL, CURLEW AND COYOTE—Plymouth Lake, Indian Reservation, Nevada.—Will you inform me: First, are the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will one and the same bird or a different species? Second, can you give me some description of the curlew and the section of the country most common in? Third, do coyotes live in holes in the ground? Is it natural? You will decide a camp-fire dispute, and greatly oblige—D. W.

1. The night-hawk, *Chordeiles virginianus*, and the whip-poor-will, *Antrostomus vociferans*, are of different genera, and of course different species, in the family *Caprimulgidae*, or "igoo suckers." The family also includes the "cockwill's" widow, *A. carolinensis*. 2. The curlews belong in the family *Scopelidae*, with the snipes. The bill is longer than the head and curved downward. The tarsus (bare part of leg) is scaled only in front. The long-billed curlew or side-bill, *Numenius longirostris*, is a large bird measuring about twenty-four inches from the tip of the bill along the back to the end of the tail feathers. Its bill is from five to nine inches long, reddish gray, variegated. The jack-owl, *N. ludovicianus*, is lighter in color and smaller. They are common in most parts of the United States where not exterminated. 3. Coyotes often burrow, and the females usually bring forth their young under ground. They are mainly nocturnal.

A TREE-CLIMBING SNAKE—OONOMOWOC, Wis.—I don't like the subject. I would rather have 'possum in mine, but we all have to take something we don't like at times. Three years ago last April I was in Mobile, Ala., and was invited by friends to spend a few days with them at Point Clear where they were building and repairing their summer cottages. We took passage on the good little steamer Annie, and arrived there Saturday night. The next day we were inspecting the grounds, and, in our walks about the place, a large magnolia tree loaded with blossoms attracted our attention. The tree stood behind a fence, and about six feet from the top of the fence was a crotch in the tree. How to get some of the blossoms was the question, as we were none of us much on the climb. Just then our cook came along and says, "I can get you some blossoms," and starts to climb, standing on the top of the fence he puts his hand into the crotch to raise himself when, with a yell an I bound, down he comes followed by a snake at least three feet long, which had been lying coiled in the crotch, and dropped the other side of the fence, disappearing in the brush before we could kill him. We all swore it was a rattlesnake for we heard him rattle (but it might have been the nigger's teeth). How did the snake get there? I don't know. I didn't put it there, and I don't swear the same thing. If that snake wasn't a climber it made that nigger climb—and at a rattling, lively pace, too.—I. C. H.

BLACKSNAKES CLIMB TREES.—Stirling, Loudoun County, Va.—Several years ago, while fishing on the Potomac, I killed a large blacksnake which had climbed a large tree to rob a bird's nest. I was roused by a horrible screeching and angry chattering on the part of a choir of fifteen or twenty birds of different species. I stopped casting, and upon examination, discovered the blacksnake, nearly five feet long, upon a tree near a nest about ten feet from the ground, and surrounded by an infuriated mob of small birds, which were fluttering and pecking, and cursing almost, by his snakeship's head. The tree was almost flat, though rough, on the side where the snake was, and he was in the shape of several copies of the letter S joined together. Evidently incapable of rapid movement, the tree sloping toward his tail, and upon examination of his belly were raised, I think, so as to help him cling, and this, together with his winding position, kept him from falling.—T. W.

AN ANTELOPE'S REMARKABLE WOUND.—It is not a very remarkable thing for a man to carry in his flesh an ounce ball and still get along reasonably well in the world, after the bullet settles down to something like a quiet life; but the idea of an animal of either human or brute kind, carrying for years a knife imbedded from the neck almost to the heart, is something extraordinary. The following letter shows how an antelope may get wounded and live to get fat: "Dos Cabezas, July 7, 1881—Editor Bulletin: I send by to-day's express a knife taken from an antelope killed yesterday near this place by a Mexican. The knife extended on the left side of the neck, just below the shoulder, passing about half an inch from the heart, the point sticking into a rib, holding it in place. It was entirely covered by the skin. The wood part of the handle fell in pieces as the knife was being taken out, showing that it had been confined for some time. The antelope was very fat, as I had some for breakfast this morning.—Respectfully, B. Corey." The knife, including the blade proper and the handle to which the wooden covering was fastened, is six and a half inches long, and weighs a half-pound. Evidently the knife must have been in the flesh for years, as the wood had decayed and the skin of the animal had entirely covered the butt of the weapon. It is conjectured that the knife was thrown at the antelope, and the animal in brushing it against the ground or timber pushed it further into the body. The Academy of Sciences will be asked to give a theory of the wound.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A WOODCOCK IN RESERVOIR SQUARE.—Two New York city correspondents send us this very interesting note of a woodcock observed in one of the city parks:

On crossing Reservoir square, Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, about noon, July 1, a woodcock, *Philobela minor*, was observed feeding with the sparrows. Upon approaching it seemed quite tame, but would not allow us to get very near it. After picking around for some it flew into some bushes and disappeared, and we were unable to find it afterward.—E. W. L. and S. W. A.

Some months ago our readers will remember we chronicled the capture of a woodcock in a house in Brooklyn, the bird having flown in through a window.

SNAKES FOR THE SMITHSONIAN.—The New Haven Palladium says: "We arrived on board the schooner Thomas Terrell, which reached this port a few days ago, a number of snakes consigned to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. They were very closely packed in large stone jars, which were sealed and covered and consequently were not exposed to view. The jars were quite heavy and were directed to Prof. Baird, of the Institution. There were also directed to the same address and from the same party a number of painted drawings of primitive Indian weapons—stone hatchets, axes, etc. These articles were sent by M. Gesude, of Guadalupe. They will be forwarded to Washington without delay."

NOTES ON THE STARFISHES OF MAINE.

BY F. A. MANSELL.

[Presented at the Annual Meeting of the Maine State College Scientific Society, April 20, 1891.]

IN this paper it is proposed to present a few notes on some of the starfishes found on the shores and in the waters of the Gulf of Maine, with brief remarks on distribution in space and time. Geographically the marine animals of this State are more nearly sub-Arctic than sub-tropical in character. Being to the north and west of the Gulf Stream, the amount of heat derived from that source is relatively small, and the effect on the fauna correspondingly slight. This is due in part to the cold Arctic current which flows southwestward along the coast of the States, inside of the gulf stream, and reduces the annual temperature of the Gulf of Maine to equal that of the North and Baltic seas in a latitude fifteen degrees higher.

Parsee Cod separates the species to the north from those to the south sufficiently to give distinctive faunal characteristics to the two regions. Of asteroids or starfishes there are about twenty-three north of Cape Cod, and four south, all of the latter number being also common to the northern fauna. Parlow remarks Cape Cod as the dividing line of the seaweeds, writing that none of the characteristic algae of the north, with a solitary exception, are found south of Cape Cod.

The echinoderms, to which the asteroids belong, is characterized in the Arctic by several distinctive genera, and there are about twenty-five species, in temperate zones by a greater number of species and a more profuse ornamentation of the covering, together with higher complexity of structure and function. Of the less than three hundred sea urchins in the living world the larger number are tropic and sub-tropic species.

In geologic time protozoans were first created, and then followed the radiate animals, including the starfish. The starfish was prefigured by the flexible starlike rays of the eysid, an earlier and lower radiate which existed at the beginning of the lower silurian. The starfish may be considered as a specialized animal after the type of the pre-appearing crinoid, which had a greater range in structure. The asterid as appeared in the lower silurian, increased to the close of the paleozoic, and has been common in the fossiliferous continued to present time. The radiates, as the mesozoic, and have since the silurian, have increased in numbers and development to the present, though some early groups have lost their pre-eminence. It is remarkable that while a few paleozoic genera of shells exist in present time, none of the genera of the early echinoderms now exist, although the latter is structurally the lower sub-kingdom. In Maine the starfishes have been reported from the Champlain clays of the State.

Zoologically, as has been indicated, the starfish is a radiate animal, being placed as the class asteridea of the sub-kingdom echinodermata, and considered in structure above the crinoids and serpent stars and the lower of the sea urchins and sea cucumbers. The most common of the asteridea is aster, a star, and the word means star-shaped, in the form of a star. The central part or disk of the star-shaped animal is not distinct from the arms or rays, but merges into them. Usually the rays constitute the bulk of the animal, as in the common "five-finger," but there are cases where the disk assumes greater and the rays lesser proportions, as in *Ctenodiscus*.

The flexible covering consists of small plates of carbonate of lime united by a membrane, while in the sea urchin the plates unite to form a rigid case. On the under side of each ray is a groove running from the center toward the tips. Through the plates in the center of the groove extend the fleshy tentacles which enable the starfish to walk. These can be shortened or lengthened as occasion requires, and the under disks with their tentacles, may be applied to any object or other object, hold fast while the animal draws itself along. The mouth is at the center below, the viscera extending into the rays. Eye specks are at the tips of the arms. Over the surface of the thick, calcareous skin are many little spines, and water tubes which pass inward in the spaces between these spinules. The largest spines are beneath, bordering the grooves.

The dental apparatus is simple, especially when compared with the beautiful and complex arrangement of the sea urchin. This arrangement is needed in the latter animal whose food is largely vegetable matter, chiefly sea weeds, while the starfish, subsisting principally on animal food, which is of easier solubility, needs no complex grinding organ. Their food is largely muscle and other shell fish. On securing a mussel shell they raise the large foot, easily depositing it, and hold it with its tentacles, then draw it toward the shell, turn out the folds of an enormous stomach, surrounds the unucky captive and consumes the soft parts. Then the stomach is packed away, the tentacles relax their hold, the rays assume their normal position and the empty mussel lies on the sea bottom.

The locomotion of the starfish appears easy of accomplishment than in the sea urchin, due to the flexibility of the rays of the former. Without tentacles the sea urchin would be wholly incapable of movement, and it may be doubted if the starfish would be much better off, unless by progressive development it should in time be able to use its rays more effectively than at present.

The only class of animals with which starfishes are likely to be confounded are the serpent stars. The latter have a star-shaped mouth, jointed, thus softening, forking, no inferior grooves, no terminal eye specks, the viscera does not pass into the rays, the disk is distinct, and the animal is more shy and difficult to find than are the starfishes. By observing these distinctions no confusion can ensue. Starfishes are found from between the tide marks to a depth of over one hundred fathoms, on the coast of Maine. The common *Asterias*, and more rarely, a few other species, may be found in the pools, or over the sandy and rocky bottoms of harbors, or clinging to piles.

The growth and development of the starfish is in some respects like that of other radiates. The eggs of radiates as well as of mollusks produce, after segmentation and development of the embryo, free-swimming young. The little planula propels its way through or upon the surface of the water by means of three pairs of cilia. The young starfish commences its development in this planula on the water tubes, finally absorbs the planula, and grows into the perfect young and thence into the adult state. The egg of *Cribrella sanguinolenta* develops a pear-shaped embryo which on seeping is oblong, and has a basal constriction. The constriction deepens, forming a three-lobed pedicel. The disk becomes pentagonal, with five double rows of vesicles. The rays form

in the pentagon, the pedicel is absorbed, and the animal takes its final form. Starfishes together with crabs, mollusks, etc., form in part the food of the cod and other marine animals.

The relation of starfishes to man is by no means an unimportant one. As remarked above, they furnish food in some degree to animals useful to the human family. On the other hand they destroy beds of mussels, clams and oysters. As a whole they appear, economically considered, more injurious than beneficial, and are to be regarded, in that nature, forming one of the most beautiful and instructive of the lower classes of the animal world, they may certainly be considered of value to man, and their absence would be his loss.

In 1873 the United States Fish Commission obtained in the Gulf of Maine about fifteen hundred species of marine animals. Of about one-half this number determined at the time, there were thirty-four species of echinoderms including thirteen starfishes. The others were ten sea cucumbers, three sea urchins and eight serpent stars. The starfishes are the most numerous class of the sub-kingdom, as seen in the Gulf of Maine. A single haul of the dredge secured over a hundred species of animals, including twelve echinoderms of which five were asteroids. This was a haul from the bottom of about thirty fathoms, six miles east of Seguin Island. Dredging the surface of the sea securing a variety of asteroids, for the littoral or shore species are few in number. The shore species in Western Penobscot Bay are *Asterias vulgaris*, and rarely *Cribrella sanguinolenta*. But few species of asteroids occur much inside of the outer islands of this bay. The *Solaster*, common off Eagle Island, does not occur at Camden, nor do the other species, except the two above mentioned, occur in this bay. Following are given brief notes on a part of the Maine starfishes, which will include some further account of their distribution.

Asterias vulgaris, Stimpson, is our most common species, and is known in common with the next species as the common starfish, five-finger, or five-fingered Jack. It is reddish in color, varying from pink to purple, and hence is known as the red starfish. It occurs from Connecticut to Labrador and possibly Greenland. Abundant everywhere in Maine, down to a depth of forty fathoms. South of Cape Cod it is not so common, being replaced by the next species. It is worthy of note that its range in fathoms increases to the northward and decreases to the southward. It prefers rocky or sandy shallow bottoms to those that are muddy, flourishing best in the clear water of the former.

It is usually found in company with the sea urchin on our coast. It evidently does not object to the light as it is common on shallow, rocky bottoms. Whole beds of mussels are destroyed by this and the next species, and the two, but more especially the next, commit great havoc among the oyster beds of Rhode Island and Connecticut. The two are of very similar form, and as far as appearance are known.

Starfishes are best preserved in alcohol, though with proper care they may be dried quickly in the shade, or if boiled and taken out when hot instead of allowing to soak in the cooling water, they will keep well. In alcohol the red starfish becomes nearly white. A dried specimen from Eagle Island is 175 mm. in diameter, disk diameter 40 mm., greatest breadth 27 mm., and the rays are 100 mm. long. It is common, but very commonly a young ray has been injured, and there is a "survival of the fittest," or strongest, so that three and four rayed animals are common. The undeveloped rays may usually be seen on examination. If rays are cut off or destroyed new ones will grow.

This species has two-paired pedicellariae, instead of three-paired as in the next. (In references to our sea urchin as compared with the starfish, the common Maine species, *Strongylocentrotus drobachianus*, A. Agassiz, is to be understood.) The convex madreporic body is light colored, its surface in radiating lines. Each ray bears four rows of tentacles in the groove beneath. The spines are not fluted. The longest spines, below, are about 2 mm. in length. The groove means that in which the tentacles, extend into the radiating zones, and do not bear spines as in the sea urchin. There are urous, muscular and digestive systems, though the latter has not the division into oesophagus and intestine. The nervous system sends filaments to the eye specks and other parts. The water-vessel system, commencing with the madreporic filter, carries water to the little sacs which form the inner end of the tentacles. By contracting the sacs water is forced into the tentacles which are thus extended to some desired object. The description here given of the organs and their uses is applicable in general to most of the following species:

Asterias Forbesii, Verrill, the Green Starfish, is a more Southern form, extending from Massachusetts Bay to Northern Florida and the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico. It is rarely found in the waters of our coast as far as the Gulf of twenty-five or thirty miles northeast of Portland. This place has a special zoological interest, for it contains Southern species of marine animals that are found nowhere else in the State, and which belong to Southern New England and lower latitudes. Among these is the round clam, *Yenus mercenaria*, not found elsewhere in Maine. This starfish abounds on the stony bottoms of bays and sounds, and, though not common, is found in the waters of our coast as far as the Gulf of twenty-five or thirty miles northeast of Portland. The color of this starfish is dark or brownish green, with the madreporic body a bright yellow. A dried straw-colored specimen from South Norwalk, Conn., measures in diameter 160 mm.; diameter of disk 35 mm.; greatest breadth of ray, 37 mm. The spines appear slightly larger and stouter than in the red starfish. Brownish bundles of water tubes are found plainly situated in the upper surface. Around the base of each spine is a row of minute calcareous points—the pedicellariae.

Solaster endeca, Forbes, is common in the Gulf of Maine and sometimes in Massachusetts Bay, though a more northern species. The young of this and the next species have been taken on a muddy bottom, in 50 or 60 fathoms, west of Seal Island, near Cape Cod. Also both species from the littoral zone near Esopus, down to forty or more fathoms. Of nine specimens of this species which came up on lobster cages at Eagle Island three had nine rays, four had ten, one had eleven, and one had twelve, ten appearing to be the normal number. A specimen is 160 mm. in diameter, 65 mm. in diameter of disk, 15 mm. in greatest breadth of ray. The disk is relatively larger than in *Asterias*, and has five tapering rays and more serpentine. The color of the dried

specimen is dull pink, and the grooves below are closed for nearly the whole length by the spines. The largest spines are next the mouth, on the tips between the grooves. Those next in size border the grooves, and the rays are in clusters of about ten or twelve on the under surface, while above the small spinules appear to be in close groups of perhaps a dozen points. This arrangement of spines is similar in *Cribrella*.

Cribrella papposus, M. and T., is common, and usually found with the last. The colors of both species are somewhat variable. This also includes the rays. The spines resemble somewhat those in species of *Asterias*. The color is red and purple, often arranged in concentric lines, and spotted with clusters of bright water tubes.

Cribrella sanguinolenta, Lutken, occur from Connecticut to the Arctic Ocean, on the northern coasts of Europe south to Great Britain and France. Very common in the Gulf of Maine, from low water to 100 fathoms. Not so common south of Cape Cod. This is a small and beautiful species. It has five round, tapering rays. The spinules are in minute clusters. The grooves are very narrow, and there are but two rows of tentacles to each groove, instead of four, as in *Asterias*. The color is variable—cream, orange, purple, rose, vermillion, etc. One of the vermillion, when dried, faded to a brownish brown. This specimen measures 53 mm. in diameter, 14 mm. in diameter of disk, 7 mm. in greatest breadth of ray.

Another point of difference from *Asterias* and most other starfishes is that it has no free swimming young, the egg being held by the suckers about the mouth of the parent until they become little starfishes. The development of this species, as previously described, varies from the usual order of development of radiates, in that the embryos develop on stony or stony bottoms. The *Cribrella* was described as early as 1776, by Muller, and has had no less than nine different names. The rays like those of *Solaster endeca*, are not crowded one against the other as in the two species of *Asterias* described.

Lepasterias complata, Verrill, has been found off New Jersey, in 32 fathoms, on the Bay of Vineyard in 20 to 25 fathoms, and off of Casco Bay in 30 to 35 fathoms.

Stephanasterias abuta, Verrill, occurs in the vicinity of Grand Menan, and has been taken east of Seguin Island in 33 fathoms.

Menodiscus crispatus, D. and K., occurs among other places in Massachusetts Bay, though its proper habitat is farther to the north, in the head of the tongue northwest of Stollwagen's Bank brought up muddy rays. Specimens of this species. It is the common pentagonal starfish of muddy bottoms, and a deep water species. The tentacles have no sucking disks but are printed. The diameter of one is 55 mm., diameter of disk 27 mm., greatest breadth of ray 15 mm.

Astrogonium phrygianum was found over a hard, gravelly bottom, in 50 to 60 fathoms, in company with *Asterias*, *Cribrella*, etc. It is a gorgeous, brilliant red starfish, as great as 300 mm. in diameter. It has been taken in the Gulf of Maine, in the above depth of water, on Cashner's Ledge.

CROSSING ANTHROPOID APES.—There appears to be good evidence of crosses between the gorilla and the chimpanzee. A fact of great importance to naturalists who are given rather freely to announcing the discovery of new species of this group of animals.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR YEAR ENDING 30th JULY, 1891.—One black fox, *Felis erminea*, from Canada, presented by Mr. John S. Kennedy; two red foxes, *Vulpes vulpes*, presented by Mr. Samuel Norton, Coeur; two prairie dogs, *Cynomys ludovicianus*, presented by Mr. Charles H. Smith; one yellow-billed curlew, *Numenius*, presented by Mr. Chas. H. Hall; one yellow-billed cuckoo, *Coccyz*, presented by Mrs. Eda Staples, of Erie Ave.; six young night herons, *Nycticorax nycticorax*, presented by Miss M. M. Prime, of a Island; one red and yellow macaw, *Aratinga chloroptera*, presented by Miss Marjorie Serrano; one bullfinch *Parus carolinensis*, presented by Capt. A. Grand, S. S. Above; one fallow deer, *Cervus maculosa*, bred in the Menagerie.—W. A. CORLIAN, Director.

BOILS, Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, eruptions, impure blood, Hot Bitters cure.

Game Bag and Gun.

IGNORANCE IN HIGH QUARTERS.

CHELSEA, Mass., July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article in last week's issue on the pistol used by the assassin Giteau, and the general lack of information in regard to firearms by persons presumed to be well-informed, calls to mind what I noticed some time ago under the head of "Rays" in the "American Cyclopaedia" vol. xiv., p. 354, which I think will be of interest to long-range rifleman, and for the convenience of those who may not have the book at hand will briefly quote:

"It is claimed for the Russian rifle described above (Gorloff M. B. L.) that an expert will place every bullet within a space three feet by one and one-half feet broad at 1,000 yards distance."

The writer of the article quoted was, I believe, an eminent general in our late civil war, and is now or lately was superintendent of a large establishment manufacturing fire-arms.

He does not vouch for that part of his article which I have quoted, but I am surprised that he should introduce any statement of others in a work of this kind unless he believed it himself, and presume he did or it would not have been given a place in his article.

I will further refer to the detection of the small bore that the rifle added to has a calibre of .42, a powder charge of 77 grains and a bullet weight of 380 grains.

There must be economy of gunpowder and lead to say nothing of saving in wear and tear on the gun and man that must commend itself to riflemen generally, especially new boys.

If the above quotation had emanated from a civilian I should not have given it a second thought, but as it was from one who ought to be an authority I consider it too good to keep.—W. G.

ILLINOIS SQUIRREL SHOOTING.—Charleston, Coles County, Ill., May 30.—On 28d inst. Charles Shriver haggled ten squirrels in a half a day, two and a half miles east of here, on the Embarras River. He reports squirrels more numerous than they have been for several years and very fat. He had bagged eight squirrels on 29th. He is an excellent squirrel hunter, and reports the same as Mr. Shriver.—A SQUIRREL HUNTER.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table. Except the Minnesota planated grouse season, which closes Oct. 1, none of the seasons named close before Nov. 1, 1881:

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Pinnace Grouse, Prairie Grouse, Wild-Goose, Wild-Turkey. Rows list various states and their respective hunting seasons.

Antelope—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1. Buffalo—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1. Caribou—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1. Moose—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1. Deer—Ariz., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Colo., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; N. D., Oct. 1; S. C., Oct. 1. Elk—Colo., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Minn., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

LARCENY OF ANIMALS.

[From the Albany Law Journal, June 4, 1881.]

IN Rex v. Mann, Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Islands, April, 1881, the defendant had been convicted of stealing turkeys. Two questions arose: whether the turkeys in question were the property of the State, and whether larceny was committed and whether ownership had been proved. The court, Judd, J., said: "The essential facts are as follows: On the mountain range of this island, back of Waiata, called the Waiata mountains are numbers of turkeys. These birds were brought to this country so long ago that there is no remembrance existing as to the exact time when or by whom they were imported. These birds are now in a wild state, afraid of man, breeding in the unbroken parts of the mountain and in such country, and have been hunted down and caught by devices, precisely as if they were fera natura. They are not penned or fed, marked by the land-owner, nor does he exercise any actual control over them, except as he may be able to catch them and reduce them to his possession. It is well known that the domestic turkey is descended from the wild turkey, first found in America, modified by breeding and the care of man, and his perhaps accounts for the tendency to revert to the wild state which is so strongly manifested in them. These turkeys, although 'wild,' are not, properly speaking, 'wild animals.' Where the phrase 'wild animals' is used, the word 'wild' is used as a generic term to indicate that they are of a species not usually domesticated, and does not refer to their comparative docility or familiarity with men. We consider that these turkeys are not, properly speaking, fera natura, though partaking of their habits. The land on which the defendant is alleged to have taken the turkeys in question is the land of 'Mokulua,' in Waiata, the property of the prosecuting witness, Caspar Silva, who claims the ownership of the turkeys by virtue of their being on his land and of value to him. Now to say that these turkeys are A.'s solely because they are on A.'s land, would lead to the absurdity that they would become B.'s when they went on to B.'s land. Suppose, for example, at night A. goes into the woods on his own land and ensnares part of a flock of the so-called 'wild turkeys,' and the rest of the flock, being disturbed, crosses over the boundary to the land of B., and the next night A. ensnares them on B.'s land. On the theory advanced, that the place of capture determines the ownership, the latter taking would be larceny. In the case before us, if the owner of the land where the alleged taking of the turkeys took place was able to trace them, as the undisputed descendants of birds owned by him, or his grantors, he would show title to them. So far from this being the evidence in this case, it is more than probable that these turkeys are not the descendants of a parent stock introduced on this land by one person, but that these birds have received accessions at different times from the tame turkeys of many different individuals. In the absence, therefore, of proof of ownership of these turkeys by the prosecuting witness, aside from the fact that they are on his land, and it being proved that they cannot be distinguished from any other turkeys on contiguous lands, they are not the subjects of larceny." Conviction reversed, and prisoner discharged.

This is in harmony with State v. Mary Turner, 60 N. C. 618. Mary was indicted for stealing "one turkey of the value of five cents." Thus it seems that turkeys are cheap in North Carolina. The report does not disclose the date of the offense, but we infer that it was shortly before Thanksgiving. Mary having been convicted, a motion in arrest of judgment was made upon the ground "that the indictment was insufficient, for that it failed to state that the turkey stolen was a tame turkey. That the turkey was a native fowl of America, the number of which are found in every part of the State, wild and unclaimed, and that the indictment should have negatived the presumption that the turkey in question was wild and unclaimed." The motion was sustained, but this was reversed by the Supreme Court. The court said: "His honor was mistaken in this case, in supposing that our domestic turkey is a creature of fera natura. All the authorities cited by his honor are cases of creatures of fera natura, and we take the care to be clear that where a creature is not for stealing, which a defendant is indicted, is fera natura, it will not be sufficient to allege that the property was of the goods and chattels of one A. B., the owner; in such case the indictment must further allege that the creature was dead, tamed, confined or reclaimed. 2 Russ. on Crimes, 152. But surely this cannot be the case, when the defendant is indicted for stealing one of our domesticated turkeys. In 2 Bish. Crim. Law, § 87, 787, speaking of animals, fera natura, and of which larceny may be committed when reclaimed, the author says, 'domestic animals and fowls, such as horses, oxen, sheep, hens, peafowls, turkeys and the like, which being tame in their nature, are the subject of larceny on precisely the same grounds as other personal property.'"

The following animals have been held "wild," deer, rabbits, hares, conies, fish, rooks, crows, pigeons, martens, bats. Wheat, Crim. L., § 893. Warren v. State, 8 Cr. 404, 108. In re, "As his principle applies, by common law, to monkeys, bears, foxes, etc., it will evidently apply to 'coons.'"

But such animals as are reclaimed and confined, and may serve for food or use, are subject of larceny. Thus, young pheasants hatched and reared by a hen. R. v. Shickle, L. R., 1 C. C. 155. Marked swans, even on a public river. Elton v. Cole, 10 Cr. 424. Cheafed, 6 Cox's C. C. 367. In this case Lord Campbell said: "The pigeons were the subject of larceny, although they had the opportunity of getting out and enjoying themselves." This is probably because of the animus revertendi in the birds.

In Swan v. Saunders, Q. B. Div., 44 L. T. (N. S.) 434, it was held that freshly imported parrots were not 'domestic animals' within the statute of penalty to animals. The court said: "I do not say that a parrot might not become a domesticated animal, when thoroughly tamed and accustomed to the society of human beings, but these were young unacclimated birds freshly imported into England. They are clearly different from fowls and other poultry, and the evidence goes to prove that they were not tamed and domesticated."

In regard to fish it is not so clear. All the books agree that fish are caught in a tank or otherwise, so that they may be taken at the pleasure of him who has thus appropriated them, then they are the subject of larceny. "Fish confined in a net or tank are sufficiently secured; but how, in a pond, is a question of doubt, which seems to admit of different answers as the circumstances of particular cases differ." 2 Bish. Crim. L., § 87, 787. In Rex v. Corrie, 14 W. R. 43, the court said: "Oysters have not the power of locomotion any more than inanimate things, and when property has once been acquired in them no reason is perceived why they should not be governed by the rules of law applicable to inanimate things." "They have been reclaimed, and are as entirely within his possession and control as his swans or his water fowl that may float habitually in the bay." Rex v. Caswell & Johnson, 58 Me. 104, oysters were held to be fish.

Oysters planted and staked out where they do not naturally grow come within this rule. State v. Taylor, 3 Dutch. 117. They seem, however, barely to come within the description of animals. In the last case the court said: "The principle, as applied to animals fera natura, is not questioned. But oysters, though usually included in that description of animals, do not come within the reason or operation of that rule, for that they are not fera natura, but inasmuch as they are obviously more newly assimilated to tame animals than to wild ones, and perhaps more nearly to inanimate objects than to animals of either description. The indictment could not aver that the oysters were dead, for that they would be of no value; nor that they were reclaimed or tamed, for in this sense they were never wild, and were not capable of domestication; nor that they were confined, for that would be absurd." Rex v. Caswell & Johnson, 58 Me. 104, the court said: "Oysters have not the power of locomotion any more than inanimate things, and when property has once been acquired in them no reason is perceived why they should not be governed by the rules of law applicable to inanimate things." "They have been reclaimed, and are as entirely within his possession and control as his swans or his water fowl that may float habitually in the bay." Rex v. Caswell & Johnson, 58 Me. 104, oysters were held to be fish. At common law the rule of property in reclaimed wild animals excluded many which were called "base," principally because they are not fit for food. But in this country the rule seems to be more flexible. Thus, in State v. House, 65 N. C. 744; S. C. 6 Am. Rep. 744, a conviction of larceny of an otter from a trap was sustained. The court said: "All the distinctions as to animals fera natura, which are to their government or best interest, which we find in the English books, will not hold good in this country. The English system of game laws seems to have been established more for princely diversion than for use or profit, and is not at all suited to the wants of our enterprising trappers. We take the true criterion to be the value of the animal, whether for the food of man, for its fur, or otherwise. We know that the otter is an animal very valuable to the fur trade in America, and even in some parts of North Carolina. If we are bound absolutely by the English authorities, without regard to their adaptation to this country, we should be obliged

to hold that most of the animals, so valuable for their fur, are not the subject of larceny, on account of the baseness of their nature, while at the same time we should be obliged to hold that hawks and falcons, when reclaimed, are the subject of larceny in respect of their generous nature and courage."

Dogs are generally held not the subject of larceny, being "base." State v. Holder, 8 N. C. 527; S. C., 31 Am. Rep. 517; State v. Lyman, 26 Ohio 181, 400; S. C., 20 Am. Rep. 727; Ward v. State, 48 Ala. 161; S. C., 17 Am. Rpp. 31. But otherwise, when they are taxed. People v. Maloney, 1 Park. 593; Mayor v. Meigs, 1 Me. 53; S. C., 29 Am. Rep. 578; Ex-parte Cooper, 3 Tex. Ct. App. 489; S. C., 30 Am. Rep. 152; Harrington v. Miles, 11 Kans. 480; S. C., 15 Am. Rep. 355.

It has always been held that any dead animal, whose carcass is fit for food, or use, is subject of larceny; but the query arises whether a dead and stuffed dog is subject of larceny in those States where a live dog is not. Probably the expense of the stuffing would bring it within the rule. So a dead dog may be better than a live lion.

From the Albany Law Journal, June 15, 1881.

In connection with our recent article on Larceny of Animals should be read a case decided in the Birmingham Circuit Court of Alabama, and reported in the Birmingham Law Times of May 28. The title of the case is not given. The question was of property in carrier pigeons under training. The Court thus stated the case: "The plaintiff, who is a dealer in pigeons of this description, was training the bird, and it was for this purpose that on the day in question he had taken it from his home at Aston to Castle Bromwich, a distance of between five and six miles, and there trained it, in the expectation that when he returned with it they would go back to his home at Aston. In returning, as was believed, to its home, and while flying in that direction over land which the defendant occupied at Castle Bromwich, the defendant shot at and killed the pigeon. The questions for consideration are: First, whether the plaintiff can be said to have a property in the pigeon, which was admittedly tame and reclaimed; and if so, then, secondly, whether by the act of taking the pigeon away from his home for the purpose of training, and there releasing it, the plaintiff lost his property in the bird and thereby his right to bring this action to recover damages for the killing of it by the defendant. Whether, in fact, by releasing it in the manner stated he abandoned the property he otherwise would have had in it while in his possession; in short, whether the pigeon, in consequence of plaintiff's action, lost his character of a tame pigeon and became fera natura. After referring to and consulting with Devereux Saunders, Esq., C. J., 490; Reg. v. Cox, 10 Cox's C. C. 23; Reg. v. Thistle, L. R., 1 C. C. 153; Child v. Greenhill, Cr. Cas. 533; Reg. v. Brooks, 4 C. & P. 131; Reg. v. Cheaf, 21 L. J. 43; M. C. Taylor v. Newman, 4 B. & S. 89, the court thus concluded: "There appears to be a connection between the soil and animals fera natura, so far as the ownership in both is concerned. In an ordinary case, if the owner of a reclaimed pigeon chooses to take it from its home, and to let it loose, so that it does not remain, having no further care or thought about it, or if the bird escapes, and betakes itself to its natural liberty, this would, I think, amount to an abandonment of the previous reclamation, and it would again become fera natura; but I cannot think that what the plaintiff has done in this case, the taking away of the bird and releasing him for the purpose of training, teaching it its lesson in short, can amount to an abandonment of his property in the pigeon. This temporary release from the plaintiff's custody for the purpose indicated could never be intended by the plaintiff to be an abandonment of the valuable property he possessed in the pigeon. The plaintiff was merely following the ordinary method of teaching the bird so as to cause it to become more useful and of greater value. After the best consideration I can give to the matter, I have arrived at the conclusion that, with the English law, which is followed by the Roman law in this respect, allows individuals to possess in pigeon is a special possessory property, a right to have them protected while on the owner's property or under his control. No case that I have found goes so far as to say that the owner of pigeons can have an absolute property in them at all times and in all places. Devereux Saunders, if correct, decides there can be no such absolute property. If I thought that the plaintiff by his act had lost the possession of the pigeon, his property in the pigeon, in my opinion, would have been gone, and I should have been obliged to decide that this action could not have been maintained; but in the present case, for the reasons already stated, I think the reclaimed character of the pigeon ought not to be considered as abandoned, but that it continued notwithstanding the act of the plaintiff, and that being so held, for the reasons stated, the plaintiff is entitled to recover. I have not arrived at this decision without much hesitation and some doubt." "In ancient times the question was by no means of the importance it has in recent times become. A vast amount of capital, indeed, is now invested in these birds; a very extensive traffic in them is carried on both at home and abroad. It is much to be desired that this important question, on which so much property is concerned, should not remain doubtful, but should be decided by the high court." The Law Times thinks "a somewhat dangerous principle is admitted" here.

From the Albany Law Journal, June 25, 1881.

The Vermont statute permits any one to kill a dog, "running at large off the premises of the owner or keeper, without a collar with the owner's name on it." In Wright v. Clark, 50 Vt. 130; S. C., 28 Am. Rep. 496, a fox hound kept for the chase, and chained when not in pursuit of game, was chasing a fox with his owner and one Stone, and while at some distance from his owner, but near and in full view of Stone, was killed by defendant in shooting at the fox. It was held that the shooting was wrongful, although, as claimed by the defendant, accidental, and that the defendant was liable for the value of the dog. The court thus remarks in praise of dogs: "The dog is the most tractable of animals, and yields most readily to restraint other than physical. The voice and look of his master are often more potent to restrain him than cord or chain. He is often trained so that at his master's command he will remain by and guard his property for a whole day in the absence of his master, or go out of sight, miles away, and guard his flock and herds. Dogs are peculiarly susceptible of training and restraint in certain directions. The trained hound, when pursuing the fox or deer with or at his master's bidding, is no more 'strolling without restraint,' or 'wandering, roving, or rambling at

will, than a boy willing to go on a errand at his master's command. Either, when out of sight and hearing of the master, have it in their power to 'stroll without restraint, or rove at will; but neither do so, so long as they continuously and vigorously pursue the thing commanded. Hence the fact that the dog when shot was out of sight and hearing of his master, is not determinative of whether he was 'running at large.' If the animal's testimony gained credit, when shot the dog was in hot pursuit of the fox in obedience to the command of the plaintiff, with all his instincts urging him thereto, as each bound brought him nearer and nearer the coveted prize. We do not think such a dog, thus running, is, within the meaning of the statute, running at large."

THE ANTI-PORON SHOOTING BILL.—At a special meeting of the Onondaga Co. Sportsmen's Club, held in this city last evening, it was unanimously resolved to petition the Governor and remonstrate against the bill of Mr. Bergh, now before the Executive, becoming a law by his signature. Mr. William E. McMaster, representing the sportsmen of New York city, was requested to draft the following letter expressive of the sentiments of the sportsmen of Onondaga, which will be presented to the Governor at once:

"The Bergh bill now before you is an usurpation of our chartered rights as sportsmen. The sixty sportsmen's clubs of this State, embracing thousands of our most excellent citizens, whose characters place them above the suspicion of any cruelty to animals, are the natural and most zealous defenders of our game laws. This Bergh bill seeks to overthrow the legislative laws which govern our clubs and our annual State Association contests of skill. Therefore, we pray you to protect our associations, formed for the humane and real purpose of protection to animals, fish and game, against any and all fanatical sentiments or measures which seek to interfere with our authorized rights or destroy our usefulness as defenders of our game laws."

Mr. McMaster, who has the matter in charge, with ex-President Abel Cook, of New York, and Mr. Murray, of Niagara, President of the New York State Association, with others equally prominent, are concerting measures to put the matter in its proper light before the Governor, and they have no doubt that they will be able to show him that they are the true protectors of game, and that this bill is a direct blow to the true sportsmen organization, which, without these contests of skill, could hardly exist.—*Syracuse Herald.*

MINNESOTA PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.—Mankato, Minn.—There was the usual migration of prairie chickens south last fall; still, very large numbers stopped with us all winter, notwithstanding its unusual rigor, length and great depth of snow, which we all attribute to its early advent and the many cornfields which remained unharvested. All the livelong winter, as we took strolls out among the prairie farmers, it was a noticeable fact, as well as a most pleasing sight, to observe the large flocks of chickens gathering their provant from the pendant ears of corn in almost every unharvested field, waddling through the snow up to their waists. Tough birds, these fully developed chickens, but when only two-thirds grown how lovingly they go down to the exasperated heart with plenty of newly-made butter and snowflake "laters. Oh, oh! for the prairie farmer, when by the use of law it is not a sin to take the field with dog and gun in law-abiding Minnesota; albeit we have many sinners here on the sly.—F. B. H.

An Austin, Minn., correspondent says: "You can report prairie chickens in this section more abundant than for many years past, which seems strange after so severe a winter, but I will vouch for the statement."

ILLINOIS QUAIL.—The Lebanon, Ill., *Journal* says that quail are plentiful in the surrounding fields, and adds: "It is a well-known fact to observing agriculturalists that the quail is of incalculable benefit in destroying many varieties of ravaging insects. On this account we should expect that, instead of exterminating them during the winter by means of traps, the farmers would insure protection when most needed. We learn this spring has been an increase in this vicinity of these birds over last year, and, with favorable weather and no shooting out of season, we hope when the cool breezes of autumn invite the honest sportsman to the field for a day's recreation that his expectations may be realized."

WANTS TO GO DUCK SHOOTING.—New York, July 9.—Having read from time to time about the nice duck shooting that some of your correspondents have written about in the FOREST AND STREAM, I would like to enjoy some of it, and as I have never been West I have come to you to aid me with whatever information you can give me on the subject. I would like you to refer me to, or get some of your readers or correspondents to do so, some one who is a duck shooter—one who has all the appurtenances of a professional—where I can get some good duck shooting out of a boat among the wild rice fields in some of the streams this side, if possible, or near Chicago. I would like to be in a comfortable house or cabin, do the work, so long as I can be near the grounds. My vacation is limited to two weeks, and I can take it either in September or October.—J. W. B.

THE KITTY HAWK BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB have secured 240,000 acres of land in North Carolina, with 170 miles of water front, to be used for hunting and fishing purposes. The twenty-five charter members are: John H. Reed, Day, The Dominick, Thomas J. Harbour, Norman Peck, W. G. Dominick, C. R. Purdy, R. V. R. Schuyler, of Schuylcr & Duane; J. T. Harper, W. H. De Forest, Jr., E. Everett Pray, B. F. Hunting, Henry Sampson, George Bird Grinnell, G. E. Elliot, A. N. Beadleston, E. W. Corlies, J. A. Hewitt, Charles T. Barney, Charles P. Frame, Frederick W. Leggett, John B. Lawrence, Jr., R. H. Robertson, G. G. Munger, Emile Doder and E. Pope Sampson.

CHASING BEARS.—Messrs. C. Behlow, G. M. Robinson, M. W. Stackpole, F. Urban, Charles Dredel and J. A. Ruver, of San Francisco, Cal., have recently returned from a bear hunt in Mendocino County, where they hunted with Mr. T. E. Rawle's pack of bear-boys. These dogs, like those of Mr. Bancr, are black and tan, and some of them spotted. The party had a most enjoyable time of it, and finally brought a 300-pounder down from an oak tree, and afterward a sheep-killing rascal fell before their rifles. Besides the bears the party killed a dozen fox bucks, from a spike up to a seven-year.

NARRAGANSETT SHOOTING PROSPECTS.—Onalua, July, 1881.—The prospects for prairie chickens in this State are very fair. The lateest of last spring retarded breeding, and young chickens are smaller than usually at this time in July—23d. I hear favorable reports of broods, especially south of the Platte River. The season opens August 15. Quails had a hard winter and will be comparatively scarce in certain localities.—Don Wittre.

A SALE OF 500 RIFLES is what Messrs. W. Read and Sons report to us as the result of their Western rifle advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM. Moral: If you have a good thing tell people about it in a good paper, and there will be no difficulty in disposing of it. Scores of advertisers here had the same experience with this paper; and still there is room for more.

SPORT FOR NEW ORLEANS SPORTSMEN.—New Orleans, July 18.—There is pretty good shooting now with "summer ducks." They are very fat and of excellent flavor, feeding in rice fields. There will be plenty of quail (or partridges, as we call them,) all along the Jackson Railroad, a rolling, piney-wood country.—S.

DETROIT COUNTY—WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—The local law in Dutchess County, New York, prohibits woodcock shooting during the month of August.

THE WOOD DECOYS are an excellent pattern of wooden decoys. They are well made and have been used for years with growing favor.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.
Salmon, *Salmo salar*,
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*,
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo trutta*,
White Perch, Trout, *Salvelinus malina*,
Grayling, *Thymallus triolor* and *Th. montanus*,
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. paludis*,
Mud-puppy, *Amblystoma opacum*,
Pickereel, *Esox reticulatus*,
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*,
Fishes-perch (walk-eyes) (pike)

SALT WATER.

Strip Bass, *Centropristis striata*,
Sea Bass or Rock Bass, *Zocea tinca*,
White Perch, *Morone americana*,
Bluntnose, *Paralichthys obtusa*,
Scup or Turbot, *Stenotomus argenteus*,
Pompano, *Polydactylus complanatus*,
Tautog or Blackfish, *Axolriga ciliata*.

When once you have hooked your fish the best way to handle it is to be prepared, after becoming accustomed to handle it, wherever and wherever it is. For the purpose of the rod it is really not this that it is the home end of the line, stiffened and made springy, so that you can guide it and manage it, cast and draw it, keep a gentle pressure with it on the hook so that the fish shall not rid himself of it, and finally lift him to the landing net. Let the young angler always remember that his rod is only a part of the line. The control which a properly constructed rod gives to the angler over his line and over a large fish on its way to the net is really not this that the American anglers are accustomed to cast from thirty to sixty to 100 feet from the end of the rod. I have seen an angler, under favorable circumstances, cast from a seven-ounce Norris rod a straight cast of ninety-four feet from the end of the rod, or, including the rod, a hundred and five feet of line from the hand, and repeat the cast again and again without varying the drop of the tail fly more than three feet. This is a tremendous cast, and few will be able to get out much over seventy feet.—W. C. PHILLIPS.

CHANNEL BASS FISHING.

IN the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I find the following: "If you know of a good place to camp and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others."

In reply I can "report" regarding a good place in Florida to "fish," and where fishermen can enjoy unequalled sport—I refer to the capture of channel bass, *Scolopagus ocellatus*. Near the mouth of the St. John's River, twenty-five miles below Jacksonville, will be found two hamlets known as Mayport and Pilot Town. At Pilot Town fair accommodations can be obtained at \$2 per week. At Mayport, Barron's furnishes a good bed and fair table at \$1 per day, or \$8 to \$10 per week.

Visitors will not suffer from the heat unless the wind happens to blow from the southwest, which is an infrequent occurrence. When it is calm, which is seldom, mosquitoes and other annoyances are troublesome. The wind is usually from the northeast, and the climate is enjoyable. Surf or still bathing can be utilized at any and at all times. Sickness need not be dreaded by visitors.

A sportsman can leave New York by express train and reach Jacksonville in about forty-four hours. By taking the Savannah steamer on Saturday from New York we will reach Savannah in the morning. The only boat which leaves from Savannah to Jacksonville is the City, and the fisherman could take one of the Mallory steamers on Friday, and reach Jacksonville about the next Wednesday, stopping at Port Royal and Brunswick. Reaching this city, steamer is taken for Mayport at 4 p. m., and the dock is reached at 5 p. m.—fare fifty cents. A boat and boatman can be hired at \$2.50 per day, but if the pilot wishes to paddle his own canoe, he can hire a boat for \$1.00 per day. The boat is taken and transported the boat on steamer's deck to Mayport—freight for boat, fifty cents.

The principal points for fishing are the Surf on Pelican Island, two miles from Mayport, Shell Branch three-quarters of a mile east of same, and Mile Point one mile west. Time for fishing, the last hour of the ebb, slack water and first hour of the flood. But an occasional fish can be caught at other times. By referring to the almanac the fisherman could so arrange his visit as to secure the morning and evening tides, and escape midday fishing. The best time for fishing is from August 15 to September 15. In the surf on Pelican Island the fish range from twenty to thirty pounds,

and at Shell Bank and Mile Point from twenty to sixty pounds. The fish are good looking, and fight equal to striped bass. To a Cuttyhunk man I am convinced the channel bass fishing in Florida would prove more than gratifying.

To illustrate what can be done, I will give a few figures. My friend Gen. Ledwith has fished for years at Mayport, and his average catch has been ten fish. Two years since, in company with Augustino Gonzailez, they caught thirty-one bass in two hours, averaging thirty pounds. An elderly fisherman and friend, Daniel Smith, who has fished each summer for years at Mayport, says that in 1878, in company with Gen. Ledwith, in two hours 29 bass were caught, weighing 900 lbs. Mr. Smith gives his average at 8 fish. On Sept. 10, 1879, Mr. Gill and your correspondent, "Al Fresco," caught a basket of hard-backs (crabs). At "day-break" on the 11th they left the hotel, rowed one mile, anchored and captured bass until fingers failed. We rowed back to the hotel and arranged our catch on the dock; washed and dressed, and were ready for breakfast at 8 a. m. After breakfast we examined the result of the morning's catch, and ascertained that G. had caught 7 and "Al Fresco" 11—average weight, 40 lbs. Your readers may say that this was unusual luck; but such was not the case. With a stout cotton line of seventy-two threads, and serviceable hooks, the fisherman who can capture a bass should be so fortunate as to hook one, he would capture a second. I have a hook made by Job Johnson, of Brooklyn; shank 6 inches long; width of hook from point to shank, 1 1/2 inches. Owing to the rapidity of tide, a sinker weighing from 14 to 20 ozs. is a necessity. Some of your artistic fishermen will call this mode of fishing "slaughter and unprofessional." I admit that mild imprecation, but I am of the opinion that the Cuttyhunkers would find fault with our method, as well as the "barbarous sport." Those who wish to engage in rod and reel fishing can find ample opportunity.

In addition to channel bass, tarpon ranging from 80 to 150 lbs. are hooked almost daily; and owing to the shortness of the lines and the tender mouths of the fish, they either part the line or tear out. The tarpon is the most active and the easiest of any fish, and if a hook should be so fortunate as to hook one, he would capture a second. I have a hook made by Job Johnson, of Brooklyn; shank 6 inches long; width of hook from point to shank, 1 1/2 inches. Owing to the rapidity of tide, a sinker weighing from 14 to 20 ozs. is a necessity. Some of your artistic fishermen will call this mode of fishing "slaughter and unprofessional." I admit that mild imprecation, but I am of the opinion that the Cuttyhunkers would find fault with our method, as well as the "barbarous sport." Those who wish to engage in rod and reel fishing can find ample opportunity.

When bass cease biting, the ardent fisherman can proceed to one of the channels bounding Pelican Island, and can capture sharks until hands and shoulders cry *peoczi*. At many points near Mayport excellent sheep-heading, sea trout and whiting fishing can be obtained, but our fishermen seldom engage in the capture of such small fry.

The expense attending a fishing trip to Florida would be moderate. Excursion ticket from New York to Jacksonville, say \$40; fare to Mayport and return, \$1; two weeks' board, \$16; boat per day, without boatman, \$1, or \$12; for bait, \$2; or a total of \$71 for a pleasant voyage on a palatial steamer and fishing weeks' fishing. The fare to the Eastern coast is little exceeded, 21 days, at an expense of about \$3.40 per day. If any of your readers should conclude to test our bass fishing, and call on me, I will endeavor to smooth the way for them.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 19.

TROUT NOTES FROM VIRGINIA.

"FISHED OUT" is the cry that meets the angler upon almost every stream that flows down the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge. The verdict of "fished out," however, as all of us know who are in the habit of resorting to the mountains for their sport—in the month of a native more frequently than not—requires considerable qualification, and should be taken always with a good allowance of salt. From the Blue Ridge to the Shenandoah, the same tale, with many truth, perhaps, is told of the few trout-holding streams that have at one time been good.

On the Piedmont slopes, as far as I can learn from my own experience and that of friends, embracing all the best trout streams in that section, the supply of trout is fully up to the average; but that they are scarce and dry in every year is a question. All the big runs are caught, and there is another and certainly a more just cry of the riverside inhabitant. I caught two or three good baskets in May as to numbers, but the size was little to boast of. That "oldest inhabitant" has had, indeed, a great time in this part of the world since last summer—the driest fall, the earliest, coldest and longest winter on record, and the most unfortunate spring and summer for farmers, gardeners, anglers, and everybody in general that has ever been known. Little streams and springs are dry that have never before been known to fail. No rain, but a very occasional and almost useless thunder shower, has fallen since the winter broke up in the district from which I write, which for a mountain country, it will I think be admitted, is carrying the thing to a sensible degree. It is an ill providence, however, that the dry fit is not a frivolous remark to say that a very plentiful supply of birds may be a partial consolation to some people for a most appalling failure in the crops.

A party of friends from the Old World dropped in about the middle of May and demanded to be taken instantly to those famous trout streams that I had been "blowing" about so. They were all novices in the gentle art, and I knew the result had a novice would pass after a day or two's staggering about in the precipitous, bushy and overfished streams that flowed toward East Virginia. I had had a notice of their coming, and had inserted a query in FOREST AND STREAM as to the best fishing in the two Virginias, but found them a fortnight before their time at my house on my return from one of the fishing trips above mentioned. It was too late for them to come to the Shenandoah, and they were not. Neither I nor my angling friends knew anything about the western country, and I was a trifle staggered with only two days in which to choose a route. I might relate how my agitated slumbers were broken by the vision of the famous Indian princess pointing westward with outstretched arm, and how the name of Pocahontas flashed instantly across my thoughts; but that it is an ill providence, however, that the dry fit is not a frivolous remark to say that a very plentiful supply of birds may be a partial consolation to some people for a most appalling failure in the crops.

However that may be our forces were marshalled without delay, a carriage, a baggage wagon, with tents, etc., and

and three servants, a formidable assortment of rods, flies, and landing nets, and very many of the good things of this life. On to Pooehontas! was the word.

I shall not enlarge much at this time upon our trip. It was a glorious one, though, in every respect. As for fishing, it is almost ceased to be sport. For my own part for the first time in my life I was satiated in a few hours. One of our party, a youth who had fished occasionally in a Scottish burn, killed 120 trout on Elk in one day, many of them being over a pound in weight and from 12 to 14 inches long—splendid silver fellows. I took 65 in the first four hours, killing in one pool four fish in two consecutive casts, aggregating 21 pounds. We were in camp four days, and if there had been any way of sending off our fish we might have easily killed two or three times the number we did. As it was we put at least half we caught back into the water, and still had more than seven hungry beings could eat, and the best of trout, too—as pink and firm as salmon. The Englishmen were delighted, not only with the sport, but with the scenery, the climate, and the kindness and civility they met with everywhere on the route; a pleasing contrast to the business and extortion of the average hotel-keepers and travel-mongers in general along the beaten tracks of Europe.

Seventy miles from a railroad is a long way in these days, and fishing in such seclusion should be good. The constant disappearance under ground of these lime-stone rivers only to come up again as cold and fresh as spring water after their subterranean course, is thought the real secret of their trout-holding capacities. It is strange to find in these old States such a perfect wilderness as runs through a great part of the counties of Nicholas, Webster, Randolph and Pocahontas; unpeopled, without roads, and almost if not quite untouched by the axe. The entire extent of forest-covered mountains west of the Forks of Elk seems entirely given over to deer, bear and panther. Excellent and good-hearted people, too, are the small graziers that for the most part occupy the settled portions of the county, they themselves with quaint vandalism, spreading a ruinous waste. Some of the trouble was caused there by gentleness from some of the Eastern estates salting up in barrels great numbers of trout and carrying them part of the way home, when they were found to be all spoiled. That is the kind of thing that is apt to make the mountaineer ugly. He has certain prejudices which I think may be called reasonable. He rather enjoys strangers coming for sport—but despise his stream for the purpose (as it is any rate to him) on feeling low country folks or city men—once go into the shipping business, even to friends, on a large scale, and you destroy those feelings of harmony which otherwise would exist, and pave the way for future difficulties such as the owners of streams, it must always be remembered, have a right to raise. Keeping on the soft side of the mountaineer is an art that it is necessary for the Southern trout fisherman to acquire, or the trout fisherman that visits Southern streams. It comes partly from experience and partly is dependent on innate gentlemanly feeling. It is no use objecting or ridiculing the prejudices of people who live far removed from the world. As they owe the fishing, and are becoming each year more perfectly alive to the fact, it is as well to knock under to them, as they are not by any means exacting.

I remember the mountaineer of the South (the very lowest class) swallows, and is the best people of their kind for a stronger sportsman, if he treats them properly, to be thrown among that could be found anywhere in the world.

The constant work upon the Richmond and Alleghany R. R. has doubtless caused many thousands of bass and other fish in James River to fall victims before the negro's hook and line. Great numbers of bass have been driven from the mountains through which the new railroad runs, and have been hovering round in the near neighborhood even of towns and villages. I do not think the partridges were much damaged by the severity of last winter, in spite of your last winter correspondent's assertion that the Piedmont counties were almost denuded. I think there are, if anything, more than usual, the breeding season having been specially favorable.

Squirrels are unusually plentiful. I have also seen great numbers of young hares. RINDWOOD.

BASSING IN GREENWOOD LAKE.

New York, July 23, 1881.

On June 20 my friend Lloyd and self took our passage for Greenwood Lake, with rods and gun. On Friday morning, July 1, at 3 A. M. we were out; in a few moments we struck an "Owego" of 3 1/2 lbs. We returned for breakfast at 7:30, and had ten minutes for breakfast. We then drove down breakfast was finished, and cast with live bait and took 13 black and Owegos, going up to 4 lbs.—not under 2 lbs. A storm came down the lake; we made all snug and trolled; took 23. Boat half full of water; blowing a gale; and such sport as we never before experienced. Jim Ryerson, our boatman, was pulled apart.

We made our harbor, took on board a good supply of cold trout and turned in for the night. We had one of our own half miles up the railroad to learn if we might get at some woodcock in Manning. We did get at them; took 17 to the ice house. We went again on the lake and worked the remainder of the day, and put 18 bass in the "well." Sunday, the fish did not rise well. We tried all our arts on them, and only took 13. We think they felt as we did, awful gloomy, because of the sad news from Washington.

By the way, why don't the Committee on Game of New York and New Jersey restock Greenwood? It needs it sadly. Croton Lake should also be stocked with the gamy bass.—J. F. LYNCH.

A PLEASANT FISHING RESORT.

KINGSTON, Ont.

A FEW days since business called a friend and the writer out to the little village of Battersden, which is situated on Loborough Lake, about 16 miles from Kingston. This beautiful sheet of water is of very respectable proportions, being 21 miles in length and from one-half to three wide, and is one of the prettiest of our numerous inland lakes. Scores of islands of all shapes and sizes dot its surface, giving it a beautiful appearance.

After putting up at the Granite House (which, by the way, is built upon a huge granite rock) the proprietor, Mr. Vanlinsine, very kindly invited us out for a row. Not having our tackle with us we borrowed a troll, and started out. A short pull of less than one-quarter of a mile up a small stream, which serves as the outlet of the lake, and we entered the lake proper. The view that met our gaze was

beautiful in the extreme. In every direction gorgeous islands loomed up; in the distance the opposite shores appeared blinly and irregular. Throwing out the troll we were soon convinced that its reputation for good fishing was no libel. The black bass are abundant and of good size; five pounds are not infrequently caught. Some very large pike are taken also; large-mouthed bass are also plenty.

Our time being limited we were reluctantly compelled to wind up and start for home. Mr. Vanlinsine keeps a very nice, clean little hotel, where the sportsman will find good country accommodations. His charges are very moderate, being only \$1 per day. Boats can be had right at the door; and we can row and punt on the best fishing grounds will accommodate the lover of the rod at a very low figure. A stage runs to and from Kingston daily, charging the passenger the modest sum of 50 cents for the round trip. Mr. V. is attentive and jolly, and will make the sportsman's stay pleasant and comfortable. Altogether a few days could be spent on Loborough Lake very pleasantly. Any further information will be cheerfully furnished by Mr. V. or the writer. A. C.

NEW YORKERS AT THE DOUTY PONDS.

MOXSON, Me., July 18.

Messrs. Broadhead, Carter and others from the city of New York, making a party of six gentlemen, have been for a few weeks past camping between the two Douty ponds in this town, and on Friday, the 15th inst., Major C. J. House and myself accepted an invitation to visit them.

These ponds are about three and a half miles from this village. We drive with a team to the farm-house of "Uncle" John Douty, on the top of "Douty Hill," which is the highest eminence in this town, and from thence we walk a distance of half a mile to the first pond, which is in the midst of a dense forest, and is a beautiful sheet of water, covering an area of about thirty acres. After crossing that we are about one-eighth of a mile from the other pond, which is also surrounded by woods, and larger in size than the first one.

The camp is by the side of Cold Brook, which runs from a large spring of excellent water and empties into the farther pond. It is one of the most delightful spots for a sportsman's camp that I ever saw—good water within a few feet of their door, an abundance of fire-wood, close at hand, etc.

The only fish in these ponds is a beautiful spotted trout, resembling the common brook trout in outward appearance, with red meat. We fished in the farther pond with eagle worm for bait, and secured a list of flies with which I have recently caught ninety-nine Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo pleuricticus* or *S. sibiricus*). As soon each day as I have caught all the trout I could use I stopped, though many more could have been taken, as they are very abundant here, but I do not care to imitate the practices of the "Great American Trout Hogs," so well written about in recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Here is the list of flies:

The prospect for grouse shooting when the season opens is splendid in this vicinity. Those who enjoy this sport will do well to try the great forests a few miles to the north of this place. More anon. PISCATOR.

TROUT FLIES FOR COLORADO.

PAGOSA SPRINGS, Col., July, 1881.

I HAVE noticed in your columns but few remarks on the best flies for game fish. I think that much profit and pleasure might be derived by anglers giving their experience and interchanging their ideas as to flies, etc. So, to start the ball a-rolling, I hereby send a list of flies with which I have recently caught ninety-nine Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo pleuricticus* or *S. sibiricus*). As soon each day as I have caught all the trout I could use I stopped, though many more could have been taken, as they are very abundant here, but I do not care to imitate the practices of the "Great American Trout Hogs," so well written about in recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Here is the list of flies:

Table with 2 columns: Fly Used, No. of Trout Caught. Includes entries like White coachman (46), Black fly (23), Black huckle (15), Brown (14), Red (1), Total (99).

Two flies were used: About two-thirds of the trout were caught on the stretcher and one-third on the dropper fly.

The Rocky Mountain trout here did not seem to care for red flies. The gray professor, a fly celebrated for these same trout in Wyoming Territory and with which I have had good sport there eight years ago, does not seem to be a good fly on this river. I have never been able to get a rise at the fascinator, a fly well spoken of for the Eastern brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*).

The white coachman is *par excellence* the fly for this river, in all weathers and at all times. The fishing was done in the Upper San Juan River, Colorado. The Rocky Mountain trout is not as handsome a fish as the brook trout, as it has black spots instead of the red and golden spots of *Salmo fontinalis*. They seem to love more the deep pools than the brook trout. They are a very gamy fish, afford splendid sport, and are very common on the lake. I can inform you of the best fly for taking the striped bass (*Morone lineatus*) in the fresh water at the South, in such rivers as the White and Ouachita of Arkansas? They are generally caught with a minnow, but with the fly they ought to give even better sport than the black bass. How far up the Mississippi do they run? I have seen fine ones taken from the Ouachita, but not as large as the striped bass when taken in the salt water of the Atlantic coast. Do they return to the Gulf each year? PEROIDÆ.

THE RED MAN AS A DIPLOMAT.

THAT our red brother, ichthyologically considered, is not a sardine, is a fact known so thoroughly by ethnologists as to be unworthy of argument to prove. Ichthyologists also know that he cannot be classed with the *catostomi*, or, in other words, is no sucker. The C. & C. Railroad probably are aware of these facts as thoroughly as the highest zoological authority. The Nevada *Enterprise* tells the following: "The Indians of the Walker Lake. Decorations for very happy given their victory over Mr. Yerington and the Carson and Colorado Railroad. It appears that when the railroad company treated for the right of way through the reservation the Indians agreed to receive in full pay \$700 and the right to ship free over the road forever any fish or other produce which they might wish to bring to market between Hawthorne and the Mound House.

"Walker Lake is swarming with live trout, but the Indians did not find the trade very profitable when the item of transportation began to be figured on. The catch, therefore, was limited by the slim facilities for finding a market before the fish spoiled. On the new road reaches Walker Lake the Indians will be the bosses of the fish market of the State. The Indians say that if Mr. Yerington had known how many fish they could catch in a day he would never have entered into such a contract. The Indians laid their wires for this thing long ago, and when Mr. Yerington visited Walker Lake they put up a job on him. They invited him to spend the day fishing, which he did, and they gave him a bait which fish absolutely do not take. The Indians had a few of these several of the blacks also fished with him, some of them using no bait at all. The result of the day's toil was a small whitefish and a half-pound trout. The savages pretended that the day's sport had been very fine, and got up a big dance in honor of the catch, remarking that the fishing had never been so good for years. In an unguarded moment he signed the fish contract, and now they say they will be able to keep the Carson and Colorado cars loaded down with fish all summer long, but not wishing to be too hard on the road, will allow it to carry pay freight and passengers during the winter months."

CARP AND BASS IN VIRGINIA.—Shirling, Loudoun County, Va., July 23.—About three weeks ago I was invited to Mr. Arthur Chichester's to see his carp pond drawn. He had received from Washington 52 carp in January, '81, and the water having, by accident, been cut off from his pond, he thought the fish were all dead; but, upon drawing off the water, he saved 47 carp, and put them in a temporary dam to refresh the pond. Five fish were lost by jumping out of the pond. I helped to transfer them, and they weighed from 3 lb. to 13 lbs.—in my opinion nearly all over a pound—I am sure. When he put them in his pond they measured about a finger's length.

I took two weeks ago at this place, on Goose Creek, about 12 lbs. of black bass with the fly and spoon, with rod and reel. Since I have been here three bass have jumped in our boat and been secured, one a *tro-pinnier*.—T. W.

"HALIBUT" FRAYS.—"A recent visit to Port Huron," says a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, "let us into the secret of cheap 'halibut.' The river there teems with sturgeon and these are caught in great numbers and confused into a large pen by the river-side. Once a week is 'slaughter day,' when thousands upon thousands of these mummified fish are driven in and cut up. A friend gained his admittance on one of these slaughter days and it was a sight to see. The fish are hung up to smoke in long rooms, like the hogs at market. They are then dried, cut up and shipped abroad as first-class halibut. A dealer told me that fully nine-tenths of the meat sold in our inland markets is simply smoked sturgeon. Car-load after car-load is weekly shipped away."

MAINE NOTES.—The *Fairfield Journal* says that two fishermen caught about twenty-four pounds of black bass in East Pond the other day. Nine of the bass weighed fourteen pounds. These fish were placed in the pond six years ago and are now caught in large numbers.... A fine salmon was taken in a weir at Vinalhaven July 2—the first ever taken there.

HORSEBACK RIDING IN DENVER has become a craze. The *Tribune* of that city asserts that "one can with a reasonable degree of certainty say that nine out of ten of the men who have lived here for six months know how to sit a horse. St. Louis or New Orleans in their palmest days never furnished the equestrian spectacle that may be seen any fine evening in Denver, and it is an indubitable fact that the Queen City of the Plains is entitled to first place as the most improved horseback riding city in the United States." The approved step is the single-foot gait. "You see, this single-foot is altogether a cultivated gait. You have to break the horse to it. It is a peculiar step and a distinct one, having none of the characteristics of either a trot or a lope. Each foot moves without any influence from the other three—much as a man would move if he were to get down on his hands and feet and crawl."

MOSQUITO PREVENTIVE.—Mixture of sweet oil, one part; tar, two parts.

Fish Culture.

QUEER HABIT OF THE RAINBOW TROUT.

THE newly imported trout from California, *Salmo irideus*, seems to be addicted to singular habits in Minnesota, according to the letters written to Professor Baird, which we give below. They have been sent to us for publication in the hope to stimulate those who have these fish in ponds or streams to watch them and see if this habit is common to them. We will be glad to receive communications on this subject, and hope that those having facilities for observation will watch them during the coming water, and report. The letters say:—

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 15.

Hon. S. F. Baird, U. S. Comm. Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.: DEAR SIR: I wish to inform you of a very queer and unaccountable habit, blank, but to state it is our intention to keep our California trout for breeders, since we were not fortunate enough to get any living eggs this year. Those hatched from eggs we hope to receive from you hereafter will be desirable as soon as they are advanced enough. Our superintendent, Watkins, has also written you about these trout, telling of their hiding and hibernating for three months. I should like to know if the same behavior has been noticed elsewhere, and anything you may tell me of their habits will be very appreciated. Respectfully, R. O. SWEETZ (Chairman Minn. Fish Com.)

WILLOWBOOR HATCHERY, Near St. Paul, Minn., June 15. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 7th inst. is received. In reply I would say that none of the California trout have been distributed. We only had 2,000 eggs, and we now have 1,900 yearling trout. The Commissioners thought best to keep them for breeders as it was uncertain about their getting more eggs. We received 5,000 eggs this spring, but these were not a good egg among them when they were received on the 7th day of Jan. viz., the eggs of the California trout disappeared and we could not find one of them in the ponds for several days. I could discover no place for them to get out. After about one week I was examining the ponds in the night and found that the trout had been taken out near the water. I could see the fish coming out of the mud or sand in the bottom, and did not trouble myself any more about them. About the middle of March they all made their appearance again, and are all in nice condition.—Respectfully, S. S. WATKINS (Supt.).

Chas. A. Stone, T. W. Deyer, Thos. H. Smallman, George Macbeth, Laclan Macdonald, Wm. Lind, Bailey Harrison, Tinsbury, and Richard Gibson, Winton. On motion the Executive Committee were empowered to make arrangements with Mr. Chas. Lincoln to officiate as superintendent of the show. A subscription and a committee to assist in the management of the show were also appointed. The gentlemen present toward the support of the movement. It is intended to offer at least \$500 in prizes, and some of the best game stock in America will be represented, arrangements having already been made for the exhibition of a fine pair of pointers on exhibition. Everything points to the best bench show ever held in the Dominion.—*Toronto Mail.*

FRANKLIN, PENN., DOG SHOW.

THIS bench show of dogs will be held at Franklin, Penn., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 21, 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society. It will be given in a building on the grounds of the Venango County Agricultural Society at the same time as their second annual fair. The management of the show will be in the hands of the following named gentlemen: Mr. C. D. Elford, president; Mr. Alex. Vincent, secretary and treasurer; Messrs. R. G. Lamberton, J. G. Alexander, Charles Bowman, Jas. J. Hindman and W. A. May, and the Board of Appeals will consist of Hon. R. B. Taylor, R. H. DeWitt, J. W. Hill, Hon. J. C. Connor, Hon. W. Lee, Hon. C. W. Gibblin and Dr. I. St. Clair. Mr. Thos. D. Adams has been appointed superintendent, his address being P. O. box 61, Franklin, Pa., and the following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: Mr. J. W. Hill, Hon. J. C. Connor, Hon. W. Northon, J. P. for pointers and setters; Mr. Charles P. Duncan, Old City, Pa., for sporting classes other than pointers and setters; Mr. Harry Peirson, Meadville, Pa., for non-sporting classes; Mr. John H. DeWitt, Wrentham, Pa., and Mr. Emil Usher, Wrentham, Pa., for Fox Terriers; W. E. Eckhart, Wrentham, Pa., Mr. S. R. St. Clair, Alto, Ill., and Mr. S. M. Lupton, Hannsville, Pa., for collie trials. Referee, Mr. S. S. De Arman, Franklin, Pa. The printed premium list contains the rules and regulations under which the show will be held. A fox chase is to be given each day at 3 o'clock, p. m., in the forty-acre enclosure. A sheep drive is to come off at 10 a. m. on the second day. Some trick dogs are to perform on the third day. The express companies charge for the dogs \$1.00. The entrance fee, but not return them free. The premium list contains forty-five entries. First and second prizes will vary from \$6 to \$1, but diplomas are expected to heal the sores of all third best animals. One hundred dollars has been offered for a special award to the best dog or pair of children in the show. The prizes for collie trials and premiums have been donated, the prizes ranging from a Remington breech-loading rifle down to a dog collar and chain and Hall's Sportsman's Gazette. All the variety of sporting dogs will have a chance to shine. The best of their kind will not be left alone in his glory. A handsome silver cup, valued at \$10, will be donated to the ugliest dog or bitch on exhibition, and the show promises to be well managed, lacking not of variety, which is said to be the spice of life.

NEBRASKA FIELD TRIALS—1881.—The second field trials for pointers and setters will be held at Norfolk, Nebraska, commencing August 28, 1881, and continuing four days on practical grounds.

The first races will be by puppies under twelve months old, pointers and setters native and imported. Entrance fee, \$5.00. First prize, fifty per cent.; second, thirty per cent.; third, twenty per cent. of net proceeds.

The second races will be limited to pointers and setters of any age owned in Nebraska. Entrance fee and prizes same as above. Entrance fee and prizes same as above.

The races will be conducted under the National American Kennel Club Rules.

For a full address, J. P. McCartney, Secretary, Neligh, Neb., or E. B. E. Kennedy, Omaha. Entries will be received up to the time of drawing for places.

LOUISIANA STATE FIELD TRIALS—NEW ORLEANS, July 23.

From present indications there will be a large number of entries, and our first attempt at field trials will surely be a success. The matter of judges has not been yet decided upon; but thorough sportsmen will be secured, and the work will be just and honest divisions. The prospect for game, deer, turkey and quail, was never better and the exceeding dry weather is very favorable for "Bob White." Northern sportsmen can, in Louisiana, find in the space of a mile, deer, chicken, quail and snipe shooting, and to get them one or two days more than likely to transmit his services required. Along Morgan's Louisiana and Texas R. R. line shooting is to be had, and in any of the country houses there is ample accommodations. I should be glad to locate border sportsmen in the game sections—should any wish to visit Louisiana.

EDWARD OWELL.

MANAGEMENT AND REARING.

[From Vero Sharp's Book of the Dog.]

A GREAT deal of a breeder's success depends upon the state of a health in which the stud dog is when he begets offspring; for a dog whose health is more than likely to transmit his defects to his puppies, who are in consequence more difficult to rear, and of less value when they attain maturity. Considerable attention should therefore be paid to the comfort of a dog who is in the habit of receiving a large number of stud whips. He should, if possible, be well exercised morning and evening, either by a country walk, or a run round his owner's yard; and his diet must be wholesome and liberal. A plunge in cold water materially assists in keeping a dog in a vigorous condition, and in warm weather may be taken daily. It should be borne in mind, too, that it is always well to have your stud dogs look clean and tidy, both at all times and in the kennels. Much depends upon the first impressions formed by the owner of a bitch who contemplates breeding from him, and many a dog is passed over who otherwise had been in better fettle, might have been resorted to. Care should be taken not to overtax the energies of a young sire by allowing him to receive too many stud visits; the result of excesses in this way being both likely to diminish his own vitality, and failure at the second. Fifteen or twenty bitches a year are quite enough for a dog not in his prime, and about twice the number for a dog in the full vigor of his strength. As a rule, dogs under eighteen months old are likely to do themselves and their services much good, if bred from; and swilling one's self of the services of a very old dog is always risky. It is extremely hard to state an age at which a dog can be said to be "old"; some retain their vigor up to their youth up to ten years and more, while others get decrepit and broken down at the age of five. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to exercise the greatest care and attention to the age at which a stud dog ceases to be of use; but breeders should see the dog for themselves, if they do not know him, and judge from his appearance and condition, whether he is likely to suit their wishes.

A sire should be looked upon with suspicion if his services are in too great request, and the number of the receptives unlimited, as in a very reasonable time the stud dog's vitality and vigor will be exhausted and his experiences are practically unrestricted. A very old dog, unless mated to a young and vigorous bitch, is more than likely to fail to beget stock at all; and if he succeeds in doing so, the puppies are very frequently of bad constitution and delicate in their earlier days. It is often the case that the services of a stud dog, who is dog are most eagerly sought after by breeders, and the merits of his father entirely overlooked; and this is certainly a fact which must puzzle all practical men when they reflect upon it. A sire of good pedigree, and of a high class of blood, and of a high class of himself, is better worth practicing at a low fee than his successful

son who has yet to prove himself the success at the stud which he is on the bench or in the field; especially as in the latter instance the sum charged for his services is sure to be a considerable one. Many of our champion dogs have turned out complete failures from a breeder's point of view, and the blunder-prone owners and brothers have been the victims of a far too common error, with only half the chances of success. A golden rule in dog-breeding is, for the owner to satisfy himself that his bitch really does well to dog he has selected for her. In many instances we know that dogs have been played upon owners who have sent their bitches to dogs at a distance; and we have ourselves been applied to for the services of a dog, standing at a low fee, by an owner of a stud dog, for a bitch sent up to the latter. Unfortunately, in ignorance of the fact that the bitch was not his own, he discovered what had occurred, and that the bitch, the name of whose owner we never ascertained, had been sent up to this gentleman's dog, and was not one of his own. The difference between the fees of the two dogs were three guineas; and as it was impossible for us to prove that the owner was not informed of what took place we were unable to take steps in the matter, and our acquaintance still walks the streets an honest man. If the distance is too far to accompany the bitch or send one's man, it is a very good plan to get a friend in the neighborhood to stand dog's kennel to accompany her when she visits him, especially in dealing with strangers. Of course, in the case of owners whose characters are above suspicion, these precautions are unnecessary; but it is always a good plan to have a proper receipt from the owner to know that the bitch's visit has been witnessed by her owner or his nominee, especially if the should fail to be in. In event of the latter being the case, the usual practice is that the same bitch may visit the dog a second time gratuitously, or another of the same owner, if he will give up his share of the stud dog's exercise on the part of the proprietor of the stud dog, for instance have occurred when puppies have been born dead, and he has been told there was no result from the union of the parents. Owners of stud dogs should, therefore, be very careful to keep owners of bitches which have visited them with formal certificates of service; such documents are particularly useful in event of disputed pedigrees.

THE BROOD Bitch.

Young bitches often exhibit symptoms of an inclination to breed at the age of eight or nine months, but it is undesirable to place them at the stud until they have reached the age of at least eighteen months. The remarks we made above about the advisability of resorting to the services of too young a sire, apply with even greater force to the brood bitch, the litter being usually small. Stunted and puny puppies are almost sure to be produced from a young mother; and the injury they are likely to do her constitution is incalculable. It must be borne in mind that for weeks before the time of her confinement she requires abundant food and nourishment, and after the shock of labor is gone through there is a further strain upon her until they are weaned.

The first symptom afforded by a bitch that she is likely to be soon ready for breeding purposes, is a desire on her part to romp and play with any dog, and to be particularly fond of the more vigorously exercised spirits, but it is always well to keep a close eye upon her as soon as any undue levity is observed in her conduct. It is almost desirable to see every endeavor to keep the stud away from her, but this may be done by simple means, if when the matter is placed beyond doubt all former precautions should be doubled if possible. It will be remembered that a bitch is not only a great risk of dogs getting into the place where the litter is conducted, but that the same dog may be induced to come from her kennel, and some bitches have performed almost incredible feats in their endeavors to do so.

She should, if at a distance, be sent off to the kennels where the dog she is standing a day or two after the earlier symptoms appear, so as to be in time to breed with the most vigorous and conservative male that she can be securely confined in a box or basket from which escape is impossible. The transit of dogs has been more fully explained in our issue of the 11th inst., but it is worth repeating, and indeed here; but all breeders should be impressed with the absolute necessity of exercising the greatest vigilance when they have bitches by them under such circumstances. For at least a week after the litter is born, the most careful precautions for protecting her must not be relaxed, or all her owner's hopes may be marred by her forming a connection with a stranger.

The influence of a previous sire on a subsequent litter of puppies is a subject of the keenest discussion and interest among breeders, and most interestingly correspondents have taken place in the columns of the *Live Stock Journal* relating thereto. Some of the statements which have appeared from time to time in that journal upon this subject, and which have been substantiated by the results of the most careful and exhaustive experiments, have varied varieties of live stock is assured, are invested with a peculiar importance. But having carefully read and considered the matter, we and ourselves driven back on the supposition that although such statements are true, and that the influence of a previous sire means the matter-of-course events some of the correspondents of the *Live Stock Journal* consider them, and in more than one instance we have failed to satisfy ourselves that the influences implied have regulated the course of events. In making this statement we attribute to the writer the greatest credit, and in doing so, we think they have too often forgotten the influence which surrounding objects exercise over the mind of a pregnant female. This opinion is shared by many breeders of live stock, and it is a curious fact that a colored dog, when mated with his premises and fences tarred, with the express object of assisting Nature in keeping the color of his stock as deep as possible. It is, however, quite impossible for us to go at length into the matter, and we must refer to the *Live Stock Journal* for the details, as many breeders firmly believe, from personal experience, that such a thing as past influence is possible, especially in the case of mated bitches, due vigilance should be exercised in the thorough isolation of bitches when in season, or more than a temporary evil and disappointment may occur.

NOTES FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.—"Senex," in the *Live Stock Journal*, says:

I have just had the pleasure of shaking hands with the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald on his return to old England from South America. He has been in the States for some time, and it is good to hear that he has been entirely cured of his attack of bronchitis, as it is a great relief of this affection the journey was undertaken. During his trip Mr. Macdonald crossed the Pampas on wild horses. Then he went to the Andes on mules to Santiago, which journey occupied eight days, and he returned by the same route to the coast. From there he traveled to Valparaiso, and along the coast as far as Lima, visiting numerous battle-fields on the way. At Lima Mr. Macdonald was laid low with an attack of malaria fever, from which he has now entirely recovered. He looks as well as ever, and his friends would like to see him yet. When sufficiently convalescent Mr. Macdonald turned his eyes homeward, and came by way of the Isthmus of Panama, calling at Jamaica and St. Thomas en route, and he was met by a steamer, which he sailed on the day which has been restored at a cost of £10,000, to be opened on Sunday next, and hence his anxiety to get back.

I hear that three young black-and-tan Dachsunds of the royal Wurttemberg breed have just left Miss Bull's kennel in Kensington for New York U. S. A., having been purchased by a gentleman of that city. Their registered names are Graf, Gretel II., and Ludwig, and are descendants of the well-known old dog Dessauer. Mr. George S. Sedgwick, who was recently in England and has now returned to New York, has been purchased by a gentleman of St. Bernard puppy, bred by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The puppy, which was presented to Mr. Sedgwick by Lord Dunmore, is by Hercules, out of Abyss, by Actor, granddam by Champion for New York U. S. A., having been purchased by a gentleman of that city. Their registered names are Graf, Gretel II., and Ludwig, and are descendants of the well-known old dog Dessauer. Mr. George S. Sedgwick, who was recently in England and has now returned to New York, has been purchased by a gentleman of St. Bernard puppy, bred by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The puppy, which was presented to Mr. Sedgwick by Lord Dunmore, is by Hercules, out of Abyss, by Actor, granddam by Champion for New York U. S. A., having been purchased by a gentleman of that city. Their registered names are Graf, Gretel II., and Ludwig, and are descendants of the well-known old dog Dessauer.

the Curzon Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 1881, being on the same days as the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition. The entries close November 1.

"JACK," THE RAILWAY DOG.—The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* gives a portrait of Jack, whom they introduced to public notice some time since, and who has since grown famous. The last piece of information received about Jack is that a lady has presented him with a silver-mounted collar, with which he seems much pleased. On it is inscribed "To Jack, the Railway Dog, from Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley." On the day Jack sat for his portrait he left Lewes by the first train for Brighton, and then found that he had business in Portsmouth, whither he traveled. Leaving that town by the 1.30 p. m. train, which arrives at Fort Junction at 2.25, he proceeded to Littlehampton. He and the guard then determined to take a run in the town, and Mr. White, the photographer, of 52 High street, had invited Jack to stop and have his photograph taken. Jack found that he had no engagement before 5.5, when he wanted to leave for Hove, and we give an engraving of the result of his visit to Mr. White. Jack's headquarters are at Lewes, but he does not always go home, and frequently passes his nights in the wastepaper basket of a London bookbinder.

THE DOG'S AFFECTION.—We know ourselves to be such lamentably imperfect characters that we long for an affection altogether ignorant of our faults. Heaven has accorded this to us in the universal canine attachment. Women love in us their own exalted ideal, and to live up to the ideal standard is sometimes rather more than we are altogether able to manage; children in their teens find out how clumsy and ignorant we are, and do not quite unreservedly respect us; but our dogs adore us without a suspicion of our shortcomings.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

STILLBORN.—Mr. Charles E. Scott, of Shenectady, N. Y., writes us that his Gordon setter bitch, Daisy, and Mr. G. S. Thompson's Scott, without doubt the most famous brace of setters in existence. We have sent Mr. Scott a couple of our measurement blanks and will publish the result if the owners see fit to send the measurements to us. Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Ont., has sent us an artotype of his Irish setter, Nora (Straw-Nora) from a painting by Mr. J. Tracy, of St. Louis, Mo. The picture is said to be as life-like as are all those from the brush of that accomplished artist.

KENNEL NOTES.

Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names, breeds, birth, whelps, etc., for insertion in each issue of *Forest and Stream*, but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

American Dan.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Montreal Kennel Club, Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of American Dan for white, black and tan setter dog puppy, whelped April 2, 1881, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.

Old Walk.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Montreal Kennel Club, Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of Old Walk for white and orange setter dog puppy, whelped April 1, 1881, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.

Claret.—Mr. Geo. B. Walker, Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Claret for black and tan setter dog puppy, whelped June 25, 1881, by imported Max out of Bannie.

Peter Bitch.—Mr. D. W. C. Parker, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Peter Bitch for black pointer dog bred by Mr. A. Strong, Meriden, Conn., by his Champion Peter out of his Mat.

Oren.—Mr. J. R. McKimber, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Oren for red setter bitch dog puppy, whelped April 1, 1881, by Jack out of Mr. Cleaver's Nell.

Nora of Nora's Dog.—Mr. J. R. McKimber, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Nora of Nora's Dog for red setter bitch, fourteen months old, by Sam out of Mr. Fred. Freudenreich's Nell.

BREDS.

Prague II.—Peter Black.—Mr. A. Bouchillon's pointer bitch Psyche II. to Mr. D. W. C. Parker's (Springfield, Mass.) Peter Black.

Scott-Walker.—Mr. E. S. Bird's all liver cocker bitch Scott (Sulphur) to Mr. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) black cocker dog Wildfire.

Monty-Kennel.—The Silver Lake Kennels (River Edge, Bergen Co., N. J.) have bred white setter bitch Nell (Bramble) from a painting of Floss by T. O'More to Mr. E. P. Gaultier's Jersey City, N. J., all red setter setter, Pat-Biddy, Pat, by imported Pat-Biddy, Biddy, by Daisy Dean-Lincoln.—The Montview Kennel Club's Daisy Dean to Lincoln.

White-Block.—Mr. Carl Pickett's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) white, orange and tan setter bitch White-Block to Mr. J. M. Hunter's (Rock J. Garrison, Queen's) July 10, 1881.

Belle II.—Mr. F. H. London, Rock Hill, S. C., has bred his Gordon setter bitch Belle II. to Mr. J. M. Hunter's (Rock J. Garrison) all red setter Taylor's King, v h o of last New York show.

SALES.

Bob II.—Black Dog Whelp.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. J. M. Kinglehart, Petrolia, Ont., a cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped May 28, 1881, by Bob III. out of Black Jess.

Bob III.—Black Dog Whelp.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. George Medeth, of Baffin place, two cocker spaniel dog puppies, whelped May 28, 1881, by Bob III. out of Black Jess.

Bob IV.—Black Dog Whelp.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. Charles Lincoln, Detroit, Mich., a cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped May 28, 1881, by Bob III. out of Black Jess.

Bob V.—Black Dog Whelp.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. Wm. S. Niven, of London, Ont., a cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped May 28, 1881, by Bob III. out of Black Jess.

Lawry.—Mr. A. R. Heyward, Rock Hill, S. C., has sold to Mr. W. H. Pierce, of New York, a black and tan setter dog puppy, whelped July 8, 1880, by Blossom out of Moll III.

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Don-Nelly whelps.—Mr. J. Ois Fellows has sold to Mr. F. E. Penston, Auauhin, Ill., two solid black cockers, by Don out of Nelly.

WHIZERS.

Rose.—Mr. C. Du Bois Wacker, of Babylon, L. I., Rose (Kanger-Rose) whelped July 11, eleven puppies, five dogs and six bitches, by Champion Berkley.

John.—Mr. J. Ois Fellows's spaniel bitch Sara Bernhard whelped July 1st, five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by cocker spaniel dog Brig (first and special N. Y. 1881).

John.—Mr. J. Ois Fellows's spaniel bitch Sara Bernhard whelped July 1st, five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by cocker spaniel dog Brig (first and special N. Y. 1881).

John.—The Lacine Kennel Club's black, white and tan English setter bitch Mico (New York, 1879) whelped July 12, nine pups, five dogs and four bitches, by black and tan setter dog by Mr. J. Ois Fellows's spaniel bitch Sara Bernhard whelped July 1st, five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by cocker spaniel dog Brig (first and special N. Y. 1881).

John.—The Lacine Kennel Club's black spaniel bitch Madcap (Montreal, at Toronto, 1880) whelped July 10, five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by black and tan setter dog by Mr. J. Ois Fellows's spaniel bitch Sara Bernhard whelped July 1st, five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by cocker spaniel dog Brig (first and special N. Y. 1881).

John.—Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) Gordon setter Moll III. has whelped six puppies by Blossom.

Worth.—Dr. A. S. Niven's Irish terrier Nora has whelped six puppies, some of which are very fine.

Charlotte Queen.—Mr. L. W. Perdue's (Charlotte, N. C.) setter bitch Charlotte Queen, by Soom (Duch-Kirby) out of Anne (Lewes) (Lewes), whelped last, three black, white and tan dog puppies by Bergandi's Hain.

Puss.—Mr. J. P. Mathis's New York City bull terrier bitch Puss whelped July 24, four puppies, by owner's Pegasus (New York, 1881).

DEATHS.

Albion.—Dr. A. S. Niven, London, Ont., lost by an accident his Irish terrier bitch Alice.

Black Currier whelps.—Mr. J. O'Leary has lost five puppies, all of which's litter by Brog.

White-Breasted whelps.—Mr. C. De Bois Wagstaff, Bateman, L. I., has had the bad luck to lose by distemper the brace of puppies, dog and bitch by Grouse Bred out of Blanche, purchased of Mr. W. Talmán at the late New York sale.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

170. C. M. S., Dunbarton, N. H.—Dogs claws should be removed when the animal is very young. Their excision then being easily accomplished with a sharp pair of scissors, first dividing the skin and the dew claw being drawn to one side before it is detached, in order that the skin may afterward cover the wound. We cannot advise you to attempt the removal of dew claws on old dogs.

171. C. G. H., Montreal, Canada.—From your description your terrier is afflicted with mange. We suggest the following treatment: Mix together four ounces of sublimed sulphur, two ounces of castor oil and one ounce of olive oil. Dress dog all over with this every day for six days. Wash off with carbolic soap on seventh day, next day repeat dressing as before for three days. Take care the dressing is rubbed into the skin. Give two-and-a-half doses of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day; gradually increase dose to four drops. Be sure to give the solution in water. It must be continued for some time to be beneficial. Avoid feeding meat.

172. JOHN BELL.—In our issue of July 14, we stated that the mastiff bitch Lela was owned by Mr. Rathburn, of this city. We should have remarked that she was recently presented by Mr. Rathburn to Messrs. L. C. and H. I. Myers, also of this city.

173. H. T. W., Woodstown, N. J.—Your dog has the mange, but as you fail to state his breed or age we are obliged to answer in a general way. Rub him with the following mixture twice a day, and see that it is worked into the skin: Powdered bear-bone of potash, one ounce; powdered white vitriol, one-quarter ounce; one-half ounce of castor oil. Wash with carbolic soap with the Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day in food. Avoid feeding meat.

Ague, biliousness, striae, jaundice and rheumatism, Hop Bitters removes easily.

Hill and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

WIMBLEDON, July 23.

The shooting on the old common opened on the 11th and we have had a pretty hot time of it ever since. On the day before the opening, the majority of the marksmen were already in camp, a slight shower of rain being the only weather incident from a fire at which some Scotch riflemen were cooking. An order was accordingly issued that hereafter no small camp fires were to be kindled beyond the first stage closed on the 14th, and that no smoking was to be done. The Scotchmen were very in consequence, and have been swearing in obnoxious Gaelic which they cannot toast their own inexpensive bacon nor have the national hot toddy at night.

There are few American shooters here, Frank Hyde being about the only one. Particular attention has been paid to the Canadian riflemen, who have come on in very good form. The Duke of Cambridge and Sir John Macdonald have both been present and were received with full honors. The team is considered the best ever sent from the Dominion. They had several prize winners in the Alexander match, and had two men of the sixty, who are to make the final competition for the Queen's medal—Sergeant Mitchell with ninety and Sergeant Walker with eighty-nine. This is the first time for four years that the Canadians have won a place on the sixty. Twenty-eight men were selected, out of whom eight were chosen to compete with the Canadian club for the Kelsope cup, and the other twenty were selected for the Queen's medal. The latter were divided into three teams, each of eight men, and sent a number of the shooters to the hospital, the firing was fine. The highest scores were made by two of the contestants who were of the possible 105. When the shooting had the second day the English team felt that the lead had probably that one of the Canadian team, Sergeant Walker, would carry off the gold medal and £250 presented by Her Majesty. He was among six others who had an aggregate of fifty-six over the first ranges, 800 and 900 yards, that being the highest on the register. He rather fell off at 1,000 yards. Though his chances of success were brilliant at the first two or three shots he finished with seventy-five, the second shot being the only one that he missed. The lead, eleven less than the winner, who made three points more than was ever known in the history of the competition and twelve more than was made last year. The name of the winner is Private Cook. He belongs to the 1st Regiment of Devon Volants.

His score was eighty-six with a Martini rifle at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

On the afternoon of the 19th, the Kelsope Cup was contested for by the Canadian and Mother Country teams. The score was 200 for the Canadian and 191 for the Mother Country. The latter have had a pretty bad time of it, being under oppressive, making shooting difficult. During the night, however, there was a slight fall of rain, followed by more at an early hour in the morning. This had the effect of lowering the temperature considerably and making the camp deliciously cool. There was

A VARIABLE WIND,

which made steady shooting rather trying. Otherwise the conditions were very favorable. The competition began shortly before three o'clock, at 200 yards, at which distance the British succeeded in making 285 and Canadians 227, giving an advantage of eight to the British. At 500 yards, the British made 205, and the Canadians 200, leaving the British with thirteen to the good. On beginning the 800 yards the English team thought the match was in their own hands, for this was their favorite distance. The general opinion, too, seemed to favor this aspect of things. The Canadians felt justified in their confidence. When the first four had finished, the Canadian squad made up the thirteen they were behind, and put themselves sixteen ahead of their antagonists. The shooting of the next four members of the team showed some wild firing, but resulted in the Canadians finishing with twenty of a lead. The result was rocky with much spitting. The English, through Major Walker, the English team, congratulated Colonel Gibson, of the Canadians, on the success of his team.

The Kelsope Cup is a challenge cup, valued at £110 sterling, presented by the late Rajah of Kolapore, India, for a marksmanship contest between teams of eight men from England, India and the

Colonies. In addition to the cup, the sum of £50 is also given to the winners by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, so that there is something substantial accompanying the honor.

The rifle score stood:

CANADA.		Great Britain.	
Private Morris, 17th Regiment Canada.	100	Lieut. Mitchell, Cambridge.	100
200 Yds. 4 5 5 4 4 5—29	200 Yds. 5 5 4 4 4 4—30		
500 Yds. 5 5 5 5 2—25	500 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
800 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30	800 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
1000 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30	1000 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
Cor C. M. Mitchell, Teana Canada.	100	Q. M. Curtis, Second Sussex.	100
200 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30	200 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
500 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30	500 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
800 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30	800 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
1000 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30	1000 Yds. 5 5 5 5 5 5—30		
Sergeant T. Mitchell, Teana Canada.	100	Priv. R. McVittie, First Dumfriesshire.	100
200 Yds. 4 4 3 4 5 5—29	200 Yds. 5 4 6 4 5 5—29		
500 Yds. 5 4 4 5 5 5—29	500 Yds. 5 4 5 5 5 5—29		
800 Yds. 5 4 4 5 5 5—29	800 Yds. 5 4 5 5 5 5—29		
1000 Yds. 5 4 4 5 5 5—29	1000 Yds. 5 4 5 5 5 5—29		
Capt. Balfour, Eighth Canada.	100	Sergeant Brooking, 15th Middlesex.	100
200 Yds. 5 4 4 5 5 5—29	200 Yds. 5 4 4 5 5 5—29		
500 Yds. 4 4 5 5 5 5—29	500 Yds. 4 4 5 5 5 5—29		
800 Yds. 4 4 5 5 5 5—29	800 Yds. 4 4 5 5 5 5—29		
1000 Yds. 4 4 5 5 5 5—29	1000 Yds. 4 4 5 5 5 5—29		
Priv. W. Mitchell, 2nd Canada.	100	Sergeant Anshun, 1st Dumfriesshire.	100
200 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28	200 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28		
500 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28	500 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28		
800 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28	800 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28		
1000 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28	1000 Yds. 4 4 4 4 4 4—28		
Staff-Sergeant Walker, 2nd Canada.	100	Priv. J. Goodier, 6th Lancashire.	100
200 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	200 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
500 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	500 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
800 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	800 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
1000 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	1000 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
Capt. Thomas, 4th Canada.	100	Lieut. Mitchell, 1st Kent.	100
200 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	200 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
500 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	500 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
800 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	800 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
1000 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28	1000 Yds. 4 3 5 4 4 3—28		
Whorrier Q. C. Canada Artillery.	100	Sergeant Inghraevs, 1st Lanciers.	100
200 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27	200 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27		
500 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27	500 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27		
800 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27	800 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27		
1000 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27	1000 Yds. 4 3 4 4 4 4—27		
Totals at 200 yds. 227	Totals at 200 yds. 225		
Totals at 500 yds. 209	Totals at 500 yds. 209		
Totals at 800 yds. 193	Totals at 800 yds. 193		
Totals at 1000 yds. 175	Totals at 1000 yds. 175		

Grand total 559

The Albert prize, which is considered the best of the individual small-bore long range shooting, was again been won by an American marksman, this being the third year in which it has gone across the water. Mr. Frank Hyde was the winner. He shot with Lieutenant Godal with seventy points. In shooting off the 800 yards, Godal made 100 meters and a bull. Mr. Hyde made three bulls.

The shooting for the Elcho shield took place on the 21st, and resulted in a signal victory for the English team. The scores standing:

800 Yards.		900 Yards.		1,000 Yards.		Total.		Average.	
England.	519	538	549	1,606	1,642	3,255	1,627 1/2	1,642	1,627 1/2
Ireland.	518	510	527	1,549	1,615	3,164	1,582	1,615	1,598 1/2
Scotland.	518	519	529	1,566	1,642	3,208	1,604	1,642	1,623

The teams were of eight men each, shooting fifteen shots each at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, making the team range possible 600 and the aggregate 1,800. The strength of the British teams which competed this year for the Elcho shield, may be ascertained from the following table, which gives the competitors for the Elcho shield since the contest was first held under the present conditions:

Year.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1875.	322.	1,405	1,437
1876.	322.	1,405	1,437
1877.	322.	1,405	1,437
1878.	322.	1,405	1,437
1879.	322.	1,405	1,437
1880.	322.	1,405	1,437
1881.	322.	1,405	1,437
1882.	322.	1,405	1,437
1883.	322.	1,405	1,437
1884.	322.	1,405	1,437
1885.	322.	1,405	1,437
1886.	322.	1,405	1,437
1887.	322.	1,405	1,437
1888.	322.	1,405	1,437
1889.	322.	1,405	1,437
1890.	322.	1,405	1,437
1891.	322.	1,405	1,437

Growing out of the fact that the Canadians had small bore rifles with them came a challenge for a match of six Canadians against six of the English. The match was arranged for the 21st, and took place the last day of the meeting. The British were represented by Mr. Martin Smith, Wimbledon; Lieutenant Baker, Loudon Rifle Brigade; Mr. Humphrey, Cambridge University; Mr. Murphy, Dublin; Lieutenant Baker, the latter being an American and a member of the Gilmer, of Harrow. The Canadian team was composed of Sergeant D. Mitchell, Corporal Mitchell, Sergeant J. Mitchell, Private W. Mitchell (all four of whom are brothers), Sergeant Pain and Private Linton. The match was a very close one, and it was long range shooting, the light being dull and gray and the wind steady. The ranges were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. At 800 yards the British made a total score of 324 points out of a possible 450. The English team made the 800 yards was 196—eighteen behind the home team. At 900 yards the Canadians shot very wildly, while the English increased their lead, finishing this range with an addition of 63 to their lead. The score was: Home team, 415; Canadians, 352. At 1,000 yards the Canadians were a little steeper, but here again they were dropped 30 behind their adversaries, ending with a difference of 117 points.

The totals were:

British.		Canadian.	
Baker.	212	T. Mitchell.	193
Gilmer.	208	W. Mitchell.	191
Smith.	208	Mason.	190
Humphrey.	202	Murphy.	189
Murphy.	190	C. Mitchell.	177
Mackerrall.	181—1,922	Pain.	172—1,165

CONSOLATORY.

The Canadians were much surprised, and their captain was greatly annoyed at the result. Earl Brownlow, captain of the English team, in announcing the numbers, congratulated the Canadians on having fought an uphill fight pluckily, and hoped they needed no assurance that the United Kingdom marksmen would always be glad to see them competing on the ground. Colonel Gibson, captain of the Canadian team, replied that he was not surprised at their being beaten, but much disappointed at being beaten so badly. They were not, however, sent over to fight another match with the latter and give better account of themselves. Small-bore shooting was practiced by very few in the Dominion, still, it was known that some of their best small-bore men were coming over, and as Sir Henry Hall suggested a friendly long range match, the thought of the latter might be better account of itself, but very anxious to fight side by side with the home country team. Although beaten, and beaten badly, he must say that the victory represented fairly enough what the mother country could do when pitted against Canadian long range shots, and hoped that another time the latter would give better account of themselves. The meeting was brought to a close by the presentation of prizes by the Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the young princesses. An immense array of spectators was present. Altogether the Canadians have carried off £250 in money prizes, two badges of the Queen's 1st class, sixty-two of the St. George's, three grand aggregate badges and the Kelsope Cup.

Boston, Mass., July 26.—The long-range shooters kept up their fire to-day at Walnut Hill under the following conditions. The scores stood:

I. Y. Y.		II. Y. Y.	
800 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
900 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
1000 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
800 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
900 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
1000 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
800 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
900 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
1000 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	

500 yards.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	J. F. Brown
1000	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	

July 23.—The best day of the season for rifle shooting presented itself to-day, yet only a small number were present when the matches were called. The day was very bright, with perfect light, there was steady and perfectly reliable during the day. There is no way to account for the small attendance unless the defect at Gardner was the cause. The day had been a very successful one for the members who are usually present at the regular Saturday meet. In the Sharpshooters' match Mr. Adams did the best work on the paper and in the long range match Mr. Adams did the best work on the paper, followed by Jewell for 100. In the handicap match Mr. Wassen was high man for 60, Bolt and Jordan followed for 45 respectively. The best work on the paper was done by Mr. Adams, followed by Jewell for 100. It was a foregone conclusion that Adams would win the beautiful medal offered by the association. Mr. Adams wanted one more to make him high man for the trophy, which he succeeded in winning, and became the owner of the badge on the elegant score of two 45's and one 42. Bolt also did good work yesterday before the bullets, making 47 at the shoulder at 300 yards. Subjoined are the scores:

Sharpshooters' Match.	
A. Adams.	12 11 11 12 11 10 10 10 10
G. M. Jewell.	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11
C. H. Hildreth.	12 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 10
A. C. Bell.	8 11 12 11 12 12 10 10 10
H. B. Brown.	12 10 12 11 12 11 11 11 11
S. F. Sargent.	11 12 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
B. A. Curtis.	10 10 10 9 11 11 11 11 11

Handicap Match.	
G. W. Brown.	455454545454
C. Bell.	4455455454
J. Borden.	4455454544

Boston MAMMOTH GALLERY.—There has been a good attendance at the Mammoth gallery all the week, particularly during the evening. The two pistol matches now on the programme have attracted a large number of shooters, and the more familiar with this little art. Only the best are given below:

Amateur Rifle Match.	
M. L. Pratt.	45 46 46 47 47—200
G. H. Brown.	44 44 44 44 44—200
L. M. Marshall.	44 44 44 44 44—200

Experts' Rifle Match.

J. H. Smith.	45 46 46 46 47—200
J. B. Tye.	45 45 46 46 46—200

William B. Eaton. 79 75 85—219 J. Ames. 72 73 73—218

William B. Eaton. 67 68 70—205 J. H. Scott. 61 62 63—200

GARDNER, MASS., July 22.—The Gardner Rifle Club at their last weekly practice made the following record:

R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
Chester Hills.	87	87	87	261
G. F. Ellsworth.	87	87	87	261
G. F. Pratt.	82	82	82	246
L. M. Marshall.	82	82	82	246
G. C. Goddard.	78	78	78	234
A. Matthews.	73	73	73	219
C. H. Hildreth.	68	68	68	204
C. Shaw.	47	47	47	141
C. Merrill.	51	51	51	153
H. B. Brown.	42	42	42	126

The distance was 300 yards, lock ring and Creedmoor target combined.

To-day the club have as guests for a friendly contest members of the Cambridge Rifle Club. The match was a very close one, and it was long range shooting, the light being dull and gray and the wind steady. The ranges were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. At 800 yards the British made a total score of 324 points out of a possible 450. The English team made the 800 yards was 196—eighteen behind the home team. At 900 yards the Canadians shot very wildly, while the English increased their lead, finishing this range with an addition of 63 to their lead. The score was: Home team, 415; Canadians, 352. At 1,000 yards the Canadians were a little steeper, but here again they were dropped 30 behind their adversaries, ending with a difference of 117 points.

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British.		Canadian.	
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Gilmer.	208	W. Mitchell.	191
Smith.	208	Mason.	190
Humphrey.	202	Murphy.	189
Murphy.	190	C. Mitchell.	177
Mackerrall.	181—1,922	Pain.	172—1,165

Massachusetts Team.

R.	C.	R.	C.
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Miscellaneous

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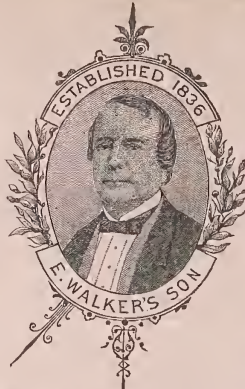
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Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMEMORATING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY. Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. BEZONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES. Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, on a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes. MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. JACOB FENY, Secretary. P. O. Box 474, New York City. J. OTTO DONNER, President. Special prices to follow others according to their value.

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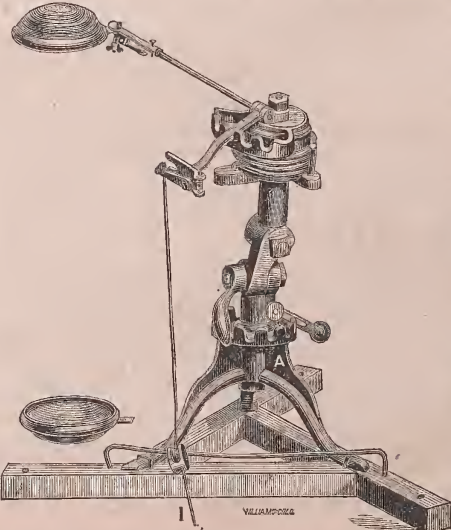
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TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS, A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champion Ladybird, Bachelor, Ladybird, Ladybird, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limerick, Lubna, Laurence, Lena, Lydney, Bobb, Young Bobb, Bessie B., Barks, and many more important winners. I am now shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and handle his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar 31

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COCKER SPANIEL PUPPIES FOR SALE, out of Mignon by Whidar. These puppies are bred nearly the same as Breg, first at New York Bench Show, 1st, the sire being the same. Also taken from Earl of Wilton's strain. Address RICHARD POWERS, Portland, N. Y. July 21-22

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WANTED.—A number of Fox Hounds. State age, height and color. Price must be low. Address H. M., P. O. Box 775, N. Y. July 23, 11

FOR SALE.—Fine bred liver and white Setter Bitch, thoroughly broken. Coll between 4 A. M. and 5 P. M. J. W. BUD, 254 W. 14th street, N. Y. July 23, 11

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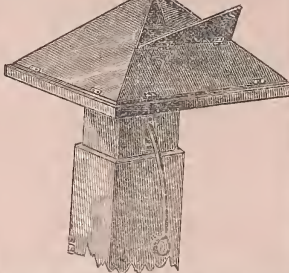
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